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## THREE - KIS - HO ; OR, THE WHITE SWALLOW.

[Continued.]

### V.—LOST AND FOUND.

The White Swallow waited to see no more. The dawn was now breaking, and with light there would come increased danger. She shuddered at the thought of a recapture—well knowing that no tortures would be deemed too heavy for her. Yet the alternative was nearly as hopeless. With but a dog and a knife, she had to make her way over the Rocky Mountains, and that by a different way from that by which she had come—for fear of an ambush in the pass. Yet she despaired not. She was an Indian girl, love and hope buoyed her up, and her prairie nature had been of the most finished character.

As she turned away she came upon an old Esquimaux woman, fishing. By signs, she managed to induce her to exchange the hooks and lines for some of her trinkets—Matonazi's presents. And now she bent her steps to the hills; first seeking to conceal her trail, and to baffle pursuit, by wading some way in a shallow stream. She caught as much small game as sufficed her for food. On the third day of her release she found herself ascending; following by true instinct up the course of a stream which ran thence. Her hope, love and courage were severely tested. Her moccasins were worn and torn, and her feet bled upon the rocks.

Winding, turning, twisting, retreating, it took her more than three days to reach the summit of the hills, and her poor pittance of food was now nearly gone. She sat down on the arid crest of a hill, and gazed upon the plains below—upon those plains which contained her country and her home. She saw for fifty miles the great prairie wilderness lying like a map before her, with its rivers and lakes, its eminences and its levels; and her heart sank within her as she felt the chill blast of autumn in that lofty region. Starting to her feet, she descended, and after a day's fatigue, sometimes walking, sometimes sliding, sometimes actually rolling down a slope of shingle, she reached the bottom, and camped in a little clump of pines.

A pool rather than a lake was at hand; at one end of it she fixed her line and her nets, and at the other she and Esquimaux (as she called the dog) bathed with delight after their rude and continued fatigues. The dog was as pleased as herself to find himself out of the hills, and testified his pleasure by rolling like a mad thing on the bank, after he had for some time splashed in the water. Suddenly Thee-kis-ho seemed to listen attentively: a crackling noise was heard in the bushes. She crouched almost under water, amid some tall reeds agitated by the evening breeze, dragging the dog

with her. At the same instant a tall horned deer leaped madly into the water, as if jaded by the chase which had been given him by a pack of hungry wolves. The White Swallow hesitated not an instant. She knew that in the water a wearied deer was a sure prey. Plunging toward him, just as the dog was at his throat, the bold girl, before the noble beast was aware of his new danger, had mortally wounded him with her knife, which she always carried by her side.

The unfortunate animal made scarcely any defence, and was drawn to the shore to die without a struggle. Thee-kis-ho now bethought herself of her danger. Death was certain if the wolves surprised her in any force! To provide against this she kindled a fire. But the wolves came not: some other prey must have attracted them, or they must have lost the scent. The carcass was a perfect treasure—furnishing food, clothing, thread, and materials for snares and nets. She rested for the night after a hearty meal, loaded herself and her dog with her gains, and again started forwards. But she had now lost her way in the maze of woods, lakes, and rivers: a gloomy prospect truly for the lone girl.

One day she struck into a thick and gloomy wood, hopeless and worn,—chill blasts howling forebodings of winter through the boughs. Suddenly a sharp cry escaped her, as a startling scene met her view! Before her, as far as the eye could reach, to the right, to the left, in front, lay the waters of a vast inland sea, dotted here and there by small islands. Thee-kis-ho looked anxiously around; for she knew herself to be on the great Lake of the Woods, where dwelt, said tradition, a warlike and mighty race. But all was still, save the waving of the pine, the poplar, and the larch, and the beating of the waves of the sea upon the pebbly shore. The Indian girl stood still musing. Was she still in the land of reality, or was this the promised place to which all the brave and the good went after death? Her hesitation was momentary; and then other thoughts came upon her.

It was now impossible to reach home that year, and the heart of the White Swallow beat confusedly and almost despairingly within her. Should she live throughout the severe season alone without hunting implements, without a hut, without needful clothing? But even if she did get through the winter, should she still find her affianced husband without a bride? The Indian girl was alone, none could see her shame, and she bowed her head and wept.

But better thoughts soon prevailed, and Thee-kis-ho began to prepare for her long, and cold, and dreary winter. She reconnoitred her position—set all her traps—fixed her nets at the mouth of a small rivulet, and extemporised a hut by piling branches and drift wood round the trunk of a tree, and covering them compactly with boughs. Her deer skin was her only bedding. Her fire once lit was never allowed to go out. These important preparations took a long day. She was lucky enough to secure plenty of fish, partridges, squirrels, a porcupine, and a few beavers. Esquimaux was

a most valuable ally. In a few days the ground was covered thickly with snow, and the cold set in. She had now, however, abundance of food and furs, and a weather-proof tent. She made herself a pair of snow-shoes for exercise, and at times half resolved to defy the snow, make a sledge, and get Esquimaux to drag her back to the Mabasha. More prudent second thoughts, however, prompted her to delay it until spring.

How utterly drear was that winter! Esquimaux was faithful and kind, but he was but a dog after all. Matonaza was in her thoughts night and day.

The coldest season passed, and new dangers now menaced her. The snares and nets seemed to have lost their usual good fortune. She began to suffer more than she had yet done from hunger. At last one February day, the crisis of her fate seemed come. She had let her fire out, and her tinder having become damp, there was no means of rekindling it. For a day or two she was driven to eat raw, half-frozen fish, and the only means of keeping warm was by violent exercise on snow-shoes. She was once engaged in this, when another source of fear presented itself. She suddenly became aware of a fire on a distant point of the shore, and three canoes speeding towards it—the first human signs she had seen. With a heightened pulse she watched what followed, and was not long kept in suspense. The well-known whoop rang over the waters, telling her that a scene of mortal strife was dangerously near. In an instant, two men started away from the fire to the shore, caught one of the empty canoes, and hurried off, followed closely by the other two canoes. Carefully hiding herself, she watched the chase till it was hidden from sight behind the nearest island of the lake. Filled with alarm, and allowing all kinds of gloomy ideas to prey upon her, the White Swallow returned to her hut, now so buried in the snow, as to resemble rather a snow-heap than a wigwam, and hiding herself under her fur coverlids, sought to collect her thoughts. All her reflections, however, produced no very satisfactory result, and she soon fell fast asleep. Suddenly an angry growl from her dog alarmed her: she awoke with a violent start; the door of the hut was opened, and the face of an Indian warrior peered in upon the darkness!

The White Swallow lay motionless. She discovered that it was night, and that the moon had risen, and that she could see, though not be seen. Then she started up.

"Matonaza!" she cried.

"Thee-kis-ho!" replied the Indian.

The young warrior looked behind him: no one was near: and giving way to the native impulses of his heart, he passionately embraced his affianced wife. The dog at once ceased growling, and the lovers were soon sheltered from the piercing cold under cover of the hut.

## VI.—EXPLANATIONS.

Matonaza, Mark Dalton, and the Roaming Panther had continued on their way without stopping, until they reached the scene of the already narrated Esquimaux massacre. No one had approached its precincts since the departure of the Athapascows, and tents and dead bodies all lay in horrid confusion. The corpses were eagerly examined, but the White Swallow was not among them. At all events, then, she had not been killed in the fray. This was a source of prodigious relief to the whole party. Their search in the neighborhood brought them to the seven huts of the second Esquimaux village. The Roaming Panther fortunately knew enough of the Esquimaux tongue to make himself understood. By friendly signs they calmed the fright of the poor creatures who remained in the settlement after the Athapascow foray, and finally the Little Snake drew them into talk about the fight, winding up with a question about the girl the Indians had with them. One of them pointed to an old, half-deaf, half-blind woman, crouching in the corner of the hut. Matonaza looked puzzled, but waited, till the hag began to mumble something, and finally brought out from her dress Thee-kis-ho's trinket. Matonaza leaped up in delight. Ho was on the track of his bride! Furnished with new shoes and food, and refreshed with sleep, they started on their return. The trail was clear enough at first, though the Little Snake wondered how she had come by so strange a friend as a large dog. All parties, however, were soon at fault. The river was reached where Thee-kis-ho had hidden her trail, and it now became requisite to be, according to the words of the chief, "all eye." The Roaming Panther followed one bank of the stream, while Mark and Matonaza followed the other, for a long time in vain. The bank was hard and rocky or pebbly, and not a trace of the Indian girl was to be found.

"Ugh!" said the young chief suddenly.

They were standing near a stunted bush, and there, on the ground, were some faint traces of a camp, with some fish-bones abandoned by the dog. The party halted, and after a few words of congratulation, supped on a couple of wild rabbits and a partridge, all the results of the day's chase, cooked by means of the stunted branches and trunk of the bush. It began now to be very cold; and when the trio in their turn commenced ascending the gully by which Thee-kis-ho crossed the Rocky Mountains, the blast blew chill and keen. Here, too, in these stony hills they lost all trace of the girl.

From that hour, indeed, the trail was wholly lost to them. So much time was consumed in hunting for it, in looking for provisions, and in roaming hither and thither, that the snow overtook them before they had passed the lake where the young girl had killed the deer. It became almost useless to proceed, and yet the chief resolved on continuing the search. A hut was erected, a fire made, and then the three men parted in search of game—one re-

maining near the camp on the look-out for small birds, the others going hither and thither, in the hope of falling on more noble prey. This was done for a week, during which, right and left, every place where a hut could be hid was examined: then the camp was moved a few miles further south, and the same plan resumed.

This was continued with various fortune for some time, until one day they found themselves camped near a large wood, without provisions, weary, hungry, and cold. A council was held, and it was agreed that Mark and the Roaming Panther on the one hand, and Matonaza on the other, should start once more in chase of elk and buffalo, and that the first which met with good fortune should give the other notice.

Matonaza moved about in various directions in moody silence. The young chief had in his own mind given up all hope of finding the beloved White Swallow, whom he imagined the prey of some savage wild beast, or of Indians as ruthless. He moved along, brooding on revenge, on some sudden and terrible foray into the land of the Athapascows, and yet his eye was cast about in search of game. Presently the forest grew less dense, and the young chief soon found himself in the open air beside the vast lake already alluded to. The warrior paused, for never had he seen waters so vast. He gazed curiously around, and then followed the banks for some time: but all in vain; not a trace of game did he find. Weary and hungry, he turned his steps back towards the camp, and reached the spot where he had first come out upon the lake. He passed it, and pursued his way still further along the shore, which was frozen hard as far out as the water was shallow.

The Indian now came in sight of the fire seen by Thee-kis-ho in the morning, hitherto masked from his view by the island already alluded to. He knew this to be the signal given by his friends that they had found game, and hurried his steps. Suddenly he halted. A rabbit in its milk-white winter coat lay struggling at his feet, and yet not running away. The animal was caught in a snare made by human hands. The chief bounded like a stricken deer; his eyes flashed; and then, after killing the animal, and casting it over his shoulder, he began moving along the bank. Another and another snare fell under his notice, and then steps in the snow—those of a woman and a dog—steps of that day, of that hour!

Matonaza stood for an instant leaning on his rifle; for though an Indian and a warrior, he was a man, and young. He was not insensible to gentle emotions, and he loved the girl with all the warmth of a generous and unsophisticated heart that had never loved before. Then he looked around, his eyes glaring like those of the tiger about to spring; and he caught sight of the hut, or rather of the snow-pile that hid it. The door was clearly defined. He stood by it, he raised it: the rest has been already told.

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For some quarter of an hour they gave themselves up to the joy of this unexpected and happy meeting. The warrior then listened

with charmed ears to the recital of the events which had preceded the arrival of the White Swallow at her winter camp. Surprise, pride, and satisfaction, filled the young man's heart, as each day's adventure showed how admirably the girl had conducted herself, and how fit she was to be the bride of a chief. She spoke briefly, but clearly, and the event of the day soon formed the topic of discourse. When Thee-kis-ho spoke of the flight of two men from the fire, Matonaza became much moved.

"My friends are prisoners," he said gravely, and then bade her go on.

But the White Swallow ceased speaking, and waited to hear the narrative of her future lord and master.

The young chief reflected a moment, and asked for something to eat. But the girl had nothing but raw fish and the rabbit, and no fire.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Matonaza, as he heard that she had had no fire for some days; "let us go."

The White Swallow rose, took a good supply of fish, with the rabbit, and followed the Little Snake, who led the way through the wood towards the camp where he had left his companions. All was calm and still. The lake, which had been agitated, was quiescent, and the wind had fallen. A quarter of an hour's quick walking through the forest, brought them in sight of the fire. It remained untouched, as also the hut of boughs and fallen trunks that had been erected on the previous night. They at once drew the half-scattered embers together, and a few upright and transversed sticks served as a gridiron for the fish. The rabbit was also put to roast. No alarm was expected but from the lake; and an occasional glance at the water, by a walk of a dozen yards with the dog, rendered a surprise unlikely. An elk, and the guns of both Mark and the Roaming Panther, were found in the hut. The enemy had followed them so rapidly, they had no time to enquire into the spoil which might be found in the camp.

Matonaza gazed with speaking eye and affectionate mien at the young girl as she moved about preparing their meal. He smiled grimly as she offered him the meat when ready, without offering to take any herself. But he drew her on to the log beside him, and bade her eat. The White Swallow laughingly obeyed, and they ate together. It was the sweetest repast either had tasted for many a long day. When they had done, it was pitchy dark, and the young warrior at once went down to the shore, and in the cold, and ice, and snow, began to make a raft. Plenty of logs and boughs, and withs were to be found; and in an hour Indian ingenuity had succeeded in manufacturing a very solid construction. Then both stepped into it with the three guns, leaving the dog behind.

The chief turned the somewhat awkward vessel towards the island pointed out by his dusky bride, and both propelled it as best they could, with sticks as much like paddles as they could find. They made for the side towards the hut of the young girl, which

was rocky and precipitous, and therefore safest. Their progress was extremely slow. No light of any kind was there to guide them. The island loomed up in the distance against the sky, and not a sign of life could be seen upon it.

At last it was reached, and the slender bark grated on the shore. The pair leaped on the ice, and drew the raft so far after them, as at least to prevent its floating off. They then took the rifles, and gained the land. They found themselves at the foot of lofty rocks, from which hung thick and large trees, that half concealed their height. The ascent was rugged, but not impossible; and by feeling their way with extreme caution, they at last reached the summit. The wood was here dense in the extreme, and so mixed up with brushwood, as to oblige them to take great care as they advanced with the rifles. They pushed their way through, however, a little further, and then suddenly halted.

They were within a few yards of an extensive Indian camp!

[Conclusion in our next.]

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## PAPERS BY A RECLUSE.

### No. 4.

I am not what is termed an admirer of the female sex. Possibly some of my readers may be so inflated with a sense of their own acuteness of perception, as to assert that my peculiarity in this respect has been long evident, not only from the absence of all gallant allusions to the ladies in my previous papers, but even from my title itself. Without deigning to notice such interruptions, I may state that I have hitherto experienced an unwillingness to commit myself to a formal recognition of the existence of that portion of the human species, termed collectively woman; and that at the present time, the statement which graces the head of this paper has been wrung from me in consequence of certain erroneous ideas which have arisen from various inflammatory and idolatrous expressions of love and adoration, that have been repeated from time immemorial, not only by poets, but even by many otherwise sensible men, when treating of the female character. The world has been deluded into the belief, that as woman, according to the representations of the individuals whom I have just noticed, is possessed of every imaginable and unimaginable virtue, as she is a queen, an empress, an angel, a goddess, so she walks in triumph over the prostrate hearts of all men—even of a recluse. But I beg to assure the world that it is in error, that while I am not conscious of harboring any very violent antipathy towards the female sex, I am by no means one of its blind and passionate adorers. I have never knelt before one of these empresses, except when the service I have thought proper to render has demanded for its performance

that humble posture. I am careful not to offer assistance, save when it is needed, and when I think it will be received with pleasure. I seldom accompany a lady during a walk, if I perceive that she prefers being alone, or that I occupy a place intended for a more favored individual. I meddle not with female fashions. Once, indeed, but merely with a view of acquiring useful information, I thought of taking lessons on the nomenclature of female dress, from a gentleman of my acquaintance, who had formerly been a dry goods clerk, but during a preliminary examination, I became so appalled at the extent of my friend's knowledge, and of my own ignorance, that I have not since been able to summon sufficient courage to proceed with the undertaking. It may be partly in consequence of my deficiency in this particular, but I fear that it is chiefly from my want of devotion towards the fair sex, that I have never jested at modern bonnets, or protested against crinoline. In fact, I am so sensitive with respect to the last mentioned article of dress, that on passing a lady in the street, I invariably retire into the carriage-way, rather than risk being suspected of voluntarily producing the violent and continued oscillatory motion which follows collision with that expanded apparatus. I have never fatigued myself by standing at the doors of churches or lecture-rooms, to exhibit my wide-mouthed, open-eyed admiration of the fair countenances (blushing or contemptuous as the case might be), of the ladies who passed out or in; nor have I ever exposed my health to the risk of becoming deteriorated through unfavorable atmospheric influences, by loitering near a dirty crossing, that I might observe, admire, and expatiate to my fellows, upon the fine points of the damsels who somewhat daintily avoid soiling their dresses as they trip on tiptoe through the mud. I am not ambitious of calling the roses to a pair of gentle cheeks, by attempting to lead their owner through the mazes of a dance with which I am imperfectly acquainted; nor have I ever been tempted to dazzle the eyes of the fair by the profusion of my borrowed ball room jewelry. In conversation, I endeavour to keep silence when I have nothing to say; I assume not a briskness and a gallantry of deportment which I do not feel; I am not gifted with the faculty of making love to all indiscriminately; in short, the admiration which I cherish for the female part of our race is of so feeble a character, that I am constantly tempted to act towards them as if they were rational creatures.

The circumstances which conspired to place me in a position so unnatural and so unenviable as that which I confessedly occupy, deserve explanation. During my early intercourse with society, I observed that while gentlemen were addicted to gallantry on paper and in fashionable assemblies; in the domestic circle ladies were not worshipped with that awe and reverence which I had looked for. In fact, I fancied that not unfrequently they were snubbed by brothers, scolded by fathers, and neglected by husbands. From the parade of attention, the fervent admiration, the generous praise

which were lavished upon them in public, I argued, and of course correctly, that the gentlemen were disposed at all times, and in all places, to do justice to their merits, and that any lack of devotion which they might experience, arose from some defect in themselves. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, I set myself to discover whether it were possible that creatures, apparently of so ethereal a nature, could be tainted with imperfections. I have often observed how very frequently continued diligence in any undertaking is followed by success; and in nothing is this great natural law more strikingly and satisfactorily exemplified than in the business of fault-hunting. Accordingly, I had not proceeded far in my explorations of the female character, before I struck upon several interesting specimens of the ore of which I was in quest. One of the largest and richest nuggets of it which I threw up was the variety known as deceptiveness. I have been acquainted with many young ladies, apparently of so thoughtless a disposition, so devoted to trifling and merriment, that they seemed to regard each succeeding year merely as a new Comic Annual; and yet, after a few seasons of delightful frivolity, they have suddenly degenerated into active, earnest and tidy housekeepers. Others, again, whom I had never suspected of any baser inclinations than those which directed them to the piano or Telemaque, I have caught, after marriage, engaged in superintending the roasting of beef, or the baking of pies, apparently with more energy than they ever displayed in the presence of their music or French teacher; and this, notwithstanding the many years' anxiety of careful parents, lest their daughters should injure their matrimonial prospects by learning the nature of a kitchen, or discovering the plant which produces that much used article of diet, called bread-and-butter.

Another very prominent fault which I have detected in the female character, is an indisposition to listen to reason. This peculiarity might, perhaps, be charitably regarded as a misfortune, rather than as a fault, were it not that, instead of humbly acknowledging their defect, and striving to overcome it by yielding in all things to the opinions of the wiser sex, the subjects of this infirmity too frequently express a sovereign contempt for the exercise of the reasoning faculty—that godlike power with which man (in contradistinction to woman) is so largely endowed. I have been often pained on chancing to constitute an unwilling auditor, while a worthy gentleman has endeavored to convince his wife of the propriety and advantage of his pursuing some questionable line of conduct. To all his arguments, which, I am proud to say it, appeared most conclusive, the lady would turn a deaf ear, and persist in her own irrational notions, pronouncing his most elaborate syllogisms to be “stuff,” and “nonsense.” And what rendered her weakness the more provoking was, that the fates, as if to humor her to the top of her bent, generally managed to twist events in such a manner as to make it appear, in the end, that her “notions” were not far from the truth, and that the gentleman’s conclusions were decidedly

wrong. I believe the laws of England wisely allow a man the privilege of bestowing moderate personal correction upon his wife, in certain cases; I would, therefore, modestly suggest its cautious employment as a remedy for the evil in question. I throw out the suggestion more particularly for the benefit of any gentleman of diminutive stature, who has selected for his partner a lady stout, and of robust constitution.

As I do not love to expose any character to public censure, except so far as may be necessary for the maintenance of the peace and well-being of society, I shall enumerate only one fault more, out of the myriads with which I have discovered the female moral constitution to be infected. I refer to that peculiar affection of the will, termed obstinacy. This excrement, (I am not to be limited by any hypercritical notions of propriety to one metaphor), while, I admit, that in the male sex it occasionally appears in a rudimentary state, attains its highest point of development in woman. It would seem to bear some relation to the vice which I have last described, as they are generally found growing together and flourishing with equal vigor in the same individual. To require all the examples of obstinacy which have fallen under my notice, would be to ask for a rehearsal of the whole tragedy of woman's life. I have known a gentleman, in the exercise of the glorious privileges of his manhood, fell his unoffending wife to the earth, while the perverse creature appeared really to feel less the attentions of her magnanimous lord, than the shame that might be visited upon his head by certain crotchety individuals who do not understand the peculiar relations existing between husband and wife.

A very beautiful specimen of woman's obstinacy may be found in the Book of Ruth;\* and Milton makes out a very pretty case of perverseness for Eve, in the tenth book of Paradise Lost.† But I need not wander so far for evidence of the existence of this prevalent vice. Who has not seen a mother persist in loving her wayward boy, apparently for no other reason than because there was not one loveable feature either in his person or his character? Who has not seen an instance of domestic affliction in which the head of the family has been put partially hors de combat, by a successful assault of toothache, rheumatism, gout, or some other calamity equally calling for sympathy? Who has not seen the alacrity, the love, the lotions, which have been profusely expended by the female part of the household upon the afflicted monarch? And who has not seen the afflicted monarch aforesaid, repaying all this devotion by bestowing imprecations upon their awkwardness and their stupidity—pushing this one aside, because, forsooth, she cannot apply the medicaments without approaching the diseased part—throwing that one off as she bends over him with her herbulent fomentations, because nature has endowed her with an ample form, and one which entirely excludes all other bodies from the

\* Chap. i., ver. 16, 17.

† Verse 914, et seqq.

space which it occupies—and finally, throwing himself back in his easy chair, in a paroxysm of rage and pain, bitterly giving them permission to murder him—a crime he knows they wish to commit? Who has not witnessed throughout this melancholy scene, the obstinate cheerfulness and good humor of the female intruders in the midst of the volleys of anathemas, bandages and bootjacks hurled at their devoted heads? In fact, I have often thought that they seemed rather pleased than otherwise with these tokens of regard, and that they were inclined to love and pity the wretched victim in proportion as he berated and abused them.

Upon the whole however, I am disposed to think that, with all their faults, the world is not greatly the worse for the presence of the female sex. Indeed, if during my present term of existence, the sentiments of mankind shall ever be divided upon the propriety of expelling woman entirely from earth, and the voice of the recluse shall be sufficient to decide the question, I suspect that he will give the casting vote in favor of her remaining with us for a while longer.

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## POETRY IN AMERICA,

Forty years ago, the often wise, and always witty and lively Rev. Sidney Smith, writing in the *Edinburgh Review*, at the close of an article on America, in the course of which he has praised *Jonathan* for his "honest endeavors to better his situation," and "his manly purpose of resisting injury and insult," tauntingly puts the question—"In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book?"

There probably were some Englishmen who even at that day could have pointed out to the caustic reviewer of the "*Statistical Annals of the United States*,"—for such was the dry title of the publication then under his notice,—two or three American books well worth the reading. But if the question were now addressed to the world, what would be the sound of the answer given at once by the myriads who, in almost all the languages of Europe, have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin?" The words, "Who reads an American book?" no longer convey a reproach to American ears,—no longer impose a check upon the tongue or the pen of the "free and enlightened citizen" who wishes to indulge a little his national propensity to boast of his country's greatness. Rapid as has been the progress made by the United States in all the arts we usually call useful or mechanical,—remarkable as has been the extension of their commerce and the increase of their population,—the development of their literature has been quite as rapid and remarkable.

Since the day when Washington Irving, who is generally regarded by critics on the other side of the Atlantic, as the pioneer of American letters, first attracted the attention of European readers, less than half a century has elapsed. Indeed, Irving came

into notice nearly about, or very shortly after, the time at which Sidney Smith told Irving's countrymen, that, "during the thirty or forty years of their independence, they had done absolutely nothing for the sciences, for the arts, for literature, or even for the statesman-like studies of politics or political economy."

Forty years embrace a short period in a nation's annals. It is but a single page in its story,—but the time occupied by the growth of a single generation, from the cradle to complete manhood. And yet, how much has America accomplished,—how many distinctions in the fields of science and letters has she won in that short time! Who now that reads at all does not read American books? Who is there that cannot readily mention more than a score of names of Americans, eminent, in greater or less degree, in the different paths of literature? To enumerate but Cooper, Hawthorne, and Melville, as writers of prose fiction; Prescott, Bancroft, Ticknor, and Motley, among the writers of history; and the immortal Irving, who finds a place in each of these classes; and to select only Bryant, Longfellow, Poe, and Read, as poets of high order, we have already a list of authors of whom the "Great Republic" may well feel proud. And if we wish to see how extensively the writings of these and other Americans are read in the Mother Country, we have only to examine the monthly lists of publications in London. We shall find there a surprisingly large proportion of books by American authors, either published simultaneously with their appearance in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, or reprinted from a former edition, which has met with a ready sale. And the tone adopted by British critics, in speaking of American books, is somewhat different now from what it was when American publications were few and far between. The third number of the *Edinburgh Review*, printed in 1802, patronizingly admonished its readers, in this hemisphere, in its own characteristic, utilitarian style, that "Literature was one of those *fine manufactures* which a new country will always find it better to import than to raise."

This summary way of disposing of American claims to literary distinctions soon became quite inapplicable. America soon began to export these "fine manufactures." A number of the *North British Review*, published just half a century after the commercial advice above quoted was given, complains of the popularity some of the American poets enjoy in England; takes that popularity merely as a proof of a good natured disposition on the part of the British public to tolerate any approach to excellence, and of a readiness to welcome the appearance of a true poet, whenever the age shall be blessed with the birth of such a phenomenon; and, in an article which the writer at the outset kindly informs us is meant to be severe, proceeds to demonstrate, by a critical examination of some of their performances, that American poets do not generally deserve anything like the reputation they have acquired.

But, notwithstanding the unfriendly spirit exhibited by some British reviewers when they have had American books for their

subjects, there have been others who have shown a generous appreciation of the contributions afforded by their brethren of this Continent to the noble stores of English literature, and who take pleasure in spreading wider still the fame those contributions had earned. Lord Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, bestowed praise in no stinted measure upon Washington Irving's earliest works, the "singular sweetness" of whose composition, the "liquid music of his periods," the "mellow falls and windings of his soft, flowing sentences," seem to have had a peculiar charm for the critic's ear. *Blackwood's Magazine*, too, commended Mr. Willis's first volume of poems quite as highly as was becoming, and has since dealt with some of the leading American poets of our day in a most kind and liberal manner. And the *Dublin University Magazine*, long ago applauded Mr. Hoffman for the production of a few songs, because they resembled the tones of Ireland's Anacreon—Moore.

To us, the inhabitants of these British Provinces, the literary achievements of the people of the United States may be justly considered as even more important and more interesting than they are to the inhabitants of Britain. We are not only descendants from the same parent races, and speakers of the same mother-tongue, the inheritors with them of the same common ancestral renown, and of the same noble English literature, but we are, geographically, their immediate neighbors, linked with them by innumerable bands of commercial interests, and family ties,—bands which are continually increasing in number and strength, and which will, probably, as time rolls on, and as the grounds of difference and jealousy between us and them are one by one cut away, and gradually disappear, increase yet more and more. It will follow, in the natural course of things, that whatever character the literature of the United States may assume, whatever influences it may exert upon the destinies of mankind, that character and those influences will leave their impress, not faintly traced, but deeply stamped upon our future! There are now few intelligent persons in our Province who do not read, in smaller or greater number, American books. And it behoves all such readers to examine well, especially as we have hitherto had no critical Review or Magazine established amongst us, the scope and tendency, the merits and the faults of every publication that comes to us from across the border.

Our present intention is to confine ourselves to the subject of Poetry in America, and to offer a few remarks upon the productions of some American poets.

"Poets," says Shelley, "are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present: the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sound to battle, and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

If this highly poetical description of the poet's functions be true, it becomes a matter of no inconsiderable amount to every civilized

people to understand well the deep meanings of each true poet that is born, and gives utterance to his divine inspirations in their midst; and to inquire how, and with what results, his thoughts and conceptions are likely to become the spirit, and essence of laws of thought and action, to coming generations. And in order to obtain such an understanding, and to prosecute such an enquiry, some clear and definite notions of the nature of poetry must be entertained. To discharge well the duties of the critic, we must have formed our notions into a theory so sound as to be durable, and so comprehensive that it may be generally recognized as a standard by which the value of all true poems may be ascertained.

We do not intend, however, to lead our readers into, or to lose ourselves in, a discussion of the nature of poetry. From Aristotle to Bacon, from Bacon to Coleridge, and from Coleridge to the last number of the last Review, which has taken, according to its own peculiar canons, the exact weight and measure of some recent aspirant after fame, the world has been supplied with many theories of poetry, and many philosophical definitions of it. No one of these theories or definitions, although it may contain much truth, and may have served largely the purposes of the critic, has ever yet been found to express in distinct terms the whole truth of the matter. There is always about them some vagueness and obscurity in the phraseology employed—some broken utterance which conveys to us only a half-meaning—and itself requires explanation. But taking it for granted, that all of us who are in the habit of reading poetry, have some more or less clear ideas respecting the nature of it, let us proceed to a brief consideration of the circumstances that may be deemed favourable to the growth and development of poetry in America, of the disadvantages under which American poets lie, and of the present position and prospects of the poetic art in this quarter of the globe.

It has been supposed that American poets possess many peculiar advantages which cannot be shared in by their brethren of the Old World. The bold and grand features of the scenery which surrounds them; the new and fresh aspects which the fair face of nature on every hand presents; the noble old forests which rear their lofty heads so proudly to the sky, and wave their giant branches in worship of His mighty hand who raised them; the vast lakes that lie spread out so tranquilly in the bosom of the land; the great rivers that roll along for hundreds or thousands of miles through immense plains and between mountain ranges before they leap into the ocean; the almost boundless prairies, that have slept for ages unvexed by the ploughshare, and whose profound solitudes are only now and then disturbed by the roarings of wild beasts, or the shouts of excited huntsmen; the awful cataract, whose thunders shake the air for many a league: these all have been regarded, and justly too, as objects calculated to excite the poet, to supply him with rich stores of images, and to inspire him with fresh and original ideas of the sublime and the beautiful.

The history, too, of the discovery and settlement of this continent by the nations of Europe,—the subjugation, and gradual but steady extermination of the aboriginal inhabitants,—the hardships endured by the sturdy bands who sought quiet homes in the depths of the wilderness,—the struggles for national independence which the sons of these strong-hearted settlers carried through to successful issues,—these, it might be presumed, would furnish many a subject capable of being invested with all the charms of poetry. Then there are the tales and legends of the Indian tribes—a fruitful source, one might at first view suppose, of fresh and unused materials for the poet's purposes. These several topics we shall consider in our next number.

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## BRITISH AMERICA.

### CHAPTER II.

### GEOGRAPHY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

[Continued.]

21. As regards *surface*, the whole peninsula forms a plateau of small elevation,—seldom exceeding 600 feet. The *watershed* lies along the length of the country (determining its form), and is separated into two parts. One—formed of the Cobequid or Cumberland Mountains,\* and the continuation of them, known as Baxter's, Shier's, Thom, McLellan's, and Green Mountains, the Blue Mountain of Maxwellton, the Antigonish Hills, and Mount Egerton—runs E. and W. for 90 miles, and ends at Cape Porcupine. The other—bearing the names of the Ardois Mountain, 810 feet high, Horton Mountain, the South Mountains of Cornwallis, and the Blue Mountains of Shelburne (a volcanic formation)—runs S. W. through the interior. The North Mountains of Cornwallis run N. W. of this, from Digby to Capes Split and Blomedon. This last is a trap formation, from 100 to 600 feet high, serving to keep off the fogs from the fine valley of the Annapolis. This W. district (the Granville, Wilmot, Aylesford, and Cornwallis Townships, &c.), was, doubtless, formerly an island, the alluvial soil of the valley being afterwards thrown up by the opposing tides of the Basin of Minas and Digby Gut.

22. As the Province is narrow, the *rivers* are very short. The chief of them are the Annapolis, 85 miles long, rising in the Caribon Bog, near the source of the Cornwallis (tributaries—the Nictau, Moose, and Bear Rivers); the Cornwallis, 30 miles long, but not navigated, meandering through meadows made classic by Longfellow's sweet poem of "Evangeline"; the Gaspereau, the Avon, (tributaries—the Halfway, St. Croix, Hebert, Kennetcook, &c.);

\* 1,200 to 1,500 feet high,—forming the highest known point in the Province.

the Shubenacadie, navigable for 30 miles, and forming, with Grand Lake and the Shubenacadie Canal,\* a water course across the Province (tributaries—the Saint Andrews, Stowiacke, &c.); Salmon River, Hebert, Philip, Wallace, the Three Rivers (W., middle, and E.) of Pictou; Country Harbor River, St. Mary's River, as large as any in the Province, certainly 70 miles long; the Musquodoboit, Sackville River, flowing into Bedford Basin; Gold River, the LaHave,† 50 miles long; Petite, Port Medway, Liverpool, (draining Lake Rossignol, Fairy Lake, &c.); Jordan, Roseway or Shelburne, the Lovely Clyde, 45 miles long, and the Sissiboo, or "Big River" of the Indians, so-called, perhaps, because it brings down as large a body of fresh water as any in the Province. It is now generally called Weymouth River. Many of these rivers are of great beauty, and the "intervalles," or bottom lands, on their banks, very fertile: their commercial usefulness is, however, in the case of those in the west, lessened by the excessive rise and fall of the tides, and in other parts, also by ice-jams, or obstructions from fixed masses of ice, which stop the passage of lumber in spring, and by "chokes," (the French *des embarras*), or masses of drift-wood wedged tightly between the banks. One on the Konnetcook had to be removed at great expense. *Lakes* are very numerous. The largest are Lake Rossignol, 30 miles long, Lake George, the second in size, Fairy Lake, Lochaber or College Lake, 5 miles long, Port Medway, and Malaga Lakes, on the Port Medway River, Lake Sherbrooke, drained by the LaHave, Grand Lake, drained by the Shubenacadie, and Ship Harbor Lake, drained by the Ship Harbor River.

23. One description of the *climate*, flora and fauna,‡ almost serves for all the Lower Provinces. The thermometer in Nova Scotia usually ranges from 18 to 70 deg.; the mean annual temperature of Halifax being 48 deg. Fahrenheit. The limit of extreme cold is 50 deg., that of extreme heat 95 deg. in the shade. The mean temperature of the Winter quarter is 22 deg.; of the Spring do. 49 deg.; of the Summer 62 deg.; and of the Fall 35 deg. The prevailing winds are the S. W. and the N. W., with the E. wind in Spring. The annual fall of rain is 41 inches (of which 6½ inches falls in the form of snow); the annual depth of snow is 8½ feet. The S. W. of the country has the mildest climate,§ though more subject to wet and fog: this part is best suited for grazing and dairy farms. In the E. the winter is steadier and drier, and the spring later. As in the sister Provinces, pulmonary diseases are the most common and dangerous. The Annapolis valley is extremely healthy, as, indeed, are most parts of the country.

\* Now disused, and superseded by the Railway.

† The Indian Falls are noted for their majestic beauty. It is navigable only for four miles however.

‡ See page 93.

§ In Yarmouth County the temperature rarely falls to zero, or rises higher than 84°—the mean being 48°, Fahrenheit.

## MACAULAY, THE ESSAYIST.

The most noted feature in the history of the literature of the present century, and that which distinguishes it most clearly from the past, is the ability employed upon the Reviews. Although such periodicals had been in existence before, they were considered as mere taskwork, but at the beginning of this century they began to be chosen in preference to any other vehicle of communication, and in them have appeared some of the best essays of the ablest prose-writers in the language. The "Edinburgh" was started in 1802, with a more brilliant staff of contributors than has ever been brought to the support of any periodical, and immediately took a rank never before conceded to any. Able papers in science, history, and political economy, as well as the mere criticism of literary efforts, were contained in it, and discussion of a most vigorous kind, and on almost every conceivable subject, arose in consequence. It ruled the tastes of the reading public, and attempted also to direct their political proclivities. This gave rise to the "Quarterly," in 1809; since which time others have sprung up, representing particular parties in politics and religion. Although vast masses of knowledge have been collected, eloquent disquisitions set forth, and much energetic thought displayed, the authors most frequently were unknown, seeming to disdain notoriety; and it is only after many years have elapsed that the public have become aware to whom they were indebted for the masterly effusions, while the writers of some of even the best papers are forever merely to be guessed at. The subjects which have been most freely discussed in the Reviews, and which, in fact, are more ably handled in them, than they have ever been anywhere else, are literary criticisms, especially that of poetry, and speculation in social and political economy.

Thomas Babington Macaulay entered the ranks of the great Whig, the "Edinburgh," in 1826, and for nineteen years was a contributor, more or less steady; and although he is outlived, and outwritten in one sense, by one of the originators, Henry Brougham, yet

he produced the most impressive of all the essays, which this species of literature has given birth to. He opened with a paper on Milton, showing in it his learning, his terseness of style, and his decided Whiggism. Historical subjects most frequently employed his pen, and when engaged upon these, that looseness of style and scarcity of depth and labour, which have been objected to in Review-writing, found no place. Partizanship can be traced in almost every one of them, but it is shaded so finely, that it never seems ought save fair. He had a plausibility and a seeming generosity to those who held views upon Church or State antagonistic to his own, that he requires to be closely watched, as the bias sets in against them so tenderly, and diverges so gradually, that one is astonished to find all at once, that what was white before, and had all along maintained something of a whitish appearance, is now of the jettiest black, and that the scintillations of a lighter color, which flickered about the object while approaching it, were mere reflections, as there is now no trace of purity whatever. He arranged his data so minutely, drew his inferences with such decision, and displayed his picture with such a life-like and natural light, that it requires no mean intellect to detect the gentle shading by which he has hid those facts which would have militated against the general colouring, while none can pass without observing the strongly marked outlines which are expected to be taken as the real and true picture. To his extraordinary power of impressive representation, he adds extensive and valuable information never before equalled in this walk, and with an astonishing facility he pours forth the rich stream, illustrating every object contemplated. In the criticism of poetry, however, he showed to poor advantage beside the able editor. He did not possess that keen and pure appreciation of poetical beauties, which distinguished that great critic, but used poets and their works as a mere foothold for speculations on man and manners; so his curious dissertations do little to fill the space which Jeffrey

would have illumined by a criticism, fully as poetical as the poetry that called it into existence.

He waged a long and rather successful war with Mill and the Benthamite School in Social Science. Their style courted the critic's lash, and got it; but their logic fared worse. They had considered it *par excellence* complete—in fact, they thought that they had brought their utilitarianism to the position of an exact science—finery of words was nothing, or worse; but direct mathematical reasoning was their boast. In three essays, during 1829, he handled this extraordinary exactitude of theirs rather roughly, and proved conclusively that *à priori* reasoning was decidedly unfit for application to such subjects, and that induction alone could be relied on.

It is not as a critical essayist, however, that Macaulay has displayed his talents to most advantage. When merely remarking the advent of a book, and scorning to take up the attention of his readers with a digest of its errors, he starts on the course himself, and gives a sketch of the subject, short as is to be expected from a mere Review-essay, but cutting keenly, seeking for the principles that directed the actions, and giving a panoramic representation of them—it is then we see his power. To Sir John Malcolm's Life of Lord Clive, and Gleig's Memoirs of Warren Hastings, we are indebted for two of his ablest papers. Malcolm he mentions, and merely mentions; while Gleig receives a little cauterization now and then, by way of by-play, for having not only excused some gross irregularities, but tried to render them virtues—conduct unbecoming in any biographer, more especially in a clergyman. He had an intimate acquaintance with East Indian history, and, from having lived in that country, he had become familiar with the manners and religion of the people, and, consequently, there seems more reality in his descriptions of transactions there than in the writings of any other. These two essays are, perhaps, the best that he ever penned,—his power of representation has full scope in the gorgeous east, and the career of the soldier-merchant was crowded with exciting scenes, while the life of the

statesman Hastings is equally replete with subjects fit for graphic description. In the wide range of English literature, no pageant has been so magnificently painted as the famous trial of the latter,—and none of those who crushed through the crowd to see the identical mace, or with more enlightened curiosity to gaze on the illustrious representatives of the Commons of Great Britain, could have felt more awe at the spectacle than the reader of Macaulay's description, as the grandeur was more addressed to the mind than to the eye, and he clusters every recollection that can impart majesty, and recalls every circumstance that can lend interest to the scene.

During the long and tedious voyage to India, of twenty years ago, which he has described as being generally occupied in quarrelling or flirting, he wrote a paper on the father of inductive philosophy, Francis Bacon. More time, labour and learning were bestowed on this than on any other of his essays, and none have been considered so open to censure. He draws a melancholy picture of the great philosopher, and really it is much a matter of taste, whether the unjust judge is paraded too frequently before the reader or not. The lesson to be derived from the pitiable plight, which this great man was reduced to, by that sordid selfishness, that induced him for lucre to contravert the ends of justice, and brought his great name into reproach, is as much needed and is as true as the story of his ardent search for truth in science and philosophy.

Macaulay always came to a decided conclusion upon every subject that he handled, and seemed to consider himself born for the purpose of settling everything that had been in dispute. He never allowed the slightest suspicion of the possibility of his coming to an erroneous conclusion upon any subject, however obscure or complicated. In fixing the identity of Junius upon Sir Philip Francis, he says: "If this argument does not settle the question, there is an end to all reasoning on circumstantial evidence." The possibility of reasoning on circumstantial evidence, he allows, may be ques-

tioned, but his argument is incontrovertible. The present premier has displayed his own jauntiness, and this trait of Macaulay's character, in the

not very respectful remark—"I wish I were as sure of any one thing as Tom Macaulay is of everything."

## MAJOR TIFFIN, AND HIS MALAY CORD.

[Concluded.]

It was as pretty a turn out as ever was seen,—neat chaise,—bright yellow wheels,—slender bay mare that stepped daintily,—single occupant driving with a complacent smile.

It was the Major.

He stopped at an inn, to refresh himself and the bay mare. He took a turn round the place, chatted with the landlord, smoked with the groom, complimented the landlady, chucked the pretty bar maid under the chin.

He calmly answered their kind enquiries about his destination, by informing them that he was going to take Jake Mullen prisoner.

Whereupon the landlord groaned, the groom whistled, the landlady clasped her hands, and the pretty bar maid giggled.

The Major jauntily raved his hat, and jumping into the chaise, proceeded at a leisurely pace on his way. After a quarter of an hour, he looked under the seat.

"Good!" said he. "They've done it! I thought so. Taken my pistols bodily. I thought they'd content themselves with sticking needles in the nipples."

He drove on for about three miles, and came to a stand at the road side, under the shade of a wide-spreading beech tree. Then, tying the reins to the dashboard, he took a cigar, and lighting it, proceeded to smoke.

He had not been long engaged in this proceeding, when a solitary horseman approached him over the brow of a hill before him.

"I should think," muttered the Major, "that is the chevalier."

The solitary horseman was a fine looking man, not very large, but very athletic,—brown face—piercing black eyes—black, clustering hair, jetty beard and moustache—glittering white teeth,—in short, quite the Fra Diavolo.

The Major leaped lightly from the

chaise as the man approached, and taking his stand by the roadside, surveyed the new comer with a gentlemanly stare.

The horseman came up to him and nodded.

"A fine day."

"A charming day."

Whereupon the horseman dismounted, and came up to the Major.

"Pray, Sir, may your name be Major Tiffin?"

"I have that honor," said the Major blandly.

"Ah!" said the other, "There is a report that you wished to meet me—and, I believe, to take me to your delightful residence."

"Ah! You are Mr. Jacob Mullen, eh?"

"I am, sir."

"I'm delighted to see you—delighted"—exclaimed the Major, holding out his hand.

The other took it, and they shook hands warmly.

The chevalier smiled so broadly, that he showed all his glittering teeth.

"Major, you are a brave man; but you are alone."

The Major nodded.

"Unarmed."

"Thanks to the pretty bar maid."

"Ha! ha! Yes, true. Besides, you're rather elderly, or, at least, not so young as you were. On the contrary, I am young, strong, and, above all, armed."

Saying which he produced a pistol, and cocking it, held it full in the Major's face.

There was a pause.

The Major nodded smilingly. He blew three puffs of smoke—one to the right, one to the left, one in the stranger's face; his left hand gracefully covered his hip, his right was playing with a cord which came out from his vest pocket.

"Besides, you know," continued the stranger, with bitter sarcasm, "you're going to take me to your parlor, and exhibit me to your friends at two o'clock to-morrow, P. M., precisely."

Another bow—puff—puff.

"It's the old game, Major—*your money or your life.*"

The pistol came up to the Major's face.

"Pon my soul, I hav'nt a copper about me."

"I should be sorry to doubt so gentlemanly a fellow. You're a cool one, too. You ought to be *on the road*; so I'll content myself this time with your watch."

"You'll find the key in my left vest pocket," said the Major.

The highwayman stared. However he took the watch, and the key too, without more ado.

"Now for the chaise. It's needless for me to say, that if you attempt to run I'll blow your brains out."

"Oh, quite so. But, my good sir, there's nothing in the chaise. The pistols are gone."

"There's something."

"Nothing but bits of cord to tie you with."

The robber stared,—and then, with an oath, he leaped into the chaise.

The Major came up to him. The robber lifted up the seat, carelessly stooping as he did so, with his face turned to the Major, and the pistol pointed towards him.

"The cords are in the left corner."

"The robber reached his arm down, and drawing them out, laid them on the bottom of the carriage.

"There ought to be something more," said he.

"There is," said the Major,—"*It's a Malay Cord.*"

"Ah, where —?"

"Here," said the other.

His hand darted up, like a flash. There was a whizz—a blow—a deep curse—a stifled groan.

The Major was pulling firmly at a cord, which was coiled tightly round the robber's neck.

The pistol had fallen from his hand. The wretch was writhing in the horrors of suffocation on the floor of the chaise. His face grew livid—purple—

black; clots of foam, flecked with blood, oozed from his lips,—his eyeballs started from their sockets.

In a few moments it was over. With a groan, the struggling victim passed into insensibility.

"It was a doosed good idea, anyhow, for the fellah to get into the chaise himself," said the Major, jumping lightly up, and commencing to tie his hands and feet. "I'd have had a precious time lifting him in."

There is a way to tie, and a way not to tie. The Major performed this operation scientifically. I will describe it for the reader's benefit, in a similar juncture. The party to be tied must be in a sitting posture, the right hand to be placed downward through the bend of the left leg, the left hand ditto through the bend of the right. The hands are then to be bound together. Feet ditto. A cord must then connect the bands of the hand and feet. It will be of service, for when the prisoner tries to escape, pull it, and it will give him exquisite pain.

The Major had learned this in the Highlands of Ghildighherree, close by the Allahbechghander inlet.

You may depend upon it the landlord stared when the Major drove back with his prisoner. The landlady fainted,—the groom ran away, taking with him the best horse and saddle, which were never seen again,—the pretty, black eyed bar maid stood rigid, like one turned to stone. The landlord fell on his knees, and commenced saying his prayers, and begging the Major not to inform against him.

"You're a jackass!" cried the Major. "Don't you be going and committing yourself, you fool. Who's going to inform about you?"

But the effect produced upon the company that were assembled in the Major's parlor, if less tragic, was not less striking.

There they were—all interested in the affair. They waited patiently for the appointed moment, when—

Lo you and behold! just as the clock struck two—in comes the Major, leading the great highwayman, with two policemen bringing up the rear.

With one unanimous shout of astonishment—

But I forbear. Here is a capital chance for the reader to let his imagination have full swing. There is the picture. The parlor, the crowding guests, overcome with amazement and

perspiration, the stolid policemen, the sulky prisoner, and supreme among them all, the gallant Major, flourishing with incredible skillfulness his *Malay Cord*.  
E.

## THE SEA-KING'S WAR SONG.

The following contribution enters very well, we think, into the spirit of the old Norse Viking—rude founders of many a peaceful modern state, if not the first European visitors of this continent:—

When the sea is dark,  
And the earth is white  
With the drifting snow;  
When the silver light  
Of the queen of night  
Comes in gleams from the changing sky,  
(Like the sudden light  
Of an aërolite),  
From the storm-clouds hurrying by;  
When the air's so keen,  
That the ice will crack  
With the piercing cold,—  
And a fearful wrack  
Will show the track  
Of the winds through the frosted trees;  
When the sea-gulls' cry  
From the iceberg high,  
Is lost by the wail of the breeze;  
When the ocean raves,  
And the tempests blow  
The spray from the waves,  
As away they go  
With their crowns of snow,  
In their race to the leeward shore,—  
With each crest as white  
As the northern light,  
And as bright as the northern star,—  
Then we launch our ker on the tide,  
And swift as birds o'er the ocean glide;

For we care not for the sweeping gale  
And the howling storm. The deep-  
ening wail  
Of the winds as they lash the heaving  
sea  
Is, to us, the grandest melody!  
For we love to roam o'er the dancing  
wave—  
'Tis the home of the free! 'Tis the  
home of the brave!  
And each soul will rise as on we go,  
With the bounding breeze, like drift-  
ing snow,  
Away to the islands of the west;  
And land when the sun is gone to rest,  
To fight and conquer the Saxon slaves,  
And fire their cots to light the waves,  
As home we sail with treasures untold:  
Crosses of silver, and cups of gold,  
And fairy children with eyes as blue  
As waves of the deepest azure hue;  
And lovely women, with skins as fair  
As a fleecy cloud, and with flowing hair,  
As fine as the rays of the glorious sun!  
Fit wives for the children of Woden,  
The brave and the free,  
The kings of the sea,—  
Fit wives for the children of Woden!

T.

## BOTANY AND ZOOLOGY OF THE LOWER PROVINCES.

**BOTANY.**—There are twenty-nine principal orders of flowering plants (*phanerogamia*) in the Lower Provinces, viz.:—

1. The water lilies. 2. The *saracenia*, including the Indian cup. 3. The order which includes the sumach, poison vine, (*rhus toxicodendron*), &c. 4. The maples, (*aceraceæ*), including 16 species. 5. The leguminous plants,

including peas, beans, beach pea, clovers, ground nut, &c. 6. The roses, including the rose, apple, and cherry families; the first represented by the wild rose and sweet briar, the wild raspberry, blackberry and dewberry, wild strawberry, &c.; the second by the medlar, or wild pear, chokeberry, rowan, hawthorn, &c.; and the third by the wild and choke cherries,

&c. 7. The order *grossulaceæ*, includes the wild gooseberry, and two species of wild currants. 8. The order which includes the well-known sarsaparillas, and ginseng. 9. The dogwoods. 10. The elders and tree cranberries. 11. The *compositæ*, as the asters and golden rods. 12. The berries as the true cranberries (*oxycoccus*), blue berries and whortle berries, wintergreens, mayflower (*epigea repens*), kalmia, Labrador tea, &c. 14. The ashes, white and black—the last much used by the Indians in basket-making. 15. The elms, forming some of the noblest trees in the Provinces. 16. The order including the beeches, oaks and hazel. 17. The myrtles. 18. The birches and alders. 19. The willows and poplars (*saliaceæ*)—the finest being generally found near the old Acadian haunts. 20. The *conifera*, including all the evergreens or softwoods of the Provinces—as the white and pitch pines, hemlock, black, red and white spruce, black (“bacmatack,”) and red (“juniper,”) larches, cedar, fir, affording the Canadian balsam, and ground juniper, bearing edible berries, besides others. 22. The varieties of orchis, most of them swamp flowers. 23. The iris plants. 24. The lilies—the best known being the orange lily, Solomon’s seal, and the wild lily of the valley. 25. The grasses. 26. The sedges.

There are also six chief tribes of the *cryptogamia*, or flowerless plants, viz: the horse-tails, club-mosses, ferns, mosses and lichens, fungi, and seaweeds (*algæ*).

ZOOLOGY.—Beside the native race of men (in Nova Scotia the Micmac Indians), there are four orders of indigenous *mammalia*: 1. The *Carnivora*, represented by the bear, † raccoon, † glutton, lynx, lucifee, \* wolf, fox, seals, weasels, moles, shrew-mouse, &c. 2. The *Rodentia*, represented by the hare (generally called the “rabbit”), marmot (“wood-chuck”), † porcupine, squirrels, beaver, muskrat or musquash, field-mice, &c. 3. The *Ruminants*, represented by the moose or elk, the caribou or reindeer. 4. The *Cetacea* (in the adjacent seas),

\* A corruption of the old French name of the animal—*loup cervier*.

represented by the true whale, finner, granipus, porpoise, &c. The flesh of many of the above is edible, and the fur still more valuable. Those of them marked † hibernated. All of them are becoming rarer. The fur of the ermine and hare turns white in the winter. The bear is the only dangerous animal: it has been caught weighing 600 lbs. The weasels are of seven species: the ermine, weasel, martin, fisher, skunk, mink, and otter; the foxes of three—the red, cross, black or silvergrey; the squirrels of three—the ground, common or “English,” and flying; the field mice of four. All the orders of *birds* are represented: the *birds of prey* by the bald eagle, hawks, and owls; the *perchers* by the shrike, cherrybird, warblers, finches, crossbills, crows, jays, swallows, creepers, and one species each of the humming-bird (the red-throated), kingfisher, and whip-poor-will; the *climbers* by the woodpeckers; the *scratchers* by the ruffed grouse (“birch partridge”), brown grouse (“spruce partridge”), and passenger pigeon—a summer visitor from the south; the *waders* by the herons in the harbors, the snipes, and a great variety of plovers, more inland; and the *swimmers* by the many species of goose, duck, gannets, the northern diver (“loon”), auks, gulls, grebes, &c. The *reptiles* are few, and unimportant, the only one of note being the land tortoise. Not so the *fish*. Among *bony fishes* are the salmon, perch, trout, smelt, gaspereau or alewife, and cel, frequenting the rivers and lakes; and the tunny (off the E. coast, sometimes ten feet long), bass (in Bay of Fundy), mackerel, the hideous monk-fish (“sea-devil”), wolf-fish, sculpin (the terror of juvenile anglers)—the last three not used for food—salmon, salmon-trout, herring, coming in shoals into the shallow water off shore to spawn, shad (in Bay of Fundy), cod, hake, haddock, pollock, halibut, off E. coast (the largest of our flat fishes—has been caught weighing 500 lbs.), and the choice, but rare, cusk—found off the coasts. Among *cartilaginous fishes* are the sharks (rare), the dog-fish—the detestation of the fisherman, the sturgeon (in “the bay”), and the skate. Of the *crustacea* are the lobster and crab.

*Insects*—beetles, grasshoppers, flies, bees, wasps, mosquitoes, with the wheat fly, or "weevil," and the Hessian fly, which are the dread of farm-

ers. *Mollusca*—oyster, clam, muscle, &c. *Radiata*—Star, cuttle, and jelly fishes, &c.

## REVIEWS.

Our spring freshet of books is come. The renewal of steam communication with our American Athens, has brought us such treasures of literature, that its plenty bewilders us. It is too late also to avail ourselves of for this month, so we must be content with a cursory glance at the tables of contents. We have to draw attention to the four *British Reviews*, two numbers of the *Atlantic*, *Blackwood*, &c., among the serials; and *Dawson's Archaia*, *McClintock's narrative* of the hapless Arctic adventurers, &c., among the books.

Among the many topics of interest which the Reviews take up, POLITICAL MATTERS are represented by the article on Government Contracts, and a fanciful allegory on the Social Organism in the *Westminster*; by an article on Reform Schemes in the *London Quarterly*; and by two on British Taxation and Legal Reforms, in the *Edinburgh*. SCIENTIFIC students will read with pleasure the article on Coal, and that on the Acclimatisation of Animals in the *Edinburgh*; and those called "Fossil Footsteps," and "Colour and Taste," in the *North British*. RELIGIOUS MATTERS, as usual, take much space in the last mentioned Review. The articles in it on the Silence of Scripture, and on Methodism, will repay perusal. The Revival attracts the favorable notice of the *Quarterly*, and the reverse from the *Westminster*—the latter, placing most prominently the physical accompaniments, pronounces it due to superstition and hysteria, while the former commends it. COLONIAL MATTERS occupy much space. China becomes of interest in connection with her present relations with the Western Powers. Late works have thrown much additional light on the political affairs of that mysterious land. The *Quarterly* bitterly blames Admiral Seymour for not affording that assistance to Lord Elgin

that might have been expected. Ceylon has recently been well illustrated by a work of Sir Emerson Tennent's, on which all the critics lavish praise. The increasing value of this tropical possession is shown by the fact, that its export of coffee to Britain has multiplied thirty fold within thirty years, being now about 70,000,000 lbs. This growth in material prosperity is, however, dwarfed, when compared with the expansion of Australian resources, within the last quarter of a century. Austria forms the subject of a long article in the *North British*, and the Roman Walls in England are noticed in the *Quarterly*—which throws doubt on the common opinion, that Adrian and Severus successively built them, but refers them to a later date, when the Roman arms were much weaker than under those able and prosperous emperors. BIOGRAPHY is the theme of several articles. The *North British* deals with Erasmus as a satirist, and reviews briefly the many scientific labors of Professor George Wilson; while the *Quarterly* takes up the sad story of Cowper, and argues, that neither pietism or poetry induced the melancholy state of his mind at intervals, but that it was innate. The same Review dwells on the story, almost as sad, of those men who, by successive steps, let to that wonderful application of machinery to manufactures, which has placed England at the head of all countries in an economical point of view. It is singularly shown here, by a recital of the lives of quite a dynasty (we beg pardon of any reader who may be a purist as regards the use of words) of inventors, how often their fate has been—in common with unpractical men of poetic temperament—to labour, and struggle, and, at last, to die, like Moses on Pisgah, with only a bird's-eye view of the prosperity they had brought their country to, but which they themselves were

not to share. The *Edinburgh*, in funeral guise, laments the loss of its ablest pen, in Macaulay, who seems to have had a Parthian shot at his rival, Alison, in revenge for the keen shafts of last year's *Blackwood*. The many articles on ITALIAN AFFAIRS show that the eye of Europe is still anxiously fixed on Napoleon—as well it may be. The *North British* treats of internal defence; *Blackwood*, of the navy; the *Westminster* tries to unravel the Emperor's designs, and fancies he sees the key to the riddle in an intended series of Bonaparte settlements on the minor thrones of Italy, and the recapture of the old N. E. frontier of France—the Rhine; while it reproaches England, and with an appearance of justice, for first acknowledging, and then abandoning Sicilian independence of Naples. Turkey, too, will soon present some fine bones to pick, of which three, at least, of the eagles will want a share,—and if so, Italian troubles will be minor in comparison to what must cause a general European conflict. We shall soon see.

Old Ebony is as suspicious as we are about the "sly little man." The serial story is still very mysteriously holding back the *denouement*—which, it is to be hoped, will soon "turn up." *Blackwood* is also getting very poetic just now.

The *Atlantic* maintains its ground. The Professor has given us two more instalments—the first hardly as rich as usual, perhaps, but then one cannot always be equally sapient, or funny, still less both at once. The solid articles we have not yet read—but would be glad to be enlightened as to the meanings of the "Bardic symbols," in the April number, for we confess ourselves unable to make them symbolize anything but gammon. There is a good article on Mexico, and another on American names.

*Dawson's Archaia* we must defer till our next. It is most likely, however, that the author of "Acadian Geology," and the "Hand Book of Nova Scotia," who is also the prime mover in the *Canadian Naturalist* (a Magazine of which British America may be proud), will prove himself equal to his subject.

Mr. Calkin, of the Model School, Truro, N. S., has published a good, though small, school work, on the adjoining Province, which we recommend to teachers.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the Annual Reports of the Post Master General, the Lunatic Asylum, and of the Chief Superintendent of Schools—the last too late for any comment in our present issue.

## GLEANINGS.

### LOVE AND TRUST.

In love, if love be love, if love be ours,  
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:

Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,  
That by-and-by will make the music mute,  
And ever widening slowly silence all.

It is not worth the keeping: let it go:  
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no,  
And trust me not at all, or all in all.

*Tennyson's Idylls.*

Abernethy thinks that snuff does not injure the brain. His reason is—that no one with an ounce of brains would think of taking it.

*Free thinking* does not always mean thinking freely; in too many cases it means being free from thinking altogether.

A poet must e'er long arise,  
And with a regal song sun-crown this age,

As a saint's head is with a halo crowned;  
One who shall hallow poetry to God,  
And to its own high use, for poetry is  
The grandest chariot, wherein king-thoughts ride;

One, who shall fervent grasp the sword  
of song,

As a stern swordsman grasps his keenest blade,

To find the quickest passage to the heart.

*A. Smith.*