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COAL.

[*Second Article.*]

Coal is generally separated into two great divisions, bituminous and anthracite. There are, besides, many varieties, such as brown, caking, cannel, cherry, glance, splint, stone, and wood coals. The bituminous coal derives its name from containing a large quantity of bitumen, or matter like tar, which the reader has probably often noticed oozing out of coal when burning. Its presence is very evident in the Albert and Grand Lake coals; indeed the latter is so highly bituminous as to make it less valuable for household purposes than it otherwise would be. The anthracite, which is the hard coal (so called) imported here from the United States, contains no bitumen. The bituminous, or ordinary coal, evidences, as we shewed in our first article, its vegetable structure; but in the anthracite it is impossible to detect anything to shew that it was formed from vegetable matter. Yet we know that they both have the same origin, from the fact that they are found in the same coal fields, the bituminous coal gradually losing its distinctive character, and becoming less and less bituminous as it approaches the anthracite, until at last it changes into the true hard coal. It has been found that the rocks which contain anthracite bear evidence of having been subjected to great heat; and it was undoubtedly this which drove from the coal, as originally formed, its bituminous and other volatile matter; or in other words, the ordinary coal exists as it was originally deposited, while the anthracite is a fossil charcoal. It is a singular fact, and worthy of notice, that anthracite, graphite (plumbago), and the diamond, are mainly composed of carbon, the first containing 80 to 90 per cent., the second 90 to 95 per cent., and the diamond nearly 100 per cent.; so that, coal which moves the steamboat and the locomotive, as well as the pencil of the artist, and the brightest jewel in the Queen's crown, are looked upon by the mineralogist as but varieties of one and the same substance. It may be added that they are all believed to be of vegetable origin.

Having decided that coal is a mineralized vegetable substance, the next point which claims our attention is:—Under what circumstances was so large a quantity of vegetable matter deposited? This question was at one time one of the greatest puzzles of geology. Two theories were set up and fiercely contended for. One was called the *drift theory*, and taught that vast masses of vegetable matter, great trees thrown down by the wind, or washed away by water, were carried by the rivers into the sea, and were there drifted by the ocean currents into estuaries, or bays, where, gradually losing the air contained in their cells, they sank, accumulating in masses to a great thickness, over which, in time, the sea deposited its sand bottom, which hardening into stone, effectually imprisoned them. The appearance of many of the fossil trees, the position in

which the roots are sometimes found, and the fact that some veins of coal are buried up and enclosed in marine limestone, their shales containing shells peculiar to salt water, all go to support this theory, once the favourite one among geologists. But, although it is quite clear that some coal fields were thus formed, by the drifting of vegetable matter from a distance into the sea, it is now held to be the exception to the general rule. The theory which is now generally received, teaches that the trees and plants of which the coal is formed, grew upon the spot where it is found. The reason why geologists were so long in coming to a decision upon this point, was, that the shales above and below the coal veins, often contained *marine* shells, sometimes exclusively so, at other times mixed with those peculiar to *fresh water*; and as it was evident to them for the reasons already stated, that some coal fields were deposited in the sea, it was contended that the fresh water shells were there by accident, that they were drifted there from the mouths of rivers. But then, this did not account for the fact that they often greatly predominated, and did not explain how it was that the shales below the coal veins contained the roots of the trees (*stigmaria* for instance) of which the coal is formed, while they gave by their appearance undoubted evidence of having grown there. Again, the drift theory did not account for the freedom from impurities of such a mass of vegetation, or for the presence of great stone trees imbedded in the sand stone, at right angles with the plane of its stratification, their roots terminating in the coal, beautiful specimens of which are yearly brought out where the mighty tidal waters of the Bay of Fundy wash and wear the carboniferous strata of Nova Scotia. When our readers reflect upon these difficulties, we think they will agree with us in expressing little surprise, that geologists were so long deciding this point, and coming to a conclusion as to what caused coal to be deposited, and what were the circumstances to which we are indebted, for the preservation for our use, of such enormous remains of the forests of the ancient world.

The theory which is now generally received, as the most satisfactory solution of all those difficulties; and indeed, the whole history of the deposit of coal may be summed up in one sentence of Sir Charles Lyell, who says, "All the phenomena, organic and inorganic, implies conditions no where to be met with, except in the deltas of large rivers." The formation of the coal measures is therefore attributed to the following causes. The rivers of the period are supposed to have been of great size, and the mud they brought down from the continents they drained formed at their mouths great deltas. The richness of the soil, which is always characteristic of deltas, caused, it is thought, rank and luxuriant forests to grow upon them. The rivers also would bring down large numbers of trees and pile them upon their banks, thus the deltas would contain an enormous mass of vegetable matter. It is

supposed that they then sank, as many parts of the earth are known to have done within the memory of man, and as some are doing at the present day—a portion of this continent for instance. The effect of this submergence would be to throw down most of the trees, and allow the ocean to cover the delta, and to deposit upon the prostrate mass of vegetation its sand bottom, and around the few trees left standing. This theory will account for all the features presented by most coal fields. The shale below the coal veins containing roots (stigmæria) is the ancient soil of the delta. The coal above it is the submerged forest. The shale above the coal containing salt and fresh water remains, is the deposit of the ocean on the top of the vegetable mass, mixed with the shells brought down by the rivers, and the sandstone above it the ocean bottom. While the great fossil trees which are found in the sandstone, their bases terminating in the coal, and their roots in the shale below, are those few trees which were left standing when the delta sank. It is quite evident that, so soon as one delta was submerged, the river would in course of time, by depositing its mud at its mouth, gain upon the sea and form another delta, on which forests would grow, and by imagining it submerged also, and so on, the reader will easily understand why in coal fields are found a number of veins of coal, with sandstone of various thicknesses, or limestone (which is often composed altogether of shells) intervening, and why the shells contained in them belong to both salt and fresh water. We may remark that the correctness of this theory, so evident in the coal measures themselves, is further proved by the appearance presented by the deltas of the Nile, Ganges, Mississippi, and the deposit of vegetable matter in the lakes of the McKenzie River; and all lead to the opinion that coal fields may still be slowly forming in various parts of the world.

In considering this subject, it has been impressed upon us, that nothing more clearly or indubitably shews the hand of design in Nature, than the formation of the carboniferous series. They present a barrier over which the Deist cannot pass, for they expose the absurd Chance-God of his imagination. They are a standing argument against the Infidels who deny the special providence of Jehovah; for to the reflective mind they are the most undoubted evidence that God anticipated such an increase of mankind, such a development of civilization as would rob the earth of its forests; and, in the wisdom and beneficence of his providence, stored in the bowels of the earth, thousands and thousands of years before man was created, an enormous mass of fuel, which even now has become a necessity, the want of which nothing could supply; for it is more than anything else the motive power of that progress so characteristic of our age. To it we owe most of the comforts and luxuries we possess. By it we are enabled to speed over the ocean in spite of wind and tide, and to fly over the land with the rapidity of the whirlwind; and by thus enabling us to accomplish more in

the same time, it literally adds to our lives. England owes her present manufacturing pre-eminence to the development of her coal, and taken in connection with iron (which would be of little use to her without it), it may be considered as the great source of her wealth and prosperity. Should not the knowledge of this fact impress upon us the importance of developing the mineral wealth of our Province? and does it not demand our earnest consideration as to whether or not the proper means are taken to do so? We have understood that they are not. We have heard that all sorts of obstacles are thrown in the way of the miner and capitalist under pretence of revenue and crown rights. Why, we would ask, is this? In all other branches of industry the day of monopoly and restriction has passed away, never to return. We would advise that the maxim "*Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cælum, et ad inferos,*" be liberally acted upon, and the owner of the soil made the possessor of all it contains down to the lowest depth. We would go further, and advise that all mining plant be admitted free of duty; and we are perfectly satisfied that the Government would find that the revenue would not lose by such concessions, while they would give a wonderful impetus to the development of our mineral wealth. In a future article we propose to go more fully into this matter.

P. T. O.

PAPERS BY A RECLUSE.

No. 5.

I dislike bustle. Though by no means destitute of a moderate degree of cupidity and curiosity, yet, in consequence of the unfortunate peculiarity to which I have referred, I find myself debarred from many sources of profit and pleasure which the less sensitive enjoy. In the event of any little street scene—a boxing match, a dog fight, a police seizure, a sub-Jove* oration, or a case of locomotion under alcoholic difficulties—I am generally to be seen hovering on the outskirts of the curious crowd, vainly endeavoring to obtain a glimpse of the spectacle within; and as the throng increases, as it necessarily must, by a process of exogenous accretion—urged by some mysterious centrifugal force, I still find myself a sad and dissatisfied constituent of the outer ring.

Excited by the tempting display of sundry magnificent articles, damaged a good deal, it is true, yet which had been purchased at public sale for a sum not much exceeding first cost, I have occasionally frequented auction-rooms in the hope that I, too, might secure some astonishing bargain; but as I seldom succeed in penetrating beyond the immediate vicinity of the door, and as I natu-

* ——— Manet sub Jove frigido,
Venator, ————

rally shrink from a public display of my vocal powers, I rarely trouble any person by bidding against him, though my ears fairly tingle at each pathetic announcement of the auctioneer that he is literally giving the articles away. Once indeed, favoured by a sudden ebbing of the crowd, I ventured near the stand, when a piece of furniture in an advanced stage of decrepitude was announced, very unexpectedly—at least to me—as having fallen into my possession. To this moment I have no recollection of having signified in any way my desire to become a competitor for the prize; yet as the auctioneer asserted positively that he saw me wink—a muscular movement which he declared was universally understood to be equivalent to bidding *viva voce*—and as he seemed disposed to draw general attention to what he called the facts of the case, and to invoke public indignation upon my supposed conduct, I judged it prudent to comply with his demands; accordingly after paying what I thought, notwithstanding the congratulations which the auctioneer and several of the bystanders showered down on me, on account of my great luck, was a rather immoderate price for my purchase, I departed in some trepidation with my dilapidated counterpane under my arm. I have no doubt that eventually I should have astonished my friends by the achievement of some wonderful success, but that the incident just referred to raised within me a disgust of auction sales, which has deterred me from a subsequent close attendance upon them.

I have long indulged my imagination in the exercise of portraying the possible pleasures to be derived from travel. I have given it free scope as it has revelled among the various objects of interest that are said to be connected with the features of distant countries, and the manners and customs of their inhabitants. My natural repugnance, however, to contact with strangers, and to the stir and turmoil attending change of place, is more than sufficient to counterbalance the propelling force generated by the exercise of my imaginative powers. During the few voyages upon which necessity has compelled me to enter, I have become more and more convinced of my natural unfitness for the business of travelling. A friend of mine whose autograph proclaims him T. Toppington Sparks, Esq., (that is, to those who can read it, for he has exercised his ingenuity to such an extent in modifying and interlinking the letters which compose his name, that it is perfectly illegible without a key,) but who delights in being accosted, among his friends, by the familiar appellation of Tom Sparks—an exceedingly knowing person, and an accomplished traveller—accompanied me in one of my involuntary journeys, and earnestly endeavoured to indoctrinate me in the noble science of Viatics; but, with the best intentions, he injured rather than improved me. Instead of at first prudently veiling his superiority, and placing before me easy lessons for imitation, he inconsiderately opened upon my astonished gaze the full effulgence of his stupendous acquirements, a proce-

ture which, far from eliciting any latent spark of genius which might be slumbering in my soul, struck me with blank despair. His own journeyings, previously to our setting out, consisted in one trip to the neighboring republic, and a few excursions into the interior of the country; yet one unacquainted with the limited extent of his wanderings would conclude from his manner of conducting himself in society, that he had at least been several times round the world, and had visited every intermediate port. No possible adventure could be mentioned in his hearing which he had not encountered. Storms, waterspouts, hurricanes, sea serpents, mermaids, reefs, lee shores, shipwrecks of every variety, he seemed perfectly familiar with. His knowledge of nautical terms was prodigious, though certain envious and less gifted individuals did not hesitate to say that he frequently misapplied them. In talking upon the most unlikely subjects he would contrive to introduce bowlines, hawsers, jibbooms, and the like expressions, sometimes by way of expletive or simile, and sometimes by illustrating his subject with an anecdote of his own sea adventures.

As I stood silent and alone, during the morning of our setting out, on the deck of the steamer, awaiting, with clouded mind and agitated nerves, the signal for our departure (I had hurried on board at the sound of the first bell), I observed with feelings of admiration and some envy the incomparable Sparks busily engaged in a variety of exercises on the wharf; at one moment condescendingly "lending a hand," as he called it, to some porters who were removing a bale of goods; at another, bowing and chatting to a group of cheaply but flashily dressed ladies; at another, discussing, spy-glass in hand, the rig of a ship coming up the harbour; at another, deeply engaged in a private conversation with a military looking, pockmarked personage, dressed in a faded blue coat with brass buttons, and carrying a club under his arm; and at another, when all else failed, standing in a musing attitude, humming a tune, and patting the legs of his trousers with a small whalebone wand, which he invariably carried, and which was significantly ornamented with a very neat anchor, carved in ivory, upon the larger end. I observed that he carefully avoided the ship till the last bell had ceased, the gangway was being drawn in, and the wheels had begun to move. He then moved in a mock-deliberate manner to the edge of the wharf, and gained the deck with some difficulty. In fact, had it not been for a strong-armed seaman who stood near the place where he leaped, and who caught him as he rebounded, my friend Tom, in all probability, would then and there have quenched forever the fires of his ambition beneath the ponderous paddles of the "Shooting Star." As it was, his style of entrance was by no means dignified. True, he reached the deck in a manner somewhat similar to that in which a celebrated Roman General encountered the shores of Africa; but I blush to confess that his terms of salutation were neither so choice nor so temperately ex-

pressed; indeed, I hesitate to transmit them to posterity. He afterwards informed me, as we sat together, privately engaged in an attempt to reduce a large swelling that had in the meantime appeared upon his forehead, that the slight accident he had just met with arose entirely on my account. Wishing to exemplify in my presence and for my benefit the conduct of a veteran traveller under the circumstances, he had, it appears, rather over-acted the character.

His conduct on shipboard was equally grand though equally inimitable. For every body he had some apropos remark. To the lady passengers he was particularly gracious; but of the nature of his conversations with them I am unable to form any idea. The language employed appeared to be the common arrhoic* dialect of the English tongue, yet to me it was utterly unintelligible. The subject under discussion, however, must have been very entertaining, for a great part of each interview was taken up with laughter—sharp explosions of female cachinnation mingling with the hoarser roars that ever and anon issued from the capacious throat of my sociable friend.

He saluted the Captain as an old acquaintance, and immediately entered into a variety of remarks upon the weather, the prospects of a favourable run, the merits of the ship, and of ships generally. It struck me that the individual addressed looked somewhat misty and inattentive during the conference; and indeed I afterwards found that he possessed none of those bland qualities which a certain amiable class of travellers invariably discover in those wonderful commanders under whose protection they have the rare fortune to be placed; for as my friend was innocently following him into his private stateroom for the purpose of propounding a question relating to deep-sea soundings, the latter turned, and, after eyeing him sternly for a few moments, gave utterance to an expression so extremely impolite and improper that my friend thought proper to postpone his question for the time and to return on deck. As we neared the open sea, and the ship began to roll in an uncomfortable manner, I observed that my friend became gradually less loquacious—his recently buoyant spirits began visibly to subside—his face grew pale—and he at length hurriedly withdrew to his stateroom with marks of ill-concealed disgust strongly depicted on his countenance. In a subsequent conversation which we held on shore, upon the subject of my unfortunate peculiarity, he stated his conviction that it was nothing but a form of bashfulness—that he also had been at one time much afflicted with the infirmity in question, but that he had discovered in some author, whose name he had forgotten, but who deserved immortality at the hands of a grateful world,

* My unlearned readers give me a good deal of trouble; nevertheless, I uncomplainingly pause to inform them that by the "arrhoic dialect" I mean that form of our spoken language in which the power of the letter *r* is entirely suppressed.—THE RECLUSE.

an infallible remedy for the disease. He stated that he had faithfully followed up the prescription, and that I was in a position to judge, from his conduct during our recent voyage, how happy were its effects. I afterwards submitted the recipe to the inspection of an old gentleman who had seen much of the world. "Yes," said he, "'Push' is the word, *but there is a way to push.*" L.

SLANG.

Slang is "all the rage." It pervades all society, and threatens to corrupt the language. The public speaker, who adorns his orations with terms culled from its glossary, is a "stunner." The preacher, whose sermon is so bedecked, is "the boy to preach." The junior male "goes it 2.40," and the young lady becomes "fast," and is classed "A 1," when a proficient. All sorts of extraneous expressions are becoming legalised by use. The "flash" language of the thief seems the model; still all classes are ready to adopt the newest importation or to nourish the latest home-growth. There is no stability in slang dialects. What is "the cheese" to-day is declared on the morrow decidedly "behind the age." The affectionate child is now happily exempt from that mockingly touching enquiry concerning his mother's parting with her mangle, and the interesting insinuation of the tender solicitude of that "parient" in the matter of her offspring's absence from home and consequent exposure to the contaminating influence of the street, is heard no more. Slang, however, still trifles with the tenderest sympathies of our nature. "Say! did you see my sister?" was a common enquiry but a short while ago, and every locality has its own representative of this class. "How does your meerschaum colour?" "Have you lost your dog?" "Who cut your hair?" "Who built your boots?" "What a hat!" are all specimens of this class and "forcibly strike one's attention," although the feelings may have become so callous as to allow the retort "all serene" to be the fittest and readiest answer to the vociferating "pup." Slang expressions require adaptation to the locality. The English enquiry into the personal identity of that individual who had abstracted the donkey is "materially altered" to fit circumstances, and upon this side of the Atlantic the crime, instead of larceny, becomes assault and positive battery, committed on the person of the supposed unoffending William Paterson.

Metaphor has been impressed and afterwards amplified. The "great case" denominates his friend "the brick," a genuine Bath, and in return "the emphatic fellow" proclaims his "smiling" acquaintance "an extended package." Seeming contradictions are frequent on account of so free a use of this figure. One man is as "tight as the bark on a tree," while another "barks the wrong tree," by "going on the loose" and "getting tight." Slang, how-

ever, is naturally figurative, and does not confine itself to metaphor. It exults in exaggeration. People do not live at any place in particular, they merely "hang out"—so being "in the wind," or "in the sun," or even "getting tired," is not necessarily a matter of wonder. They discover beauty, awe, terror and even horror in the most commonplace objects. Potatoes, for instance, are frequently "beautiful." One might consider this quite a stretch of the imagination; but they are also "awful," "grand," "terrible," and, once in a while, "horrible." The slang of modesty has been much ridiculed, and mostly by those who are habitually suffering from other varieties of the disease. The colour of a cloth much in use in London last season, was "thunder and lightning." It was manufactured into garments for the bipedal section of the human family there resident; more particularly into that garment, to which, the faintest shadow of the outline of any allusion, however distant, demands an instant and distinct apology—as is now given. "Howling bags" was the outrageous name used by the "nobby." "Unmentionables," "inexpressibles," "unhintables," or even "Oh! no we never mention 'ems"—either or all of these are much more definite than that. Still to speak of the "limbs" of compasses or chairs is simply slang, and to consider such language the prompting of modesty, utterly ridiculous. Slang has become a nuisance. Every one uses it more or less, although unwilling to be considered "slangy." The obsolete fashion of speaking pure English ought to be again introduced. The majority of the present speaking generation will find themselves much at a loss for words, if such an antiquated fashion should ever obtain, and our orators come to full stops without a "point" to their remarks. But "'nough said"—in "shutting up" let us beseech the reader at least "to draw it mild."

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Stern winter at length hath lost his dread way;
 O'er the hills he's speeding far, far away,
 Like a ruined and fugitive king;
 And wood-nymphs and fawns to marshal her way,
 From their caves and founts have been called to-day,
 By the gladsome voice of cheery spring.

As a queen she advances in bright array;
 The soft, light zephyrs around her that play,
 Sweetest odors around freely fling;
 And modest field-flowers where along she hath swept,
 Start fresh from the sod where hidden they slept,
 'Neath the airy step of lovely spring.

The freed streamlets sparkling with wild delight,
 To meet the warm kiss of the sunbeam bright,
 Make the vales with their loud babblings ring.
 Their balmy buds bursting, all the glad trees
 Unfold their young leaves to dance in the breeze,
 At the gentle touch of sportive spring.

Each little bird, eyeing the clear blue above,
 Attunes his gay voice to soft notes of love,
 Or on waving bough trims his swift wing.
 Dull insects that long all senseless had lain,
 Are warmed into life and motion again,
 By the quickening breath of sunny spring.

Broad meadows put on their rich robes of green,
 All creatures, to welcome the beauteous queen,
 All their music and loveliness bring;
 Darkness and sorrow before her have fled,
 Light, gladness and love o'er all things are shed,
 By the merry glance of laughing spring.

We here give another contribution on the same subject :

THE WINTRY WINDS ARE O'ER.

Arise my soul, and gladly sing,
 Rejoicing welcomes to fair spring :
 She smiling comes, with cheering store—
 No raging tempests roughly roar,
 And beauteous birds begin to soar,
 On joyous wing to welcome spring,
 For wintry winds are o'er.

O'er gladdening glades with glistening glow,
 Bright Phœbus' beams delight below,
 While Fancy's fairy fountains flow,
 With gay attire and gaudy show,
 And fragrant gales refreshing blow,
 And sing along a siren song,
 For wintry winds are o'er.

The midnight moon, serenely bright—
 Fair, peerless mistress of the night,
 With silver gilds the heights above,
 And brightly shines around the grove,
 Where sweetly sings the plaintive dove,
 In vesture bright, with sweet delight,
 For wintry winds are o'er.

Far o'er the misty mountain's top,
 Where clouds nocturnal drizzlings drop.
 The dizzy heights, bedecked with dew,
 That stud with emerald heaven's blue,
 Reflecting splendour to the view—
 Around display, bright vernal day,
 For wintry winds are o'er.

While watery deeps reflecting show,
 Imaged heaven's lustre-painted bow;
 Behold o'er mountain, hill, and vale,
 Throughout the promised truth prevail—
 "Seed time and harvest shall not fail,"
 And praise the king who sends us spring,
 When wintry winds are o'er.

Dancing on sunny gales she rides,
 While she the circling year divides;
 As thus she gently clears the way,
 For summer's more resplendent ray—
 Touch'd by the burning king of day;
 While we rejoice in spring, our choice,
 Now wintry winds are o'er.

M. L. D.

BRITISH AMERICA.

CHAPTER III.

GEOGRAPHY OF CAPE BRETON.

33. This important island, included in the jurisdiction of Nova Scotia, has a maximum *length* of 110 miles, a maximum *breadth* of 85, and an *area* of 3,125 sq. m. It lies N. E. of Nova Scotia Proper, from which it is divided by the Gulf of Canso. In outline it is very irregular, the arm of the sea called the Bras d'Or,* so nearly dividing it into two parts that the connecting isthmus of St. Peter is but half a mile wide. Other *inlets* are Aspy, St. Anne's, Mirc, Gabarus, and St. Peter's Bays, and Sydney Harbor. Most of the harbors are on the E. side. The chief *headlands* are Capes North, St. Lawrence, Egmont, Enfume, Dauphin, Breton and Mabou. The Western Peninsula is bold and rocky, rising in one part to 1,800 feet in height. The chief *rivers* are Margarie, draining L. Ainslie, Inhabitants, and Mirc. The soil is fertile about the shores of the

* The different parts of this beautiful sheet of water are Whykokomagah and West Bays, St. Deny's Basin, St. Patrick's and Barra Channels, Soldier Gulf and the East Arm. It is entered by the channels, on each side of Boulardie I., called the Grand and Little Bras d'Or.

Bras d'Or, and by the rivers—about one-half being cultivable, though only about 200,000 acres are as yet improved. The climate is said to be hardly as severe as on the mainland, but foggy. Granite, limestone, and primary slates prevail, and gypsum, salt and coal are worked—the latter quite extensively, as 12,000 chaldrons were shipped in 1850.

34. The *population* amounts to about 60,000, mostly of Highland, Irish, or French extraction. The divisions are as follows:—

<i>Counties.</i>	<i>Townships.</i>	<i>Towns, &c.</i>
C. BRETON.	Sydney, St. Patrick, St. Andrew.	SYDNEY, Louisburg.
RICHMOND.	Arichat, Maitland, Lenox, Hawksburg.	Arichat, St. Peter's.
INVERNESS.	Port Hood, Canso, Margarie, Ainslie.	Port Hood, Ship Harbor.
VICTORIA.		Bedeque.

Cape Breton sends six members to the Nova Scotia Assembly. The staple occupations are fishing, agriculture, mining, lumbering, shipbuilding, the coasting trade, and some domestic manufactures. The exports are valued at about a quarter of a million dollars, the imports at somewhat less. The Roman Catholics compose nearly half the population. Next to them in numbers are the Presbyterians. The Episcopalians number about 3,500. Education is well attended to. There is a good Academy at Arichat.

35. SYDNEY, the largest town, and the Capital when the Island was a distinct colony, is a thriving place, population about 850. *The Bar*, the opposite side of the harbor, and connected by a railway with the coal mines, may be reckoned a distinct town. On Scatarie I., to the S. E. some few miles, is a light-house. Louisburg, of such importance under the French, is now almost deserted. Arichat on Isle Madame (which forms the township of Arichat) is the largest place in Cape Breton, a great fishing trade being done there by the Jersey merchants. Bedeque is a port on the Bras d'Or.

CHAPTER IV.

GEOGRAPHY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

36. This island forms a distinct colony of itself. It is 130 miles long, having a breadth varying from 4 to 34 miles, and an area of 2,134 sq. m. It is separated from New Brunswick by the Straits of Northumberland, which in their narrowest part are only 9 miles wide. The largest *inlets* are Hillsborough and Richmond Bays (which two almost trisect the island), St. Peter's, Cardigan, Bedeque, Egmont and Holland Bays, and Murray Harbor. The harbors on the N. have frequently sandbars at their mouths. The principal *headlands* are North, Wolfe, Traverse, Bear, and East Capes; West, Prim,* and Rice Points; and Red Head. The whole surface is gently undulating. The largest streams are the Hillsborough, York, Cardigan and Montague. The island was once

* With a lighthouse.

covered with a growth of beech, birch, maple, spruce, fir, hemlock, larch, and cedar, much of which yet remains. The soil is eminently adapted for agricultural and pastoral purposes, being of a good red loam, the rock red sandstone, and some part alluvial deposit. No valuable minerals occur. The climate is milder than that of the opposite mainland and free from fogs. The extreme summer heat is about 80°.

37. There are three *Counties*, viz : Queen's, King's, and Prince's, of which the respective County Towns are Charlottetown, Georgetown, and Princetown. These are rather vaguely subdivided into parishes, electoral districts, and lots ;* while the terms for different districts which are locally used, are confined to neither of the above sub-divisions. Thus the country round Holland Bay is called Cascompeque, that round Richmond Bay, Malpeque, that round Bedeque, Bedeque, &c. *Occupations*.—The most usual crops are wheat, barley, oats, peas, beans, potatoes and turnips ; nearly one-fifth of the island being cultivated. The fisheries are very valuable—oysters alone forming a valuable export. Besides these pursuits the people are engaged in shipbuilding and in domestic woolen manufactures, &c. The *imports* are about £150,000, the *exports*, consisting of barley, oats, potatoes, cattle, and beef, somewhat less. The *government* is in the hands of a Lieutenant Governor, an Executive Council of nine, a Legislative Council of seventeen, and a House of Assembly numbering about thirty members. The revenue and expenditure exceed £17,000 each. The *population* is about 77,000, among which the Romish, Wesleyan, and Presbyterian forms of belief prevail. Submarine Telegraphs connect both this island and Cape Breton, and thus the two colonies on the mainland, with Newfoundland. Charlottetown, the capital, is a well built city of about 7,000 inhabitants. It builds many ships for sale in Newfoundland. The Province Buildings (of stone), Government House, and the Catholic College are noteworthy. Georgetown engaged in lumber and shipbuilding, Princetown or Malpeque, St. Eleanor's, and Summerside or Bedeque are thriving little villages.

POETRY IN AMERICA.

[*Third Article.*]

If we turn to consider the causes which have operated to repress the growth of a distinct national literature in America, we cannot escape from the conclusion that the overshadowing influence of the literature of England has been among the most important and effective. In any rational view of this matter, the demand which

* These lots, sixty-seven in number, were granted to persons who in most cases, have not fulfilled the conditions, viz : to settle on them, and who have therefore introduced into this otherwise flourishing little island the evils of *absenteeism*.

has been so often made upon authors in the United States for the quick development of a marked nationality in their productions, must appear simply unreasonable. It is unfair; when dealing with this subject, to treat the people of the United States as a separate, individual nation. The race predominant there is but one of the young branches of the numerous British family. Although they dwell in what is called the New World, and have become free from parental control, they are not a new people. Although the political bonds which bound them to the father-land have been broken, they cannot, if they would, sever or dissolve the stronger and more enduring ties that will unite them forever with their ancient home—the spirit of their laws and their religious institutions, their social customs, the language and the literature of their fathers. That literature, rich in treasures of every kind, is especially rich in the treasures of its poetry. It is only a natural consequence, then, that the strains breathed by those who first felt the influence of divine inspiration in this new land, should bear a close resemblance to the strains to which their ancestors had listened. What we habitually admire we insensibly imitate; and the stronger our admiration is, the more palpable will probably be our imitation.

It ought not, therefore, to be too pressingly urged against American poets, that the influence of the models lying before them in the literature of their own language can be so easily traced in their works, and that they have not chosen to pass by those models in a vain search for something better, or in an unsatisfying pursuit of a fancied nationality. We must wait for this national character in American poetry till the various elements of American society shall have been softened down by the mellowing touch of time, till each proud hill and pleasant valley and busy city shall have become the centre round which a crowd of hallowing associations cluster. We must wait for a fuller and higher development of poetry in America, till the hurry and excitement of life in these young countries shall have in some degree subsided—till the more general diffusion of wealth shall have given more leisure to those inclined to court the Muses. Most of the poets who have arisen in this hemisphere have been, and are, men engaged in some active profession or pursuit, as merchants, physicians, editors, lawyers, or professors in colleges. Few, or none, have been able to devote their whole time and energies to the calm contemplation and lofty studies Poetry requires of her devoted disciples.

There are those, indeed, who think that it matters little in what situation, or under what circumstances, a poet may come into the world; that "where true genius exists, it is irrepressible." "The flame," said a writer in *Blackwood*, a few years ago, "in one who is a poet born cannot be extinguished. No adverse circumstances, no accumulation of distasteful labour, will put it out; it is like the fire which the Ghebers adore—stop it up at one place, and it is sure to break out at another."

We know that there are many cases which would seem to justify this conclusion; but we cannot assent to its truth as a general proposition. Now and then an inspired one, like Burns, may burst the fetters circumstances have imposed upon him; and, in spite of poverty, neglect and ill-requited daily toil, may leave rich legacies of song to future admirers. But how many, not possessing the ardent temperament of Burns, in whose breasts the calmer and purer fires of poesy have slumbered, have never had those fires fanned into a living flame, but have rather had them quenched by the position they found allotted to them in the world, or by the spirit of the times in which they lived! Indeed, the general tendency of the thoughts and speculations which occupy men's minds in any era, must influence more or less the highest efforts of genius. In an age of chivalry and martial enterprise, the subjects which have constituted the common elements of the best epic and lyric poetry, occur in abundance, and readily impress poetic temperaments. In an age of trade and commerce, there is less to influence the imagination, and the poetry of the time will assume an entirely different character. And in such an age, it is not likely that many true poets will appear. It seems to be a law of nature, that poets and orators should seldom come singly, but almost always in groups;—that before "one bright, particular star," whose brilliancy had shone out suddenly upon the world, has paled its ray, another, and yet another should burst upon the view, and all continue for a time to shine on together, each with its own peculiar lustre. Certainly, it would be hardly right to infer from this that the spirit of the respective ages in which such constellations of genius have arisen, was the only force that called them into existence. Yet it would be just as fair to draw such an inference, as to assert that neither the circumstances surrounding the individual, nor the character of the times, has power to check the utterances of the poet.

Although there is a very general expectation entertained at present, that a great poet will shortly appear, the truth, in our humble judgment, is, that in spite of numberless assertions to the contrary, the spirit of the age in which we live, is hostile to the growth of poetry; and that the influence of that spirit is felt in an especial manner in America. By the spirit of our age, we mean that disposition or tendency which we usually call its *utilitarianism*. Every object of pursuit, nowadays,—every calling and profession, every enterprise, is estimated and followed with sole reference to its direct, palpable, demonstrable utility. The question, *cui bono?* What is the use of it? What good will come of it? What will be gained by it?—or something similar, is in every body's mouth; and unless you can answer that question satisfactorily, there is an end of the argument, and you may as well abandon your plan or theory at once.

"The advocates of utility," says Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall), in his defence of poetry, "have long been in the habit of decrying

poetry. . . . They have discovered, it seems, not only that it is of no earthly use, but that it actually does a great deal of mischief, induces us to disregard truth and admire falsehood, to indulge in exaggerated sentiment, and to weaken the authority of reason over passion and imagination. As to its positive evils, we believe we need not concern ourselves much: but there are many people who really seem to think that it must be acknowledged that poetry is of no use; and, consequently, that if at all to be tolerated in an industrious community, it ought to meet with no encouragement, and be treated with no respect. The short answer to this, is, to ask what is here meant by 'being of use,' and whether anything that gives *pleasure* may not properly be called useful."

Those who have read Currer Bell's "*Shirley*," may remember, as one of the characters of the tale—Mr. Yorke, a Yorkshire manufacturer. In many respects a cultivated man, "Mr. Yorke did not possess poetic imagination himself, and considered it a most superfluous quality in others. Painters and musicians he could tolerate, and even encourage, because he could relish the results of their art; he could see the charm of a fine picture, and feel the pleasure of good music; but a quiet poet—whatever force struggled, whatever fire glowed in his breast—if he could not have played the man in the counting-house, or the tradesman in the Piece Hall, might have lived despised, and died scorned, under the eyes of Hiram Yorke."

In American society, there is a very large proportion of Hiram Yorkes,—men who, in many directions, advance their country's interests, and are therefore very useful and very respectable in their day and generation, but who have neither the inclination nor the qualifications to become votaries of the Muses themselves, or to fill the place of generous and fostering patrons towards those upon whom the divine gifts of Poesy have been bestowed. The struggle to outdo the Old World in the building of clipper ships and splendid steamers, in the projection and completion of lines of railways and telegraphs, and canals, absorbs their whole attention and energies. America has caught the step, and is keeping pace with Europe in the march of material progress,—gaining not seldom an advantage in the race. And her efforts in this race—this peaceful warfare—are too earnest and exciting to allow many of her sons the time and opportunities to devote themselves entirely to pursuits which, though of a gentler cast, are quite as absorbing. But if America has not yet produced a great poem,—great, that is, in the sense in which 'Paradise Lost,' and the 'Faerie Queene,' are so called—she has given birth to many true poets. And in our next number we shall briefly discuss the merits of a few of them, and consider the claims of their poems to take high rank in the English literature of the present day.

Grace Thornton :

A TALE OF BRITISH AMERICA.

CHAPTER. II.

The sun had sunk to rest below the waters of a wide bay that heaved with a long undulatory motion towards a rock-bound coast on which a few stunted spruce trees were discernible to the crew and passengers of a small vessel that lay at the distance of half-a-mile from the shore. To the eastward was an island that marked the entrance to the harbour to which the vessel had been heading when the wind died away at sundown. The vessel had been out three weeks; and although in those days that was not considered a long time for a voyage that is now performed in less than the same number of days, the inmates of the vessel looked wistfully upon the island, as it lay like a land of promise on the bosom of the waters.

"Well," remarked a tall man, rather advanced in years, who formed one of a small group on the quarter-deck, "I did certainly expect to see our friends to-day; but it seems that we are to be disappointed."

"Never mind, father," responded a youth of some nineteen or twenty summers, who stood by the side of the speaker, "we shall have a fine night and doubtless a good run up in the morning. And after all, I don't know but that I'd sooner look in upon them in the early part of the day. They are almost strangers to Ettie and me, it is so long a time since we have seen them. I must confess, however, that I feel somewhat impatient to set my foot on shore again."

"You might be easily gratified in that respect," returned the first speaker—"what more easy than to row ashore? It would not take ten minutes to reach yon cove."

"What say you, sister?" asked the youth, addressing a fair girl who stood looking thoughtfully out upon the tranquil bay; "what say you if we go ashore? There is a fine beach directly abreast of us."

The girl thus addressed, who turned

upon her brother a pair of dark, lustrous eyes, had the air of one who had been nurtured in the lap of luxury. Every one has an ideal of feminine loveliness, and if we were to ask the reader to draw a portrait of one of the fairest of the fair daughters of Eve, in a land that has become famous for female beauty; it is probable that the pictures would be as dissimilar as can well be imagined, and that no one would bear the slightest resemblance to the original. Imagine a face radiant with good humour and benevolence; eyes in which the sunshine always sparkled; a carriage free and graceful as that of the wild gazelle, and you may have some conception of the fair creature who replied to the last question. "Anything to gratify you, George; that is to say, if Papa thinks there is no danger in going ashore."

"That is like you, Grace. You are ever ready to gratify my wishes; but I thought you would be pleased to go yourself."

"And, truth to tell, so I would, Arthur. The prospect is quite inviting, nay, romantic! and I declare I feel quite in the humour for a little adventure of some sort."

"Well, then, we'll be off before you can say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"And what do you say if we make up a little tea-party on shore?"

"Capital! Come, Captain, we're going ashore, and we want you to come along. We'll have a rare time."

"A couple of hands there, to row the boat," shouted the skipper. "Come Cook, bear a hand and get your things ready; we're going to have our tea on shore."

In a few minutes after the orders were given, the jolly-boat was skimming the silvery bosom of the bay towards a sandy beach which stretched in a graceful curve between two headlands about a mile apart, looking like

giant warders set to keep watch over some enchanted land. It was in truth a lovely spot, such as is seldom met with by the voyager on life's tempestuous sea, but which is sure to haunt his memory like some fair vision of a better land, through all his after life.

The keel of the boat had no sooner grated on the sand than the youthful members of the party were seen skipping along the shore in wild delight. The scene, the hour, the air laden with the breath of the forest flowers, conspired to give a high tone to spirits naturally buoyant and elastic; and brother and sister gambolled together as they had never done before since the days of their childhood, while the happy parent, with the cook and skipper, prepared and spread the viands for the evening meal.

It was not long before other odours arose than those emitted from the thousand wild flowers that lavished their wealth upon the evening air; and in good time the little party sat down to a repast, which, if not *a la Soyer*, did credit to the sable sovereign of the galley who had exerted his utmost skill on this occasion to sustain the character of New England cookery.

Twilight was fast deepening, and one by one the stars began to twinkle in the sky, ere any one thought of returning to the vessel. At length the sonorous voice of the skipper was heard summoning his men, who had wandered into the wood. They soon reappeared. The brother and sister, who had strayed some distance, were approaching from an opposite direction, the latter a little in advance. Neither made much haste to return; they were seemingly too much attracted with the weird beauty of the spot, which they might never see again, to leave it without regret. It was at this time that Grace, who was in the act of stooping to pick up one of the smooth stones which lay plentifully on the strand and with which she had been amusing herself by skipping them over the gently undulating water, was startled by a noise close behind her. Looking round, she saw a tall Indian in the act of springing from the cover of the forest; and before she could recover from her alarm, his right arm was wound tightly round her and his left hand was placed

over her mouth; and in another instant, he bounded back with the ease and agility of a tiger with a kid in his mouth.

Rapid as had been the movement of the savage, it did not escape the observation of the maiden's friends, who set up a shout and darted toward the spot. This was answered by a wild whoop from the forest, so savage and defiant as to strike a momentary terror into the hearts of the listeners. But it was only momentary; for, plunging into the wood at the point where the Indian had disappeared, each one resolved within himself that he would release the captive or perish in the attempt.

Too much accustomed to thread the mazes of the forest by night as well as by day, to dread the pursuit which he knew would be attempted, the stalwart red skin strode on with apparent unconcern towards a ridge that spread east and west above the low bottom land or basin he was crossing, and which, in after times, obtained the name of the *Devil's corn field*, while the voices of the pursuers who could be heard occasionally directing and encouraging each other, were growing more and more indistinct. The trail which had been followed but with difficulty for a short distance, was soon lost sight of in the increasing gloom, and the little party of white men were reluctantly compelled to give up the chase. Horror-stricken and frantic at the loss of their relative, the father and brother would have perished in their hopeless search but for the restraint imposed upon them by their friends who, after almost forcing them back to the shore, succeeded in persuading them that nothing more could be done till the morning.

With heavy hearts the bereaved party now prepared to return to the vessel. How different their emotions now and when they disembarked! Then the vessel seemed like a prison-house from which they were glad to make their escape. Now, she was an ark of safety, and "Oh!" sighed the sorrowing father, "If Grace were only back within her little cabin." Then, the dash of the oars was like music on their ears; now, the measured stroke resembled some requiem for

the dead—so readily is the mind impressed with images corresponding with its condition.

For half an hour after reaching the vessel, the young man paced the deck, revolving in his mind the hazards of the undertaking of which the morning light was to witness the inception, and in which the chances of success appeared even to his ardent mind to be fearfully few. Still he did not despair. "*Dum spirans spero,*" he exclaimed—"while there is life there is hope. Be that my motto; and if need be I'll pursue the savage to the end of the world, but I'll have her back or avenge her loss." Meanwhile the unhappy parent had retired to the cabin, where he was seated, with his head resting on his hands, bitterly reproaching himself for having risked the safety of his darling—the living image of her who had first stirred within his soul the depths of that love which had bubbled to the brim, and like the waters of a never-failing fountain, had never ceased to flow, blessing his own and the life of the fond being who had, years ago, passed away to the spirit land. O! it were painful to witness the anguish of that dotting parent as he thought of the perils that encompassed his lovely child. What grief can equal that of a parent at the sudden bereavement of a dear son on whom he has long reckoned as the staff of his declining years, or of a daughter upon whom he has lavished the wealth of a copious affection? Other losses may be forgotten; but such griefs are hugged to the heart of the sufferer like the chain to the bosom of the captive, until they wear his life away.

A great part of the night was spent in making preparations for the pursuit; and although each felt it necessary to obtain some repose before starting on the perilous journey, and retired to his berth for that purpose, sleep had not closed their eyelids when the first faint streaks of light were seen shooting up behind the Eastern hills.

The party who now assembled on the quarter deck of the vessel preparatory to setting out on the perilous undertaking, consisted of Capt. Thornton, the father of the captive, Edward his son, and Philip Edgerton, a youth

of seventeen or eighteen, who performed the duties of cook and cabin boy on board the "Lucy," and whose wiry frame and cat-like activity pointed him out as particularly qualified for the expedition.

It was a small force for such a service; but necessity knows no law. Weak as it was, however, it had been proposed by the younger Thornton that he and Edgerton should go alone. It was argued that what the party would lose in strength would be made up in secrecy, that the smaller the number the less the danger of discovery; and in the event of their pursuit being detected, and it becoming necessary to retreat, their escape from the hands of superior numbers would be more easily accomplished. To this the elder Thornton would not listen. He urged that although not possessed of the activity of youth, he was still capable of enduring fatigue, and that his experience of border warfare would be of essential service to the expedition.

"God bless you! and send you luck," said the skipper, wiping away a tear from his sunburnt cheek, while he shook hands with his passengers as they parted—never to meet again, his fears whispered, at the very moment that he was uttering a fervent prayer for their deliverance from impending peril.

The hands on board added their good wishes, and the boat pulled away for the shore.

"And now let us look to our arms," said Edward, drawing from his belt a pair of six-inch pistols, of which he carefully examined the priming. "A heavy dew has fallen," he continued—the limbs are wet, and we had better cover the locks of our pieces before we enter the wood."

"Your suggestion is a good one," said his father, "we have much need of forethought. The slightest neglect—the most trifling accident, may defeat our purpose."

After landing, a few minutes were spent by the party in adjusting their packs in such a way as not unnecessarily to incommode them or prevent the free use of their hands and arms in case of attack. While they were thus employed a thick mist which had risen from the low land, and spread

out some distance from the shore, shutting out the vessel from their sight, suddenly lifted under the influence of a light breeze, and just as the little party entered the forest,

they beheld the vessel slipping away from her anchorage and heading towards the island to which allusion has been made.

CHAPTER III.

It was an easy task now to find and follow the trail of the savage over the soft ground, and the pursuit commenced with a spirit which promised to bring them up with the fugitives before the lapse of many hours.

"There seems to be no necessity for any great caution just now," observed the younger Thornton, who was the first to break the silence of many minutes which had been observed by the party, whose minds had been too much pre-occupied for conversation ever since entering the wood; "there is but one foot-print besides Grace's. If we come up with the red-skin before he reaches his destination, or is joined by others, our task will be easy."

"It is not likely he is far away from his brethren," returned his father; "and although it might be easy to overcome the savage, I must confess I have faint hopes of encountering him alone—and though we should, caution is not the less indispensable. We must not forget that the Indian is cruel and unrelenting—should he find himself pursued, and unable to carry off his captive, he may"——. The face of the speaker grew suddenly pale, and his knees shook together under the influence of sudden and overpowering excitement, occasioned by the fearful picture his fancy had sketched, and the sentence remained unfinished.

In about an hour after leaving the shore, the little band struck the high land less than two miles distant in a direct line from where they had started, but a good hour's journey by the way they had come.

Taking a northerly direction, the pursued had followed a beaten path which led up the hill and over a plateau, and thence by a gradual incline, to a small stream that flowed into what appeared to be a lake, but which was in reality a bay, which from a brackish taste of the water, was evidently an arm of some large river,

into which the tide was wont to flow.

"Hist!" exclaimed Edward, suddenly stooping as the party came in sight of the water, at the same time waving his hand with a downward motion, but without turning his face from the object which had attracted his attention. Then drawing a pistol from his belt and placing it between his teeth, he commenced dragging himself thro' the alders growing on the margin of the stream, and was soon lost to view. His companions instantly stooped in obedience to the motion, and remained in a crouching position several minutes, in a state of anxious suspense, their hearts beating audibly, and their eyes strained in the direction in which Edward had disappeared.

After a little, Edgerton, unable to restrain his curiosity, pushed forward some paces, when, through an opening to the right, he perceived smoke curling among the low brushwood, which he conjectured to proceed from an encampment of Indians. At this moment a cracking noise was heard in that direction. Instantly the fuses (there were few rifles in those days) of Captain Thornton and his companions were levelled, and their fingers upon the triggers; but they were relieved of their apprehension by Edward's re-appearance.

"Well?" said his father, interrogatively.

"I have no tidings of the fugitives, at least except such as are furnished by yonder signs," was the reply; "they lead me to believe that the red-skin joined a party of some five or six others, and camped here last night, leaving early in the morning."

"What reason have you to think they left early?"

"I judge from the fire, which from having been a pretty large one, is now reduced to a few embers."

"They don't appear to have had any suspicion of their being pursued?"

"No—relying either on their own

strength or the improbability of our attempting to follow them with so small a force as we could muster, they have taken no pains to conceal their movements."

"That gives me strong hope that we shall be able to come upon them unawares."

By this time the little party had reached the place of the recent encampment, where they beheld the *debris* of the morning's meal, consisting of the tail and bones of a muskrat and some fish scattered around the fire.

"I cannot understand why they should be on the move so early, unless they were in some fear of pursuit," resumed the Captain. "Perhaps there is a settlement of white men

somewhere hereabout. What say you, Philip?"

In reply Edgerton informed his companions that the only white settlers were located near the mouth of the river, which he judged must be some miles to the south east of them.

"Then we have only ourselves to rely on, but with patience and the blessing of God, we may accomplish all we wish for."

"We can but trust in Providence and our own hands, and if it be the will of Heaven that we fail, we shall have no self-reproaches to add to the bitterness of disappointment."

"And now, come, let us break our fast, for if I mistake not, we shall need all the strength our morning's meal will give us."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE OF ADMIRATION A MORAL VIRTUE.

[CONCLUDED.]

We do confidently hope that hereafter no man, except he be a minister, will value himself in his appearance, form, manner, voice, or gestures. It is all vanity, as may be easily illustrated. When you see a turkey gobbler, why is it that you smile? is it because the bird is ordinary in his shape, ordinary in his plumage, ordinary in his movements, and with an extraordinarily ordinary voice? If this were all you would only pity the poor bird. But you laugh because from his strut and note you perceive that he fancies himself very good looking. So with man—his native ugliness would only awaken pity in the souls of all the fair spectators who behold him, but when he makes a display of his imperfection, evidently expecting admiration, he receives the laughter which greets the turkey gobbler. But some one will say, I grant all this—I do not suppose that I am very intellectual, or beautiful; but the ladies enjoy my society, I value myself in those qualities which cause these acute and impartial judges of manly excellencies, to admire me.

Poor, foolish lady's man! Do you not know that ladies have a very keen sense of the ridiculous. They love opportunity for the gratification of this sense, and they find it in the so-

ciety of the lady's man; for what can be more ridiculous than a rough, ungainly creature with tight fitting pants, stiff shirt collar, and all surmounted by a beaver hat—seeking to modify the natural roughness of his voice, and like the lion in Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "to roar as gently as 'twere any sucking dove," or striving to twist his rugged countenance into an affectionate or admiring smile, or aiming to render his stiff and ungainly movements graceful or dignified? Ladies do certainly value such a man, but as one values a monkey, for the sake of his antics and grimaces.

But in case this theory will not cover the whole ground, there is yet another—ladies are endowed—some of them—with great tenderness of heart. These know that the rest of womankind only pretend to find men's society agreeable, in order to gratify their love of the ridiculous; consequently, out of mere pity, and to save the poor victim from destined ridicule, these others pretend to take pleasure in his society.

How foolish, then, for a man to value himself in his hair, or mustache, in his voice or manner, when all these awaken only pity or contempt; or to imagine that the better portion

of women value his society from any other motive than to gratify the love of the ridiculous, or else pityingly to shield him from the shafts which else would prove so mortifying to his vanity.

We now proceed to consider the nobler manifestations of the impulse or principle which we are examining—that love of approbation which we affirm to be the source of exquisite and widely diffused happiness, the root of modern civilization, the creator of the pomp and magnificence which individuals or communities display, and the occasion for the exhibition of the most heroic moral qualities.

We would direct your attention to the manifestation of this in woman. And here let me dispute a base charge which has been brought against the feminine gender, and boldly deny that there is such a thing as female vanity. I do not care who says it exists, I say it does not.

I will acknowledge that several women have been pleased with flattery; but there is this distinction to be drawn between flattery, when administered to man, or when administered to woman. When you flatter a man you falsely impute to him excellencies which he has not; but when you flatter a woman you only offer a feeble tribute of respect for qualities which she actually possesses. And there is this difference in the way in which they severally receive the agreeable offering. You have seen a gentleman and lady drinking soda water. The tender hands to the gentleman a brimming goblet of the delightful beverage without one particle of froth, whereas the lady receives her glass with about one-third soda water, the rest froth. When they have finished the lady is satisfied and pleased, while the gentleman still eyes the fountain with a thirsty look. Just so in the administration of flattery. To please a man at all you must give him plenty of it, and all of the most solid quality, whereas a very little will do for the lady; and while the man merely receives it as his most just due, the lady by her look of pleasure more than repays for the little trouble the flattery has cost. Evidently, the fact that women are fond

of flattery would not prove that there is any such thing as female vanity.

But again, the qualities of woman are truly admirable, to say nothing of her appearance. Just notice her spiritual qualities. These are not manufactured—they are her own—therefore truly admirable. They are her own, because spontaneously proceeding out of her essential and original being—they are admirable, because qualities which thus originate are perfect.

In common language we designate those voluntary operations of the being which are not caused by the discussions of the reasoning faculty, instinctive.

Now let us consider the difference between instinct and reason, and the relative value of each. So far as we know, instinct is that power given in greater or less degrees to all animals, whether intelligent or otherwise, by which, without instruction or experience, they may use means best fitted for their individual happiness or preservation. When obeying instinct, the faculties of observation and attention are called into activity—thought is evidently elicited, the sensibilities are excited—the will resolves—and the physical energies are put into action, by the force of the resolution. Instinct within its sphere is perfect. The bee forms its cell with the utmost geometrical skill, at once, without instruction or experience. The hound follows in the chase with unwearying patience, and knows all the holes and hiding places of the object of pursuit. The bird builds its first nest with as much skill as after a dozen years experience. These marvellous effects are produced by instinct.

On the other hand, reason is a particular faculty of the intellect. It is that peculiar quality which out of knowledge already acquired arrives at some new idea.

Reason is a very imperfect faculty. It requires some knowledge afforded in some way to start it into operation; and then the knowledge which is required in order to the activity of the reasoning faculty, is acquired only after years of toil and study. It must be fed and disciplined by books, schoolmasters, hard words, and often severe floggings administered to the

corporeal part of the individual; and even when reason is developed to the highest degree, it is liable to be clouded by sophistry, or its decisions rendered useless or pernicious by false premises.

Instinct is then the more perfect faculty. The being under its control exercises a number of intellectual powers. He is a perfectly free agent, and his judgment is unerring. The mind is not dependent on knowledge for its decisions, and no sophistry can interfere with the perfection of its operations.

It is true that reason would greatly improve if men lived sufficiently long upon the earth. Perhaps if we lived some ten or fifteen thousand years, reason would become in many important respects superior to instinct. Yet we only live just long enough to learn a few truths; and it is probable that after this life, we shall be guided by intuition, consciousness, or some faculty more nearly allied to instinct than reason.

Now, the peculiarities of women arise from the fact that they possess instinct to a greater degree than men. They have as much reason as can be properly used in the short period allowed for human existence; while on the other hand, they instinctively put forth all qualities that are either admirable or useful. Consequently, their judgment is more rapid and correct than that of man. They seldom frame a syllogism, yet with inconceivable rapidity they leap to conclusions. While a man changes his determination with every man's argument, women, who never distort their minds with men's arguments, invariably determine by intuition, and then cling with admirable tenacity to the determination which they form.

It will hence be readily perceived that woman is created, men only manufactured. The intellectual and spiritual qualities of woman spring directly out of her very being, while man's character or ability results from years of toilsome and often ill-directed effort.

The conclusion then, to which we come is, that there is no such thing as *female vanity*—mere love of admiration is only a desire to be properly understood and appreciated.

But furthermore, the impulse which prompts the female portion of the human race to appear to delight in admiration is not only innocent in itself as proceeding from exalted self-respect, but positively virtuous, as being in great part dictated by pure benevolence.

If women were to withdraw from society altogether, or wear old-fashioned dresses, doubtless they would be as happy as they now are. They could take as much satisfaction in self-contemplation as in receiving the approbation of such tasteless creatures as men. They would be just as amiable, their minds would be filled with as delightful ideas, their mental faculties would operate as delightfully, as though surrounded by crowds of admirers. But in what condition would the world be? How desolate! How deformed! Man would at once sink into a savage state; he would lose all the little taste and pure enjoyment he now has, and dry goods merchants, dress makers, and milliners would fail immediately.

To save the world from a destiny so horrible, woman interferes. She recalls the wanderer—she civilizes the semi-barbarian, and she gives comfort and happiness to those dealers in silks and satins who else would be helpless and miserable men; and this chiefly by the presentation of those excellencies which she possesses, or by the determination to have them appreciated. Time would fail were I to undertake to indicate the heroic qualities which are called forth in women by this noble principle. But to consider one point only. What would be the consequences if women preferred comfort to appearance. Suppose they wore stout boots in muddy weather. We can easily imagine how much this would detract from their beauty, and consequently their beneficent influence; yet rather than wear stout boots, or sufficient covering for the head, or comfortable apparel—rather than in the slightest degree modify the decisions of fashion—they dare death daily. It is only occasionally, then, that the boasted courage of the warrior is put to the test, and that he seeks the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth; but woman every foggy day, nay, every day, dares

colds, head aches, consumption, and a variety of other dangers too numerous to mention. She does all this with the most unflinching courage and resolution; and when some plague seizes her, she endures with a patience worthy of a martyr.

You hence perceive, that what is

commonly called vanity—though so in reality in the case of men—is in women one of the most admirable and unique of endowments, and is not only of benefit to the man, but also calls into activity those qualities which all regard with mingled emotions of wonder and veneration.

PARISH SCHOOL REPORT.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PARISH SCHOOLS came to hand in due time, and ought perhaps to have been mentioned before this; but as the whole subject of Education in this Province was to have been discussed in our pages by a gentleman well qualified to give an opinion on such a matter, we have delayed our notice of it, thinking that these papers would cover our ground.

The Report certainly gives evidence of the revival of interest in the cause of Common School Education since the present law came into operation. The provisions in the law, giving a better system of inspection, and untrammelling the Superintendent from continual attendance at the office, have been successful in imparting a little more vitality to the Department. There are, however, some new features in the Report which are at least questionable in their tendency. One of these is particular reference to individuals, and was introduced by the present Superintendent in his first Report as Inspector of the Northern District. While we consider that such pointed remarks, as would give his estimate of every school, should be delivered to the head of the Department by each Inspector, yet we think that the utility of embodying these in the Report is questionable. An Inspector's valuation of a teacher or school may be correct, but not necessarily so; and puffing one, at

the expense of the rest, is neither fair, nor likely to conduce to the improvement of either. Inspector Duval has shunned the lead thus set the others, while Mr. Campbell has very properly given a general estimate, which will have all the possible good to be derived from such a system, without risking what we consider the positive harm.

Without wishing to be severe, we would also remark the decided inferiority of style in the language to that of previous documents emanating from that office. The Superintendent deprecates any criticism of his Report, on account of the little time he had to mature it; but the Inspector of the Northern District can have no possible excuse for solecisms and miserably arranged sentences. Such adjectives as "much-to-be-regretted" and "tution" will require more than his use of them to give them authority. Sentences beginning with School as the subject have *he* as the subjective pronoun in the secondary clauses. He evidently has identified the teacher with the school, but that will not justify the use of *he* to a school. The style is flashy, and does not become the man who enjoys the sonorous title of "Chief Superintendent of Education." Whatever Mr. Bennett's qualifications for the office may be, the power of writing good English is not one—that is, if we take the present document as a criterion.

GLEANINGS.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES.—1. Because he is an ass.

2. Because they found a little profit in the rushes on the banks.

3. Because it has no scruples.

Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter: is he not also the only creature worth laughing at? *Greville.*