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BRITISH AMERICA.

CHAPTER V.

HISTORY OF THE LOWER PROVINCES TILL THEIR SEPARATION IN 1784.

38. The territory now generally called the Lower Provinces of British America, including also part of Maine, was, till its cession to England, called the Province of *Acadia* or *Nouvelle France*. Its history dates from the commission of Henry VII. to the Cabots, to search for new countries, and occupy them in the name of England, March 5th, 1496. John Cabot and his three sons set sail, in the following May, in five ships, freighted by the merchants of London and Bristol, and reached a point on the Labrador or the New Brunswck coast, which they named *Prima Vista*. This point, which some suppose to be opposite Prince Edward Island, and others, with perhaps better reason, opposite Newfoundland, is the first point of the continent discovered by Europeans. Cabot afterwards visited the island opposite (Prince Edward Island or Newfoundland), carrying off a few of the natives, proceeded north to Lat. 67 deg. 30 m., and finding thus far no trace of a north west passage, turned his vessels south again, and had coasted as far as Florida, when a mutiny compelled his return home.

39. It may seem strange that England made no attempt to follow up her discoveries; but the Reformation was at this period engrossing all attention there. France, which was not so much engaged in that great conflict of principles, was therefore more at leisure to prosecute colonial enterprise. In 1518, the Baron de Lery attempted to settle Sable Island and Canso, but failed. In 1534, Jacques Cartier discovered the mouth of the Miramichi and the Bay of Chaleur, the latter of which he named from the great heat there at the time (midsummer): this was probably the first landing of any European on the shores of New Brunswick. Cartier set up the *fleur de lis*, in token of French sovereignty, at Point Gaspe, but made no attempt to settle. Seven years afterwards, however, the French began to fortify Cape Breton, and many adventurous Bretons and Normans repaired thither to secure a share of the large profits then to be made in the fish and fur trades. The attempts of Sir Humphrey Gilbert (commissioned by Queen Elizabeth in 1579) belong rather to the annals of Newfoundland than to those of Acadia; which latter country he was sailing for when he was wrecked. His brother, Sir John, settled at the mouth of the Kennebec in 1607, but died there, and the enterprise failed. In 1598, Henri IV., who encouraged French emigration to this Colony, sent the Marquis de la Roche with a number of convicts to settle it, but his attempts proved a miserable failure.

40. In 1604, a more systematic attempt was made, under the patronage of the same king by De Monts, a Huguenot, as were

most of the French colonists about this time. His command extended over all the regions lying south of the St. Lawrence, which regions now first acquired the title of Acadia, having hitherto remained under the general name of Nouvelle France; and he was accompanied by a band of French adventurers of gentle birth, but apparently narrow fortunes, among whom the ablest were Messrs. de Pontgrave, Potrincourt, Morel, &c., with Champlain as pilot. After a voyage of observation along the eastern coast of what is now Nova Scotia, they discovered St. Mary's Bay, and soon afterwards a much larger expanse, which they called *la Baie Francaise*, now the Bay of Fundy. Potrincourt was content to settle on the river now called the Annapolis, and founded Port Royal. From the deceptive appearance of some minerals which they thought contained gold, the Cape D'Or received its name. At last striking across the Bay, they came on the 24th of June (St. John the Baptist's day), to the mouth of the river which the Indians called the Ouangoudy,* but which they named the St. John, in honour of the day. They sailed up the stream as far as the site of Fredericton, but failing to find, as they hoped, a passage to Quebec, they returned, and coasted along S. W. to the mouth of the St. Croix, where they resolved to winter. After several ineffectual attempts to make a settlement farther south, in a more genial clime, most of them dropped off from the enterprise; Potrincourt's at Port Royal being the only permanent settlement of any note. The fact that this enterprise was undertaken by Huguenots awoke the jealousy of the Jesuits, who attempted a rival colony at La Have in 1613. This, however, becoming known to the English colonists at Virginia, they sent Captain Argall, who ravaged their settlements, and for a time put an end to French supremacy.

41. For some time, therefore, Acadia belonged to no one, or rather was left to the Indians alone. But in 1621, the whole coast from the Penobscot to the St. Lawrence, was granted by James I. of England, to Sir W. Alexander, one of his favourites, and now received the name of Nova Scotia. The most ample powers were given to him, and on his representing to his royal master that the proposed province was already partially occupied by French squatters, Charles I. created for the purpose of attacking it by force, an order of knights called the baronets of Nova Scotia. The courtier-colonist, however, never even came to look at his vast possessions, though in 1622 he sent a vessel full of settlers, and afterwards sent his son, together with a Calvinist refugee named Sir David Kirk, at the head of an armed force. This expedition captured some small French forts at Port Royal, St. Croix, Pentagoet (Penobscot), and the Jemseg; the last of which had been held by one Claude de la Tour. La Tour was sent home to England, where he changed his allegiance, and marrying Sir W. Alexander's daughter, returned

* This is the name of the lower part of the river—the upper part was called the Walloostook.

with a band of Scottish emigrants. But his son Charles, who commanded Fort La Tour, in the South of Nova Scotia, ashamed of his father's want of principle, encountered and beat him when he summoned that fort to surrender in the name of England, and he returned to Scotland disgraced and crestfallen. He afterwards came back, however, and built a fort on Goat Island, in the Annapolis river, still called the "Old Scotch fort." At the treaty of St. Germains Charles I. gave up Acadia to France. Richelieu then organized the company of the Hundred Partners for the colonization of New France, including Canada, and sent out M. Razillai as Governor of Acadia, granting him the seigniory of St. Croix (extending around Passamaquoddy Bay, &c.) as his share. Charles de la Tour had his father's original grant on the river St. John confirmed, and most of what is now Nova Scotia added to it. M. Denys held the E. coast of what is now New Brunswick, and about the same time a Basque emigrant named Enaud settled on the site of Bathurst.

Notwithstanding the cession at the treaty of St. Germains, the English gained ground. They maintained that the Kennebec should be the furthest boundary of Acadia—the French claiming a frontier further to the S. W. Other complications arose. Razillai's successor, Charnisse, envied La Tour his well placed fort on the Jemseg, and even proceeded to violence. Louis XIII. attempted to mediate, assigning to each a definite command, but Charnisse thinking himself safe from any appeal to the Court, persisted in his endeavour. He succeeded, too, in making Louis believe charges which caused the king to send an order for the arrest of La Tour, and eagerly undertook the welcome office. Aided, however, by the New Englanders, La Tour was enabled to hold his fort against his foe, who was compelled to fall back on his own fort at Pontagoet. As cowardly as he was vindictive, he seized the opportunity of La Tour's absence to besiege his fort again (in 1644), but was beaten off by La Tour's heroic wife. Again during La Tour's absence he attacked the fort, and this time successfully—for after a brave defence, Madame La Tour capitulated. Then, in violation of his solemnly plighted word, the monster put all the little garrison to the sword, and the high spirited lady was so ignominiously treated that it broke her heart. Yet, strange to say, on Charnisse's death soon after, La Tour married his widow—perhaps with a view of uniting all claims to the sovereignty of the colony. If he thought this, however, he was mistaken, for a third La Tour, surnamed Le Borgne, claimed possession of the forts and seigniories as a creditor of the deceased Charnisse, and was preparing to make good his right to all Acadia by force of arms, when an English force sent by Cromwell appeared off the coast, under the command of Col. Sedgwick, who beat La Tour at the Jemseg, La Borgne at Port Royal, took Pentagoet, and finally subdued all Acadia, in 1654.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STATE OF THE WORLD AT THE CHRISTIAN ADVENT.

Previous to our Saviour's advent the three great powers, the Assyrian, the Medo-Persian, and the Greek, whose histories fill so large a space in the records of antiquity, had successively fulfilled their allotted mission; and, true to prophetic intimation, a fourth more terrible still, had planted its *iron* feet upon their ruins. Imperial Rome was then in the zenith of her glory. Her dominions embraced the whole civilized world. The first Cæsar after his triumph over the Gauls, had led his victorious legions across the Rubicon to obtain an easier, an equally signal, but for himself and for the republic, a more fatal triumph, over the liberties of his country. The authority of his successor was acknowledged from the ocean on the West to the Euphrates on the East; was bounded by the Danube on the North, and on the South by the ranges of Mount Atlas, and the sandy deserts of Sahara. Not only were external enemies subdued, but civil commotion was for a season suspended. Immediately before the birth of our Saviour, the temple of Janus at Rome, kept open only during war, was closed for the first time in the space of two centuries and a half. The angry elements of national discord had been hushed into a profound, an universal calm, as if to welcome with circumstances of more solemn and awful dignity the auspicious arrival of the Prince of Peace.

> ———The meek-eyed Peace,
> All crowned with olive green came softly sliding,
> Down through the turning sphere;
> His ready harbinger,
> With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
> And waving wide her myrtle wand,
> She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.*

This was an age proverbial for its eminent scholars, and its distinguished philosophers; their scientific researches, and the pure system of morals which some of them inculcated; the progress of the arts, the prevalence of knowledge, and the high state of advancement which society, viewed in its more salient aspects, presented. The sublime ethics of Cicero,—the unrivalled productions of Virgil, Horace, and Juvenal,—the inimitable pages of Livy,—will probably be studied with interest and delight by the remotest generation. At no single epoch of ancient history can we anywhere discover a brighter array of learning and talent, of taste and genius, than that which adorned the Empire and city of Rome in her "Augustan age."

As the prophetic periods verged to their termination, the seed of Abraham were awaiting with eager anxiety the appearance of the promised Messiah. But among Gentile nations also at this time there was a general expectation of the coming of some great and remarkable personage. The poet Virgil has embodied in his

* Milton's Hymn on the Nativity—a production quite on a par with his great epic in merit, though much less known.

immortal strains the sentiment of the day; and his verses have depicted with an extraordinary coincidence of accompanying circumstances, the arrival of a Prince who was to open a new and brilliant page in the book of time, restoring the innocence and felicity of the golden age. The limited intercourse between Jew and Gentile, and the marvellous ignorance of Jewish literature and traditions displayed by contemporary writers, preclude the supposition that this idea was borrowed from the Jews. We are forced to the conclusion that it was divinely impressed upon men's minds; to regard it as a supernatural precursor of an impending revolution in the laws, the manners and the religion of the world.

But if this period was, as we have observed, eminently remarkable for the prevalence of literature and art, a closer and more minute investigation of the state of society will enable us to perceive that it was corrupt through all its ramifications;—corrupt beyond parallel in history; corrupt to a degree which should confound those who vainly imagine that human learning, unsanctified by religion, can accomplish any substantial reformation in the moral nature of man. The sentiments of justice and the precepts of morality inculcated by some of the most prominent writers, who naturally attract the first attention of the student, could have had little or no influence on the great aggregate of society, for on its every phase we may see inscribed in dismal characters "the world by wisdom knew not God." It was preceded, and it was soon followed, on and beyond the borders of the Empire, by scenes of internecine strife; and internally by plentiful and sanguinary exhibitions of the worst passions of our fallen nature in all their darkest aspects. The Emperors were tyrannical and cruel; the governors rapacious and extortionate; the nobles were licentious and unprincipled, dissolute and extravagant. If an obnoxious Senator stood in the way of an unscrupulous aspirant to office (and of such there were many), a summary method was in most instances adopted, and ready instruments found to place him where he would forever cease from troubling; and it might be considered a freak of fortune if a distant and desolate exile were the mild lot of an orator who ventured to descant too faithfully on the depravity of the age. I need only remind the reader of the proscriptions which desolated Rome in the civil wars between Marius and Sulla, and of the numbers who fell victims to the wiles of the bloodthirsty and subtle Sejanus. To say nothing of the slaves, a numerous and unhappy class, whose lives by the cruel policy of the Roman law, were at the mercy and disposal of their masters, the lower orders of freemen were oppressed by their superiors in a measure which left them no hope for the amelioration of their condition, and were, humanly speaking, irretrievably sunk in misery, crime, and every species of degradation. The savage sports of the amphitheatre were eagerly courted, and intensely enjoyed by persons in every class, and of either sex. Such was the almost universal depravity that for many years before the accession of Severus, in the very

height of Roman civilization, not only captives, slaves, malefactors, and the lowest of the populace, but in many instances senators, knights, and even women, condescended to fight in the arena for the public gratification. Trajan, who flourished in the latter part of the first century of the Christian era, is generally esteemed a mild and virtuous prince. In contrast with many others of that period he would seem to deserve this commendation, but we are inclined to qualify our admiration for his character when we read that ten thousand gladiators were sacrificed on the occasion of his triumph over the Dacians.

If we follow down the course of history a century or two after the introduction of Christianity, but before it was permitted to govern the conduct of royalty, we may read of kings and princes having access to the very fountain head of learning, who were addicted to the most horrible excesses, degrading to the Roman purple and the dignity of human nature. The crimes which brand with infamy the names of Caligula and Commodus, of Nero and Elagabalus, may not be particularized in the vernacular; and in a Christian country, after Christianity has held dominion for eighteen centuries over the minds of men, it is doubtful if the most lively or the most vicious imagination could, unaided by the intimations of the historian, form any conception of their enormity. Satire the most keen, and philosophy the most profound, proved utterly unavailing as correctors of human morals, and the gross darkness of heathen ignorance was only rendered more painfully and palpably visible by the light of science that diffused its sickly beams over the Roman world.

Such was the state of things when "through the tender mercy of our God," the day-spring from on high visited mankind. It was apparently a period the least adapted to favor the progress of such a system as Christianity. On the other hand, being a time at which the wisdom and wickedness of men in paradoxical union would seem to have reached a climax, it was one which presented the strongest evidence of the necessity of a divine revelation to bring man to the knowledge of the truth, and of an "all-sufficient mediator" to restore him to the favor of his God.

HEART ECHOES.

Where the air is filled with fragrance, let me live,
Where trees drooping o'er my path, their cool shade give;
Let the sky be bright or cloudy, it is fair to me;
For the rain, like melting pearls, drops on the lea,
Telling tales of hope and promise ere they sink
Slowly, softly, that the thirsty earth may drink.

Sabbath morn steals Eden's holy, calm repose,
Irradiating nature with sweet Sharon's rose.

What though church bells do not call the world to prayer,
Innate chimes, though silent, summon all men there,
With a faith as silent, falling like the dew
On Hermon's top. O! heaven is near, almost in view!

There, where art vies not with nature, I would die;
I would lose my dim sight gazing on the sky;
There my ears would catch the rippling streamlet's flowing,
Well known sounds from leaf and tree-top softly blowing,
Cheerful notes from bird and insect, and the cattle lowing,
Happy children's laughter, as they're homeward hieing;
While my spirit for its upward home is sighing.

St. John, June, 1860. A. G. C.

PAPERS BY A RECLUSE.

No. 6.

I have often thought that the world makes astonishingly slow progress considering its opportunities. Of course I do not here intend any reflection on the physical motions of our planet—they, I dare say, are well enough. I allude more particularly to the tardiness with which improvements are effected in the physical and moral condition of mankind. That much misery and much wickedness exist in connection with the human family is unquestionable; but it is equally a fact that ignorance cannot be pleaded in excuse of this unfortunate state of affairs. Is there a beggar that perambulates our streets, who has not been daily informed of various methods, by any one of which he may become rich? Is there an invalid, whose numerous and sympathizing friends do not earnestly press upon his languid attention the virtues of some wonderful and infallible remedy? Is there a wretch, however lost in the mazes of vice, who cannot command at will, nay, who can decently avoid, the gratuitous services of a thousand starched neckcloths and an equal number of warm, gentle hearts, each able and willing to map out for him the shortest and easiest course by which he may regain the highroad of virtue? All history testifies to the generous readiness with which the world gives—advice; and if my own personal experience is worth anything, it but corroborates the testimony of history. It appears that Mr. Sparks with his usual communicativeness and love of hyperbole, had, after the conversation alluded to in my last paper, represented to my friends and others that I was approaching the last stages of melancholy and despondency, but that he had prescribed for me a course which, if pursued, must result in my triumphant and complete recovery. Immediately my hermitage in which I had enjoyed so many hours of happy solitude, was a hermitage no longer. Friend after friend arrived with countenances variously expressive of frightened curiosity, outraged pro-

priety and generous pity. Mr. Newlove, an old gentleman to whom I have previously alluded, was among the first to pay a visit of condolence. He trusted that I was too cautious to follow implicitly Mr. Sparks's directions. Mr. S. was, no doubt, a promising young man, and would, with more experience, be entirely trustworthy, but upon the whole he thought that in my critical condition an older head than Mr. Sparks's was advisable. For his own part he believed that religion had much to do with the condition of the mind. He himself had at one time been afflicted much as I was, and he had moreover been subject to a sort of spiritual craving, which he had vainly endeavored to satisfy with the husks of various denominational creeds; but he was thankful that he had at last found rest for his soul in the embraces of a new system of religious belief which had lately attracted his attention, and which appealed at once to the head and to the heart and indeed to the whole man. It was founded, he said, upon the principle embodied in the expression Whatever is, is right. He then expounded several of the doctrines arising secondarily from the fundamental principle, and showed clearly that they were suited especially to my case. He concluded by urging me to attend a lecture shortly to be delivered by one of the brethren on Mosquitos as connected with human depravity—a subject, he said, worthy of the most serious reflection, and one well calculated to call forth mingled feelings of gratitude and humility.

I had not long enjoyed the satisfaction arising from Mr. Newlove's retiring bow when the short hard face of Mr. Graspem presented itself. Entering with a firm, quick step, he accompanied his curt salute with a stare which he vainly endeavored to form into a friendly glance, but its kindliness, while yet in the nascent state, congealed instantaneously under the chilling influence of an expression of self-sufficiency that looked boldly out from the wrinkles which diverged from the outer corners of his eyes. He seemed at first somewhat confused at seeing me in such apparently good condition, but recollecting the mission upon which he had set out, he plunged at once into what he trusted would be received as good-natured badinage, but which he hoped would nevertheless strike deeply. "Tut—the blues, my dear sir—nothing but the blues—wont pay—idle fellow—stir around—Abernethy's rule—live on six pence a day and earn it; never mind,—soon be well,"—and with an encouraging slap on the shoulder, he bustled out, jingling his loose cash, and carrying with him the consciousness that if I did not recover under the doctrine, the reproof, and the correction which he had so cunningly administered beneath an attractive coating of facetious raillery, it was entirely my own fault. I felt the less provoked by his insolence when I recollected that he had, in the same agreeable manner, given the same gentle advice to a young friend of mine, who, at the time, lay dying of a consumption. In Mr. Graspem's estimation, an invalid is little less than a criminal.

While I was yet meditating on my good fortune in having such

an array of counsel in the event of my ever really requiring their aid, no less a personage than Professor M. B. S. Bosh was announced. Like my readers probably, I hardly recognized him under his lately assumed title. I had been made aware, however, that he had been lately preparing for the great event by furnishing, with various articles of apparently mysterious import, an apartment which he calls indiscriminately his study, library, and office. He has it hung round with the portraits of individuals who have shown some unusual prominence of character. Hare, the wholesale murderer, swings conspicuously beside Melancthon the reformer. Plato is indulged with an enormous, hydrocephalic-looking forehead, while Nero is condemned to one villainously low. Some quiet, neighbouring graveyard has probably supplied his studiously exposed private cabinet with the skulls of sundry noted malefactors of both ancient and modern times. Hitherto, he has received merely in a private manner a few ardent inquirers after truth; but he has expressed an intention shortly to purchase (he is at present almost penniless) one of our largest public buildings, in which he will be able to afford accommodation to the multitude that will, doubtless, immediately resort to him for counsel on all subjects relating to life—its laws, organs, functions and improvement. As a withering rebuke to the stupidity of his parents, he has ingeniously divided his one prænomen into three segments, each of which affords an initial. On approaching me he aimed at an air of stately dignity; but his success was not complete. A dignified bearing was as yet too recent an acquisition to fit him in a pleasing manner. He bore a strong resemblance to a boy in a new adult coat, from which the price-ticket and basting threads had not yet been extracted. He, however, considerately endeavoured to soften the effect produced by his stately presence, by a due admixture of condescension and affability. He assured me that he felt a strong interest in my welfare, and that, fearing lest the peculiar mental condition to which I was unfortunately subject, might deter me from visiting him at his office, he had taken the liberty of calling upon me; that Mr. Sparks was, doubtless, a man of some natural capacity, but was, unfortunately, obstinately, and he feared wilfully, wedded to old and effete ideas; that the nineteenth century is chiefly remarkable for the giant strides with which science pursues her onward career; and thereupon he commenced a learned dissertation on physical organisms, psychological influences, cranial developments, and several other matters which would, no doubt, have been highly interesting, had they been all intelligible. During his discourse he made frequent efforts to illustrate his ideas by a digital appeal to certain regions of my cranium, until, by a succession of ill-conducted retreats, I arrived at the wall of the apartment, when he appeared to consider me his lawful prey, for he immediately proceeded to make a formal survey of the surface of my head. Whilst he was thus engaged and entirely absorbed in his work, the door slowly opened. Neither of us confronted the intruder—he, from a blissful

unconsciousness of the presence of a third party—I, partly from the confusion arising from my novel position, and partly from being so closely wedged between the professor and the wall, as to be incapable of turning in any direction. "The organ of self-esteem I find to be ——." Here a short angry feminine cough, from the direction of the door, arrested both his attention and his further utterance. Suddenly withdrawing his hands from my head, he shrank backwards, thus affording me an opportunity to turn and behold an aged female figure standing in a menacing attitude, her face swollen with rage, and her rheumy yet flashing eyes fastened, with a furious expression upon the luckless professor. Still retreating, with his eyes involuntarily fixed upon the strange vision, he at length reached his hat, and, muttering a few indistinct words of apology to me for being compelled to fulfil a pressing engagement, proceeded cautiously, and in a circuitous direction to the door, the object of his fear presenting towards him a threatening front till he disappeared. As she turned towards me, after the hasty departure of the professor, I recognized in her, now that she had partially collapsed from the state to which her recent rage had inflated her features, a faithful old creature to whose huge pockets and generous heart, I was indebted when a boy, for large quantities of nuts and gingerbread, and who had ever since claimed a special propriety in me, though she seldom obtruded herself unasked upon my presence. I easily comprehended that Mr. Sparks' exaggerated report had reached her ears in an increasingly distorted form, and that hastening to my assistance, she had discovered Professor Bosh in the position I have described, which to her appeared in the highest degree mysterious and questionable.

Advancing towards a table, she drew a large bottle from beneath her shawl, remarking that I had not the appearance of a dying man, but that nevertheless her medicine would do me no harm, and, placing the bottle upon the table, with a low curtsy, disappeared. I withdrew the cork. It had the odor of gin! C.

COAL.

[*Third Article.*]

Having shewn in our last article that coal is a carbonised vegetable matter, the next question which suggests itself to the inquiring mind, is, what was the nature of the trees and plants of which it was formed? At first this would seem a very difficult question to answer, but it is not so; for the fossil botany of the coal measures presents us with a larger number and more perfect specimens of the flora of the past than we have of any other period of the pristine world. It is to the shale which overlies and underlies the coal that we are indebted for the preservation of those casts (fossils)

of the splendid trees, and beautiful ferns which have so impressed the fossil botanist with the magnificence and luxuriant growth of the vegetation of the carboniferous era, and which form the models from which he is enabled to restore its flora. To the miner they are the most certain evidence of the presence of coal. In the short account which we now purpose giving of these fossils, we labour under the great disadvantage of having no plates to illustrate our descriptions. We shall therefore endeavour to describe them so plainly, and make their distinctive features so apparent, that the reader, with ordinary attention, will at once be able to recognize them in the cabinet, or rock. The museum of the Mechanics' Institute contains a very fine collection of the coal fossils, to which we would refer the attention of the reader. But at the same time we would warn him, that they are so mixed up with ammonites and other fossils of different periods, that it may serve rather more to puzzle than instruct him; and here we may remark that we consider the management of this museum not at all creditable to the Institute or the City; for not only are the fossils badly arranged, and little taken care of, but the mineral collection, which consists almost altogether of zeolites, very fine of themselves, and perhaps unsurpassed in the beauty and perfection of their crystals by those of any other collection on this continent, yet presenting us with too many duplicates, for fine as these zeolites undoubtedly are, they are the very class of minerals we least require, being those for which Grand Manan, and the Bay of Minas, Nova Scotia, are so celebrated, and which are found in all our amateur collections, and are most familiar to our people. It seems to us that the great object of the museum should be to teach the masses in the simplest way possible; and to this end we think that each mineral should be labelled, not only with its proper name but with its chemical contents, as also the locality in which it is found. The duplicates also should be exchanged, and a larger variety of specimens procured. We write feelingly upon this subject, because we would long ago have liked to present the Institute with some fine fossils and minerals, but we valued them too highly to place them in the way of the almost certain destruction to which the present system of management would probably doom them.* In conclusion, we may remark that we hope when the Prince of Wales is shown the museum, it will not be in its present state, or in the room in which it is now contained. Hoping our readers will excuse this digression,

*Many of the minerals, the crystals of which may be scratched by a pin, are allowed to lie upon the tables, and are handled by the boys who crowd into the museum on lecture nights. We have been informed that many of them have been lost in this way. In like manner, the Chinese collection has been most shamefully abused; while in the Natural History department we have noticed that some of the stuffed animals have lost their tails, etc., and that some very fine flamingoes (which are every year becoming more scarce) are placed on the top of the mineral cases, unprotected by glass, and the consequence will be that in a very few years they will be completely destroyed by dust, insects, etc.

we will now proceed to describe the fossil flora of the coal measures; but before doing so, it is perhaps better to say a few words upon the way these fossils were formed. It is a popular idea that they are petrifactions, or the original tree or plant turned into a stone. This, however, is incorrect, as no such change is known in nature. The nearest approach to it, is coal itself, which, as we showed before, was very much altered in the process of mineralization. It is we believe, still a disputed point, how these fossils were formed; but it is supposed that the mud in which the tree or plant was buried, contained silex (or whatever substance the fossil may be composed of) in solution, and that as it decayed piece by piece, and cell by cell, the silex was deposited in its place by permeation. The first fossil we purpose to describe is the

SIGILLARIA.

The sigillaria derives its name from "sigillum," a seal, and is so called from the cicatrices, or seal-like impressions on the fossil where the leaf stalks (petioles) were broken off ere the original plant was entombed. It is by observing this mark on the stem that the reader will be easily able to distinguish this fossil. These impressions are generally oval or round, like the mark left by the end of the finger in mud. The stem which was cylindrical, was ribbed or fluted like a Grecian column, and it is between these flutings that the seal-like markings are always found on the fossil. When the sigillaria is parallel with the strata it is generally perfectly flat, showing the bark on each side often turned into coal. This bark was very thick and strong, for when the fossil is found, upright or at right angles with the plane of stratification, it is always in a cylindrical form, the centre containing a cast of sandstone, and the bark carbonised or turned into coal. It is thus evident that when the tree died, the centre, which must have been quite soft, quickly decayed, while the thick strong bark remained long enough for the sand to reach its top, or drift into it, and when the tree was altogether buried up in the ocean bottom, or sand bank, its exclusion from the air caused the bark to turn into coal, while the sand in the centre formed the stone cast. The segillaria was one of the most common of the trees of the coal period. It was straight and tall, growing to a height of from thirty to seventy feet. It was without branches, although some kinds were dichotomous, or divided into pairs near the top. A friend of ours, who is enthusiastic on the subject of geology, has within the last month discovered and developed some very fine specimens of this plant in the strata not many hundred yards from Prince William street, where they now remain, and we have in our possession some very good ones from the same place. Where it is, for obvious reasons we shall not at present say, but may enlighten our readers when we treat of the coal measures of this Province.

STIGMARIA.

The stigmaria is found in great numbers in the shale, or underclay, below the coal veins. We have some very fine specimens

which we dug out of that position, and we have never seen them above the coal. The structure of the stigmaria is so singular, that for a long time geologists did not know to what class of plants it belonged, but considered its nature aquatic, or that it grew in watery mud—and so the reader will find it described in works on the subject, written not very long ago. Of late years it has been asserted that it was the root of the sigillaria, and the appearance of a remarkably fine sigillaria in a coal mine near Liverpool, England, with several stigmaria attached to its base, almost proved it to be so. The late discoveries of Mr. Brown in the coal mines of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, of the cylindrical stems of the sigillaria with stigmaria attached as roots, and spreading out into the shale, or ancient soil in which it grew, in some cases to a distance of sixteen feet and upwards—have now decided the question beyond a doubt. The stigmaria is so called from the little holes all over the fossil. In the centre of these holes or wells are small tubercles, or as they might be called, stone pimples. These holes and tubercles are the distinctive features of the fossil, by which it can easily be recognized. The tubercles of the stigmaria are always arranged spirally round the stem. To each tubercle was originally attached a rootlet, which is often found united to the fossil plant, and penetrating the shale. These rootlets, or small roots, were concave at one end, which end fitted on the tubercles. They collected and conveyed from the earth nourishment to the stigmaria or large root, and that in time to the sigillaria or plant first described.

LEPIDODENDRA.

The lepidodendron was one of the most beautiful, as well as the most numerous plants of the coal period, and more than any other plant enters into the composition of coal. Some coals are known to be formed altogether of its carbonized remains. The lepidodendron is so called from the scaly appearance of the fossil stem; and our readers will easily recognize it by the triangular markings on its surface. These marks were caused by the leaf stalks (petioles) remaining when the leaves were broken off, and these leaves were umbricated, that is to say, grew over each other, close to the stem, hence the markings all over the fossil stem. The lepidodendron was very different from any existing tree, although it is not unlike the club mosses of inter-tropical regions, or the ground spruce found in the damp parts of the forests of New Brunswick. But while these are but small prostrate plants, not often more than three feet in length, the lepidodendron was a great tree rising to the height of eighty feet and upwards, and must have presented a beautiful appearance, with its tall branchless stems dividing and re-dividing into pairs near the top, with their long graceful leaves clinging to them in festoons. There were a great many kinds of lepidodendra, and a plant very much like it called the ulodendron, as also the lepidostrobus.

CALAMITES.

The calamite was one of the most numerous of the plants which flourished during the time of the coal formation, and of which the coal is often formed. It was a tall, reed-like plant, and as a fossil would be taken by the amateur for a bamboo, for like it, it had a cylindrical stem, articulated at intervals. Some fossils have the marks of vesiculated branches round the articulations—that is to say, branches arranged round the stem in a circle. The only plant now existing at all like the calamite, is the equiseta, or horse-tail of our marshes. But then there is a vast difference in the size, for while the equiseta rarely exceeds half an inch, the calamite averaged from four to five inches in diameter, and has been found as large as three feet across the base. In height it also greatly exceeded the equiseta, for while that seldom rises more than three feet from the ground, the calamite must have often reached the height of from thirty to forty feet. Fossils of this plant abound in the ancient coal formations, but few being found in those of later date, while in the more recent rocks they are almost entirely wanting. There are some very perfect specimens of the calamite in the Mechanics' Institute Museum, from which our readers will be able to form a very good idea of it. They are, we believe, from the Joggins mine, Nova Scotia, a place celebrated all over the world for its coal fossils.

We cannot conclude this short account of the flora of the coal measures, without referring to the conifers and ferns. These two families of plants are chiefly remarkable as being the only ones of that period which bear any affinity to existing types. The first is represented by the pines of our forests, and the second by the beautiful ferns which grow in the damp, shady parts of our woods.

The conifer was a large tree, and grew to a great height, as is shewn by their fossil casts, which are found in the sandstone of most coal fields. In Nova Scotia they are each year brought out in bold relief, by the crumbling away of the cliffs. Many of these casts are very perfect. We have in our possession one of the bark of a conefer, in which every mark (some of them as fine as a hair) on the ridges of the bark is as perfect as on the day it was buried.

The ferns need but little description, as many of them were so like those now existing, that it is almost impossible for even the botanist to distinguish the fossil from the living plant. The ferns of the coal period bore a very large proportion to other plants, being nearly three-sevenths of the whole. No less than upwards of a hundred and twenty species have been discovered, many of them of very beautiful form. Their remains are found in vast quantities in the shale below the coal; indeed, some of the highly carbonised shales seemed formed almost altogether of them. This seems the case with much of the shale at the Grand Lake, which appears to

be composed altogether of the remains of small plants, such as the asterophyllites and sphenophyllum, of which it preserves many beautiful impressions. P. T. O.

THE BEAVER.

This animal, the *castor fiber* of Linnæus, inhabits the temperate and sub-frigid climates of both continents; the American variety differing hardly at all from the European. Its body is nearly cylindrical, increasing, however, towards the hips. The fur is reddish brown above and greyish white beneath; that above is coarse, smooth and glossy, that below dense, soft and silky. Its limbs and neck are short, giving it a thickset, squat appearance. Its tail is flat, scaly and oval. Its general length is about three feet, and its weight twelve pounds; though much finer specimens than this have been met with. Indeed, some sportsmen state that they have taken them weighing near sixty pounds; but such assertions, like the narratives of veterans, often require the *cum grano salis* sauce to render them either digestible or palatable. The fore feet are used to convey food to the mouth, and are armed with claws. The hind feet are webbed. Like the kangaroo, the beaver has the habit of resting on the tripod formed by its hind feet and tail. An unctuous secretion is contained in a sac beneath the tail. Its teeth are twenty in number, consisting of two superior and two inferior incisors (of great strength) in the front of the mouth, and four molares on each side both above and below. The genus contains but one species, and we hardly need remind the reader that it forms one of the genera of that order of mammalia called, from their nibbling mode of feeding, the rodentia.

The beaver was once a denizen of all North America; but that ruthless policeman, civilization, has ordered it to "move on," with its brother foresters, both biped and quadruped, and it is now hardly found east of the Alleghanies, or south of Lat. 45. In northern Canada and the "Territory," as well as in the central and lonelier parts of these lower Provinces, it still plies its quiet toil, and is an object of interest both to the student of nature and the *courier du bois*. Between the upper course of the Ottawa and lake Huron they are especially numerous. The beaver is entirely a vegetable feeder, loving the bark of the birch, the cotton-wood, and the willow, eating also berries, leaves, etc., when not better provided. It is, as might be expected from the nature of its food, and its want of natural weapons, a gentle animal. The young are born in the spring, the litter usually numbering three or four: they remain a year or more with the parent. They prefer to live in societies on the banks of brooks or ponds, but occasionally near much larger bodies of water. Longfellow has distilled poetry from the subject of their haunts in *Hiawatha*:—

> "In the middle of the forest,
> By a streamlet, still and tranquil,

That had overflowed its margin,
Was a dam made by the beavers,
Where knee deep the trees were standing,
Where the water lilies floated,
Where the rushes waved and whispered."
* * * * *

The fame of the beaver's sagacity and skill is world-wide, and many more pretentious architects might take valuable lessons from its lodges and dams. The former are built on the banks of the streams, facing a deep part of the water. Near the lodge the dam is built to arrest the floating wood. The workmanship of both dam and lodge is masterly, each forming a structure so compact that it is not easy even for man to destroy it. The animal works by night, cutting through small trees with its strong incisors, peeling off the bark, and laying it up for winter food, while it uses the sticks in the construction of the framework. This is then plastered over with mud, in which operation the animal is supposed to use its tail, which, indeed, is well suited for the purpose. Certain "loafers" among them, who refuse to help in these labours, are driven away from the rest, or are punished and treated as vagrants, and without "visible means of support." Beavers are caught in traps baited with the castoreum. Not much of their flesh is reckoned good eating; even the vaunted tail requires somewhat of an Esquimaux appetite for the unctuous. A good trapper has often caught five hundred beavers in a year. Sixty or seventy skins are required to make a pack which will weigh one hundred pounds; and this is worth about three hundred dollars.

THE LADDER OF FAME.—Some swarm up this ladder as boys up a pole, hand over hand, a good grip with the knees, a confident, saucy, upward look. Others stop *in medio*, look round, sigh, or are satisfied, and gravely descend to refresh themselves with bread and cheese for life. Some stagger up, wildly, and tumbling off, are borne, mutilated, to the hospital accident-ward to die. Others there are who indeed obtain the ladder's summit, but are doomed to crawl perpetually up and down the degrees. These are the unfortunates who carry hods to the master bricklayers who have bounded up the ladder with airy strides, or better still, *have been born at the top of the ladder*. Poor hodmen! they make dictionaries, draw acts of parliament, cram the boy-senator for his maiden-speech, form Phidias' rough clay-sketch into a shapely, polished marble-bust, shade with Indian ink Archimedes' rough draught for the new pump or the tubular bridge, and fill in Sir Joshua's backgrounds. Some there are who go to sleep at the ladder's foot, and some, the few, the felicitous, who reach the summit, breathless but triumphant, boldly bidding Fame blow her loudest blast. Forthwith the venal quean makes the clarion to sound, and all the world is amazed.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Grace Thornton:

A TALE OF BRITISH AMERICA.

[CONTINUED.]

In half an hour more, the pursuers were again on the trail. About midday they reached an elevated ridge, whence they could look down upon a broad expanse of water, whose surface was undimmed by a single breath of air. Descending the ridge, they came to a low marsh covered with wild grasses, through which a small stream wound like a thread of silver, debouching into the larger body of water of which mention has just been made, and which they could now scan for many a mile north and south.

The trail took up the left bank of the small stream, which flowed with a sluggish current for the distance of about four miles, when it became gradually more and more rapid; and at length assumed the form of a brawling mountain torrent, now pursuing its wild career over opposing rocks, and again casting itself over sharp declivities and perpendicular precipices, precipices, presenting a succession of the most pleasing of woodland pictures.

But our little band took little heed of these things. Pressing on with undiminished ardour, they found themselves at one time descending into some deep valley, at another climbing some mountain steep, over fallen trees or other obstructions, in momentary expectation of falling in with the object of their pursuit.

CHAPTER IV.

It is fitting that we should now bestow some little attention to the object of all this solicitude. It will be remembered that when the savage lifted her from the beach, he placed his hands over her mouth, to prevent her giving an alarm; but finding that he was discovered, he instantly removed it, and drawing a dirk-like blade from a sheath, ornamented with beads and the quills of the porcupine, he held it before his captive, with the point directed to her bosom, and in broken English threatened her with instant death if she made the slightest noise. After carrying her in his arms for more than a quarter of a mile, the Indian set her down, and grasping her by the wrist, bade her follow him, and hurried on, half dragging the affrighted girl over the boggy ground, until, footsore and bleeding in many places from the scratches on her face and arms, received in passing through the woods, she became incapable of making any further exertion, and he was obliged either to carry or abandon her altogether. In this way, alternately carrying and dragging his burden, the relentless savage pushed on through the dark forest; and it was with no small relief to the latter, that after some two hours of suffering on her part, they emerged from the gloom of the wild wood and stood before a blazing pile round which half a dozen dusky forms lay seemingly unconscious of, or indifferent to, so unusual an occurrence as the advent of a white woman.

Recovering in some measure from the fatigue, and cheered by the genial glow of the fire, which threw a broad glare on the water, and lit up the foreground of the strange picture, while the background seemed shrouded by a more impenetrable gloom, Grace gained courage to demand why she had been brought thither.

The only reply to this interrogatory, was the utterance, by her captor, of a significant "ugh!" Not comprehending the purport of the expressive guttural, and supposing that her question had not been understood, she again demanded why she had been taken away from her friends? Instead of answering, the Indian averted his eyes, and turning towards his com-

panions, made some observation in the Indian tongue, which elicited a laugh that told but too plainly that there was no pity or commiseration for her among those wild denizens of the forest, and that her only hope of escape from a horrible fate was a timely rescue from their merciless hands. The Indians now proceeded to cook their supper, which consisted of squirrels and a porcupine, of which they offered their captive a portion, but she declined partaking of the disgusting viands. Shortly afterwards, a couch of green boughs was prepared for her, and a blanket, not of the cleanest, was given her as a protection against the falling dew, when she was left to her own reflections, which were of too bitter a cast to admit of her sleeping for a long time; but towards morning her eyelids grew heavy, and sleep—sweet sleep—"tired nature's sweet restorer"—came to her relief; and she was once more wandering among the old familiar haunts of *home*. Alas! that such pleasant memories should be so soon and rudely interrupted.

CHAPTER V.

"What's that?" asked Edward Thornton, when, having halted at nightfall near the margin of a stream, he was about throwing his knapsack from his weary shoulders.

"An Indian whoop, mayhap," said Edgerton.

"No! It sounded more like the wail of some person in distress."

"There it is again. It seems at a great distance."

"Hark again! It sounds more like the hooting of an owl than a human voice."

"And so *that* is, but it is not the sound we heard at first.

"Perhaps it is an Indian devil," suggested Edgerton. I've heard there are beasts in these woods that make a noise like a person in distress, and when you go to see what the matter is, they jump down upon you before you know where you are, and tear you to pieces."

"Man or devil," exclaimed Edward, while a prolonged cry smote upon their ears, "I'll know whence and why it comes. Stay you here, father, while we go up the hill. Look well to your arms, Phil; follow me, and tread lightly."

Thus admonished, Edgerton examined the flint of his fowling piece, and drew his knife partly from its sheath to feel its edge; and with stealthy step climbed the rugged steep in the track of his companion.

After the lapse of some minutes, hearing no more noise, the youths stood irresolute as to which direction they had better pursue, when the same cry they had first heard, rose again on the still air, but this time so distinct and apparently so near as to cause them to start back. Turning their ears in the direction of the sound, and hearing no other voices, they advanced more boldly towards the place whence they supposed it to proceed; and before many seconds had elapsed they stood under the shadow of a great rock.

"It must be here-away the sounds came from," Philip remarked; "but there is nobody to be seen;" and while he spoke, the young sailor cast a furtive glance around him, as if he dreaded some supernatutal visitation.

"It is no ghost, you may depend upon it," said Edward, smiling at the superstition of his companion; "spirits are never so uproarious."

"Spirit or no spirit, he has the power of making himself invisible; for I could swear he is not ten feet from us at this moment."

What must have been the sensations of Arthur Lee, at the close of the second day of his captivity, on hearing human voices approaching his narrow prison-house! "Am I dreaming, or out of my senses, or is that my native tongue I hear?" he whispered to himself, as if fearful of dispelling some illusion. Can anything short of the miraculous have answered my first call for assistance in this way? "Hallo there! who wants help?" said a voice without.

"One who is no less thankful than astonished at the prospect of obtaining it," was the reply. Without wast-

ing time in idle inquiry, the young men were no sooner made acquainted with Arthur's situation than they applied themselves to the work of his deliverance. This, however, proved no easy task, the rock resisting their united efforts to dislodge it.

"What will father think has become of us?" said Edward, at the end of half an hour of fruitless labour, as if remembering for the first time that his parent had been kept in suspense much longer than was necessary. "Hurry down and ask him to come up here; and, by the way, now I think of it, he has a rope with him that may be of use to us."

Edgerton darted away with the speed of an arrow, and in a very few minutes returned with Captain Thornton, who, having become alarmed at the long absence of the young men, was making his way up the hill when Philip met him.

They now cut down a sapling spruce tree of sufficient strength to sustain their united weight; and having made of it a beam of about twenty feet in length, they tied the rope to one end, and inserted the other between the fallen rock and the face of the cliff. Then taking hold of the rope, they commenced a strain on the powerful lever.

Arthur felt that upon this effort depended his chances of release—at least until more help could be obtained. What was his joy, therefore, when, after a little, he observed the opening over his head enlarging slowly, until, having lost its equipoise, the dismembered rock fell suddenly forward, leaving him once more free!

With a heart overflowing with gratitude for his providential deliverance from a cruel death, Arthur uttered his fervent thanks to heaven, and then proceeded to make his acknowledgments to the strangers for the service which had just been rendered to him, with a warmth of expression that bespoke a kind and generous nature.

"Say no more," said Edward, interrupting him; "we have done no more than any one not lost to all the feelings of humanity, would have done under similar circumstances. We are but too happy in having been the instrument of saving a fellow being from distress, perhaps from death. You have rather to thank the strange and harrowing circumstances that have called us hither, than any merit on our part, for your present freedom."

"May I ask, then, what strange fortune has brought you here. Your presence seems to me little less than a miracle. That you are strangers in the country, of course I cannot but know, seeing that there are so few white people in it; but how you got here, or what chance led you into this wild, has been a puzzling question to my mind from the moment I first heard your voices."

In answer to this interrogatory, Edward related to his wondering auditor the incidents recorded in the second chapter of this history.

Arthur listened with sympathetic interest; and when the narrative was concluded, offered his services to his benefactors in such a manner as carried the assurance with it that he would brook no denial. "There seems no more appropriate or acceptable return that I can make," he said, "for the obligation under which you have placed me, than to labour for the restoration of your daughter. Providence seems to have sent you here to save my life. Who knows but that I may be instrumental in saving her from a worse fate than that to which I was so lately exposed? The life you have saved will be given if need be, to save one more precious."

"Your kind words encourage us no less than your generous offer. Strangers as we are to the country, and weak in point of numbers, we cannot but regard you as a most valuable accession to our party."

"That's settled, then, and now let's attend to the wants of the inner man; for I must plead guilty to a somewhat wolfish propensity, after so long a fast. I feel weak withal, as you may suppose, but I trust that a good supper and a night's rest will make all right again."

"Shall we pitch our tent here?"

"I do not lay claim to remarkable sagacity, but I am too old a fox to be caught twice in the same trap. No, no, we had better move off a little further from the cliff. And now, let me gather my traps if so be they are

not buried under that rock. Ah! here they are, all right."

"That's a fine double-barrel of your's," remarked Edward, as Arthur was about shouldering his gun, which he usually carried suspended by a strap, at his back.

"Yes, and true as steel. I can bring down a pigeon on the wing with a single ball, and a moose without fail at a hundred and fifty yards."

"We may congratulate ourselves, then, on so valuable an acquisition to our armoury. It may do good service in our cause."

"If there be occasion, you may rely on it, *Brown Bess* will give a good account of our enemies, though it will be the first time human blood has flowed at her bidding."

While Arthur spoke, he patted his gun as he would a horse or a dog; and the party moved down towards the stream.

"While you are selecting your camping-ground, I will make sure that no prying eyes are upon us," said Lee, on arriving at the margin of the water. "If war is the word, we must adopt the arts and practices of war. We cannot post many sentinels, and our outlying picquets will be few; but we can at least be wary. And I'll play patrol for half an hour, while supper is cooking."

At the end of the time named, he returned and reported—all right, when with a hearty good will, the party sat down to supper; and never did gourmands bestow more praise on the culinary abilities of the *artiste d'cuisine* or swallow dainties with a greater relish than did that little party the hard-bake and fat pork that composed their humble fare.

While the young men talked over their recent adventure, Captain Thornton was occupied in admiring the frank, bold bearing, and fine manly figure of their new-found friend, and in congratulating himself with having fallen in with so able an ally.

CHAPTER VI.

As he had predicted, Arthur arose from a sound sleep on the morning following the events recorded in the last chapter, much refreshed and invigorated; and in reply to the earnest enquiries after his health, declared that he was ready and anxious to undergo any amount of fatigue that might be necessary to render their pursuit successful.

The party accordingly set out at an early hour, and found no difficulty in following the trail of the savages, which, at the distance of about twenty five miles from the sea, diverged from the stream, and conducted them through a valley to their left.

The sun was just beginning to diffuse his warm light on the hill-tops, making glad the tribes of earth and air that revel in their life-giving beams, when the party came in sight of a low-lying lake covered, in part, by a mist which had begun to disperse, or rather to gather itself up in a solemn mysterious kind of way, like some spectre of the night, conscious of the approach of some *master spirit* to whom its presence would not be agreeable.

"Look yonder!" said Edward Thornton, pointing as he spoke, towards the lake. "What a magnificent fellow!" exclaimed his companions, as their eyes rested on an enormous moose standing near the extremity of a narrow point of land that jutted out into the lake, now cropping the rank grass at his feet, now browsing on the leaves and young branches of a willow above him, and anon tossing his great head, which was surmounted with a pair of enormous antlers, as though he were snuffing and enjoying the fragrant air of morning.

"It is almost a pity to mar so fair a picture," said Arthur, raising his gun to his shoulder. "Stay! May not the report of the piece be heard by our foes?' asked Edward.

"I think not. They must be some miles ahead of us."

"Why do you think so?"

"They must have passed here yesterday. Have you not noticed that the dew is heavy on their track outside the wood there!"

The last words were scarcely out of the speaker's mouth when the sharp report of the gun awoke the echoes of the hills, and the noble beast, which a moment before had seemed to exult in his great strength, and his wild,

free life, bounded into the air, and then down upon his haunches, with his fore-feet pushed out in front of him, at an angle of about forty degrees with the ground.

"Capital!" exclaimed Edward, the moment the effect of the shot was perceived. "Full a hundred and fifty yards!"

By this time Edgerton was flying towards the stricken animal, knife in hand, ready to give him the finishing blow.

The moose regarded him with a flashing eye as he passed up the narrow tongue of land, but made no effort to rise until the youth got within a few feet of him, when, by a mighty effort, he sprang to his feet. "Back!" shouted Lee, the moment the moose regained his feet. "Back for your life!"

The warning came too late. Quick as lightning the moose raised his right fore-foot and flung it straight out at his foe. The act was so sudden that the youth had no time to avoid the blow, which arrested his further progress, and cast him headlong into the lake. It was an instinctive effort of the sagacious beast to avenge himself; but it proved too much for his wasting strength. The huge animal fell over the next moment, and after a few convulsive struggles ceased to exist.

It was well for the young sailor that he was not an inch nearer the moose when that formidable fore-leg was launched at him; the hoof having barely reached him, the blow was not so violent as it would have been, and the stripling rose from the water with only a slight bruise and a feeling of faintness, which passed away after a very few minutes. To dress and cook a portion of the moose flesh was the work of the next half hour; and the party sat down to their morning's meal with appetites sharpened to the keenest edge by their early walk.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDUCATION IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

A TEACHER'S OPINION.

Mr. Guardian:—

I have for some time wished to discuss certain particulars in the school system that has hitherto obtained in our Province, and have chosen your magazine as the fitting medium for communicating views that may, or may not, coincide with those of our lawgivers, but which will be set forth with the single desire of promoting true education. I do not intend to confine myself to the system by which education is supported, but shall, when occasion serves and inclination leads, take up the quality of the instruction supplied, the general proficiency of the instructors themselves, and the means necessary for rearing them best. Your magazine has no connection with politics, so called, and therefore the *ins* and the *outs* are to be let alone, nor have I the least desire to interfere with their quarrels; but the letting such politics alone, does not necessarily exclude the discussion of the real polity of administration, at least on this, the most momentous question on which our statesmen can be engaged. I hope, therefore, that you will grant no small space in a few of your numbers to express what little I have got to say on the matter; and you know that it is from experience, and not from mere theorising, that I have my acquaintance with school systems; from actual working under different systems, not from cramming myself with glossed up blue books, although I have compared these with the reality, and have some little knowledge how they are made up, and what reliance is to be placed on them.

It has been often stated, and as frequently vaunted, that this province pays more for educational purposes in proportion to its population and wealth than any other; but this, to become a subject of even congratulation, ought to be followed by the statement that the result is at least equal to that acquired elsewhere by the lower outlay of money. Dissatisfaction is generally

expressed when this view of the matter is inspected closely, and I shall in this paper expose some points in the system of government aids as employed on this branch of the public service, which lessen the advantage that would otherwise be derived from a liberal expenditure of the public money. Is it true that such an amount of money is paid? This is the first question that arises in the mind of the calm inquirer. From the last report we find that upwards of fifty-seven thousand pounds were expended in the school service in this province, without reckoning the tuition fees paid by the scholars attending private, Madras, Grammar, and other schools not immediately under the control of the Board of Education, although nearly seven thousand pounds annually leave the treasury for their support. Supposing these schools to be nearly one-third self-supporting, this gives us three thousand more, and makes the sum-total sixty thousand, quite a large expenditure for a young country. The average cost of teaching one child a year would be four pounds at this rate.

The grammar schools receive each one hundred pounds from the treasury when certified to have an average daily attendance of fifteen pupils of ten years of age and upwards, and to have received in cash for the support of the teacher fifty pounds. One of the first duties of the teacher in self-protection is to get as many children as will give this average, and to have them there every day. If a stormy day hinders a great many of these pupils from coming to school, so much so as to reduce the number of children of the required age, much below the statutory average, his duty to himself is to set the school free for the day, as that will not reduce his salary, whereas staying with the few would deteriorate his average so much as to require many good days to bring him anything near his proper position. This is his plan if he is at all scrupulous in conscience.

When his half yearly term is completed, if he is inexperienced, he will expect to receive his twenty-five pounds of tuition fees that require to be paid then, so that he may draw the full amount of the grant for that term, but he finds that "money is tight," and that the person he has spoken to, who, by the by, may have a boy and girl upwards of ten, has been thinking, on account of the gloomy prospect, that he cannot afford to send the children, but promises faithfully to pay what is due as soon as possible. For every pound the parent should pay, the government pays two. Throw away the one pound, it is not worth hunting for, keep the children in the school to make up your average, and pocket the two, is the world's advice on such a matter. The teacher, however, has to sign a declaration that he has actually received the money, which has to be countersigned by the Trustees. The money he has not got, and cannot get it, but if he does not declare that he has received it, he cannot draw the salary. "If the people do not pay you your fees," says the paternal government, "you shall receive no salary from us." Some kind-hearted Trustee relieves him by the suggestion that this signing of a declaration is merely a form, and at the hint down goes the teacher's name, and the trustees follow. The teacher tells his conscience that he is not to blame. The money is earned. His work is completed, and the salary is his by the right of having done his duty. The fifty pounds should be paid, whether the twenty five is or not. The people promised him so much, they may not perform their duty; the government also promised, and he has a right to both or either. Such reasoning easily satisfies a man who has his half year's bills staring him in the face and demanding satisfaction.

The sum of twenty thousand was paid for the support of Parish Schools last year, that is by way of salaries to the teachers from the provincial chest. During the same time the amount paid by the people directly to the teachers is set down as over twenty-six thousand pounds. The teachers in this branch of the service do not require to sign any declaration, but the trustees have to certify that there has been a *bona fide* payment of a sum equivalent to that expected from the province funds, without which certificate the warrant for payment cannot be issued. The trustees in general know nothing about what has been paid, but certify blindfolded, expecting that

all is right enough. At the end of every half year the fees are expected to be paid promptly. Are they so? Is it a fact that people pay their bills the instant they become due? Does any trader receive his money from every customer the instant he sends in his account? We know that teachers who have finished their half year's services, at the appointed time send in their certificates, and in due time draw their money. The people then must appreciate the services of their schoolmasters much more than the goods of their grocers.

The pecuniary interests of the teachers in both of these classes depend on their returns. General experience tells us that the people in any part of the province are not always ready to pay their liabilities, however honest they may be. Therefore when we find it certified that the teacher has been actually paid his fees exactly to time, and when we know that without such certificate he could not receive the government aid, we have a right, or at least will, arrogate to ourselves the liberty of suspecting that he is not in a proper position, and is obliged to conceal the true state of affairs. He is expected to impress on the minds of his pupils the principles of morality and justice, and, in the words of the present law, "all the virtues which are the ornaments of human society;" and to go farther, he is expected to practise the higher virtues, insomuch that if some of his employers find it impossible to pay their bills he will tell it, and thereby not only lose the sum itself, but a like sum from his government salary. Allowing all the virtues possible, I am disinclined to allow the twenty-six thousand.

I shall pursue the subject, if you consider it likely to be of interest to your readers. Formerly persons actually acquainted with the law and its workings have kept quiet, and allowed others to discuss the merits and demerits of our school system; but with your permission I shall traverse the whole field, piece meal, and give a teacher's opinion upon the difficulties that will obstruct the working of any law, and the troubles that our lawmakers have collected in their course of legislation on this subject. Not knowing how much room you can afford such an epistle as this, I conclude. Yours, &c., N. R.

LINES ON ART.

"All things are finished, and the plenteous plains,
And sunny valleys and green pasture lands,
Are peopled with their tribes of sentient life,
And all is good." The Deity thus spake,
Complacent viewing o'er His varied work,
As He completed His most God-like task;
And those approving words, how just they prove,
The more we gaze on nature's loveliness!
All we see there is fitly formed to fill
Its sphere of action, and is such that none
Could add or take from it advantaging,
Or without marring it. When man awoke—
The link that bound the animal to soul,
The tie where matter weds to reasoning thought—
He found all beauteous. To his raptured sense
Stole daintily the zephyr with its scents
Of fragrant blossoms; from the branches hung
The luscious fruit to tempt his taste; while sounds
Of melody from nature's myriad choirs,
In mingled notes, swam jubilant with delight
Along the gale. But chiefly then his sight
Was blessed. Entrancing forms enriched his eyes,
As he drank in the scenes of beauty round—

The clouds of fleecy white fantastic moved
Through azure fields of ether, while the sun
Shone as a burnished lamp in lustrous glow
Upon the river's breast, that mirror'd bright
The many-woven hues of flowers and trees
Upon its banks; while down its eddying tide
Floated the graceful swan with curving neck
And plumage white; and on the wide-spread plain,
Or mid the sylvan gloom, the multitudes
Of busy life in forms as num'rous moved
As are the stars above. The fiery steed,
The lithe gazelle, the velvet-robed pard,
The river-horse; and in the warming beams,
Lay harmlessly the monarch of the woods,
Emblem of latent majesty and might—
* * * * * *
Or when the genial shower fell o'er the fields,
He watched the various bow steal o'er the sky,
Circling the storm's portentous louring brow,
With many-coloured diadem of light:
He gazed and gazed again, till in his soul
Were shadowed these perfections, and he strove
To imitate their beauty.

So Phidias felt the spark of heavenly fire
From off thine altar, Art, and, heaven-inspired,
He bade the marble breathe! Apelles then
Stole from young Iris all her wondrous tents,
And made the canvas teem with God-like forms;
Parrhasius, and Praxiteles, with them,
And the great sculptor of the Parthenon,
Zeuxis, who bodied forth the Olympian Jove;
Timanthes, Iphigenia's death who drew,
And bade the pencil speak when pens were dumb—
These sires of sister arts then lived and worked
On Doric plains—in chaste Ionian fanes—
And what the poet wrote, the painter drew,
The sculptor chiselled—well co-working all.
But when the martial shout of Rome was heard,
Art, gentle nymph! fled at the clash of arms,
And sought a refuge far in leafy wilds,
While soared the eagles of proud Tiber's wave,
From furthest Calpe to the Indian tide,
From Boreal wilds to Ethiop's dusky realm.
Then stern ambition banished gentler thought,
And Art seemed dead. So rolled the noisy years,
Till Rome herself, enfeebled premature
By riot and unnerving luxury,
Fell easy prey to the untutored sons
Of the bleak north, who brought from their wild home
In Gothic woods, a rough rude genius,
Though rude, yet kindly. Then the heavenly maid
Returned again, and in their rugged breasts
Resumed her kingdom. Up the artist took
Again his pencil, and the quarry felt
The hammer's stroke upon the precious block.
Etruria's sons—the ancient Grecian race,
Alloyed with sterner Gothic genius, 'gan
The race of modern Art.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]