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THE

NOVA SCOTIA

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A MISCELLANY OF

Useful and Entertaining Literature.

Vol. I. APRIL. No. 3.

HALIFAX, N. S.

JOSEPH KIRK.

PRICE 7½d.

THE NOVA SCOTIA

New Monthly Magazine.

April, 1842. Vol. I.—No. 3.

ORIGINAL.

SOME REMARKS ON EARLY DISCOVERY.

THE spirit of adventure has, at all times, rendered great assistance, if, indeed, it did not give a primary impulse, to the march of civilization. The passion, it is true, in the breast of the savage, may be considered in one point of view, as of little advantage to mankind—for in the expeditions and the examinations to which it prompts him, he is content with the gratification of his own curiosity. Besides, where there is no science there is little certainty. The want of the art of navigation prevented the early navigators from extending their researches far beyond the coast lines of their own countries; an ignorance of those means by which the geographical position of a country is determined, its general appearance, and the manners and customs of its inhabitants, most easily described, was a hindrance to the acquisition of any information among the roving tribes and the first travellers,—while the credulity and the wonder which are the consequences of ignorance, supplied the place of facts with inventions of the imagination, and left to posterity accounts as fictitious in their narrative as they were vague and meagre in their descriptions. But yet, among the rudest and primitive nations of the earth does the spirit of adventure present the most striking instance of its importance. It gave rise to the first inventions by which man was enabled to cross the trackless ocean,—it was the parent of international commerce. Among those nations, too, which remained in a rude condition after others had made great progress in a polished civilization, this curiosity and impulse to action was extremely serviceable, inasmuch as it often led the barbarian to the seats of learning and refinement, from which he returned to institute a like cultivation of the higher sentiments, to promote the like arts, to found similar laws and customs, amid the deserts inhabited by his yet uninstructed brethren. In a community already enlightened, the spirit of adventure gives a continued impulse to invention and improvement, not only in those arts to which it is more peculiarly applied—such as navigation, geography, and the arts of commerce—but even to such as are more remotely connected with it—as poetry, painting, music. But if it aids the cause of science, by greatly conducing to the furtherance of observation, experiment and research,—if it joins itself with the love of knowledge in the breast of the philosopher, impelling him to leave the peaceful abodes of learning, and wander over regions which the hardy savage scarcely ventures to explore, in order to accumulate facts, to investigate phenomena, how slow would be the encroachments of a general civilization upon barbarism,—how retarded the advancement of the Christian religion in the pagan world, were it not for this wisely instituted passion. If it incited Humboldt to gratify his thirst for information on the heights of the most precipitous mountains,—if it nerved the heart of the chivalric Park, amid the sandy deserts of Africa, and upon the unknown waters of the Niger,—if it tempted Cook to the task of three times circumnavigating the globe,—if it sent forth Columbus to win the name—greater than that of him who wept that there were no more worlds to conquer—of Discoverer of a New World: does

it not also prompt thousands to carry the arts of civilized life among the barbarous tribes,—and does it not animate the Christian missionary to follow continually the steps of discovery, the bearer of an enlightened and holy religion? It does not primarily incite the philosopher or the missionary to their expeditions: but, in the breast where a love of science or religion has already directed the desires, either to gather information in distant and unknown countries, or to carry thither the sacred Gospel, the spirit of adventure throws a thousand charms around the attempt,—lessens the difficulties, smooths the path, and occasions a love of those exertions which are most arduous, and the scenes which are most dangerous and trying.

Of the wanderings of the first pastoral tribes we know but little or nothing. A people supported entirely by agriculture, with the exception of hunting and fishing, spread themselves over wide tracts of land which, after awhile, they desert for others more fertile, and where—the human species not having before inhabited it—the beasts of the forest still remain in immense numbers, and the soil, yet unbroken, is more fit for the purposes of a race unacquainted with any but the rudest arts of tillage. The first objects, of course, in the migrations of these rude inhabitants of the globe are their natural wants; but they are further impelled, and much more strongly at last, by curiosity and a love of action. Such was the case with the primitive tribes,—but, from their ignorance of letters, the world is unacquainted, for the most part, with the history of their wanderings. When, in their continual progress, portions of them reached the sea-coast, we may naturally imagine, in the words of a writer upon the subject, that "the love of gain, as well as of adventure, soon impelled them to launch upon the waves, and direct their course to distant countries. But," he adds, "the complicated art of navigation required many ages to bring it to perfection. The discoveries of the early navigators were as perishable as they were vaguely described."

The Scriptures present us with the earliest records, historical and geographical. But it was not from the traditions of the Hebrews, who were "an inland and pastoral nation," that the Mosaic account is gathered. We cannot but suppose it, even had we no other reason but this, to be derived from a different and higher source. This account, however, after furnishing a relation of the gradual dispersion of the human species, is confined to a peculiar race, and does not bring us down to the early history of a maritime and commercial people. It is true that we find some information respecting the Egyptians,—and, in other portions of the Scripture, we receive some account of the trade and enterprises of the Phoenicians; indeed, of the latter, the principal maritime nation of antiquity, this is almost the only relation that exists. The geographical knowledge of the Greeks was accurate,—but "it may, without much injustice," says the writer we before quoted, "be stated as not extending far beyond Greece, Egypt, Asia Minor, and the islands. Beyond these limits, all objects appear in the prismatic hue of wonder and enchantment; we find nothing but monsters, nations of dreams, and the abodes of bliss. These delusive forms were chiefly gathered in the western, or rather north-western quarter of the hemisphere. All the early writers on Greece believed in the existence of certain regions situated in the West, beyond the bounds of their actual knowledge,—and, as it appears, of too fugitive a nature to be ever fixed within the circle of authentic geography. Homer describes, at the extremity of the ocean, the Elysian plain, where, under a serene sky, the favourites of Jove, exempt from the common lot of mortals, enjoy eternal felicity. Hesiod, in like manner, sets the Happy Isles, the abode of departed heroes, beyond the deep ocean. The Hesperia of the Greeks continually fled before them as their knowledge advanced, and they saw the terrestrial paradise still disappearing in the West."

With the increasing population of the earth, discovery and geographical knowledge continued, of course, to advance. During the middle ages, the Arabians, the Italians, the Portuguese, and the Spaniards, were the greatest commercial nations, and consequently the most remarkable for the extension of their navigation. Among the most remarkable discoveries of the middle ages was that of Greenland. It was made by the Norwegians who, in the tenth century, colonized Iceland. One of their number, a noble who bore the name of Eric Rauda, or *red head*, having been banished from Iceland for the crime of murder, determined to make a voyage of discovery, during the term of his exile, to the West. He succeeded not only in landing upon an island which, it is supposed, was situated near the southern coast of Greenland, but in exploring a portion of the continent. He returned to Iceland, and described the country which he had visited as possessed of a fertile soil, rich meadows, and "abundant fisheries." He painted all that he had seen in alluring colours, and gave to his new discovery the name of Greenland. The adven-

turous Northmen, eager to see and possess territories entitled to such an enticing appellation, embarked in considerable numbers under the guidance of Eric Rauda, and were soon followed by many from Norway. Colonies were established, which continued in existence till the year 1418. At that time they were wholly destroyed by a pestilence which at that time ravaged Europe, called the *black death*, and by a hostile fleet, of what country, strange to say, is entirely unknown. In the year 1721, Greenland was again colonized from Denmark.

But during the period in which the Norwegians held possession of Greenland, a still more wonderful discovery is related to have taken place. In the year 1081, a Northman named Biorn having been driven from his course when sailing to Greenland, came in sight of a level country covered with wood, far south west of his destination. He continued on his way to Greenland,—and on on his arrival, engaged a party to accompany him on a voyage of adventure to the land which he had descried. A vessel being equipped, he set sail and in a short time came in sight of a rocky island which they named Helleland. Continuing on their course, they arrived a few days afterwards at a river, "on the banks of which were trees loaded with agreeable fruits. The temperature appeared delicious, the soil seemed fertile, and the river yielded abundance of fine salmon. Having reached the lake from which the river issued, our Greenlanders resolved to winter in the country. They found that, on the shortest day, the sun remained eight hours above the horizon—from which observation it results that they were not far from the forty-ninth degree of latitude."

The country thus discovered, and which they named Vinland, or the *land of wine*, from the circumstance of their having found wild grapes growing there, is supposed to have been either part of the island of Newfoundland or of the continent of North America. Indeed if we place any credit in the authenticity of this discovery, we can only place this Vinland, lying as it did south west of Greenland, and in the forty-fifth degree of latitude, in the island we have mentioned, or the most adjacent part of the main land. The Scandinavian adventurers having established colonies in the country, are related to have carried on a profitable fur trade with a race of natives, whom they term Skrœlingues, or dwarfs, who must have been the Northern Indians known by the name of Esquimaux. The account of this discovery is confirmed by the Zeni, two Venetians of noble birth, who in the year 1380 set out on a voyage from the Feroe Islands to those countries which had before been visited by the Northmen. In their narrative they describe an island to which they gave the name of Estotiland, and a more western coast named Droceo, situated to the south of Greenland, and a thousand miles to the west of the Feroe Island They do not pretend to the merit of having discovered these countries, but attribute it to some fishermen driven by a tempest upon the island called Estotiland. These shipwrecked mariners found there a town, with houses built of stone and inhabited by people who carried on a trade with Greenland. These appear to have been the descendants of the Northmen who had before landed here. "They were good seamen, although still unacquainted with the use of the compass. The Friesland fishermen being provided with this instrument, were entrusted by the king with the conduct of an expedition directed towards a country situated farther to the south, and called Droceo. They had the misfortune, however, to fall into the hands of a nation of cannibals. The Frieslanders were all eaten save one, whose life was spared on account of his dexterity in the art of fishing : the savages contended for the possession of so valuable a slave. Being handed over continually from one master to another, he had an opportunity of seeing the whole country. He affirmed that it was of unbounded extent, and in fact *a new world* The savage natives wore no covering. They were engaged in continual contests among themselves, the conqueror always feasting on his vanquished foe. Farther to the south west were a people much more civilized, who were acquainted with the use of the precious metals, built large cities and temples, but nevertheless offered up human victims to their idols."

The inhabitants of the country called Estotiland (no doubt the same as Vinland and a part of Newfoundland) were the descendants of the Norwegians who before settled there. The disappearance of these colonies at a later period is attributed to the same cause as the destruction of those in Greenland. The region which they named Droceo is supposed to have been PART OF NOVA SCOTIA or New England,—and the rich and more civilized people in the south were, by a parity of reasoning, the inhabitants of Mexico.

The continent of America, then, if this account be credited, was discovered nearly five centuries prior to the time of Columbus. There can be no doubt that this great navigator was acquainted with many floating relations of the discoveries of those Scandinavian adventurers.

AN ADVENTURER'S HISTORY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

——" Ceux, qui veulent devenir riches, tombe[illegible] dans la tentation, et dans le piége, et en plusieurs désirs nuisibles et extravagans, qui les précipitent dans la destruction et dans la perdition."

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR—As your columns are open for specimens of literature, the productions of provincial writers, I send you one of mine in the shape of a translation. You are aware, that to translate well, is more difficult than even to compose,—and as I am but moderately acquainted with the French language, I must, on these two accounts, beg pardon of criticism. The groundwork of the narrative is said to be true ; if I have made some trifling alterations, perhaps they are of little consequence. I leave it with you and the reader,

And am, &c. &c.

THE TRANSLATOR.

I WAS born at Rouen, in France, in the year 1782. My father's name was Le Sage—a name to which neither himself nor his son had any claim on account of superior sagacity, as will fully appear in the course of this narrative. My mother died while I was in my infancy, so that I can remember but little of her except her kindness—many instances of which are still fresh in my memory, and I hope will never be obliterated.

I do not mean to trouble the world with an account of my childish transactions—some, however, of those which occurred in my more advanced age are worth relating, as they may surprise and amuse, and perhaps lead to some useful reflections.

My father was a watchmaker—not a first rate artist, nor was he very ingenious, but very particular and neat about his work. He was exceedingly fond of money, but never became rich ; for though he would save what he could by the strictest frugality, he had, sometimes, little losses, that occurred, perhaps, from his over-strained parsimony—so that he seemed always pursuing a phantom that constantly eluded his grasp. It was, perhaps, this unlucky thirst for gain that prevented him from marrying a second time, by which he might certainly have rendered himself and me more comfortable. I was his only child,—and we lived together in the most monotonous manner imaginable, and, perhaps, more economically than I should like to describe. It is true he sent me to school for about three years, where I learned to read and write, both of which have been useful to me, and afforded me gratification both in prosperity and adversity—for even when fainting beneath a burning sun, and on the scorching sand, my memory has reverted to histories and narratives and descriptions of countries, which I had read in my boyish days, and which sustained my mind when my tongue was parching for lack of a draft from the delicious stream, and my appetite craving food the taste of which would have given inconceivable pleasure.

From among the youth in our neighbourhood I selected one, about my own age, as a companion. His name was Le Brun. He had a sister, somewhat younger than himself, of an amiable disposition and intelligent mind,—and if I had been getting forward in a genteel way of life, it is likely I should have laid my fortune at her feet. But I had little prospect that way,—and her family, consisting of her brother, herself, and their mother, who was somewhat advanced in years, had to depend on transient business for a livelihood. Yet we were not without our seasons of relaxation and amusement. We would join, sometimes, with a few of our own age and class, in the sprightly dance,—and romp and sing "*Ah ca ira, ca ira,*" which was still fresh in our memories, though we cared little what went on, so that we went on with our dancing. It may appear strange that we were not carried away with the infatuation of the times ; but we had seen the entrances and the exits of so many contending parties, all of whom seemed to be bands of selfish men, or rather monsters, that we were tired and disgusted. The overwhelming events, however, which had passed in our country, in the course of fifteen or twenty years, had created in us a knowledge and a love of liberty. Our minds were cer-

tamily raised above that abject and degraded state in which our forefathers had been held,—and we gloried in the idea of liberty, though we enjoyed but little of it whatever party might be in power. It is true there were thousands, at the time of which I am speaking, who were ready to sacrifice their lives at the shrine of the First Consul,—thousands actually did so, and thousands had to do it whether they were willing or not. Whether the course we pursued was the best or not, the gentle reader must judge for himself.

I am now going to speak of the time when I became eighteen years of age. Perhaps some serious reflections might be passing through my mind—I believe I was on the point of putting in practice some of my father's lectures by applying myself more closely to business, and looking forward to the time as not far distant when I should, of course, settle myself for life, either by matrimony, or by business, or by both. My father was pleased with my assiduity and attention to our concerns, and began to calculate on my being a comfort and support to him in his old age. We were talking of these things familiarly, one day, when a genteelly dressed person, but not exactly a gentleman, stepped into the shop, and enquired the price of a seal with a curious device. My father told him the lowest price, assured him it was fine gold, and remarkably cheap. The stranger said he was pleased with the pattern, but did not care about the gold, as it was a thing he could make at his leisure. My father looked suspiciously at him, but withal in rather an inquisitive manner, and presumed that Monsieur "must have discovered the philosopher's stone." He replied that he did not make use of granite to create gold, which he thought would be an unlikely ingredient,—but that, having been some time on the Gold Coast, as it is called, he had discovered a powder which increased the weight of gold in a double ratio, by simple fusion. The old gentleman opened his eyes to a perfect stare:—If he knew such a secret, and could accomplish it, he would go to the Gold Coast and bring home a ship-load of the powder, and spend the remainder of his life in casting ingots of gold.

"Perhaps you are better off as you are," replied the stranger; "but as you seem to be of an enterprising turn of mind, I will gratify you by a specimen of the process."

My father told him he should be quite delighted,—it was agreed that the feat should be performed the next day,—and the gentleman, having paid for his seal, departed.

He was punctual to his appointment, and brought with him a small box, like a snuff-box, and a small iron rod, perhaps as thick as a goose-quill, and about twelve inches long. My father set his crucible on the fire, and the alchymist put in some powder which was as black as jet, but as it melted, and he kept stirring with his iron rod, it gradually assumed a fine yellow colour. He then produced the seal which he had bought the day before,—and, after asking the precise weight, threw it into the crucible, and continued stirring with his rod till it was perfectly clear. He then told my father to take it and do as he pleased with it, only to give him another seal with the same inscription, of which there were two remaining. This was immediately done, and then my father poured out the metal,—and when it was cold, weighed it, when, to his astonishment, it actually weighed double the weight of the seal, and was found to be as fine gold. The old gentleman was for some moments in a deep reverie; he seemed bewildered; in fact, there was placed before him the accomplishment of all his wishes, but a veil was thrown over it which he had not the means of lifting.

"I see," said the stranger, "you are surprised, but not more than I was myself at the accidental discovery. But, come, since I have raised your curiosity, I will satisfy it in a manner that may be of some use to you. I am on the point of making another voyage to the Land of Gold, and I can spare you a small parcel of this admirable powder—or perhaps I had better work it for you myself. Now, therefore, put what you choose into the crucible, and though I cannot create, I will increase it to your own satisfaction."

My father did not wait for a second bidding. He presently produced several antique ornaments that had been bought cheap, perhaps some of them stolen, (I beg my father's pardon—I do not mean to say that he stole them, but that those from whom he purchased them did); they were soon in the crucible, and the remainder of the box of powder all underwent the same process of melting and stirring and changing colour,—and on being tried, produced the same results as before. The gentleman then took his leave,—but, at my father's earnest importunity, promised to call again before he sailed, which was to be in three days. He was scarcely gone before my father opened his heart to me in a kinder manner than he had ever done before:—He said he would go, that very afternoon, and mortgage his house for the most he could get for it, and borrow all the money that he could from his friends, and get the whole transmuted, as he expressed himself. And

as fortune had made an offer of atoning for her former unkindness, he would not be backward to throw himself into her arms.

I thought him quite romantic. Indeed he was a changed man—not with regard to his love for money, but his enterprising way of acquiring it. He took me out with him, as a witness and assistant in his transactions; he procured nearly the value of his house, which it had taken many years to pay for; he then borrowed money from several friends on different pretences, which, most likely, they would not have lent, had they known that he had parted with his little property. After he had turned all into gold, he went and purchased several ingots of the same metal from a goldsmith with whom he was on terms of friendship, at a credit of ten or twelve days,—and I suppose, if he had been able, he would have bought or borrowed the mint. He had, however, no more time for speculation, for the gentleman called, according to promise, next day, and said he was going to sail rather earlier than he expected, and if my father wished him to bring a small quantity of the gold dust, he would see him at his return, or any thing else that he could do for him, he would do with pleasure. My father, who had counted before on his kind services, was glad to hear them proffered so readily; he told the gentleman immediately what he had done, and begged him to do what would make him comfortable for life—namely, to go through the same process with all the materials which he had now in his possession, as with the first specimens. Our alchymist rather hesitated at first, thinking that he might not have enough of his powder with him, but added that, if my father would allow me to take a note to his lodgings, I should have the key of his trunk, and might bring a bag containing a quantity that he thought would be sufficient. I proceeded with his note to the landlord of the hotel to which he had directed me, which was only at the end of the next street, but could find no one at the hotel who had heard of the name. Thinking I had made some mistake, I returned slowly, musing on the affair, which began to appear to me a very queer one. However, I knew that if there were any mystery in it, a short time would clear it up, and set all right. With this reflection I began to hasten home,—and on entering the back room, which was our little laboratory, I saw my father extended senseless on the floor. I was terrified at the sight, supposing him dead,—but perceiving that he breathed, I washed his face with cold water, and did what I could to revive him, which at last I effected: but it appeared as if I had better have allowed him to remain in a state of insensibility—he fainted several times, and it was long before he could speak, and then not collectedly. I, however, gathered, that, as soon as I went out, they were preparing to weigh the gold,—but, just as they had got it all together, the villain struck him such a blow on the back of the head as felled him to the ground,—and a glance sufficed to shew me that he had carried off the gold, and left us beggars.

My thoughts, however, immediately reverted to the condition my father was in: he was all the world to me,—and he was, to all appearance, leaving the world. I ran out, half distracted, to the only friend I had left, *mon cher ami* Le Brun. He, and his mother and sister, flew to my assistance; he himself ran for a surgeon, who came instantly. As soon as I had made him acquainted with my father's situation, he bled him, and had him laid on a couch,—and Madame Le Brun undertook to nurse him herself, while her amiable daughter insisted on assisting her. Oh, Woman! it is to thy tender care and solicitude that we owe our comfort, in the hour when no other comfort is at hand. That night was a sorrowful one to me, and the morning brought no alleviation to my grief. My father continued to shew signs of life, but the surgeon gave us little hopes of his recovery. In the course of the day several of our neighbours and friends called in to sympathise with us, and offer their services; but there appeared something in their behaviour that raised suspicions in me that they were insincere, and it was not long before my conjectures, unfortunately, proved correct. The surgeon had just been dressing my father's wound, and we were expressing our hopes and fears, when Le Brun, who had been absent all day, came in, and taking me aside, told me that I was in some danger. He said that the people from whom my father had received the money were enraged against him for the transaction, and pronounced it a piece of swindling altogether,—that I was involved in the scandal as an accomplice, and he was not sure but the police officers had orders to arrest me, and throw me into prison.

"Well," I replied, "let them take me to prison, and to the scaffold. I have no desire to live. I shall presently have no father—no character: an outcast from society, what should I wish to live for?"

"For me!" replied the generous Le Brun,—"you shall live for me. I know you—I feel for you—I sympathise with you. I will cast my lot with yours, and we will live and die together."

I looked at him in amazement.

"What is it," said I, "that you mean?"

"I will tell you," replied he, if you will please to have a little patience:—I am balotted for a conscript,—next week I shall be a soldier,—and you know the happiest cast, in your fortune, is to be put on board a man-of-war for a felon. Now, in the mean time, there arrives to-day a school-fellow of mine, who, when a mere boy, went to sea. He is now the third in command of a slave-ship—his employers want hands at the station for which he is bound—I know him for a sincere friend—he wishes me to accompany him on advantageous terms, and offers you the same. What do you want more? If we remain here three days, we are both sold for life—even our souls will not be our own. Can a Frenchman bear such degradation? *O, Liberte! Liberte!*" continued he, singing in a soft but impassioned tone:—

"Liberte! Liberte!
Que tout mortel te rende homage
Plutot la mort que l'esclavage
C'est la devise des Français."

"Le Brun," said I, "do with me as you please and take me where you please, but do not take me from my father."

"Stop," said he, "I am going to say one word on that subject. If you remain here until to-morrow, you will be taken to prison,—and when your father becomes sensible, and finds that you are in prison for his transactions, it will give him such a shock that he will sink under it. But if you get out of the way, and he knows that you are safe, and will return to him at a proper time, he will live on the hopes of seeing you again. But come," said he, seeing that I wavered, "let us go to my mother and sister; they are apprised of my resolution, and have agreed to it. They expect that you will be persuaded to accompany me. Come, let us speak to them."

He led me into the room, but I scarcely noticed them. I went to my father, and bedewed him with my tears, of which he was totally unconscious.

We were all startled, at that moment, by a loud rap at the door. We knew, instantly, it must be the officers of police. Le Brun said not a word,—but took me into the inner room, and stepping out of a back door, we passed down an alley, and from thence, in fifteen minutes, we found ourselves on board the slave ship. Le Brun then tried to console me, and reconcile me to my situation.

"I know," said he, "you have some little regard for my sister: come, you cannot conceal it. If you wish to send her some small token of your remembrance, give it to me, and I will send it by a safe hand."

I saw he wished to engage my attention,—and his kind manner of doing it was irresistible. I put my watch into his hands.

"Not that," said he; "it is as good as a chronometer, and, besides, has a highly finished compass seal, by which we might steer our boat in case of shipwreck. You see," said he, "I am preparing for the worst."

I then took a small brooch, set with diamonds, and gave him. He called a young man to him, and gave him instructions,—who returned with a message from the ladies, saying that my father was certainly somewhat better, but the physician would not allow any person to disturb him, and that the officers were on the look out for me. This was as much as to say that we must not go on shore again, at which I sat down and gave way to grief and despair. Late in the evening, however, the same young lad went again—as, I suppose, had been concerted—and Mademoiselle Le Brun came down to the wharf, alongside our ship. She said that she could not be satisfied without seeing her brother once more. She promised to be kind to my father, who, no doubt, would recover, and was sure that Madame, her mother, would nurse him as if he were her own relation. She made us promise to write as soon as we had opportunity, and as often as possible—and we all wept at parting. Mademoiselle would never cease to pray to the Virgin for our safety:

"And you," said I, "are the virgin I would pray to, if——"

But I found myself on the point of profaning: nay, it was not profaning, but it was something that ought not to be said. And it was all that I had an opportunity of saying,—for Mademoiselle tore herself away, and we returned to our cabin, where overpowered by contending emotions, we soon fell asleep.

[*To be continued.*]

ORIGINAL.

THE MONEY DIGGERS.

The dream of many a night had told,
That on a far off island lay
Fair treasures of unsullied gold,
That there had lain thro' many a day.
Two dark-eyed strangers, proudly brave,
Rejoicing left their homes the while,
Athwart the wide cerulean wave,
To seek the shores of that rich isle.

And when nine suns had rolled away,
No more was call'd the fav'ring gale,—
At length with bosoms gladly gay,
They furl'd, beneath its cliffs, their sail.
A spot it was so lone—so wild,
It seem'd as never there was heard,
Since first the sun thro' ether smiled,
The voice of man, or lyre, or bird.

And now while o'er the dome of Night,
The moon with steady lustre beam'd,
In joy they sought the treasures bright
Of which their soul so oft had dream'd.
And soon they saw, with wond'ring eyes,
That hidden gold's refulgent glare:
They seized upon the glittering prize—
But, lo! a spirit watch'd it there.

And louder than the vollied storm,
A voice of dread re-echoed round,--
And now a dark, unearthly form,
Full in their path terrific frown'd
But, oh! what mortal eye might look
Upon a brow so wild—to dread?
Each form with palsied horror shook,
And from their cheeks the life blood fled.

The gold fell from their grasp—their heart
Could dare the vent'rous deed no more:
Unbless'd the wand'rers should depart,
From that rude island's haunted shore.
And now, in disappointment dark,
Amid the wild waves' wreathed foam
Again they steer'd their stately bark,
And sought the regions of their home.

But, ah! upon the younger breast,
The horrors of that night still hung,—
He died,—the ocean was his rest,—
His dirge was by the west winds sung.
Fair breezes blew—the bark arrived,—
The other saw his native vale,—
In *pain* he saw, and but survived
To breathe the melancholy tale.

Halifax, March 4th, 1841.

W——.

ORIGINAL.

ON THOUGHT.

The pow'r of thought, blest emanation! glows,
A constellation, in the breast enshrined;
From its pure tide ethereal glory flows:
But who can breathe th' effulgence of the mind.

As noxious vapours shade the opening flow'rs,
So hangs mortality, a sick'ning cloud,
O'er the young germs of thought's expanding pow'rs,
Veiling the stream, and clogging up the flood.

Yet oft the soul, in holy radiance deck'd,
Emits a gleam of intellectual fire,—
Like inspiration in its notes infused,
When cherub hand has struck the trembling lyre.

Bespeak not these some bless'd, auspicious clime,
Though here the soul a drooping embryo mourn,
Where all its pow'rs in zenith-light shall shine
Beyond the verge of time's terrestrial bourn?

Is it immortal? speak, ye seraph rays!
Prophetic heralds of its high descent!
Then merge the soul in glory's sacred blaze,
And God's own image on its orb imprint.

Sigma.

ORIGINAL.

LITERARY DISCUSSIONS.

HALIFAX LITERARY SOCIETY.

MR. EDITOR—

To originate subjects of popular interest and instruction, and so place them before the public as to excite remark and produce permanent improvement, would, perhaps, be an undertaking too vast—too inconsistent with the quantity and quality of your contributors, to form a pretension of your work. It would be a pretension too great, I think, for the youthfulness of the country, even though, to the requisite talent, were ensured a deserving recompense Trades flourish, and commerce thrives,—but these are importations f m old countries: authors and manufactures are the peculiar offspring of a country and a people,—and, to produce good ones, that country and its people must, of necessity, have gained wealth and experience, and even some degree of maturity. There is this advantage, however, connected with our inexperience and immaturity, that the spirits of enquiry, enterprise, adventure, and research, thickly people our shores, our towns, and our villages:—and these are like the bursting germ of the butterfly,—they will speedily expand into lofty thought, not wanting the varied and beauteous tints of poesy, nor the philosophy and social virtues of prose, while they break open the sleeping treasures of our soil, and bring into "active service" a large population, with increased and inceasing means for their support.

Questions of interest and importance are often brought out by the discussions in the Halifax Literary Society—many of these questions will ever be of interest from their commanding attitude in the history of mankind,—and their importance is founded upon their claims to our consideration, sometimes derived from our peculiar relation, but frequently from a general relation extending equally to all mankind. There is an additional recommendation of these subjects: they have not only the interest attaching to them as events of history, but they gain, from their discussion, a strong fictitious interest, which well entitles them to a place among original subjects of research and criticism, where they may well form an agreeable feature. Anticipating an approval, by yourself and readers, of this suggestion, I shall proceed to notice the subject of a late discussion, as well as the discussion itself,—and trust the plan may conduce to lengthen your list of correspondents, and interest the reading public generally.

The question alluded to was thus worded—

Have the Inroads of the Northern Barbarians been beneficial or injurious to the human race?

The fourth and fifth centuries are conspicuous in history for the decline of the Roman empire from its former greatness in government and conquest, and for the invasion of the empire by vast hordes of barbarians. From her ancient bravery, Rome had now sunk to a state of cowardice when her soldiers complained of the weight of their armour,—from the former wisdom of her senate, she had so degenerated that the choicest modes of cooking were made matters of grave discussion,—the wisdom of their civil maxims, and their inflexible honour, integrity, and strong social virtue—all had relaxed,—had disappeared,—had given place to gross licentiousness and the most revolting wickedness. The chief magistrate of the people had ceased to be their protector, and exercised all the infernal arts of the tyrant,—the people had lost their patriotism,—they were deprived of the use of arms,—and assassinations, dark and terrible, and open murders and contests the most horrible. were matters of daily recurrence and continual fear. The inhabitants of the Roman provinces. while the Romans had taught them the arts, had lost their ancient independence and bravery by the abject slavery to which that people had reduced them,—and when Rome withdrew her legions, they possessed neither the qualities of mind, nor habits of body, necessary to resist new invaders, painful as was their experience connected with those from whom they had just been lib ated.

In this deg ded state was the empire, and thus pitiable was the condition of the provincials,

when the barbarians commenced their invasions: continuing to arrive in successive swarms, tribe pressed on tribe to conquest and to plunder, and, in about two centuries, overwhelmed Europe with their numbers:—among the *first* that fell a prey, and among the most resistless of that prey, was the great Roman empire, which had formerly aggrandized to itself the military glory of the world!

The character of these invaders was fierce bravery—bravery untinctured with the least degree of softness of nature, but inspired by high spirit and daring independence. Their revenge was relentless to the last degree,—they employed neither stratagem nor treachery—but these were unnecessary where everything was at their mercy. They seemed to possess no idea but that of carnage,—their passions were, without doubt, more ferocious than those of the most blood-thirsty animals,—and their progress, in its effects, might well bear comparison with the history of the deluge. Tribe succeeded tribe, as wave succeeded wave,—and that which one left but partially destroyed, was utterly swept away by its successor. From depopulating Europe they turned against each other,—and the scene of bloodshed, unequalled by any other in the history of mankind, known as the most calamitous period in human existence since the days of Noah, was only closed by the north being drained of its inhabitants, and Italy, and the countries beyond the Alps, peopled with new races, distinguished by manners and habits from their former inhabitants, not more observable than those which separate the panther and the leopard from the dog or the horse. All former institutions had been swept away,—new languages and names appeared,—in fact, the change observed by a traveller who should visit in succession France and New Zealand, would not be greater, than the total alteration which had taken place in the aspect of Europe, occasioned by the inroads of the barbarians.

The principle on which these nations made conquests was essentially different from that of the Romans—though, as warriors, they served under a leader, they made war for themselves, and enjoyed the fruits of their victories. In consequence of this principle, on the settlement of these tribes in the various countries of Europe, their conquests were divided among the invaders, and this new state of affairs was the celebrated Feudal System. It consisted in parcelling out the lands to the invading army, who kept possession on the understanding that they were to combine for the defence of the country, acknowledging, at the same time, a leader or king of whom they held. The evils of this system soon began to appear, and were confirmed in the independent establishment of the nobles, separately,—the loss of all power by the sovereign,—the continual petty contests of rival barons,—and the subjugation of the people to a state of gross slavery. To little less wickedness, perhaps, than distinguished the Roman rule, was now added universal and profound ignorance,—every trace of literature and science and law had been swept away,—and the barbarians brought with them no hitherto unknown arts with which to supply their place. The bare fact of their ignorance was not so unfortunate as the evil circumstances by which it was surrounded. The mind was in that state when it was incapable of exertion: from being at first roused to indignation by flagrant injustice, it sunk to abject and degrading obedience—the spirit of independence and inquiry were crushed—and the habits of those ages were similar to those of the wild animals of the forest. "A greater number of those atrocious actions which fill the mind of man with horror and astonishment, occur in the history of the centuries under review, than in that of the same extent in the annals of Europe. If we open the history of Gregory of Tours, or of any contemporary author, we meet with a series of deeds of cruelty, perfidy and revenge, so wild and enormous as almost to exceed belief." This was the state of Europe from the seventh to the eleventh century—upwards of four centuries after the invading hordes had taken complete possession of their conquests.

From the seventh century may be dated the gradual return of civilization, and the causes mentioned by an eminent historian are the following:

First,—The Crusades, by which the human mind was roused from its lethargy to intense action, and a stimulant to improvement given, by observing the advance of other countries in the arts.

Second,—The forming of cities into communities, to which were granted the privileges of municipal jurisdiction. This practice commenced in Italy, and speedily spread throughout Europe. It arose from a prospective view of the advantages of commerce,—the distance which separated rulers from their Italian subjects,—the employment of the lords in their petty feuds,—the weakness which the constant recurrence of these had naturally produced in the order, insomuch that they accepted gladly sums of money for immunities,—and the combination of the people to sieze these advantages.

Third,—The acquisition of civil liberty and

political importance by cities whose inhabitants had already gained personal liberty and municipal jurisdiction. From local they now advanced to national freedom, and gained a voice in the government of the state. The objects of legislation were thus changed,—laws were made for the *general* good.—and the popular spirit thus became an overwhelming rival of the narrow prejudices of the aristocracy.

Fourth,—The recovery of liberty by the agricultural population, by which an incentive was given to industry, and the fruits of his labour became the property of the labourer.

Fifth,—The introduction of expedients for the regular and equal administration of justice, by abolishing the right of private warfare, the form of trial by combat, and by authorising the right of appeal from the Barons to the Sovereign.

Sixth,—The assistance afforded to the improvement in jurisprudence by the forms and maxims of the canon law.

Seventh,—The renewal of the knowledge and study of the Roman law.

Eighth,—The improvement in manners by the institution of chivalry, introduced among the nobles.

Ninth and *tenth*,—The progress of literature and science, and the spread of commerce.

The growth of kingdoms in power and wealth, and the formation of political constitutions in nations, were the natural effects of these causes—but to dwell on their gradual developement is unnecessary for our present purpose.

In an elaborate speech of Mr. E. Tupper, on this question, that gentleman reviewed the condition of Rome and her provinces immediately previous to the invasion, and argued that the Roman people, patrician and plebeian, and their subjects in other portions of their dominions, had sunk to that degree of vice—of moral degradation, when it was impossible that the spirit of "reform" could be engendered in any breast,—and that the barbarians brought with them "a germ" that has since expanded in the present high degree of refinement and discovery.

This was met by Mr. — Donovan, and others, who argued that the barbarians, so far from benefitting the human race by their invasion, brought only desolation on Europe and destruction to its inhabitants, which it was impossible to call by any other name than a grievious calamity,—that the Roman people would have reformed,—that the Christian religion, even immediately previous to the invasion, had gained the voice of the senate in its favour, and that this fact was a strong proof of their argument;—also, that "the germ" did not expand into any attempt at good order and government for four centuries after the invasion had closed, when the barbarians had sunk to a degree of degradation quite equal to that of the Romans, and to a state of ignorance far beneath them. The circumstances of the invasion were also strongly described, in order to show that nothing could exceed its horrors, and that it was preposterous to mention the benefits of the event in comparison with its miseries.

I agree with the latter side of the question, upon these grounds: that the civilization which succeeded the invasion, did not appear till such a length of time had elapsed, that it disproves the idea of the barbarians having *brought its germ with them*,—that the causes which contributed to this event were in no way peculiarly connected with the moral or intellectual character of the barbarians, but that these causes would have existed, and ultimately produced similar good effects, had the barbarian hordes remained in their native countries.

During four centuries succeeding the invasion, so far from there being any symptoms of improvement in the moral character of mankind, from which we might argue a gradual improvement, the close of that time is mentioned as the period when the human race had degenerated to its most degraded condition. A good tree will not bring forth evil fruit, not more than an evil one will produce good fruit,—and we shall have some difficulty in ascribing all this evil to a good germ. What could this germ have been—this *good* germ, which so singularly slept in the bosoms of ruthless savages, prompted by the desire of plunder to ransack Europe, and put its inhabitants to the sword? It was their moral dignity or their bravery, perhaps,—perhaps, their unsophisticated manners, their love of adventure, their inflexible virtue, their love of freedom? All these, except their virtue, of which we can discern little, though it has been asserted for them, we may admit. Their freedom they brought "*full blown*"—that could not have been the *germ*: the love of freedom is natural to all men in a state of nature, and this predominant quality languished, after the invasion, till the people were in a state of servitude, and freedom flourished only among the nobles. Their moral dignity was torn from the people, and added to the nobles, who spent their time in continual warfare among themselves,—their unsophisticated manners were not, certainly, the licentiousness of the Romans, but exhibited a fierce barbarity more destructive, though not so

degrading, in their consequences. Where was the germ?

The great historian, Hume, says, that when a people have sunk to the lowest possible degree of degradation, a reaction takes place,—and Robertson mentions the eleventh century as that period, and dates from that era the commencement of a better order of things. Here, then, where reform was less to be expected than among the Romans, (for the Romans had not reached the *lowest* condition of demoralization—the present was that period) among THE PEOPLE, the most degraded portion, did the spirit of reform suddenly break out. What were the causes? It was impossible for *human* beings, perhaps, farther to descend in the abuse of their immortal minds,—they gained, in the Crusades, a knowledge of other countries, and received an impulse to action,—the spirit of energy combined,—ambition and enterprise sprung up in the mind,—moral courage returned,—oppression was resisted,—privileges were wrested from the nobles, and government shared by the governed.

If we glance at the condition of the Europeans previous to their subjection by the Romans, we shall find them to be all brave, hardy, warlike races: without the arms or discipline of the enemy, they resisted their invasions, often, with success,—and it was not till after repeated attacks and great bloodshed, that they were entirely subdued. They then remained under the tyranny of the Romans till they had lost their ancient character for independence and bravery.—When the barbarians invaded Europe, wanting the more gentle nature of these nations, their character was, in other respects, similar. Yet, before civilization re-appeared in Europe, these invading hordes had sunk to a state more degrading than that of the ancient Britons,—and if so, why could not light and liberty have succeeded the Roman tyranny, more especially when christianity was beginning to shed its genial beams upon the earth? "Where was reform to spring from?" asked Mr. Tupper, glancing at the condition of the Roman dominions:—"Where *did it* spring from?" we reply, and point to Europe in the eleventh century.

Can it be said that "the germ" slept for four centuries, and re-appeared in the good institutions and commercial prosperity and wonderful inventions which succeeded? If so, the metaphor is a most unhappy one. We know that seeds, in general, need tender treatment to come to maturity,—and, farther, that when they are planted, almost immediately do they commence their growth. Now these "fierce barbarians" either never brought any germ with them at all,—or if they did, it never slept four centuries without expanding its plumule above the surface: it must have been crushed amid the feuds of the barons. Among the ten mentioned causes of the revival of intelligence, we find none of them a fruit which is likely to have been of four centuries' growth: but we find a remnant of Roman civilization, Constantinople, which had escaped the fury of the northmen, greatly assisting in the great work of the reformation of mankind.

We are ourselves the descendants of these barbarians, of whom we have been speaking and writing: it is, perhaps, natural, then, that the benefits of their invasion should be so seemingly palpable. Why should *we* mourn the slaughtered Roman,—or why should *we* chaunt the requieum of the ancient Briton? Alas! for us, however, if we deny justice to their character! Alas! for us, if, glancing at their degradation, we exclaim, "Where was reform to spring from?" and yet be forced to acknowledge that it sprung from a far darker source!

BEP.

Halifax, March 9th, 1842.

ORIGINAL.

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

Tho' a young mother mourns o'er thy premature
tomb,
And a fond father's brow is o'ershadow'd with
gloom,
They'd recall not their flow'ret fair;
Tho' it budded and blew in this cold earth of
ours:
It was only intended for Eden's bright bow'rs,—
And 'twill bloom ever there—ever there!

E. W.

ORIGINAL.

JANE SEYMOUR.

A TALE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

CHAPTER I.

The new world, as America is called, is abundantly fruitful in incident deeply interesting to those who delight in studying human actions. It has not only the chance natural to all places where human beings exist, of furnishing touching incident, but, as the receptacle of so many European wanderers,—as the scene of settlers in the wilderness, it has peculiar opportunities. How few of the myriads of life's doings ever see the light!—how or why should they? The little drama occurs,—tears and smiles pass,—hearts are broken, and the dust of the valley hides the overburthened bosom,—and the story closes for ever! Who is to renew it? Some friends may sigh over the recollection,—but the very graves soon become obliterated, the friends scatter, and the foam which last year lay on the sea shore, is not more without a trace, than the precious feelings which once agitated the breasts of the departed.

The levity and confusion of the newly settled town of Halifax, in Nova Scotia, did not suit the feelings of Henry Seymour. He had retired from the old world, disgusted at the hollowness which adverse circumstances brought to light in his "summer friends;" with the remnant of a wrecked property he emigrated. His partner in life, Mary Seymour, was the less averse to this step, as his connection with her, she thought, helped to embitter the cup of her husband, in the circle of his society. She was virtuous, amiable, and handsome:—what, then, what could society say to her discredit? Much. With some, with many, these requisites seem to be made the accidents of life,—and the accidents the essentials. The innate dignity of our nature, the intrinsic worth of the individual, are, to these vulgar atoms of "genteel life," as the dust of the balance,—and, at once exhibiting the extent of their understandings and their morals, they have a different standard for respectability. Mary Willis was an industrious young woman, who supported herself and an infant sister, both orphans, by the exercise of her talents as a teacher and a sempstress. She was not the fashionable attender of evening parties, she did not spend her days in idle gossip and display—how, then, could she be fit for an alliance with Seymour?

Henry, and his wife, and a dark haired little daughter, Jane, landed on the borders of the beautiful bay of Chebucto. He was sufficiently attached to his family, and to nature, and to the interests of society, to make life an animated circle of duties and enjoyments.

His property, never large, was now diminished to a mere competence,—but his desires, and views, were reduced with it,—and he wished to sink into that quiet stream of existence which has no angry breakers, if it has no proud swells. A cottage, surrounded by a neat garden, hemmed in on three sides by the primeval groves and open on the other to an extensive landscape, was the site which he chose as his resting place. Scarcely two miles from Halifax, on the bank of a picturesque arm of the ocean, called the North West Arm, can the ruins of a cottage still be seen,—but who thinks of Seymour and his family, as they pass its walls? The hostile groups of Indians, which annoyed the early settlers, had altogether disappeared from the vicinity, and the cottage was safe from depredation, while it was sufficiently far from the town for retirement, and near enough

for convenience. Here Jane grew up to maiden's estate, "the beauty of the Arm," but only so called, and so known, by some dozen persons who were brought within her circle by accident or business.

On an evening in the latter part of August, Jane, as was her custom, sat in her little garden bower. All was rich repose. The dark green of the groves of fir and spruce,—the many coloured flowers of the plots which she had cultivated,—the winding arm reflecting the mellow clouds of sunset,—the woodland opposite, some parts rich in the golden haze of evening, others, dark in the deepening shades, and every inequality of surface beautifully brought out by the slant beams,—the cool expanse of ocean, and the lonely-looking distant islands, formed the scene which she contemplated. It gave a new sense to her soul; she felt herself a part of the vastness she gazed on, and found each feature of the landscape responded to in her well tuned bosom,—as the west wind finds responsive sounds in the Æolian harp. She sat in a half dreamy state, feasting on the beauties of the quiet hour, forgetful of past life, unmindful of the future, merely drinking in sweet draughts of innocent animal existence. As she gazed on the cool grey ocean, a ship glided slowly from the bold headland which previously concealed it, and made up the harbour. Its white sails, small from distance, yet beautifully distinct on the broad expanse, as a small cloud in the calm arch of heaven, gave an exquisite feature to the scene. What was its history—who animated the little floating island—what news did she bear—what was her destiny? These questions were scarcely thought of, as it moved, like a white sea gull, through the silent scene. Jane's father had seen the vessel, and from the window of the cottage had directed his telescope so as to take in the stranger. The exquisite little picture, of the moving ship on its sea-green field, occupied his vision for a moment, when he lowered the tube, and called out:

"It is a transport, Jane, and bears the expected troops from Woolwich."

His voice sounded softly amid the garden fragrance,—but the words transport, and troops, and Woolwich, with all the art and state which they signified, seemed not to accord with that scene of quiet nature. The hum of a lated bee, the call of the robin, the murmur of the waters on the beach, were the sounds which best broke the stillness of the garden.

"She sails up rapidly," answered Jane.

"Rapidly, my child!" replied Henry,—"why she scarcely makes two knots an hour this calm evening."

"I meant beautifully," returned Jane; but she had well nigh forgotten the scene, and was now intently gazing in another direction. Nearly opposite Seymour's cottage was a pretty clearing, and a snug little farm house. Above it the wilderness trees clothed the hill side,—and below, a sandy bay, at one cape of which a dark wharf projected, formed beautiful shelter for some fishing boats. One of these had moved from its position, and breaking the dark smooth water, became conspicuous by the light ripples with which it was surrounded. The movements of this little vessel occupied Jane's attention. It was soon gliding rapidly over the Arm, impelled by a solitary oarsman. This oarsman, in his little skiff on the darkening Arm, had more attraction for Jane than the ship, or the troops, or the ocean. No wonder. The former awoke feelings, which those who have once felt know to be the sweetest, and most attractive, the least alloyed, and the longest remembered, of all mere earthly sensations. Vague, tender, full of the future, and satisfied with the present,—accompanied by whisperings which are eloquently audible to the heart,—by glances which are soul-filling, though confined to a narrow sphere, is the trysting hour;—and William was urging his skiff to keep tryst, in her little highland garden, with the evening star of his affections and hopes.

Henry looked on this growing acquaintance with pleasure; he saw in the quiet scene yonder a lot more happy than that which the bustle of cities presents. William and Jane, he thought, would escape many of the evils which Henry and Mary had experienced;—in happy ignorance of the great world, they need neither love nor

fear nor hate it,—and might go through life with a patriarchal simplicity and repose. Mrs. Seymour rather allowed than encouraged the intimacy. She had felt the pangs of neglect, and had not risen above the feelings which caused the narrowness, and which it had occasioned. She had hoped that her infant daughter would one day redeem her from mediocrity of station,—and although so far removed from all that need renew these feelings, they still hung around her, not acknowledged to others, scarcely recognised by herself, but still powerful. William Mervin was industrious and thriving, and amiable,—but he wanted, what she herself wanted in her youth, worldly consideration: she felt disappointed, though scarcely displeased, as the little farm, beyond, seemed to become, day by day, more and more the sphere of her Jane's influence. Jane herself, had no strongly formed feelings on the subject;—she was the creature of circumstances. She esteemed William Mervin, she received innocent enjoyment from his society, and placidly looked forward to the time when, perhaps, she should be the mistress of his home. She had no wishes beyond the fate that seemed to await her, and the comparative ignorance of life in which she had been reared, prevented her from fully appreciating all the peculiarities of her lot, or from having those maturely formed, independent sentiments, which occasion so much pleasure and pain,—so much good and evil, in society.

One morning, a few days after the evening alluded to, the little family of the cottage were seated at the breakfast table. Instead of the sober, rich repose of evening, the light and animation of morning was around. The merry notes of the robin and the boblink were heard in the neighbouring garden and in the surrounding grove,—and the fragrance of woodbine, and sweetbriar, and full blown roses, were wafted in luxuriance on the breeze. The bay sparkled with the morning beams, and a long line of clouds—piled like crag on crag, in snowy light and beautiful gradations of shade—stretched above the Atlantic, added to the sublimity of that ocean scene;—vast, indefinite, and beautiful, it hung in mystic buoyancy over the vast, indefinite, and beautiful element below. All nature seemed vigorous and fair, and incomprehensible in its fixedness and its change, as when it came from its Maker's hand. The creaking of a latticed wicket, which opened from a forest avenue into the garden, attracted the attention of the family, and a delicate but elegant looking young man was seen approaching the cottage. Mr. Seymour rose and met him at the door. His story was soon told. One of the officers who lately arrived in the transport, he had taken lodgings removed from town, for the purpose of recruiting his health, which a recent attack of fever had rendered delicate. He had walked out before breakfast, and having already wearied himself in endeavouring to find the proper path for return, he wandered down the cottage avenue, and now requested to be directed in his proper route. A moment's conversation with the stranger had sufficed to arouse Seymour's old country recollections, and had awakened the hospitality which had long been inert. The residence enquired for was a mile distant,—he invivited the exhausted stranger into his house, and to his board, and in a few minutes Lieutenant Lorrain was seated in the midst of the surprised family.

Mrs. Seymour felt gratified, though not well at ease, in the presence of a guest who, she supposed, represented that class from which she had experienced injustice. She was too sensitive on this point. A continuance of prosperity, and a little patience, would have obliterated all the mortifying coolness and haughtiness which she experienced and imagined,—and if not, was the friendship of that little world, with all the tinsel accompaniments of fashion and company and vulgar pride—was it worthy the serious thought of a sensible woman?—of one who could make a home in her own family,—who could find society among the rational and the good, and sufficient employment and pleasure among the duties and charities and recreations of active life? Jane felt a sudden impulse in favour of the interesting stranger: pleasure at his appearance, sympathy for his delicacy, curiosity to know his history and the scenes

with which he was associated, were among the feelings which suddenly sprung up in her bosom, and prompted a silent welcome to the young invalid, while she blushed deeply as his gaze met hers. They were very dissimilar, yet were subjects of mutual attraction: he the artful but accomplished man of the world,—she a simple but lovely child of nature.

Lieutenant Lorrain, the rapidly improving invalid, became a frequent visitor at the cottage,—chatting about the continental war with the father, escorting Mrs. Seymour and her daughter in their rambles, and occasionally enlivening the evening bower by his converse or his flute, he slowly entwined himself about the affections of the family. One person, indeed, experienced very different feelings. William Mervin!—why did his simple, industrious independence,—his hardihood on the barren or on the waters,—his years of attention and kindliness to the Seymours—why did all shrink into insignificance beside the lounging attractions of the flippant silver-tongued stranger? That stranger was coolly polite to him; but he felt a strong manly hostility growing up, day by day, as if reason and duty, as well as long cherished affections and hopes, demanded an opposing front. He felt that he had been wronged,—and a coolness which immeasurably lessened those who exhibited it, increased his own sense of self dignity, while it pained and mortified. Still he did not give up his right to visit the family, nor his hope of succeeding in his long cherished views. He was not so ignorant of human nature, or the ways of the world, as not to know that many allowances must be made for eccentricities and failings, by those who would get through life peaceably. He knew the attractions of novelty, the simplicity of Jane, the comparative weakness of her mother, and the easy disposition of Mr. Seymour,—but he also knew that they were a virtuous family, and would only do wrong through weakness, and inadvertence, and by slow degrees, not with a high and open hand. Respecting Lorrain, he had none of these excuses: he regarded him as his natural enemy,—and saw, or imagined he saw, sufficient cause for his growing distrust and dislike.

After a day of industry about his little farm, rendered tenfold laborious by the mind's anxiety, he prepared, as usual, for a visit to the cottage. He went, resolved to seize the first favourable opportunity of bringing matters to a crisis, and of showing how much he felt aggrieved by this undeserved neglect in favour of a showy stranger. It was one of those balmy summer moonlight evenings, in which, perhaps, existence is most intensely enjoyed. Too serenely beautiful for riotous mirth,—too attractive in its loveliness for absolute rest,—inducing, to a fascinating degree, a luxuriously sensitive but most quiet enjoyment. As Mervin crossed the Arm, the roll of his oars were echoed from the dark banks,—and the drops which fell from them, pattered in the bright water, like pearls on polished silver. But his usual sensibilities to these attractions of nature, were entirely overpowered, by the stronger passions which late events had aroused. The little mental world was in commotion and distress, and the minor details of the world without were disregarded. The family at the cottage, and the particulars connected with them, comprised his present sphere of sensation. Jane, and his former trysting hours,—and his blighted hopes, and the intruding stranger—these objects left no room for anything else; and moon, and wooded banks, and glistening Arm, and sublime expanse of sky, were unappreciated, unthought of, although occupying his vision: the optic nerve, and the seat of mental feelings, may be finely connected: but the will sometimes usurps dominion, dissolves the connection, and fills the mind with impressions the most extraneous to the objects by which the body is surrounded.

As he approached the opposite bank, having given his skiff sufficient way to reach the shore, he turned to the well known garden scene on the gentle acclivity. Jane was in her bower, for her white robe was vividly conspicuous in the bright moon beams—but what dark figure was that near her? And now that he, the humble farmer, the intruder, was so near and so visible,

the conversation is suspended,—and the sweet but detested flute sends its soft notes abroad. How he hated the deceiving lips which were thus breathing that melody on the fragrant air,—and how eloquently its sudden notes told the story of the bower: the meeting, the interrupted conversation, the heartless strain which was resorted to as a subterfuge. The domestic lights glittering from the cottage, were seen amid the dark greens, and contrasted picturesquely with the broad pure beam of the lamp of night,—but the little home scene had no longer home attractions for the self-supposed unwelcome visitor. He walked up the path, along the well known serpentine path, with feelings quite rife for an angry encounter. As he reached the garden, and entered it, the flute also ceased,—and the figures in the bower rose from their former sitting attitude. He was not many paces from the spot, when Lorrain—for the darker figure, as was supposed, was his—offered his arm to Jane, and pointed to the path which led to the cottage. This was a crowning to the mortifications of William,—he was, then, to be openly shunned, to be heartlessly insulted, to be deserted, cast off, as unworthy of notice. But Jane paused—the arm was again proffered, and again the path pointed out, and they began to move slowly to the woodbine porch. Silent endurance was now passed, and the tortured man exclaimed in a tone of suppressed passion:

"Miss Seymour, I crave a moment's conversation."

Jane paused again, and again gentle force was used to induce her to continue her retreat. But William was now beside her.

"Miss Seymour," he continued, "I request to be informed whether I am an unwelcome intruder on your evening's leisure."

"Mr. Mervin," ejaculated Jane, "I did not expect this abruptness from you."

"Has that fop," continued Mervin, "so supplanted me in your friendly esteem, that my presence must be the signal for your withdrawal,—only say so, and I will never more disturb your bower musings."

"You are an insolent fellow," said Lorrain.

"William—William!" exclaimed Jane, as she disengaged her arm from that of her companion, "your words surprise and offend me."

"Your insolent turbulence shall not go unpunished," said the excited Lorrain, as with his left hand he grasped his scabbard and brought his sword handle within grasp of his right.

"For mercy's sake," shrieked Jane,—"Mr. Lorrain, do not think of drawing your sword."

"Oh, yes," said Mervin, in a sarcastic tone, "oh, yes,—let him display his bravery before his mistress,—let him shed my blood, if he can, for daring to intrude on Miss Seymour's bower. I deserve it, no doubt, and am only surprised at the suddenness of her new perceptions."

The high words were heard at the cottage, and Mr. and Mrs. Seymour were seen approaching the spot.

"Mr. Mervin," cried Mrs. Seymour, "is this your respect for our family, occasioning a riotous noise near our dwelling?"

"Mr. Mervin," said Seymour, interposing, "I cannot but feel much hurt at what I have overheard; but I cannot also be forgetful of the claims of an old friend; leave us now,—your continuance would be painful to all,—and to morrow afternoon a visit from you will be expected. It will be considered a favor, and an explanation must take place. Mervin bowed assent, and with feelings too strong for immediate utterance, he turned and retraced his steps towards his solitary home.

[*To be continued.*]

ORIGINAL.

THE SCOTCH EMIGRANT.

A TALE.

A MERCHANT once, some two, three years ago,
Before so many merchants fell to pieces,
Kept store not far away from Bedford Row,
It might be Water Street for aught I know,
Choke full of goods that rivall'd golden fleeces.

Some folks are so minute in ev'ry case,
They cannot let one item pass them by,—
And if they have not both the time and place,
Quite reckless of the annalist's disgrace,
Resolve, *en masse*, the story is a lie.

For *instance*, there's the Corporation Bill,*
That Uniacke swamp'd on good authority,
And with a statesman-looking kind of skill,
Doubtless discordant to some ears—but still
The very thing that kept him a majority.

I must admit that Howe, and Bell, and Young,
Against their rival made a grand display;
But glowing periods from a graceful tongue,
Although the sweetest poets ever sung,
'Gainst facts and figures are but thrown away.

'Tis true that Bills are not exactly tales,—
But since Reform assumed so many shapes,
No more poetic licence aught avails,
And ev'n where Justice lifts her sacred scales,
It has been mine to make some 'hair-breadth 'scapes.'

Nor is it very distant since the time,
When a solicitor [now mark the hardship]
Urged—*a facility for making rhyme*,
Upon the court, as a sufficient crime
To turn aside a verdict from my Bardship.

But lest my tale should get too much inflated,
Instead of notes, or chance a long appendix,
That makes a legend still more complicated,
As cities are with suburbs situated—
I'll say at once this merchant's name was Index.

Of Index I have nothing strange to state—
His store and goods are mention'd both already,
He had no family, either small or great,
Save and excepting, now and then—a mate,
That is, in other words—he kept a *lady*.

Whether or not she had some little failing,
Or but a random shot from Cupid's quiver,
Avails not aught—but as there is no veiling
Some *kinds* of sickness,—and the lady ailing,
He took a lodging near Fresh Water River.

A new establishment's a weighty matter,
For ever, ever craving something new,
With some similitude to Etna's crater,—
Perhaps a syphon in a tank of water,
Would be a figure more exactly true.

Figures aside—altho' the stock and trade
Belonging to the poet's occupation,
A hint to Mr. Index was convey'd,
By way of preface, that a servant maid
Would be essential to their situation.

Next on the list, tho' quite surperflous true,
Was what the lady *pleased* to term a donkey;
The next demand most necessar'ly grew
From the possession of the other two,
That is to say, an *in* and *out* door flunkey—

The Scotch would term it,—help's the Yankee phrase,—
A nondescript, in Haligonian lingo.
The *maid* and *ass* stood forth in a few days,
Anon the footman, after some relays,
A fine fat *negro* fresh from St. Domingo.

Cuffee pleased Buckra capital awhile,
A month or so, when he *came there on trial*,
At massa's call he answer'd with a smile,
As duly as the shadow from the style
Reflects the sun's advance upon the dial.

Time moved along, and so did Cuffee too,
Though not so swift as he had done before;
Small was the task assign'd to him—but so
Less every day, the negro thought, should do,
Whilst ev'ry day the *missus* wanted more.

From bad to worse admits but one remove.
Index was proud, and that was quickly pass'd,

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* This article was written at the time alluded to in this line.

Some odds and ends about his lady love
Cuffee had whisper'd to a colour'd dove,
Drifted the curly ebonite at last.

Dun night o'er Dartmouth spread her sable wing,
And silence slept embalm'd in summer dew,
When Index, summon'd by a double ring
That told some vulgar hand was at the spring,
Turn'd 'help' himself, and to the passage flew.

Another tug, still harder than before,
Brought start'ling thoughts of the discarded nigger,—
And as he slowly open'd up the door,
The broad moon rising, through the wreath she wore,
Shadow'd to him a very diff'rent figure.

Shadow'd it was—for muffled in a plaid,
Before him stood a questionable thing;
First, *Sir*,—then, *Miss*, unconsciously he said;
But as the shape no answer to him made,
He asked civilly why it did ring.

'Sweer, sir, sweer,—sweer,—sweer, only to sweer,'
A Scotchman answer'd in his mother tongue.
'Swear, sir!—the Devil!—who has sent you here,
This trick of yours, perhaps, may cost you dear,'
And fiercely at the emigrant he sprung.

'What must I swear?' said Index in a rage,
'Are you that Irish outlaw, Captain Rock,
Some ruthless villain—but, sir, I'li engage''—
'Ou na,' says he of Scottish equipage,
'Ye're sair mista'en tho', for ma name is Jock.'

Well, Jock, or James, to me is all the same.
'Tell me,' quoth Index, 'what has brought you here.'
Ou, a' want naething, sir, let me gang hame,
A' was for land,' said Jock, 'an' merely came
To see if ye wad let a body sweer.

'A' only landed here this afternoon,—
And as a' want to hae a wee bit land,
A' was enquirein' how the thing was dune,
An' a' was tell'd it wad be gettin' sune,
If a' could swear that a' had nane on hand.

'Now after a' was tell'd the like o' that,
A' sought about to see where a' could sweer;
A'm sorry, sir, if I be in a fau't,
But some one said ye was a maugistrat,
And so ye si, sir, a' cam just down here.'

Index, delighted, heard the simple story,
His wrath had melted into real enjoyment,
And cutted short Jock's outland category,
By telling him he was extremely sorry
At the mistake, and offer'd him employment.

'Dare say,' said Jock, 'it wad be just as weel,
Though ony way it makes but little matter,
A doubtt o' toons a'll hae but nae great skeel,
But a'll gang up and speak it o'er wi' Shiel—
A' brought some word to him frae Tiot water.

'Ye si, a've aye been in a country part,
An' brought up maistly a' my days wi' herdin',
Sometimes a've dune a little at the cart,
Though a' was never counted verra smart,
But a' can delve and work about a garden.

'If ye've a farm, a might do weel enough,
As I can manage stock o' any kind,—
And when my feyther rented the Millheugh,
A' often held a yokin' at the pleugh,
Sae a' sal settle wi' ye if ye've a mind.'

'Well, Jock,' said Index, '(but is that your name,
Or is it John, the Scotch are mostly scholars?)
What are your wages?' Jock replied with shame,
'They used to ca' me aye Jock Sheep at hame,
But it's John Shepherd—a' maun hae ten dollars.'

'Well, Master Shepherd, you'll sleep here to-night,—
And in the morning I'll be gone—however,
You may walk out and see if ye can light
Upon the donkey—mind it does not bite;
I think you'll find it down about the river.'

'Od man!' says Jock, 'but that's a kittle thing,
A' never ken'd a cow to bite before,
The whiles about the ca'fin time in spring,
It naething unca for to si them fling,
An' some will gie a most confounded roar.

'Wi had a meer that used to take the reits,
And fiend a one about the place could thole 'er,
But how am a' to ken the wicked beast?'
Index, who now began to smoke a jest,
Told him it was a beautiful mouse colour,

Next morning early up and off was Jock,
The hour exactly is forgotten now;
But when the Ordnance Bell struck five o'clock,
He met Judge Stewart down by the Black Rock,
And bluntly asked him if he saw—a cow.

'A cow!' exclaim'd the Judge, and well he might,
Are you the lad that lives with Mr. Slayter?'
Says Jock, 'His name is Index—yesternight
He said he lost one rather gi'en to bite,
A beautiful moose-coloured kind o' craytur.'

'A cow—a cow!' the Judge ejaculated;

'He has no cow—there must be some mistake.'
'Na, na,' says Jock, 'by what the maister stated,
A' think the beast maun hae tent the gate o't,
Did ye no si one down among the brake?'

The worthy Judge, though on the bench severe,
And sometimes stern in summing up a case,—
Yet to the circle of his friends was dear;
And if it trenched not on decorum's sphere,
Indulged a joke in proper time and place.

This simple Scot had furnished him a clue
To some adventure, though a little dim;
And chuck'ling o'er it still in far review,
Began to quiz his countryman anew,
By asking if the cow belonged to him.

'Ou na,' says Jock, 'a' cam but here yestreen,
And gaed to sweer about a lot o' land
With maister Index—a' thought he had been
A Justice like—but he is none, I ween;
So then he hired me just amaist off hand.'

'And how d'ye like him?' next the Judge enquired:
'O, fine,' says Jock, 'he must be verra ritch:
In sic a place afore a' never hired,
Last night they gae me tea till a' was tired,
O' that at home a' seldom had a skitch.

'There's rowth o' bread, and butter by the ell,
And finer salmon a' hae not seen kipper'd,—
Besides a' hae a bedroom to masel',
And ae thing a' think sair ashamed to tell,
It looks sae droll—they ca' me *maister Shepherd.*'

At this the Judge's gravity took flight,
The simple sheepishnes of Jock o'ercame him:
And laughing lustily with all his might,
But lest he should affront the loon outright,
Enquired what he expected they would name him.

'O, a've been aye sae muckle used wi' Jock,
Nae other thing seems handy to me now:
But they're a kind, obleegin', civil fo'k,
They tell'd me nae to rise till six o'clock,
And then do naught but gang an' seek the cow.

'And where did Mr. Index bid you go?'
Returned the Judge with more eclat than ever,
'Why some gate here,' said Jock, 'as down below,
It isna ilka place a' ken yet though,
But he said it wad be about the river.'

'Ye've past the river, Jock' the Judge replied:
'Na, na,' says Jock, 'that story's no wise like,
Ye must be funin' but ye needna try't,
A'm surely nae sae blind as to come by't,—
And a've cross'd naething but a wee bit syke.

A' si fu' weel that ye are makin' mirth,
But mind ye, sir, a' noticed a good bit o't,
For yesterday as we cam' up the firth,
A' saw a kind o' camp like thing o' yirth,
Stan'in' itsel' there close beside the fit o't'.

Jock in his turn began to chuckle now,
And made his footsteps wasted time retrieve,
Away he ran to seek the donkee cow,
And left the Judge, as ye may read'ly trow,
Pleased with the plot and laughing in his sleeve.

Though Mr. Index made some aberrations
From rectitude among the softer sex,
In other vices he held no relations—
Lucre and ladies were his occupations,
No failing else could fame to him annex.

True as the watchman telegraphed the hour,
He came to breakfast home at eight o'clock,
And thought it strange that when a quarter more,
And stranger still when nine was passing o'er,
That not a syllable was heard of Jock.

The bell struck one—the hour that Index dined,
And home again as fast as he was able
He hurried onward to the spot assigned,
And saving Jock all else was to his mind—
A good plain dinner ready on the table.

Dinner was finished punctual at two,
And off the merchant started for his store:
But as he turned at Uniacke's avenue,
There stood Judge Stewart with a civil bow,
Ready to greet him as he passed the door.

'Good day—good day!' responded both at once,
'What news?' said Stewart, 'did you hear th' alarm?'
'What 'larm?' said Index, with his eye askance,
'Why,' says the Judge, 'I heard to-day by chance,
Some one is drown'd about the North-West Arm.'

'Good heav'ns!' said Index, 'when was it or how—
That cannot be the stranger lad of mine?'
'No,' said the Judge, 'by what I learned just now
It seems the man was looking for a cow,
'And you've no dealings in the cattle line.'

'A cow!' cried Index, 'no sir—none indeed,
But I've a donkey, and I bade him go
Down to Fresh Water where it use to feed,
And bring it home—but then he took no heed;
Then is he drowned for certain do you know?'

For to unravel the amusing plot
With studied gravity the Judge began;
But the appearance of our quondam Scot,
At such a crisis, set it all afloat,
And neutralized his well concerted plan.

With Jock at once the morning interview
Imposing burst upon his recollection;
The muscles to the tickled fancy true,
On ev'ry feature the ludicrous drew,
And mirror'd all to Index's inspection.

As oft the Judge attempted to explain,
As often laughter stifled the endeavour;
Index amazed at such a novel scene,
Unconscious turning, saw his 'shepherd swain,'
Pale as a ghost—tho' some ghosts might look graver.

Stewart aware how the denouement stood,
Showed with a shrug its perilous position;
Index appeared in variable mood;
Whilst master Shepherd drenched and stained with blood,
Examined both with eyes that spoke suspicion.

'Ah! mister Shepherd, what has happen'd you?
The merchant rather anxiously enquired.
'Lord! man,' says Jock, a' canna tell ye now,
But a' saw naething o' the plaguet cow,
Tho' a' hae sought her until a' im tired.'

'The cow!' said Index as he snuffed the game
'It was the donkey, sir, I bade you bring.'
'A' canna si,' said Jock, 'how a'm to blame,
For isna Dunkee just the craytur's name?
A' could na think o' ony other thing.'

No longer etiquette remained to screen
The various attitudes of both the two—
As Jock described where his cruise had been,
And what about the river he had seen
In his excursion after the dun cow.

'Weel, sic a place!' said he, 'this een o' mine
Has never seen since that day a' was born;
Alang the sea it's nought but rocks and syne—
What trees ye meet are only sticks o' pine,
But a' saw naething like a field o' corn.

'There was ae pickle gerse that lookit gude,
And up and down grew tataes gazin' rife,
And near a sort o' grandish house that stude
Restin' itsel' among a strip o' wude,
Some big fat swine just ready for the knife.

'A kind o' tow'r thing on a risin' fell,
Grown round wi' trees, but they were well out bye
Like some auld lime kiln sittin' there itsel'—
But a' saw naething that a one could tell
To be aught like a sheep or horse or kye.

When a' had gotten to a wee bit haugh
Aside the river, a' began to tire;
And louted down to take a drink—but augh!
As sure as death (O! fegs—ye needna laugh)
The water there was just as saut as fire.

'Sae a' gaed up till a' came at a stane
Wi' a big ring in't fasten'd down wi' leed;
A' saw nae use for't sticking there alane,
And gae't a tug—but slippin' wi' the rain,
A' plumpit in the water owre the head.

'A' splatter'd up and doon awhile—but then
A ne'er could soom an inch in a' my life,
Sae how to manage there a' didna ken,
The place was rather wildish like for men
Or women either to be verra rife.

'Ae time a' tried to make a monstrous spring,
And got my face a crack against the rock—
A' thought by chance that a' might clutch the ring,
And tried again—but still the only thing
A' got by that was just another knock.

'A' mind nae mair anent the river jig,
Sae ye can guess the rest o't as ye like,
Only somebody brought me in a gig,
And sent me down ayont the wooden brig*
That gangs across the little drumlie syke.'†

'Then did you see no animal at all?'
Enquired the Judge,'—when after a brief study,
Said Jock, 'Whilst a' was sedden to the soul,
A' heard some crayter gie an ugly squall.
And lookin' up, a' saw—a tinkler's CUDY.'

M. N. S. I. B. S.

* *Anglice*—Bridge. † Brook.

ZANONI.

BY SIR E. L. BULWER.

This book is less designed to amuse than to set its reader thinking—to what amount of good purpose must much depend upon the readers themselves. The author would characterise it as a truth for those who comprehend it,—and an extravagance for those who do not. But we may add that, whether its whole drift is or is not perceived, it has qualities which cannot fail of instant appreciation. It is an eloquent and thoughtful book—beyond question.

The hero, Zanoni, is a man who, by the union of patient study and sublime daring, with the highest ideal reverence of knowledge, has achieved the secret of living as long as it may please him to live. When the story opens—in Naples, at the eve of the first French Revolution—he has already seen and survived every change upon the earth since the time when it was trodden by the Magians. But though youth and beauty are yet his own, and with these the still fresh desire and power to enjoy this long continuance of life, it is clear that some great want intercepts the right gathering in of the harvest of these immortal gifts. In this respect he contrasts with the sole other sharer of the Grand Secret, who figures in the story,—Mejnour,—by whom, in right of the mastery it gave him, perpetual age and contemplation had been selected, as, by Zanoni, perpetual youth and enjoyment. Between these two extraordinary beings, and aspiring to gain, through their means, access to their mysteries and power, stands Glyndon, a young English painter,—in whose fate they had become interested. It will in some sort illustrate the author's purpose in this wayward, eloquent, striking fiction—if we mention the fate of these its chief actors.

Glyndon fails to achieve the secret. He passes—in many scenes of deep interest and various terror—through a portion of its frightful ordeal, but fails for want of Faith. But even in the failure is a success achieved. In the course of his struggles, the veil is torn from the false ideal he had worshipped, the false love he had enjoyed, and his endeavour for the divine, though unsuccessful, has shown him a truth which makes the human more enjoyable. With faith and virtue the Old and Customary will keep their beauty still: and he to whom it is not permitted to pass as a seraph to the Infinite, may yet find himself able to return to the Familiar as a child.

Of Mejnour the beginning and the ending are the same. He is throughout a passionless abstraction; existing neither for good nor evil; influencing nothing around him, and therefore himself unchanged. The last page closes on him as the first opened. And so lives on, in its sublime indifference, the Mejnour of the world—the Science that contemplates, in distinction to the Art that enjoys; the science that cares for knowledge only, and never stoops to consider how knowledge may be made subservient to happiness.

Upon the fate of Zanoni the greatest care and power of the author are lavished, of course. Here, we only state the result. In the action of the want to which reference has been made, as intercepting his enjoyment of immortality, it is made to appear that the highest order of intellect and imagination can only act beneficially on the earth by union with the spirit of love. It is this which can alone expand and lift them into the true everlasting; in its delight giving birth to poetry, in its wonder to philosophy, in its gratitude to religion, and by the harmony of the three in one when at their loftiest aspects, winging its way to the very gates of heaven. With this knowledge comes another to Zanoni. He discovers that what, in the pride of knowledge,

he had praised so much, is worthless; that to live for ever upon this earth is to live in nothing diviner than himself; that in humanity's affections alone are humanity's divinest heritage; that it is not given to men to place mind beyond the earth, yet treasure the heart within it; that a youth which shall be indeed imperishable should be no nowhere sought but in the spirit. He learns how much is given to nature that is refused to science; how much of the inscrutable wisdom of heaven lies even in the crimes of men; above all, how majestic and beauteous a thing is Death, and of what sublime virtues is he robbed who yields to that mistaken thirst of virtue which would seek to refuse to die. After centuries of ideal life, Zanoni, in the midst of a short and sudden whirlpool of the real, finds out all this. Then Love subdues him to itself, and for it he resolves to sacrifice further existence upon earth. Nor has he ever been wiser, in all his long life, than when at last he comprehends the mystery of death; nor have ages of enjoyment upon the earth shed more bliss into his soul than is concentrated in the single moment which opens to his love enlightened spirit the eternity beyond the grave. The true ordeal, and real victory, have thus been achieved at last.

The story commences with a sketch of the father of the heroine;—A Neapolitan musician, a silent Paganini, an enthusiast whose violin has become the only conscious or vital part of him, a simple-hearted, neglected, laughed at man of genius, whose works have been equally despised with himself till his daughter's devotion and success give fame to both:—about as exquisite a thing as Bulwer has written.

We begin our quotations with the evening supper in the house of Gaetano Pisani, after his daughter's triumph in the long neglected opera:

"Pass over the congratulations of the good Cardinal-Virtuoso, astonished at finding himself and all Naples had been hitherto wrong on a subject of taste,—still more astonished at finding himself and all Naples combining to confess it; pass over the whispered ecstasies of admiration which buzzed in the singer's ear, as once more, in her modest veil and quiet dress, she escaped the crowd of gallants that choked up every avenue behind the scenes; pass over the sweet embrace of father and child, returning through the starlit streets, and along the deserted Chiaja, in the Cardinal's carriage; never pause now to note the tears and ejaculations of the good, simple-hearted mother. . . . See them returned—see the well known room, *venimus ad larem nostrum*--see old Gionetta bustling at the supper—and hear Pisani as he rouses the barbiton from its case, communicating all that has happened to the intelligent Familiar; hark to the mother's merry low English laugh,—Why, Viola, strange child, sittest thou apart, thy face leaning on thy fair hands, thine eyes fixed on space? Up rouse thee! Every dimple on the cheek of home must smile to-night.

"And a happy re-union it was round that humble table; a feast that Lucullus might have envied in his hall of Apollo, in the dried grapes and the dainty sardines, and the luxurious polenta, and old lacrima, a present from the good Cardinal. The barbiton, placed in a chair—a tall, high-backed chair—beside the musician—seemed to take a part in the festive meal. Its honest varnished face glowed in the light of the lamp: and there was an impish, sly demureness in its very silence, as its master, between every mouthful, turned to talk of something he had forgotten to relate before. The good wife looked affectionately on, and could not eat for joy; but suddenly she rose, and placed on the artist's temples a laurel wreath, which she had woven beforehand in fond anticipation: and Viola, on the other side her brother, the barbiton, re arranged the chapiet, and smoothing back her father's hair, whispered, 'Caro Padre, you will not let *him* scold me again.'

"Then poor Pisani, rather distracted between the two, and excited both by the lacrima and his triumph, turned to the younger child with so naive and grotesque a pride, 'I don't know which to thank the most—you give me so much joy, child,—I am so proud of thee and myself. But he and I, poor fellow, have been so often unhappy together!'"

Here is a digression on a matter of interest not always rightly understood:

"They who command best the ideal enjoy most the real. See the true artist, when abroad in men's thoroughfares, ever observant, ever diving into the heart, ever alive to the least as to the greatest of the complicated truths of existence;

descending to what pedants would call the trivial and the frivolous. From every mesh in the social web he can disentangle a grace. And for him each airy gossamer floats in the gold of the sunlight. Know you not that around the animalcule that sports in the water, there shines a halo as around the star that revolves in bright pastime through the space? True art finds beauty everywhere. In the street, in the market place, in the hovel, it gathers food for the hive of its thoughts. In the mine of politics, Dante and Milton selected pearls for the wreath of song. Whoever told you that Raffaelle did not enjoy the life without, carrying everywhere with him the one inward idea of beauty which attracted and embedded in its own amber every straw that the feet of the dull man trampled into mud? As some lord of the forest wanders abroad for its prey, and scents and follows it over plain and hill, through brake and jungle, but seizing it at last, bears the quarry to its own unwitnessed cave—so Genius searches thro' wood and waste, untiringly and eagerly, every sense awake, every nerve strained to speed and strength, for the scattered and flying images of matter, that it seizes at last with its mighty talons, and bears away with it into solitudes no steps can invade. Go, seek the world without; it is for art, the inexhaustible pasture ground and harvest to the world within!"

Our last extract is a piece of every-day life, and not in the least mystical or supernatural. It is a full length picture of Mrs. Mervale:

"He chose a wife from his reasons, not his heart, and a very good choice he made. Mrs. Mervale was an excellent young woman—bustling, managing, economical, but affectionate and good. She had a will of her own, but was no shrew. She had a great notion of the rights of a wife, and a strong perception of the qualities that ensure comfort. She would never have forgiven her husband, had she found him guilty of the most passing fancy for another; but, in return, she had the most admirable sense of propriety herself. She held in abhorrence all levity, all flirtation, all coquetry—small vices, which often ruin domestic happiness, but which a giddy nature incurs without consideration. But she did not think it right to love a husband over much. She left a surplus of affection for all her relations, all her friends, some of her acquain ances, and the possibility of a second marriage, should any accident happen to Mr. M. She kept a good table, for it suited their station,—and her temper was considered even, though firm; but she could say a sharp thing or two, if Mr. Mervale was not punctual to a moment. She was very particular hat he should change his shoes on coming home, —the carpets were new and expensive. She was not sulky, nor passionate—Heaven bless her for that!—but when displeased, she showed it—administered a dignified rebuke—alluded to her own virtues—to her uncle, who was an admiral—and to the thirty thousand pounds which she had brought to the object of her choice. But as Mr. Mervale was a good humoured man, owned his faults, and subscribed to her excellence, the displeasure was soon over.

"Every household has its little disagreements, none fewer than that of Mr. and Mrs. Mervale. Mrs. Mervale had an aquiline nose, good teeth, fair hair, and light eyelashes, rather a high complexion, what is generally called a fine bust, full cheeks, large useful feet, made for walking, large white hands with filbert nails, on which not a speck of dust had, even in childhood, been known to alight. She looked a little older than she really was; but that might arise from a certain air of dignity, and the aforesaid aquiline nose. She generally wore short mittens. She never read any poetry but Goldsmith's or Cowper's. She was not amused by novels, though she had no prejudice against them. She liked a play and a pantomime, with a slight supper afterwards. She did not like concerts or operas. At the beginning of the winter she selected some book to read, and some piece of work to commence. The two lasted her till spring, when, though she continued to work, she left off reading. Her favourite study was history, which she read though the medium of Dr. Goldsmith. Her favourite author in the belles lettres was, of course, Dr. Johnson. A worthier woman, or one more respected, was not to be found—except in an epitaph!"

And who has not met a Mrs. Mervale among his friends?

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF MISS BURNEY.

[This work, of which the first and second volumes have appeared, has excited the most intense interest in the literary and fashionable circles of England. Miss Burney, the authoress of "Evelina," "Cecilia" &c., was not only the companion of the distinguished men of the past century, Johnson, Burke, and all the members of the brilliant coterie of which they were a portion, but held for some time a confidential post in the household of the Queen of George the Third. These volumes, therefore, besides presenting us with numerous anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, with whom Miss Burney was a favourite, of Mrs. Thrale and all the wits of the day, contain conversations of George the Third, and in the next volume we are led to expect the private chit-chat of the Court, for a series of years. Miss Burney's introduction to royalty, with a few interesting anecdotes and conversations of Dr. Johnson, we insert, premising that, at the time of these latter, Miss Burney was staying at Streatham, the residence of the Thrales.]

The Household of Dr. Johnson.—At tea time the subject turned upon the economy of Dr. Johnson's own household. Mrs. Thrale has often acquainted me that his house is quite filled and overrun with all sorts of strange creatures, whom he admits for mere charity, and because nobody else will admit them—for his charity is unbounded, or rather bounded only by his circumstances.

The account he gave of the adventures and absurdity of the set, was highly diverting, but too diffused for writing,—though one or two speeches I must give. I think I shall occasionally theatricalise my dialogues.

Mrs. Thrale—Pray, sir, how does Mrs. Williams like all this tribe?

Dr. Johnson—Madam, she does not like them at all, but their fondness for her is not greater. She and De Mullin quarrel incessantly; but as they can both be occasionally of service to each other, and as neither of them have any other place to go to, their animosity does not force them to separate.

Mrs. T.—And pray, sir, what is Mr. Macbean?

Dr. J.—Madam, he is a Scotchman; he is a man of great learning, and for his learning I respect him, and wish to serve him. He knows many languages, and knows them well; but he knows nothing of life. I advised him to write a geographical dictionary; but I have lost all hopes of his ever doing any thing properly, since I found he gave as much labour to Capua as to Rome.

Mr. T.—And pray who is clerk of your kitchen, sir?

Dr. J.—Why, sir, I am afraid there is none; a general anarchy prevails in my kitchen, as I am told by Mr. Levat. who says that it is not now what it used to be.

Mrs. T.—Mr. Levat, I suppose. sir, has the charge of keeping the hospital in health, for he is an apothecary.

Dr. J.—Levat, Madam, is a very brutal fellow, but I have a good regard for him; for his brutality is in his manners, not his mind.

Mrs. T.—But pray, sir, who is the Poll you talk of? She that you used to abet in her quarrels with Mrs. Williams, and call out, "At her again, Poll! Never flinch, Poll?"

Dr. J.—Why I took to Poll very well at first, but she won't do upon a nearer examination.

Mrs. T.—How came she among you, sir?"

Dr. J.—Why I don't rightly remember, but we could spare her very well from us. Poll is a stupid slut; I had some hopes of her at first, but when I talked to her tightly and closely, I could make nothing of her; she was wiggle waggle,—and I could never persuade her to be categorical. I wish Miss Burney would come among us; if she would only give us a week, we should furnish her with ample materials for a new scene in her next work.

An Unclubable Man.—The next name that was started was that of Sir John Hawkins,—and Mrs. Thrale said:

"Why, now, Dr. Johnson, he is another of those whom you suffer nobody to abuse but yourself: Garrick is one too; for if any other person

speaks against him, you browbeat him in a minute."

"Why, madam," answered he, "they don't know when to abuse him, and when to praise him; I will allow no man to speak ill of David that he does not deserve; and as to Sir John, why really I believe him to be an honest man at the bottom: but to be sure he is penurious, and he is mean, and it must be owned he has a degree of brutality, and a tendency to savageness, that cannot easily be defended."

We all laughed heartily, as he meant we should, at this curious manner of speaking in his favour, and he then related an anecdote that he said he knew to be true in regard to his meanness. He said that Sir John and he once belonged to the same club, but that as he eat no supper after the first night of his admission, he desired to be excused paying his share

"And was he excused?"

"O, yes, for no man is angry with another for being inferior to himself: we all scorned him and admitted his plea. For my part, I was such a fool as to pay my share for wine, though I never tasted any. But Sir John was a most *unclubable* man."

Dr. Johnson and the Female Wits of his day.—"And yet," continued the Doctor, with the most comical look, "I have known all the wits, from Mrs. Montague down to Bet Flint!"

"Bet Flint!" cried Mrs. Thrale, "pray who is she?"

"Oh, a fine character, madam! She was habitually a slut and a drunkard, and occasionally a thief and a harlot."

"And for heaven's sake how came you to know her?"

"Why, madam, she figured in the literary world, too! Bet Flint wrote her own life, and called herself Cassandra, and it was in verse;—it began:

> 'When nature first ordained my birth,
> A diminutive I was born on earth;
> And then I came from a dark abode,
> Into a gay and gaudy world.'

So Bet brought me her verses to correct; but I gave her half-a-crown, and she liked it as well. Bet has a fine spirit: she advertised for a husband, but she had no success, for she told me no man aspired to her! Then she hired very handsome lodgings and a footboy; and she got a harpsichord, but But could not play; however, she put herself in fine attitudes and drummed."

Then he gave an account of another of these geniuses, who called herself by some fine name I have forgotten what.

"She had not quite the same stock of virtue," continued he, "nor the same stock of honesty as Bet Flint, but I suppose she envied her accomplishments, for she was so little moved by the power of harmony, that whilst Bet Flint thought she was drumming very divinely, the other jade had her indicted for a nuisance!"

"And pray what became of her, sir?"

"Why, madam, she stole a quilt from the man of the house, and he had her taken up: but Bet Flint had a spirit not to be subdued; so when she found herself obliged to go to jail, she ordered a sedan chair, and bid her footboy walk before her. However, the boy proved refractory, for he was ashamed, though his mistress was not."

"And did she ever get out of jail again, sir?"

"Yes, madam; when she came to her trial, the judge acquitted her. 'So now,' she said to me, 'the quilt is my own, and now I'll make a petticoat of it.' Oh, I loved Bet Flint!"

Military Discipline Sixty Years Ago—After a little twaddling conversation, Captain Fuller came in to have a little chat. He said he had just gone through a great operation—"I have been," he said, "cutting off the hair of all my men."

"And why?"

"Why the Duke of Richmond ordered that it should be done, and the fellows swore that they would not submit to it,—so I was forced to the operation myself. I told them they would look as smart again when they had got on their caps; but it went much against them. They vowed, at first, they would not bear such usage; some said they would sooner be run through the body, and others that the duke should as soon have their heads. I told them I would soon try that, and fell to work myself with them."

"And how did they bear it?"

"Oh, poor fellows, with great good nature, when they found his honor was their barber: but I thought proper to submit to all their oaths and all their jokes; for they had no other comfort but to hope I should have enough of it; and such sort of wit. Three or four of them, however, escaped: but I shall find them out. I told them I had a good mind to cut my own hair off too,—and then they would have a Captain Crop. I shall soothe them to-morrow with a present of new feathers for all their caps."

[Here we extract an account of a Royal visit. It was prior to the time of Miss Burney's being appointed a maid of honour to the Queen,—and took place while she was staying with Mrs. Delany, one of the ladies of the court. The Miss

Port mentioned was the niece of that lady. The scene is graphically drawn.]

A Visit from the King and Queen.—Soon after dinner, while Mrs. Delany was left alone, as usual, to take a little rest—for sleep it but seldom proved—Mr. B. Dewes, his little daughter, Miss Port and myself, went into the drawing room. And here, while, to pass away the time, I was amusing the little girl with teaching her some Christmas games, in which her father and cousin joined, Mrs. Delany came in. We were all in the middle of the room, and in some confusion; but she had but just time to come up to us to enquire what was going forwarn, and I was disentangling myself from Miss Dewes, to be ready to fly off if any one knocked at the street door, when the door of the drawing room was again opened, and a large man, in deep mourning, appeared at it, entering and shutting it himself, without speaking.

A ghost could not more have scared me, when I discovered, by its glitter on the black, a star! The general disorder had prevented his being seen except by myself, who was always on the watch, till Miss Port, turning round, exclaimed:

"The King!—Aunt, the King!"

Oh, mercy! thought I, that I were but out of the room! Every one scampered out of the way; Miss Port, to stand at the door; Mr Bernard Dewes to a corner opposite it; his little girl clung to me; and Mrs. Delany advanced to meet his Majesty, who after quietly looking on till she saw him, approached and enquired how she did.

He then spoke to Mr. Bernard, whom he had already met two or three times here.

I had now retreated to the wall, and purposed gliding softly, though speedily, out of the room; but before I had taken a single step, the King, in a loud whisper to Mrs. Delany, said, "Is that Miss Burney?" and on her answering, "Yes, sir," he bowed, and with a countenance of the most perfect good humour, came up to me. A most profound reverence on my part arrested the progress of my intended retreat.

"How long have you been come back, Miss Burney?"

"Two days, sir."

Unluckily he did not hear me, and repeated his question,—and whether the second time he heard me or not, I don't know, but he made a little civil inclination of his head, and went back to Mrs. Delaney.

* * * * * * * *

While this was talking over, a violent thunder was heard at the door. I was almost certain it was the Queen. Once more I would have given anything to escape—but in vain. I had been informed that nobody ever quitted the royal presence, after having been conversed with, till motioned to withdraw.

Miss Port, according to established etiquette on these occasions, opened the door which she stood next, by putting her hand behind her, and slid out backwards, into the hall, to light the Queen in. The door soon opened again, and her Majesty entered.

Immediately seeing the King, she made him a low curtsey, and cried—

"Oh, your Majesty is here!"

"Yes," he cried, "I ran here without speaking to any body."

She then hastened up to Mrs. Delany, with both her hands held out, saying—

"My dear Mrs. Delany, how are you?"

Instantly after I felt her eye on my face—I believe, too, she curtsied to me: but though I saw the bend, I was too near-sighted to be sure it was intended for me. I was hardly ever in a situation more embarrassing. I dared not return what I was not certain I had received, yet considered myself as appearing quite a monster to stand stiff-necked, if really meant.

Almost at the same moment she spoke to Mr. Bernard Dewes, and then nodded to my little clinging girl.

I was really ready to sink with horrid uncertainty of what I was doing,—when his Majesty, who I fancy saw my distress, most good humouredly said to the Queen something, but I was too much flurried to remember what, except these words—"I have been telling Miss Barney—"

Relieved from so painful a dilemma, I immediately dropped a curtsey. She made one to me at the same moment.

Another Royal Visit.—In the evening, when Mrs. Delany, Miss Port, and I, were sitting working together in the drawing room, the door was opened, and the King entered.

We all started up. Miss Port flew to her modest post at the door, I to my more comfortable one opposite the fire, which caused me but a slight and gentle retreat, and Mrs. Delany he immediately commanded to take her own place again.

I should mention, though, the etiquette always observed upon his entrance, which, first of all, is to fly off to distant quarters: and next Miss Port goes out, walking backwards, for more candles, which she brings in, two at a time, and places

upon the table and piano forte. Next she goes out for tea, which she then carries to his Majesty upon a large salver, containing sugar, cream and bread and butter and cake, while she hangs a napkin over her arm for his fingers.

When he has taken his tea, she returns to her station, where she waits tell he has done,—and then takes away his cup and fetches more.

This, it seems, is a ceremony performed, in other places, always by the mistress of the house —but here, neither of their Majesties will permit Mrs. Delany to attempt it.

The King's Opinion of Shakspeare.—"Was there ever," cried he, "such stuff as great part of Shakspeare? only one must not say so. But what think you?—what? Is there not sad stuff? What?—what?"

"Yes, indeed, I think so, sir, though mixed with such excellences, that"—

"Oh!" cried he, laughing, "good—ha! I know it is not to be said! But it's true. Only it's Shakspeare, and nobody dare abuse him."

Then he enumerated many of the characters and plays which he objected to,—and when he had run them over, finished with again laughing and exclaiming—

"But one should be stoned for saying so!"

ORIGINAL.

LINES.

THINK not the future 'ere will bring
To us proud fortune's fond caress,
That time will bear upon its wing
Long hours of deep, pure happiness.
Think not that joy again will fling,
Around our hearts, its genial ray,
Which, with the bloom of life's fair spring,
Hath pass'd away.

The flatt'ring picture fancy drew,
Hope had engraven on the heart,—
We fondly thought the fairy hue,
The golden tints, would ne'er depart.
But as the streams of crimson light,
Which, in the West, at close of day,
Fade slowly, so th' illusion bright
Has pass'd away.

No more we wake the harp's sweet pow'r,
Whose light and sympathetic tone
Was wont to cheer the lonely hour:
No—all its melody hath flown.
The bosom's chords have sunk to rest,—
That thrill'd responsive to the lay,
The fire that glow'd within the breast
Has died away.

Yes! ours another portion now—
The hollow cheek, the sunken eye,
The wasted form, the fev'rish brow,
The flutt'ring pulse, the wish to die,—
The loathing soul that dreads to live,
A wreck, a thing of slow decay,
When all the freshness youth should give
Has pass'd away.

The flow'r should fall when young and fair,
'Ere the green leaves that guard its head
Have gone, and left its tendrils bare.
To linger till its hues have fled,
And so the heart, while round it still
Its beauty and its freshness play,
Its bloom untouched by winter's chill,
Should pass away.

A HARD CASE—BY THOMAS HOOD.

THAT doctors differ, has become a common proverb; and truly, considering the great *disadvantages under which they labour*, their variances are less wonders than matters of course. If any man works in the dark, like a mole, it is the physician. He has continually, as it were, to divine the colour of a pig in a poke—or a cat in the bag. He is called in to a suspected *trunk*, without the policeman's privilege of search. *He is expected to pass judgment on a physical* tragedy going on in the house of life, without the critic's free admission to the performance. He is tasked to set to rights a disordered economy, without, as the Scotch say, going "*ben*," and must guess

at riddles hard as Samson's as to an animal with a honeycomb inside. In fact, every malady is an Enigma, and when the doctor gives you over, he "gives it up."

A few weeks ago, one of these puzzles, and a very intricate one, was proposed to the faculty at a metropolitan hospital. The disorder was desperate: the patient writhed and groaned in agony—but his *lights* as usual threw none on the subject. In the meantime the case made a noise, and medical men of all degrees and descriptions, magnetizers, homoiopathists, hydropathists, mad doctors, sane doctors, quack doctors, and even horse doctors, flocked to the ward, inspected the symptoms, and then debated and disputed on the nature of the disease. It was in the brain, the heart, the liver, the nerves, the muscles. the skin, the blood, the kidneys, the "globes of the lungs," "the momentum," "the pancras," "the capilaire vessels," and "the gutty sereny." Then for its nature; it was chronic, and acute, and intermittent, and contagious, and "ketching," and "inflammable," and "hereditary," and "eclectic," and heaven knows what besides. However, the discussion ended in a complete wrangle, and every doctor being mounted on his own theory, never was there such a scene since the Grand Combat of Hobby Horses at the end of Mr. Bayes's Rehearsal!

"*It's in his* STOMACH!" finally shouted the House Surgeon,—after the departing disputants,—"it's in his stomach!"

The poor patient, who in the interval had been listening between his groans, no sooner heard this decision than his head seemed twitched by a spasm, that also produced a violent wink of the left eye. At the same time he beckoned to the surgeon.

"You're all right, doctor—as right as a trivet."

"I know I am," said the surgeon, "it's in your stomach."

"It *is* in my stomach, sure enough."

"Yes—flying gout"—

"Flying what!" exclaimed the patient. "No sich luck, doctor," and he made a sign for the surgeon to put his ear near his lips, "it's six *Hogs* and a *Bull*, and I've swaller'd 'em."

THE BALL ROOM—BY LAVINIA DICK.

Flowers, gems, and the peachy bloom of the young beauty, the fascinating smiles of the coquette, mingled in harmony together—we seemed moving in a world of grace and fragrance. The elegant girls and women, the thrilling music, all worked a new magic within man's heart—the magic of the ball-room. It was a fairy land to the outward eye, the rich scented and coloured flowers garlanding the recesses, the fair forms and bright blushes flitting amongst them—oh! I know not which was fairest to look upon, the Camellia rose or her rival sistor the budding beauty;—which sweetest, the heliotrope's silence-scented words, or the whispered ones of the lady and her lover. To me there was no thorn near the flower, no worm in the bud; the chaperons seemed kindly spirits watching over the destinies of their delicate charges, and peace, hope, and love floated aloft, three wingless angels, on the clouds of perfume which was the air of this temple of the Graces. The fair girls greeted each other with smiles, and seemed to exult in the loveliness of their companions; nay, I heard many a blue eyed nymph extol the dark orbs of a rival planet, and vaunt the superior charms of a sister star's figure and sense. But as the night wore away, a mist cleared from before my eyes, and vanished with the flower fragrancy and bloom, the freshness of the cheek and the robe. I looked again, and what a change! There was a trace of earth and its passions every where; the bloom on the cheek concealed ill the workings of the heart within. I read envy, hatred, and malice in the blue eye as in the hazel; and she who talked of her rival's figure, slyly hinted at its too exuberant proportions, or praised an ancle when she knew that the foot could not pass sans reproche.

Our Monthly.

OUR DRAWER.

It has been well observed, that of nine persons who write, eight write poetry. And, further, in cultivated society, there are very few who have not, at some time of their life, made votive offerings to the muses. The merriest damsel that ridicules the pensive effusions of a lover,—the cynical critic that arrests the flight of the new fledged imagination, casting round it the entangling web of "rules" grammatical and rhetorical,—the hardest and the dryest worldling, he who, though of a matter of fact character, never penned a line of prose—all, at some period of life, commit the sin of versification, or, as a witty author has termed it, "the perpetration of modern poetry." Nay, the verriest loon, that knows nothing of literature, and cares as little, lets his fancy wander to some cloudy region, and sighs over what may be justly described as "a most *woful* ballad made to his mistress's eyebrows."

But though one is disposed to ridicule this universal predilection for the fanciful, we should be sorry to condemn it. Though it would seem to be a burlesque upon the aspirations of real genius, it is at bottom a portion of those same vague aspirings after something brighter than our earthly nature,—that same inclination to attain "the essence of the true sublime," which are displayed strongly and beautifully in the kindlings of mighty intellect. We are never sorry, therefore, to meet with a man who is not ashamed to own that he has written bad verses. We are never too indolent to run over the numerous lucubrations in verse that are sent us, and we are often rewarded for our trouble by finding pleasing and thoughtful lines, and others whose rich absurdity well repay perusal.

To which of these classes the following belongs our readers must judge. The author would probably place it in the former; though sorry to differ from him, we cannot but think it would be more justly assigned to the latter. The lines have a defincee of common sense about them, a sweet touch of insipidity, a delicious twaddle, which render them quite charming in their way. It is because we presume the author will be gratified by seeing them in print, that we serve them up.

TO ——.

Where'er I go—where'er I flee,
My ev'ry thought is fixed on thee,
I cannot chase thee from my mind,
For thou art with my soul combined.
Thy raven hair, *thine arrowy eye*,
Thy features of a brunette dye,
The flower that blushes on thy cheek,
The glowing words thou'rt wont to speak,
Whence many a smile unconscious springs,
Which o'er thy face enchantment flings,
Thine airy tread, thy matchless grace,
The thousand charms the eye might trace,
But which no pencil can portray,
Much less a feeble poet's lay.
'Tis passing strange! be where I will,
These are before my vision still,
Incessant sinking in my soul,
Whose feelings are beyond controul.

[Why did not the writer insert a chorus here?—Let us see how it would read:

"*Whack fa lorel—whack fa lorel, la!*"

Or, if it please better,

"*Down derry down, down derry down,*" &c.]

Thou wilt not, sweet Eliza, deem,
That though I sing in passion's hour,
I heed not what the poets dream
About the vaunted "am'rous power,"
Whose flame is of that grosser hue,
Which low desires ofttimes imbue.

My feelings are those mystic kind,
Which human tongue hath ne'er defined;
'Tis something with my spirit fraught,
Which makes me love thee *but in thought*.
[" *Whack fa lorel—whack fa lorel la.*"
Or
" *Down, down, derry down.*"]

I seek not to disturb thy breast,
Of thee I seek not "love's" bequest:
But pray th' Eternal High,
That thou may'st own his fost'ring care,
His promises and blessings share,
And keep thee still my fancy's child,
To soothe me on misfortune s wild,
Or make thou e'er my pharos bright,
To guide my wand'ring steps aright,
Or planet of my sky.
[" *Whack fa lorel—whack fa lorel la.*"
Or
Down, down derry down, down derry down.]

BETA.

Having dismissed "Beta," we trust not for ever, we proceed to some pretty verses by E. W.—whose "Epitaph on a Child," in the present number, will be recognised as from the pen of a countryman of Tom Moore:

HOW OFT.

1

How oft have I cursed in the hour of my grief,
All the causes that wake love's emotion,
And sigh'd for my passion-wreck'd spirit's relief,
A home on the desolate ocean:

2

Where nature around, like my heart, would be drear,
'Mid the dangers of death I would face them:
For the meteors of love never there might appear,
To lure the young fancy to chase them.

3

This feeling, I ween, I would gladly repress,
While on Cora I gaze with devotion,
If she with her love would my destiny bless,
I would ne'er sigh again for the ocean.

4

Yes, I gaze on the star in my day-dream I've sought,
To guide me oe'r life's dreary ocean,
From whose light all its warmth my cold bosom hath caught,
Now re-'wakening love's still emotion.

E. W.

The next production we draw forth is a dissertation on Quacks and Conjurers. Though rather lengthy, it may serve somewhat to amuse the reader:

A LETTER ON QUACKERY.

Sir—Perhaps there might not be either profit or pleasure in reverting to the times when the absurd notion of witchcraft prevailed in the minds of the ignorant, and I had almost said of the wise too—and that to such an extent, that if anything unlucky happened to take place, some poor old demented female was sought out, who by way of a scapegoat, had to bear the stigma and most likely the punishment of crimes which she was incapable of committing.

Neither should we gain much by conning over the case of the gypsies—their *race* being run and their character well known. There is another class of superhumans, not quite so obsolete, because in some places they still retain some little celebrity—but they too are fast dying away; I mean the Conjurers. I can well recollect the time when every little village had its man of magic, who could tell where stray cattle had taken up their abode, and what new master the favourite spaniel had engaged with, and what boys had robbed the orchards, and what petty thief had entered the dwelling at dead of night and carried off the items of cash, and knives, forks, spoons, &c. I well remember one of these gentry, who informed a lady for the small reward of five shillings where her lost wedding ring was. And where could it be? In the moon? O, no! It was—well it was in the stomach of the lady's lap dog! But how could it have come there? The conjurer could not tell that, but he assured the lady that it was certainly there,—and the dog, dear fellow, he had to die for it, and then it was demonstrated that the lady's ring was actually embalmed in its stomach. Murder, however, will out,—and time which makes discoveries of great events, accidentally brought to light that the man of magic had given the ring to the dog in a piece of bread and butter, and that circumstance affected his celebrity ever after. Another man of magic in the same town, which I could name if required, happened to be amazingly fond of roast rabbit, which were occasionally caught in the neighbourhood where he resided. Now some mischievous boys, under the ostensible motive of testing his magical powers, were wicked enough to skin a cat, and to place it to roast in such a situation as they presumed would attract the attention of the man of occult knowledge; and strange

to say, the bait was taken, the cat despatched without leave or licence; but what occurred on his being surrounded by the boys, shouting and glorying in their mischief, I dare not relate—but from that time he retired from conjuring.

There is another class of miracle-makers which promises a more permanent existence in society: these are the quack doctors. These gentlemen have the advantage of all other classes of supers. When a man is in pain from disease, he has not to refer to any kind of casuistry about his affliction, for he feels quite conscious of its being a reality, as he has once been in health. However, he hopes and believes he may be restored to it again; but the cause of his sufferings is latent, he has no way of ascertaining either the cause or the cure of his complaint, and perhaps some skilful physician fears that even he can discover neither the one nor the other. But fortunately for the sick, the helpless, the hopeless man, there arrives opportunely a quack doctor, who knows a little more than everything, and he certainly can divine what is the matter. He declares upon his honor that his success shall be equal to his knowledge. "Well—but," says the invalid, "how can I trust myself in the hands of an adventurer, who may take my money, and ruin my already undermined constitution?" "Ah!" cries one of his neighbours, "no fear of that—for this man cures every thing!—he has already cured, or at least done a power of good to a crowd of patients,—indeed he is getting into such repute that no person has the least doubt of being 'made whole,' though he may have one foot in the grave and the other in the" * * "Well," replies the poor fellow, "a drowning man will catch at a straw. I have no other hope—I will try what he can do for me. My money is nothing compared to my health—bring the gentleman here." Well, here he comes, and there he goes; and he has gulled another poor creature out of his money and his remaining stock of health, and soured his last moments by discovering to him the baseness of his fellow man. Happily these things are too glaring for the enlightened part of mankind. Happy for the city of Halifax, that its inhabitants have been so enlightened by libraries, &c., that if Galen, the prince of physicians, were to come and profess to cure the gout, supigo, and the rheum, together with the loss of sight, hearing and smelling, and all the complicated disorders that can endanger *health and life*, he would find no fool in Halifax to give four or five pounds per week for his trouble.

L. N.

Before we close "our drawer" for the present, let us return for a brief moment to the realms of poetry. Here is a little Serenade we received too late for insertion in our previous columns. Listen, ye who love to gaze upon the soft star of evening, to hear the murmuring of the midnight breezes, to

A LOVER'S SIMILE.

WAKE, lady, wake—
  The stars are above thee;
Till the dawn break,
  Hear how I love thee.
Wert thou the light,
  From yon star beaming,
In the still night,
  O'er hill and dale streaming,
I'd be yon silver tide,
  Beneath thee flowing,
Kiss'd by thy beams to glide,
Hill, dale, and wood beside,
While like a jewell'd bride
  Thou shouldst be glowing.

And such our lot,
  Such fate's revealing—
For is there not,
  Through this heart stealing,
A stream which would be
  All darksome and cheerless,
Wer't not for thee,
  Thou star bright and peerless?
Oh! star of evening!—star
  Beaming all lonely,
Not on the stream afar
Shineth another star,
But thou my dearest star
  Lightest it only!

HALIFAX LITERARY SOCIETY.—On Thursday, 17th, Rev. Mr. Knowlan delivered a pleasing lecture on Education. On the 24th, the debate on the question whether a repeal of the Irish Union would be beneficial to the empire, was concluded. We have received a lengthy commentary on the discussion from a member,—but too late for insertion. The question was decided in the negative, by the casting vote of the President.

CONTRIBUTIONS.—The drollery of the poetical sketch, "The Scotch Emigrant," is irresistible. It is written by a gentleman whose well known poetical talents render further remark unnecessary. We shall comply with W's request in future numbers.