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THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, OCTOBER, 1852.

THE MONTH—OCTOBER.

THE month has arrived,

“When all the woods are hung with many tints,”

ripe, mellow, decaying October. The earth has put off her summer raiment; the fresh flowers glisten no longer in the silver dew; and the forest chambers seldom echo to the voice of melody—

“Now a soft haze is hanging o'er the hill,
Tinged with a purple light—how beautiful,
And yet how cold! 'Tis the first robe put on
By sad October.”

The blossoms and foliage of sunny July have passed away. August with its scented hay-fields and blushing forests has laid down its sceptre. September with its golden harvest, and overflowing garner, has gathered its luxuriant stores, and faded from our presence, leaving but its blessings and its bounty behind. And now October has come, which Bryant calls,

“Heaven's delicious breath,
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf;
And suns grow meek, and the meek sun grows brief,
And the year smiles as drawing near its death.”

And, truly, despite the shadow of decay, which lingers on all, this is a lovely season. The sky has lost its summer brilliance, but there is a softness in its blue depths, which compensates for the glittering hue. The mellow sunshine gives an enchantment to the landscape, unseen in previous months, while the old woods hang out their changeful colours, like a bannered army, on the day of victory. How beautiful and how brilliant are the many hues which attract and chain the eye. Every variety of tint, from the rich victor scarlet, to the sad, melancholy brown. Nature is ever lovely in her waving trees, but she lavishes her beauty on them in October.

The charm of the decaying foliage is more peculiar to North America than any other region. The change is so gradual here, that the beholder is prepared for the dreariness of winter by the shadows on the leaves. As the bright hectic on the invalid's cheek, whispers of the pallor of death, so does the

gleaming beauty of the forest trees herald the ultimate decay and departure of their foliage.

There is much of melancholy in autumn, and the vivid imagination can conjure up many a striking image from the influences around

"When the warm sun is fading, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
And the year,
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying."

There is much to cause us to turn from outward impressions, to that inner life whose changes and decay are so fraught with import to us all. Nature resembles humanity—in its beauty, its shadows, and its death. It were well if all marked the simile more closely, and gathered lessons of wisdom from its beautiful dictation.

October is here as well as in older countries, the sportsman's especial season. The forests abound with game for the fowler, and the bracing atmosphere makes his pursuit a healthful as well as an exciting one. The evenings are cool enough to make his return home to the blazing hearthstone and cheerful table, full of delight—

"An Autumn night with a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free,"

marks the approach of the wanderer to his fireside.

The farmer is making his preparations for winter. He surveys his fences and looks into every cranny of his habitation, and of his barns, to see that not a crevice appears to invite the entrance of the chill east wind, or coming snow drift. He gathers the last remnants of his harvest to the store house, and the golden pumpkins shine cosily side by side, smiling at the heap of rosy apples in the distance, bringing to the housekeeper's eye a vision of capacious pies and luscious preserves. This is the season

"When Autumn like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary."

Its failing strength is shewn in the falling leaves and the russet fields; but few singing birds recall the sunnier days of summer; and the hedges no longer bloom with floral treasures. Yet even now, here and there lingers some sweet flower, like an old friend that neither time nor misfortune can change. The pansy blooms lovingly beside the blue nemophila, which, constant as its colour, is the last to forsake the soil which gave it birth. One by one the glad denizens of earth have departed, until nature appears like a homestead deserted by its occupants. The glory for a time is ours, but as the month fleets onward we feel that October is indeed 'the angel of dread winter which comes, but not in anger.'

Ere its reign is over, we have the sharp glittering frost quivering on a thousand objects: the congealing of the dew of summer. But, oh how much more lovely the liquid globules! The band of faithful flowers grow thinner,

and there remains scarce a trace of the green hue which made earth so beautiful
We feel now that

"The melancholy days have come
The saddest of the year."

at least they are presaged by the shadows of October.

But we have the bright fire to gather round, in the lengthening evenings. We have the books and the work so long laid aside for the dark hours. We have had our span of bright twilights and moonlight rambles; and it may be that many welcome the renewal of those winter occupations, with a freshened pleasure for the respite.

October is represented by the ancients as the month for vintage and revelry. His harvest is gathered in, and he makes merry over his treasures. In modern times he is a more respectable month, and makes less noise and wassail than of yore. October has no festivals of importance with us. The eve of the 31st day, All-Hallows, was wont to be observed with much ceremony in Scotland and England, but is very generally disregarded in our day. Burns has left us an amusing description of the pastime enjoyed by the 'country folk' at this festival. Many of the superstitions connected with it had great weight, with the ignorant, and Halloween was looked forward to by numbers as a period possessing great control over their fortunes and destiny. Matrimony was more specially connected with its rites, and nuts, in every form and variety, were symbols by which the order spoke. Diving for apples was also a favourite amusement, and this custom has even prevailed in our own Northern land. But we have grown wiser than our forefathers, and have discarded, with their superstitions and absurdities, the harmless frolics in which they indulged on festival occasions. The birds are taking their flight to warmer lands; pioneering with unerring care the families they have reared during their summer sojourn with us. The insects of every hue and form have left the scene of their birth and enjoyment. Inanimate Nature, with its brightness and beauty has also left us, and man stands alone amid the wreck of his former Eden, and surveys the scene before him. It is well that a bountiful providence has provided him with a refuge from the desolation; the bright shelter and cheerfulness of home, where children's voices ring out in laughter, and 'smiles light up the hearth.'

Autumn is essentially the season for reflection and revery. The poet's harp has kindled many a stirring lay beneath its enchantment; and its clear invigorating atmosphere has given birth to many a noble thought, which slept dormant beneath the sultry air of summer.

"Autumn! how lovely is thy pensive air,
But chief the sounds from thy rest woods delight;
Their deep low murmurs to the soul impart,
A solemn stillness."

Spring comes with joyfulness and hope,—Autumn with reflection and decay. As the flowers blossom and vanish,—as the voices of melody sound and are no

more; so must man wrap his mantle around, and taking one lingering look of all he holds most dear—tremble and die. We need not banish such solemn and necessary convictions. October has brought us the purple vintage,—the gathered harvest,—the overflowing storehouse. Happy for us if its loneliness, its shadow, and its decay, impress us with a type of our own frailty, and cause us to watch well the ripening of our harvest; so that its treasures may at last be garnered in a blissful and immortal granary.

EARLY HISTORY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

(Concluded from page 347.)

DURING the interval between A. D. 1755 and 1760, the Acadian French exhibited more decided symptoms of disaffection. The arrival of 4000 Protestant Englishmen at Halifax, and of Germans at Lunenburg, aroused their jealousy. Meanwhile the British had met with defeats in Canada. The Indians remained the willing allies of France. The Provincial Government became anxious, and suspected the Acadians of assisting the French Canadian troops. They were, therefore, disarmed, and many of them removed to Canada.

The Acadians now numbered 18,000. Canada and Cape Breton were prepared to help them. Governor Lawrence, therefore, in council, decided on expelling the Acadians from the Province, and dispersing them among the Southern Provinces.

In September, 1755, upwards of 7000 of them were transported, and distributed among several of the Colonies, now the United States. Boston received 1000, Philadelphia 500, St. Domingo, 600. The descendants of others may now be seen occupying villages throughout New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton and Gaspe, a district on the South side of the River St. Lawrence, near its mouth, and bordering on New Brunswick. There are many of them also in Clare and Cumberland in this Province. They seldom inter-marry with other than their own people, adhere to the Roman Catholic Church, and are inoffensive and honest. Education has made but little progress among them.

Mr. McGregor, in his work on British America remarks, that 'the present condition of the Acadians, and the leading particulars of their eventful history, are subjects of great interest in the history of Nova Scotia.'

Their case was certainly difficult of adjustment. To permit them to remove to Canada, or the other French colonies, would be adding strength to the

enemies of Britain, as war had then commenced : and to allow them to remain in possession of their lands, situated in the most valuable parts of the Province, lying as they did on the best routes for the French and Indians to attack Nova Scotia, was considered equally dangerous ; while the religious spirit of the English Colonists distrusted the neutrality of Roman Catholics, even under the sanction of an oath.

Halliburton admits their transportation to be a blot on the Provincial annals, and he could not, he says, attempt to justify that which all good men must have agreed to condemn.

Bromley, in his brief description of the Province, observes that their transportation was unnecessary and injurious.

In 1758, Pitt despatched to Halifax a superb fleet of 152 ships, and 14,000 troops, for the reduction of Louisburg, which fortress surrendered on the 26th of July ; and a skilful campaign resulted in the conquest of Prince Edward Island and Canada. Nova Scotia thereupon became secure ; and since that period neither the power of France, nor the hostilities of the Indians, has materially impaired its peace or retarded its prosperity. A solemn treaty of peace between England and France was concluded at Paris. Feb. 10th, 1763. France thereby transferred to its rival power all her possessions on the North American continent.

We come therefore now to a detail of the more domestic and exclusive history of Nova Scotia.

From this period the settlement of the Province has steadily advanced. Valuable settlers arrived from New-England, England and Scotland. In 1755 the first Assembly was convened, in opening which Governor Lawrence congratulated its members on the flourishing and happy state of the Province. In 1759 artillery and whatever could be removed to Halifax was brought from Louisburg, and the towers and walls of that proud fortress were destroyed by English Engineers. The work of destruction cost £10,000. A formal treaty was concluded with the Indians. European officers and Indian warriors took part in a great 'Talk,' and the hatchet was solemnly buried ; goods were supplied to them ; and a regular standard value was affixed to the furs and feathers with which they effected their barter.

In December 1760, President Belcher informed his Government that the Townships of Cornwallis, Falmouth and Horton, adjacent to the Bay of Fundy and Basin of Minas, were 'well established,' chiefly by about 600 persons from England ; that the troops, Acadians and settlers had united in repairing an extensive breach in the dykes of Canard River ; and that a bridle road was completed from Sackville to Windsor.

In 1762, a French Squadron seized on St. John's, Newfoundland. Alarm spread to Nova Scotia. Martial Law was proclaimed ; and the Militia of King's County being ordered to seize on the Acadians, brought 150 to Halifax,

who were sent to Boston, but were returned to Nova Scotia. Lord Colville, speedily retook St. John's. In 1763 the crown established the limits of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. During that year the Imports of the Province were £4,312; Exports £16,000; Population 13,000. Granville was granted to 160 proprietors, and Londonderry settled with Irish emigrants.

In 1764, Windsor was founded by New-Englanders.

We now approach the period when hostilities broke out between England, and most of her North American Colonies. Until 1763 the British Parliament had allowed the colonies to affix their own taxes, though it controlled their commerce. On the 29th September 1761, the Parliament passed an act, having for its object the raising a revenue in the colonies, but with permission to expend each amount raised in the colony paying it. The greater part of the Colonies opposed this attempt. In England it was contended that this right of taxation was indispensable to the authority, union and prosperity of the Empire. In the Colonies it was urged that Taxation and Representation were inseparable. In 1765 the famous Stamp Act was passed which decreed certain documents to be invalid unless prepared on paper having a stamp, for which a duty was to be paid to the Imperial Treasury. That act included the Colonies. It was publicly burnt at Boston. Most of the Colonial Assemblies passed Resolutions against it. It was repealed, but Parliament still claimed the right to 'bind the Colonies in all cases whatsoever.' Nova Scotia submitted to the tax.

In 1767, a Bill was passed by the British Legislature, making the colonies subject to a duty on Tea, Glass and Paper. In these taxes also Nova Scotia acquiesced. She was invited to join in the resistance, but the invitation met with neither encouragement nor attention. Nova Scotia transmitted to England a declaration of loyalty most numerously signed. Two corps of Provincials were raised for the defence of the Province. King's county contributed 200.

On the 4th of July, 1776, the 13 confederate Colonies dissolved their allegiance to the British Crown. France acknowledged their independence in 1778. At length, in 1783, the 'American war' was brought to a close, and a definitive Treaty of peace was executed on the 30th Sept. at Paris.

The population of the Province amounted at this time to about 20,000, to which were added about 10,000 settlers from the revolted Colonies. In 1785, the establishment of monthly packets between Falmouth and Halifax was effected. The Counties of the Province were this year assigned their specific boundaries.

In 1787, Nova Scotia was erected into an Episcopal See, and Dr. Charles Inglis, formerly Rector of Trinity Church in New York, was appointed its first Bishop. In November the Assembly resolved on establishing an Academy, and recommended the founding of a College, at Windsor. The

instructions from His Majesty were highly praiseworthy, and bore date Novr 13, 1787. "It is our will and pleasure that the Assembly be recommended to make due provision for the erecting and maintaining Schools, where youth may be educated in competent learning, and in the knowledge of the principles of the Christian Religion." In 1792, 1,200 free Negroes were brought from the revolted Colonies, and 600 Maroons from Jamaica. There are now probably about 3000 negroes in the Province.

In April 1793, war having commenced between England and France, Halifax again became the North American Station for the British Army and Navy. Large numbers of troops spread wealth and energy around. The late Prince Edward, father of our gracious Sovereign, in command of the Troops at Halifax, assisted to advance the prosperity of Nova Scotia. Subscriptions were made in the Province to aid Government in bearing the expenses of the war.

In 1797 Prince Edward erected the Lodge near Bedford Basin, six miles from Halifax. The beautiful grounds still bear marks of evident grandeur and departed glory.

In 1801, Peace between the Great European Powers was declared. The people of Halifax exhibited their joy on the happy event by a brilliant illumination.

It is gratifying to observe that almost every one of the latter 25 years of the last century, i. e. from 1775 to 1800, was marked by a day of public and general fasting or thanksgiving, according to the aspect of the time. On such days the Almighty God was openly acknowledged, honoured and invoked. It were well, that that wise and righteous practice were not so nearly obsolete; and it is sincerely to be hoped that when such seasons are appointed, all denominations and all persons may unite in the public expression of humiliation, prayer and praise. There is a God: and nations and provinces, as well as individuals, should trace His Hand and seek His Face; remembering that while by Him 'the bows of the mighty may be broken,' by Him also 'they that stumble may be girded with strength.'

L.

APPENDIX TO THE 'EARLY HISTORY OF NOVA-SCOTIA'
CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

America discovered by Columbus, 1492.
South America seen by Americus, 1497.
Nova Scotia or Newfoundland, by Cabot, 1497.
La Roche lands convicts on Sable Island, 1598.
De Mouts discovers Annapolis, 1604.
Nova Scotia granted to Sir W. Alexander, 1621
“ ceded to France, 1632.
“ conquered by the English, 1656.
“ ceded to France by Treaty of Breda, 1667.
“ conquered by Phipps, 1690.
“ restored to France, by treaty of Ryswick, 1697
“ ceded to Great Britain, Do. Utrecht, 1713

Annapolis garrisoned by the English, 1713.
 Halifax, became the seat of Government, 1749.
 French power destroyed in Nova Scotia, 1755.
 First Assembly of Representatives for Nova Scotia, 1758
 Nova Scotia transferred by France to England, by treaty of Paris, 10th Feb. 1763.
 Stamp Act passed, 1764.
 First General Congress in Philadelphia, 1773.
 American War commences, 1765.
 Independence of the 13 American Colonies, declared 4th July, 1776.
 Peace between England and the United States, 1782.
 N. Brunswick and C. Breton separated from N. S. 1784.
 Packets between Falmouth and Halifax, established 1785.
 First General Agricultural Society formed in Halifax, 1790.
 Second " " " 1818.
 Third " " " 1841.

DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

NO. III.—"LET THE LIGHT ENTER."—GOETHE.

The hand was nerveless, wan and cold,
 That once in triumph swayed
 The pen whose every movement told
 Of depths where passion played ;
 That gave forth words of import high—
 Half human, half divine !
 But now the fountain's source was dry,
 And dark the temple's shrine.

A Bard of glorious eloquence
 Stood face to face with death ;
 On angel pinions journeying hence
 The world of sin and scathe.
 He who had sung the ' Fatherland,'
 In strains of lofty power,
 With poet's strength and wizard's wand—
 Lay captive in that hour.

He thought of all earth's sin and toil,
 Of youth's triumphant dreams,
 Of manhood reaping sorrow's spoil,
 By pleasures shrunken streams ;
 Of all the hopes and joys of life
 Reduced at last to this—
 The agony of mortal strife,
 The sting without the bliss.

And as each dark tempestuous thought
 Swept on without control,
 The anguish by their whirlwind wrought,
 Crushed down the poet's soul.
 And all the lovely dreams of rest,
 That once his spirit knew,
 Were darkened by such strange behest
 And hidden from his view.

Troubled and faint he silent lay,
 So dark the tempest bore,
 Till through the fetters of the clay,
 The soul broke forth once more.
 The glorious hopes that once had stirred
 Flushed through the gloomy din;
 And thus his dying voice was heard—
 "Let the light enter in."

He spake, and light immortal broke
 Forth from that radiant land
 In which GOETHE'S spirit woke.
 Forever more to stand.
 His harp gave loftier music now,
 Henceforth to heaven akin;
 A crown was on the poet's brow—
 The light had entered in!

M. J. K.

SONG OF THE WINDS.

OVER mountain, and moor,
 Over meadow and lea,
 Round the cavernous shore,
 Through the billowy roar
 Of the sea—
 We whistle and sing,
 Hey! ding-a-ding, ding!
 And make the world ring
 With our glee!

Where the light fleecy cloud
 Floats so swift and so ligh,
 We shout joyous and loud
 As we hurry and crowd
 Through the sky.
 Where the rivulets flow,
 Round the cottage below,
 There we silently blow,
 But a sigh.

Far away on the main,
 With the foam-waves we play;
 And then hie back again,
 To bestrew the broad plain
 With the spray.
 With the sea-mews we skip;
 'Neath the white waves we dip,
 Or urge on the lone ship
 On her way.

We lend nourishing showers
 To the green sedgy isle;
 And our holiday hours,
 'Mid the newly blown flowers
 We beguile.
 When the Sun sinks to sleep,
 Through the forests we sweep,
 And a wild revel keep
 All the while.

All unwearied we go,
 The whole universe round:
 Where the cataract's flow,
 Where the cold winter's snow
 Hides the ground;
 Where the Spring streamlets brawl,
 Where the Summer birds call,
 Where the Autumn leaves fall—
 We are found.

Over mountain and moor,
 Over meadow and lea,
 Round the cavernous shore,
 Through the billowy roar
 Of the sea—
 We whistle and sing,
 Hey! ding-a-ding, ding!
 And make the world ring
 With our glee!

D. S.

LOUIS LE GRAND: OR, FONTAINEBLEAU AND VERSAILLES.

A COMEDY & SPECTACLE—IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

(Continued from page 335.)

SCENE 2nd.—*Ante-chamber. Open doorway. Large Cabinets R. & L., in the wings. Books on shelves, Pictures, &c.*

Enter Page, followed by workmen carrying a grated wicket of light iron-work.

PAGE.—The Duchess has given orders for putting up the gate without delay.

WORK.—Well, Sir! here is the wicket. The hinges are already fixed. Nothing more is required than to hang it—the work of an instant. (*Proceeds to hang the gate before doorway.*)

PAGE.—Egad! with such a portecullis, the fortress will be impregnable, and the fair garrison in excellent condition to stand a siege. I question, nevertheless, whether the measure will be received with general satisfaction, even by the ladies. The courtiers certainly will not approve, and the King may think fit to give the Duchess de Navailles a hint that a prolonged visit to one of her country residences will be conducive to health.

WORK.—(*Opening and shutting gate.*) The job is completed. See, sir, how sweetly it swings upon its hinges.

PAGE.—(*Goes up.*) Very good, indeed. (*Locks and unlocks gate.*) The lock acts like the spring of a pistol.

WORK.—Shall I close the wicket, or leave it open?

PAGE.—Wide open, certainly! Give me the key! now vanish.

WORK.—(*Gives key, and exit.*)

PAGE.—How I should laugh, ha, ha!—if, in spite of her precautions, the old Duchess were outwitted. Here she comes.

Enter Duchess de Navailles.

DE N.—Have my orders been obeyed?

PAGE.—They have, your grace! There is the wicket—and I have the honour to present the key.

DE N.—I leave it in your charge. On no pretext whatever suffer it to quit your hands. (*Goes up and examines gate.*) This must be an effectual impediment to fresh aggression. When you are certain that all the ladies have retired, lock the gate and give me up the key. (*Exit Page.*) This decisive step will, of course, be visited on me: disgrace and banishment are inevitable. No matter—personal consideration must yield to the conscientious discharge of duty. (*Exit.*)

Enter King and Bontemps.

KING.—We are first in the field: an earnest of success on all occasions. But where shall we conceal ourselves, so as to hear and see conveniently.

BOX.—These Cabinets, Sir! (*pointing,*) your Majesty is well accustomed to Cabinet Councils.

KING.—No time for jesting, sir! Open, quickly, they will be here presently.

(*Bontemps ushers the King into Cabinet L, and conceals himself in the other, R). (Enter de Houdancourt and Chamarante, meeting).*

DE H.—Accept my thanks, Monsieur Chamarante, for this punctuality.

CHAM.—Lady! I fly to your presence on the wings of—

DE H.—You forget!

CHAM.—Of respect!—(*aside*) a word the king invariably substitutes for one more tender.

KING.—(*aside*). The puppy imitates me in manner and expression.

BON.—(*aside*). Bravo! Chamarante!—thy doom is sealed.

DE H.—I was about to speak, when we were interrupted, of the efforts of the Countess to compromise me with the king, whose assiduities of late render my further residence at Fontainebleau impossible. As a sovereign, I honour him; as a gentleman, respect him; but as a—oh heavens! the bare idea makes me shudder—I shrink from him.

KING.—(*aside*). Singularly complimentary! the Countess has deceived me.

CHAM.—(*aside*). She is coming to the point. (*Aloud.*) I understand you cannot reciprocate his—his—respect.

DE H.—He incessantly repeats the word *respect*, in a manner that offends me. But enough of this. The service I require, demands entire confidence on my part. In spite of my confusion, I must confess it (*hesitates*) my affections are—(*holds handkerchief to face and weeps.*)

CHAM.—Proceed, enchanting creature!

KING.—(*aside*). She, surely, cannot be going to confess that she prefers my Valet de Chambre to me!

BON.—(*aside*). The place is mine.

DE H.—Alas! I have been sensible of his merits.

CHAM.—His merits!—whose, I pray you?

DE H.—The companion of my childhood—the friend of my youth—the Count De Lauzun!

CHAM.—The Count De—

KING & BON.—De Lauzun! (*aside*).

DE H.—He is unconscious of my preference. (*weeps.*)

CHAM.—(*aside*). Then I am a mere stalking horse after all. What a fool! Well I must make the best of it, or I shall be the laughing stock of the whole Court. (*Aloud.*) I begin to perceive! you would have me give him a— a— what shall I call it—a hint in short.

DE H.—(*suddenly*). Not for the world! De Lauzun must never know—never even suspect the secret of my heart! Alas! he is privately affianced to another, and has made me—me—his confidante.

KING.—(*aside*). Privately affianced! without my consent!

CHAM.—But, the king! is he aware?

DE H.—For reasons of the greatest importance, he must for a time be kept in total ignorance.

KING.—(*aside*). Indeed!

DE H.—He is deeply interested in the lady's welfare; but her name—

CHAM.—(*interrupting*). I guess!—Madlle de—

DE H.—(*stopping his mouth.*) Hush! her name must not be uttered, even in a whisper.

KING.—(*aside*). Who can she be?

CHAM.—A mysterious affair, truly! But the service you require?

DE H.—Your assistance to fly the Court—the world—for ever.

CHAM.—But the king!

DE H.—Is too magnanimous to insist on my return, when he learns the motive for my flight.

KING.—(aside). Magnanimous! she is right.

DE H.—For me in reality his Majesty cares little.

KING.—(aside). I begin not to be quite certain on that head! Her sorrows interest me.

DE H.—He is misled by the Countess, (weeps) and I am betrayed!

CHAM.—Why not appeal to the Queen?—or, the Queen mother?

DE H.—Delicacy towards the King, whom I most truly honour; fear of compromising De Lauzun, the consequences of which would be dreadful: persecution on all sides.

KING.—(aside). Persecution! at my Court! never!

DE H.—I have no resource but flight! The abbess of Chaillot is my relative—a dear friend of my deceased mother—to her will I fly for refuge.

CHAM.—(aside). De Pons already in the convent; she, too, going; the maids of honour all becoming devotees; and the Court a mere nursery for nuns.

DE H.—See! I have prepared a letter in which I explain my painful situation. (Gives letter). Cause it, I beseech you, to be conveyed, with all secrecy and despatch, to the dear Abbess. She will sympathize in my sorrows, and open her arms to me.

CHAM.—(taking letter reluctantly). But the King's displeasure!

DE H.—Fear nothing! when I am gone His Majesty will be informed of all the particulars. He will forgive you, and pardon me.

KING.—(rushing from cabinet). He will! he does!

DE H. & CH.—(kneel). The King!

BON.—(emerging slowly). He will not be disgraced then, after all.

KING.—(taking De H's hand). Rise, exemplary girl! Chamarante, you may retire.

DE H.—Pardon him, Sir! I am alone, to blame.

KING.—Be reassured—we will not deal harshly by him! (Chamarante bows, and exit). As for myself, Madlle, your conduct commands our respect; your sufferings, our sympathy. Remain at the Court. We will protect you, and your secret shall be sacred. Bontemps! withdraw. (Exit Bontemps).

DE H.—(agitated). Sir! this clemency! this consideration!

KING.—Retire to your apartment. We will resume this conversation another time. Come, be comforted. (takes her hand and leads her off respectfully). She is really a very estimable person, and very beautiful; but what is her beauty now to me. A singular story! De Lauzun affianced! his love returned! a lady in whose welfare—I—ha! a horrible suspicion is suggested. Affianced! can it be La Valliere? it must—whom else? distraction!

VOICES.—(without) Madlle. Montalais!

KING.—The maids of honour! They must not see me. When they have retired, I will return—my heart in the mean time racked with doubt—despair! (Exit.)

VOICES.—(without) Madlle. Montalais!

Enter Montalais.

MONT.—Ha, ha! I have outstripped them all! Let me obey the Countess, and reconnoitre. She suspects that the King came hither. Ha! the cabinets

open! I may make some notable discovery. (*Enters Cabinet—closes one door which partially conceals her. Enter Chalais, and other ladies.*)

CHAL.—Not here! where can she be! (*calls*). Madlle Montalais!

LADY.—Probably retired to her chamber.

CHAL.—Dear me! the cabinets are open; how unusual! Let us see what they contain.

LADIES.—Oh yes! let us see. (*They rush up to the cabinets, just as Montalais re-appears—they see her and scream*). Good gracious! what a fright you gave us.

CHAL.—How can you be so mischievous?

MONT.—(*coming forward flourishing a bunch of Ribbons*). Behold! a trophy.

CHAL.—The King's shoulder knot! I recognise it by the brilliant that confines the bow. Where did you find it?

MONT.—In yonder cabinet.

CHAL.—He must have lost it. What can he have been doing there?

MONT.—A mystery, which we must leave the Countess to solve, and this may afford some clue.

CHAL.—I have it! He came to meet La Valliere! Did you not remark how he noticed her? And how vexed he was whenever her Highness, and the Countess interrupted their conversation?

LADIES.—And intercepted their stolen glances!

MONT.—For my part I cannot conceive what he sees in such a simpleton to be so fascinated.

CHAL.—She is timid, certainly, and reserved; but you must allow that she is beautiful; and moreover, there is a peculiar grace about her—

MONT.—(*sneering*). Oh! ha, ha! very *peculiar*. You sly creature! you have discovered, then—

CHAL.—Discovered!

MONT.—Yes, to be sure! that she is—

LADIES.—Pray tell us! she is what?

MONT.—Positively crooked.

LADIES.—Oh! delightful!

MONT.—Yes! and what is more remarkable—

LADIES.—What! What!

MONT.—She has not even the art to conceal her *peculiar* grace, as Chalais calls it. Then, her *tournaire* altogether—

LADIES.—Awkward, very awkward.

MONT.—And her dress!

LADIES.—Preposterously simple!

CHAL.—Nevertheless, I wager my ruby bracelet, ladies, that ere long she sets us all the fashion.

MONT.—Then she must change her *marchande de modes*?

LADIES.—Or we ours!

MONT.—Hush! I see her coming! let us in: I can't endure her. (*Exeunt*).

Enter La Valliere.

LA VAL.—What can you have induced his Majesty to quit the barge so abruptly! Have I offended him! oh no! he smiled tenderly as he took leave of me, and did not notice the other ladies. What fascination in his smile! Is this the man they call a libertine? It cannot be! his whole demeanour, so

earnest, yet so respectful! Heigh ho! what folly to indulge these fancies! I must, I will banish the pleasing illusion! ah me, but what can have become of De Lauzun? I dare not venture to wait longer, for him; he will be here presently and find me gone: it can't be helped—the letter will console him. (*takes letter from her dress, and goes toward book shelves*). Let me deposit it in the volume. (*takes down book*). Seudery! dear Seudery, charming interpreter of the heart's tenderest emotions! Is this the volume agreed upon?—no, the second! (*takes down another book, places the letter in it and replaces it on shelf*). He will be sure to find it. (*Exit just as king enters.*)

KING.—Hist! Louise! Madlle. de La Valliere! too late—she does not hear me. Unfortunate! one moment sooner and her own soft accents would have pronounced my sentence: Happiness or misery. She had been reading! (*goes to book-shelf.*) Let me gaze upon the pages hallowed by her dove-like glances. (*reading titles*). 'Art of War,' not that, certainly. 'Bassompierre,' nor that. Ha! 'Seudery's Romances,' her favourite study! She may have marked some passage. (*takes down book—the letter falls on the floor.*) Yes, the paper has fallen out, let me replace it. (*takes up letter*). A letter! the seal unbroken—addressed to (*read*) ha! what do I see! "To the Count de Lauzun." Death! death to all my hopes. (*drops book and letter.*) No longer any doubt. I will seek her at all hazards. From her lips alone will I receive my doom! (*Rushes through door.*)

Enter Page.

PAGE.—Now then to make all secure! they must have retired by this time. (*closes gate and locks it*). Now, ladies, you are safe! Truly, as Monsieur de Lauzun says, the character of maids of honour, is hard to be sustained at Fontainebleau! (*Exit.*)

Enter De Lauzun.

DE L.—(*looking round*). Gone! I am past the time! she could not wait. Well, it cannot be helped, but the letter will explain. (*goes towards book-shelf, sees the note on floor, and takes it up*). On the floor! how very careless! At all events the seal is unbroken; it has not been perused by eyes profane: that is fortunate. (*opens note and reads—the King appears behind the wicket*).

KING.—Ha! a grated door! (*tries to open it*). Locked! too, my precipitate entrance prevented me from observing it.

DE L.—(*Reads*). "You are at liberty to declare all." What more can I desire.

KING.—(*trying to open*). Madame de Navailles! this is your handy-work.

DE L.—(*Reads*). "As the King must, sooner or later, have been informed, better that the avowal should come from us." She is right. "It will flatter, and propitiate him." She is aware of his weak points!

KING.—(*shutting gate*). Firm as a portecullis!

DE L.—(*attracted by the noise looks round*). What do I see! the King in the private apartments at this hour!

KING.—(*angrily*). Monsr. de Lauzun! you here!

DE L.—As you perceive, sire! nibbling at the bait, but not within the trap. Ha, ha, ha! I have been accustomed to give your Majesty credit for greater circumspection!

KING.—This levity is highly disrespectful. You forget, Sir.

DE L.—Pardon me Sire—what an awkward predicament!

KING.—Release me, Sir!

DE L.—I would with the greatest pleasure! But how, indeed, unless I inform the queen, or summon the *gardes du corps*?

KING.—Sir, you take a mean advantage of my situation. But have a care!

DE N.—(without). Give me the key.

KING.—(shaking gate violently). The Duchess' voice! what is to be done?

VOICES.—(within). Look to the gate.

KING.—Beset on all sides! Assist me, De Lauzun.

DE L.—What can I do! The servants are coming. Ha, I remember! one moment, and your Majesty is free!

KING.—Be quick then, be quick!

DE L.—The secret door, concealed within the panel of yonder cabinet, not used of late—but no matter. (De Lauzun goes into cabinet).

KING.—Baffled! prevented from speaking to Louise! discovered by the Duchess! But she shall pay dearly for her temerity!

(De Lauzun re-appears behind the wicket, withdraws the King, and is seen with him in the cabinet as the Duchess de Narailles enters).

DE N.—So all is safe! (King looks out of cabinet). His Majesty will find it difficult to elude my vigilance in future. (unlocks wicket, goes in, relocks it, and exits. Enter King and De Lauzun from Cabinet).

KING.—(aside). What an escape! but to owe it to the man of all others, I have such cause to detest! Intolerable!

DE L.—(aside). A golden opportunity! I will take advantage of it.

KING.—(haughtily). Monsr. le Comte De Lauzun, we are deeply indebted to you!

DE L.—A mere trifle, Sir!—but perchance sufficient to excuse a brief trespass on your Majesty's attention.

KING.—Sir, we are not prepared at present. On Thursday you shall have an audience at Versailles.

DE L.—(Bows stiffly). At your Majesty's convenience—(aside). What have I done to displease him!

He is in one of his moods. I dare not urge him further. So much for the gratitude of Kings. (Bows and Exits).

KING.—So then! She meets De Lauzun! writes to him! De Lauzun is acquainted with the secret entrances! De Houdancourt's allusion is explained! De Lauzun is my rival—the rival of his king! I had promised him the command of the artillery. The promise shall be cancelled. This it is to be too gracious! (Exits).

Curtain falls—End of Act 1.

WORKS OF IR MARVEL.*

DREAM LIFE.

In a former number we called attention to the works of this author by reference to his first published volume: 'The Reveries of a Bachelor.' The

*Dream Life: a Fable of the Seasons, by DONALD G. MITCHELL. New York, 1851.

work now under notice, 'Dream Life,' is of the same character, another series of those pleasant musings, based upon reality, and which touch the heart by their truthfulness.

We like exceedingly the author's dedicatory letter (to Washington Irving) and his introductory chapters. They breathe a manly, straightforward spirit—a consciousness of the sincerity of his dreams, with an honest shrinking from the judgment passed by the public, that his reveries are the reflections of experience; telling us well and beautifully in his conversations with Aunt Tabitha (the confidante of many of his fancies,) 'there are griefs too sacred to be babbled to the world, and there may be loves which one would forbear to whisper even to a friend.' The thoughts which make up the actual sum of his reveries are as much the property of his readers, as his own: they are but fancies, so far as his individual experience goes—but realities where human life, its hopes and yearnings, are concerned.

'Dreams of Boyhood,' is the title of the first chapter, and the Spring of life is contrasted with the Spring of the year. He draws a beautiful picture of this season in our North American climate, and shows how the affections of a boy's young life are watered by his tears, to bud and blossom into perfection—as the rich rains of Spring bring forth the beauty and freshness of the year. All a boy's dreams and inclinations start life-like on the canvas. His wandering in the old garret among the antique relics, on a rainy day in Spring;—his passionate delight in Robinson Crusoe;—his tears over Paul and Virginia; his wish to realize all those scenes in his own person, will bring many back to the scenes of their own boyish years, when all life lay before them—unknown—untried.

First, life at school—the boy's hopes, and fears, and struggles, are well described;—his first essay with tormentors of a larger growth;—his dread of the name of coward, and the risk he runs to escape from it; then comes a fall, and, with it, the boy's first sickness, when all the fond tenderness of a mother and dear sister are first fully experienced. Charlie, the youngest child and pet brother; that dear, good sister Nelly, and her friend Madge, soon to be his friend too; with Frank the school-mate and constant companion, are the characters that figure most prominently in these connected dreams. The first passage in a boy's sentiment—the breaking of a sixpence with *Madge*—is told in a few words: enough, however, to 'cast the shadows before.'

Then we have a flirtation with a black eyed Jenny, when on a visit to a friend; he is wakened from this fancy by his mother's letter. Poor Charlie, the pet and plaything of home, is very ill—but we will extract a part of this beautiful chapter.

'A little lamp is flickering on the hearth, and the gaunt shadow of the bedstead lies dark upon the ceiling. Your mother is in her chair, with her head upon her hand, though it is long after midnight. The Doctor is standing with his back towards you, and with Charlie's little wrist in his fingers, and

you hear hard breathing, and now and then a low sigh from your mother's chair.

'An occasional gleam of fire-light makes the gaunt shadows stagger on the wall like something spectral. You look wildly at them, and at the bed where your own brother, your laughing gay-hearted brother, is lying. You long to see him, and sidle up softly a step or two: but your mother's ear has caught the sound, and she beckons you to her, and folds you again in her embrace. You whisper to her what you wish. She rises and takes you by the hand, to lead you to the bedside.

'The Doctor looks very solemnly as we approach. He takes out his watch: He is not counting Charlie's pulse, for he has dropped his hand, and it lies carelessly, but oh, how thin! over the edge of the bed.

'He shakes his hand mournfully at your mother, and she springs forward, dropping your hand, and lays her fingers upon the forehead of the boy, and passes her hand over his mouth. 'Is he asleep, Doctor?' she says in a tone you do not know.

'Be calm, Madam.' The Doctor is very calm.

'I am calm,' says your mother; but you do not think it, for you see her tremble very plainly. 'Dear Madam, he will never waken in this world.'

'There is no cry, only a bowing down of your mother's head on the body of poor, dead Charlie, and only when you see her form shake and quiver with the deep smothered sobs, your crying bursts forth loud and strong.

'The Doctor lifts you in his arms that you may see that pale head, those blue eyes all sunken, that flaxen hair gone, those white lips pinched and hard! Never, never will the boy forget his first terrible sight of Death.

'In your silent chamber, after the storm of sobs has wearied you, the boy-dreams are strange and earnest. They take hold of that awful visitant, that strange slipping away from life, of which we know so little, and yet know, alas! so much. Charlie that was your brother is now only a name. Perhaps he is an angel; perhaps (for the old nurse has said it, when he was ugly, and now you hate her for it), he is with Satan.

'But you are sure this cannot be; you are sure that God who made him suffer, would not now quicken and multiply his suffering. It agrees with your religion to think so, and just now you want your religion to help you all it can.

.....

'You think how good a life you will lead, and you map out great purposes, spreading themselves over the school-weeks of your remaining boyhood; and you love your friends, or seem to, far more dearly than you ever loved them before; and you forgive the boy who provoked you to that sad fall from the oaks, and you forgive him all his wearisome teasings. But you cannot forgive yourself for some harsh words that you once have spoken to Charlie: still less can you forgive yourself for having once struck him in passion, with your fist. You cannot forget his sobs then: if he were only alive, one little instant, to let you say, 'Charlie! will you forgive me?'

'Yourself, you cannot forgive: and sobbing over it, and murmuring, dear, dear Charlie, you drop into a troubled sleep.'

Next comes the boy's musings on religion, ambition, and the sterner realities of chequered, busy life. Home is a scene of domestic happiness touchingly

described. It is the last time the boy looks upon it, and leaves it unchanged.

The Spring of his life is over ; he is about to embark on the busy world, and leave behind him in that holy temple, all the precious influences that have watched over him so long : Father, Mother, Nelly and *Madge*, almost more than all. But strong in a boy's hopes, he leaves them, and the barque pushes off, outward bound.

Summer, or the Dreams of youth, brings with it College Life : man's young ambition,—his glowing romance,—fascination by the sister of a college friend, beautiful, accomplished, intellectual ; but a dozen years older than himself. All these scenes are well drawn, but space forbids us to linger too long among them. He takes his first look at the world, and half forgets the ties of home. Letters come : his mother is ill ; she grows thinner and weaker daily ; but the active things of the outer world engage him so much, that he lays the letter heedlessly by, and thinks Nelly is over-anxious. Then they send for him ; they have urged him repeatedly before ; but now his return is pressed so fondly—still he delays : Miss Dalton, the sister of his college friend, has so fascinated him, that home and all are forgotten. But there comes a letter at last that rouses him from his carelessness, and brings his full punishment with it. That dear mother is dead : Nelly has written it. And then the sad return to home ;—the loss of that ever loving face ;—the vacant chair ;—the silent voice !

The painfully vivid picture of that broken Home could only have been drawn by a true and gentle-hearted man : one to whom the sorrows and sympathies of life are very dear.

After this, Nelly, ' that sweet sister,' grows dearer, and her confidence and advice are all in all to Clarence, the hero. Then comes a broken hope, the refusal of Laura Dalton ; the scattering to the winds of all his romance, and passionate ideal love. With this sorrow the day dreams of Summer pass away ; the heat and blossom of life are over : ' Clouds weave the SUMMER into the season of AUTUMN ; and YOUTH rises from dashed hopes into the stature of a MAN.'

The description of Autumn in the year is a pleasant chapter, and shows a deep appreciation of the beauty and glory of Nature. The September of life has also many changes. A russet hue tinges its dreams, and hopes and feelings ; but it also brings the golden grain where the bright blossom once sparkled. Clarence looks round on life and finds it changed, how much ! Sometimes he can smile gaily enough ; but at others the tears start. Such is life, a web of strange mingling. The playmate of his brother, the friend of his riper years, dear sister Nelly has married Frank, the true, early friend. And then, lonely, yearning for all the tender ties of companionship and home delights, the heart of the wanderer Clarence turns once more to its early love, and finds a rest in the affection of tender gentle-hearted *Madge*. The broken sixpence is again united, and the childish lovers become the fond, devoted husband and wife.

The description of the winter of life is beautifully given : then resting on the strong foundation of household love, strengthened by the holiness and beauty of filial affection, the old man sinks quietly to his rest. He has lived over again his young life in his children ; their joys and sorrows are his own ; he renews his being in their existence ; and when at last the dark hours come, opening to the valley of the shadow of death, he and the wife he has loved so well, and whose affection has been his stay through a lengthened life, pass, as it were, through the portals together, and almost hand in hand enter the mansions on the other side. We extract the closing portion of this exquisite book, but to give all the beautiful passages would be to quote the volume entire.

‘The old man is in the midst of his household. It is some festive day. He holds feebly his place, at the head of the board : he utters in feeble tones—a thanksgiving.

‘His married Nelly is there, with two blooming children. Frank is there, with his bride. Madge, dearest of all, is seated beside the old man, watchful of his comfort, and assisting him, as with a shadowy dignity he essays to do the honours of the board. The children prattle merrily : the elder ones talk of the days gone by ; and the old man enters feebly, yet with floating glimpses of glee, into the cheer, and the rejoicings.

‘Poor old man, he is near his tomb. Yet his calm eye looking upward, seems to show no fear.

‘The same old man is in his chamber ; he cannot leave his chair now. Madge is beside him ; Nelly is there too, with her eldest born. Madge has been reading to the old man : it was a passage of promise—of the Bible promise. ‘A glorious promise,’ says the old man, feebly, ‘a promise to me ; a promise to her, poor Madge.’ ‘Is her picture there, Maggie?’

‘Madge brings it to him ; he turns his head, but the light is not strong. They wheel his chair to the window ; the sun is shining brightly ; still the old man cannot see ! ‘It is getting dark, Maggie!’

‘Madge looks at Nelly, wistfully, sadly.

‘The old man murmurs something—and Madge stoops. ‘Coming,’ he says, ‘coming?’

‘Nelly brings the little child to take his hand : perhaps it will revive him. She lifts her boy to kiss his cheek.

‘The old man does not stir ; his eyes do not move : they seem fixed above. The child cries as his lips touch the cold cheek. It is a tender SPRING flower, upon the bosom of the dying WINTER.

‘The old man is gone ; his dream life is ended.’

It is not often we are enabled to give such high praise to an American author ; and we do it the more cheerfully in this case from that reason. If the republican writers would only write naturally and simply, as the author of ‘Dream Life’ and instead of straining for something ambiguous and unreal, they would find a larger number of admirers both in the old world and the Colonies. It is the honest, touching truthfulness of these day-dreams that recommend them to our approbation and affection.

We pity the individual that does not rise better and happier from the perusal of the books, whose style and character have just passed under review.

Such works promote a sympathy with our fellow men, and endear their pictures of human excellence and capabilities to our hearts, from their close intimacy with the deepest feelings that have stirred our own souls.

The gallant Wolfe on the eve of battle asserted that he would rather be the author of Gray's *Elegy* than the captor of Quebec; and with the same earnestness we would affirm that we would rather have written one of these volumes, than the whole united army of Novels that have issued from the pens of Sue, Dumas, Sand, Reynolds, and a host of others, powerful though they are in conception, plot, and delineation.

The works of IK Marvel are pure and true: the highest praise and appreciation we can award.

THE WALTON CLUB.

FRANK LINDSAY'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT FLY FISHING,

(Concluded from page 235.)

THE world holds many such personages as the parson of Strachur, cold, correct and rigid in the performance of every moral duty—enforcing and complying with all the precepts of the Gospel—save one,—and that one darling violation, rolling as a sweet morsel under their tongue. Oh lucre! debaser of the soul—narrow and degrading passion, which, having once fastened upon the heart, coils itself round and round it, strengthening the intensity of thy grasp with every cycle of the glass of time, darkening the pure light of heaven and shutting out the genial charities of life—this poor, miserable parson, who day by day preached, 'lay no' up for thyself treasures in earth,' was, indeed, one of thy choicest victims; the shoes he wore were his own handywork; his outer garments patched, yet ragged, were shameful to look on: but he was satisfied that the gown and cassock covered all deformities, just as the hypocrite salves his conscience by external conformity to the rituals of his faith.

The ingenuity of the parson in saving money, often provoked a smile even among his hearers. In winter, instead of warming himself by the blazing hearth he would carry a huge piece of coal up and down stairs till the latent heat was sent abroad in active operation all over his person. No grocer's bill ever darkened his door, nor was ever Hindoo more abstemious, when he was at home—abroad it was very different.

It was thus scarcely to be expected, that on the chance and unwished for visit of these hungry youngsters, he should kill the fatted calf. His heart fainted within him at the very thought. They would have eaten him out of

house and home, in a single evening—and the thing was not to be thought of: the inn was near and they would be well taken care of. And so they were: old Alister Campbell was, in one respect, the very antipodes of his spiritual adviser; took the world as it came, lived from hand to mouth, and was as happy as the day was long—and his heart warmed to the boys the moment he saw them. ‘Girzy, woman, put on the pan and fry a piece of ham for the callants’ tea; a Highland lake is a grand thing for gieing them the ground of their stomach.’ ‘What if we should cook a trout or two, Frank!’ suggested Randolph. ‘Na, na, bairns, tak your fish hame; they are braw fish, and your friends will think a deal of them,’ said old Alister, clapping one of them on the back, ‘you maun let them see what our lochs can produce. You’ll get your tea, and in the meantime, just to keep away the cauld, you will tak a wee drap o’ the cratur—not much, for I would na harm you for the world; but I like your faces, so you must humour old Alister!’ ‘Thank you, thank you,’ cried all three boys, laughing, ‘but as we are not seasoned we must drink sparingly; but Alister, could you not favour with us an odd bone for the use of Neptune here?’ ‘Surely, he looks like a doug worthy of his meat; here jowlers here, is a whole plateful of bones, man; mak yourself at hame, and don’t stand on ceremony.’ While matters were proceeding thus satisfactorily, who should step into the little parlour, but the old parson, full of the most friendly of friendly dispositions, asked a thousand questions about their sport, and declared over and over again that there was not, in his opinion, any fish either in fresh or salt water, so delicate as a fine trout. It was a long time since he had one, but such had always been his opinion. ‘I hope you will do us the honour to accept one,’ said Frank, looking steadily at his two companions; the parson’s mouth watered with joy as he replied he would have much pleasure in doing so—and would just take it in his hand as he went along. ‘Here is one will make half a dozen meals; you must keep it carefully so that it may not spoil! how will you manage it? where will you put it?’ ‘Oh, I’ll put it in salt, and keep it in my own room; no fear but it will be looked after,’—and accordingly, he took the first opportunity to wish them a good night, with compliments to Frank’s father and mother, and went off with his prize, rejoicing. ‘Why, Frank,’ said Randolph rather sulkily ‘I would have seen that old miser in the bottomless pit, before I would have given him that fine fish!’ ‘I don’t mean that he shall ever taste it,’ replied Frank, rather dryly; ‘the fish will be again on this table before two hours and a half.’ The *modus operandi* was soon determined on. A note was sent to the parson telling him to visit a parishioner who lived at some distance, but who would not forget the trouble he was put to. This was enough; even a bowl of milk and a whang of bread would be ample reward for a half dozen miles of a journey. The fish was carefully put past, and he was soon on his way. That evening the fish found its way back to the little inn, but in its place the following morning; having

returned from a bootless errand, he found a little scroll wrapped carefully up labelled 'money;' he clutched and opened it with trembling hand—found a few pieces of lead and rotten wood, and the words 'he fished all night and caught nothing.' It is almost needless to say who were the authors of this little practical joke, nor how keenly the parson felt it.

Morning dawned, and with the dawn they thanked and paid Alistair for his kindness, and were once more on their way. Home, even after a brief absence, has something in it which speaks in even warmer language than that of welcome; and at the Manse, Frank was received by his mother with open arms. His trophies were admired above and below. There was the quiet smile of his father, and the wide mouthed approbation of the cook and housemaid, as they viewed and admired them in every possible light. At Clyde Bank the reception was very different. A sad scene had taken place during the absence of the two boys. The Major, ever brutal and violent, had struck and even kicked his unhappy wife—to the effusion of her blood. Her spirit was crushed; her heart was well nigh broken; she was now sensible what a foolish and most unfortunate step she had taken—and with a feeling of the deepest shame, reproached herself for having brought about this sad state of things through her own weakness. A ray of her former spirit seems to have animated her for a few moments: she called for her brutal husband, and asked him, upon what terms he would live apart from her during the remainder of their lives. As he had married her for a living, he was not unwilling to strike a bargain. She had never let him know the real extent of her means. He said he would be moderate, and be satisfied with seven hundred a year.

The anxiety of both to separate was too sincere for much difficulty to be made about the terms: they were agreed to—and as Randolph and Charlie walked up the avenue whistling a pleasant air, and admiring their fine fish, they were rather surprised to meet their sister Rosa, who, instead of receiving them with the warm and joyous cordiality of her nature, met them with her eyes swollen and red with weeping; and with a heart almost bursting with shame and sorrow, narrated in a few sobbing words what had happened. The cheeks of the poor boys grew blanched; the fish fell unheeded on the grass; and for some moments they walked on in silence with their sister. 'So this is no longer our home; I thought it would come to this. Oh, Rosa!' and Randolph at length wept bitterly, 'what it is to have a brute for a father, and yet, he said, checking himself, 'he has been kind to us, and he is our father.' 'Oh yes, he has ever been a dear, kind father to us all,' sobbed Rosa, 'but our stepmother has been so kind to us, too, I know not how I am to part from her, and be again without a settled home in the world.' Charlie up to this time had not opened his lips; now as if he had fully made up his mind, and half speaking to himself, he exclaimed, 'I will go to sea! Randolph, you must come too. Rosa, you will live with your father till'—and Charlie was about to say

something more, but stopped short. They arrived at the house; all was confusion; their father was gloomy and reserved; the whole household looked blank and desolate. But the preparations for departure were not allowed to sleep: the Major was actually impatient to be away. His wife, now that she was about to be separated, pleaded that the children might be left with her and they should be treated as her own; offered to increase his allowance would he only consent; but for some reason, known best to himself, on this point he was inexorable. He was going to Paris, and they must go with him.

But it is time that our tale was brought to a conclusion. Charlie kept his resolution, and was entered on board an Indiaman. Randolph chose his father's profession, and entered the Army—and by a strange coincidence both boys were drowned upon the same day, though in different parts of the world: poor Charlie, while out in a small boat off St. Helena;—and Randolph, while bathing on the coast of Australia. The father lived but a few years to enjoy his badly gotten wealth; and Rosa, became the wife of a Surgeon belonging to an Irish regiment, and is in all probability, now leading a very uncomfortable existence in some out of the way corner of this trying world. Frank Lindsay's boyish passion preyed upon him for many months; and now that almost twenty years have passed away, he sees occasionally with his mind's eye, the idol of his youth standing before him in all her loveliness. How he would feel were she in reality to present herself with twelve or fifteen children—it is difficult to say—the ideal charm might be dissolved! After all, it is, perhaps, better as it is.

ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH.*

We briefly called attention to this work in a previous number of 'The Provincial,' and now after a perusal, are enabled to make some remarks, and to present our readers with a few extracts from this interesting publication.

Mrs. Moodie, the authoress of the work in question, is by birth an English woman, and connected with a family whose genealogy can almost boast of royalty. She was a Strickland, sister of the accomplished authoress of the *Lives of the Queens of England*, to whom these volumes are inscribed. She was early celebrated in the literary world, having published a volume of poems in 1831, under her maiden name of Susannah Strickland. The associations and scenes of her early life make the contrast presented to us, in this sketch of her residence and sufferings in Canada, more striking; as the

* *Roughing it in the Bush*: by MRS. MOODIE. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam.

hardships she underwent there, seem to be of a character almost too aggravated for a female accustomed from childhood to labour and poverty, much less for one brought up in the elegance and refinement of English society.

We will give in her own words the reasons that prompted her removal with her husband from her native land.

‘Bound to England by a thousand holy and endearing ties, surrounded by a circle of chosen friends, and happy in each others love, we possessed all that the world can bestow of good—but *wealth*. The half-pay of a subaltern officer, managed with the most rigid economy, is too small to supply the wants of a family; and if of a good family, not enough to maintain his standing in society. True, it may find his children bread; it may clothe them indifferently; but it leaves nothing for the indispensable requirements of education, or the painful consequences of sickness and misfortune. In such a case it is both wise and right to emigrate. Nature points it out as the only safe remedy for the evils arising out of an over-dense population, and her advice is always founded upon justice and truth.

‘Up to the period of which I now speak, we had not experienced much inconvenience from our very limited means. Our wants were few, and we enjoyed many of the comforts and even some of the luxuries of life; and all had gone on smoothly and lovingly with us until the birth of our first child. It was then that prudence whispered to the father, ‘you are happy and contented now, but this cannot always last; the birth of that child whom you have hailed with as much rapture as though she were born to inherit a noble estate, is to you the beginning of care. Your family may increase, and your wants will increase in proportion: out of what funds can you satisfy their demands? Some provision must be made for the future and made quickly, while youth and health enable you to combat successfully with the ills of life. When you married for inclination, you knew that emigration must be the result of such an act of imprudence in over-populated England. Up and be doing, while you still possess the means of transporting yourself to a land where the industrious can never lack bread, and where there is a chance that wealth and independence may reward virtuous toil.’

‘Alas! that truth should ever whisper such unpleasant realities to the lover of ease, to the poet, the author, the musician, the man of books, of refined taste and gentlemanly habits. Yet he took the hint, and began to bestir himself with the spirit and energy so characteristic of the glorious North, from whence he sprung. ‘The sacrifice,’ he said, ‘must be made, and the sooner the better. My dear wife, I feel confident that you will respond to the call of duty, and, hand in hand, and heart in heart, we will go forth to meet difficulties, and, by the help of God, to subdue them.’

‘Dear husband! I take shame to myself that my purpose was less firm, that my heart lingered so far behind yours in preparing for this great epoch in our lives; that like Lot’s wife, I still turned and looked back, and clung with all my strength to the land I was leaving. It was not the hardships of an emigrant’s life I dreaded. I could bear mere physical privations philosophically enough: it was the loss of the society in which I had moved; the want of congenial minds,—of persons engaged in congenial pursuits, that made me so reluctant to respond to my husband’s call.

‘I was the youngest in a family remarkable for their literary attainments, and, while yet a child, I had seen riches melt away from our once prosperous

home, as the Canadian snows dissolve before the first warm days of Spring, leaving the verdureless earth naked and bare.

‘There was, however, a spirit in my family that rose superior to the crushing influences of adversity. Poverty, which so often degrades the weak mind, became their best teacher, the stern but fruitful parent of high resolve and exalting thought. The very misfortune that overwhelmed, became the source from which they derived both energy and strength, as the inundation of some mighty river fertilizes the shores over which it first spreads ruin and desolation. Without losing aught of their former position in society, they dared to be poor; to place mind above matter, and make the talents with which the great Father had liberally endowed them, work out their appointed end. The world sneered, and summer friends forsook them: they turned their back upon the world, and upon the ephemeral tribes that live but in its smiles.

‘From out the solitude in which they dwelt, their names were mentioned with respect by the wise and good; and what they lost in wealth, they more than gained in well earned reputation.

‘Brought up in this school of self denial, it would have been strange indeed if all its wise and holy precepts had brought forth no corresponding fruit. I endeavoured to reconcile myself to the change that awaited me; to accommodate my mind and pursuits to the new position in which I found myself placed.’

And nobly indeed did this true-hearted woman fulfil her appointed task; nobly did she repay the full confidence her husband reposed in her; never did man have a more worthy helpmeet, or one more willing and able to bear with the sufferings and privations of life, than the heroic woman whose recital of her residence in the backwoods of Canada, does even more credit to her character as a woman, than it does to her reputation as a writer.

The first chapter, containing an account of her landing at Goose Isle, and subsequent journey into the interior of the country, is written in a sprightly and graphic style, shewing her susceptibility to the humorous as well as to the grand and beautiful. Many a laughable adventure and comic character are interwoven with the details of her narrative, adding to its interest and charms. The miseries of the borrowing system so extensively practised by her impatient neighbours, after she had found a residence in Canada, are well delineated; and we can only marvel how Mrs. Moodie’s patience continued inexhaustible for so long a time. The insolence of the settlers around her was almost unbearable. They entered her house at all times, interfered with her arrangements, and appropriated her furniture to themselves. The account is laughable to peruse, but the reality must have been immensely provoking to bear with at the time.

Their first settlement in Canada was attended with much inconvenience and discomfort: but, as yet, want had been kept from their dwelling. It was only after Captain Moodie’s removal to the backwoods, when, owing to an intimation from the war office, he hastily sold his commission, and invested the proceeds (£700 stg.) in steamboat stock, which never returned him a penny,

that poverty made its appearance. It was difficult and expensive to procure labour; common provisions even were hard to get; and comforts absolutely necessary, were unknown. Can a drearier picture of suffering be imagined than the touching scene we extract below.

‘Ague and lake fever had attacked our new settlement. The men in the shanty were all down with it; and my husband was confined to his bed on each alternate day, unable to raise hand or foot, and raving in the delirium of the fever.

‘In my sister’s and brother’s families, scarcely a healthy person remained to attend upon the sick; and at Herriot’s Falls, nine persons were stretched on the floor of one log cabin, unable to help themselves or one another. After much difficulty and only by offering enormous wages, I succeeded in procuring a nurse to attend upon me during my confinement. The woman had not been a day in the house before she was attacked by the same fever. In the midst of this confusion, and with my precious little Addie lying insensible on a pillow at the foot of my bed—expected every moment to breathe her last sigh—on the night of the 26th of August, the boy I had so ardently coveted was born. The next day, old Pine carried his wife (my nurse) away upon his back, and I was left to struggle through, in the best manner I could, with a sick husband, a sick child, and a new born babe.

‘It was a melancholy season; one of severe mental and bodily suffering. Those who have drawn rich agreeable pictures of a residence in the backwoods, never dwell upon the periods of sickness, when far from medical advice and often, as in my case, deprived of the assistance of friends by adverse circumstances, you are left to languish unattended on the couch of pain. The day that my husband was free of the fit, he did what he could for me and his poor sick babes; but ill as he was he was obliged to sow the wheat, to enable the man to proceed with the drag, and was therefore necessarily absent in the field the greater part of the day.

‘I was very ill; yet for hours at a time I had no friendly voice to cheer me, to proffer me a drink of cold water, or to attend to the poor babe; and worse, still worse, there was no one to help that pale, marble child, who lay so cold and still, with half-closed violet eye, as if death had already chilled her young heart in his iron grasp.

‘There was not a breath of air in our close, burning bed-closet; and the weather was sultry beyond all that I have since experienced. How I wished that I could be transported to an hospital at home, to enjoy the common care that in such places is bestowed upon the sick! Bitter tears flowed continually from my eyes over these young children. I had asked of Heaven a son, and there he lay helpless by the side of his almost equally helpless mother, who could not lift him up in her arms or still his cries; while the pale fair angel, with her golden curls, who had lately been the admiration of all who saw her, no longer recognized my voice or was conscious of my presence. I felt that I could almost resign the long and eagerly hoped for son, to win one more smile from that sweet, suffering creature. Often did I weep myself to sleep, and wake to weep again with renewed anguish.

‘Lieutenant — the husband of my dear Emilia, at length heard of my situation; his inestimable wife was from home, nursing her sick mother, but he sent his maid-servant up every day for a couple of hours, and the kind girl

despatched a messenger nine miles through the woods to Dummer, to fetch her youngest sister, a child of twelve years old.

'I was obliged to leave my bed and endeavour to attend to the wants of my young family long before I was really able. When I made my first attempt to reach the parlour, I was so weak that at every step I felt as if I should pitch forward to the ground, which seemed to undulate beneath my feet, like the floor of a cabin in a storm at sea. My husband continued to suffer for many weeks with the ague; and when he was convalescent, all the children, even the poor babe, were seized with it; nor did it leave us until late in the Spring of 1835.'

Ponder on this tale of suffering, ladies, even in our own little province, who, surrounded with physicians and nurses, and every luxury wealth and affection can procure, yet murmur at confinement and pain. Think of her as tenderly reared as the most gentle among you, in the hour of trial, alone; with sickness and death around her, and destitute of every common necessary of life; and then ask yourselves why you have deserved more than she. And yet hear how her hopeful spirit bore her up through all; how she cast all her 'care upon Him who careth for us,' and how nobly she met the torrent of evil.

'Memory was busy with the events of many years. I retraced step by step the pilgrimage of my past life, until, arriving at that passage in its sombre history, I gazed through tears upon the singularly savage scene around me, and secretly marvelled, 'what brought me here?' 'Providence,' was the answer which the soul gave. 'Not for your own welfare, perhaps, but for the welfare of your children, the unmerring hand of the great Father has led you here; you form a connecting link in the destinies of many. It is impossible for any human creature to live for himself alone: it may be your lot to suffer, but others will reap a benefit from your trials. Look up with confidence to Heaven, and the sun of hope will yet shed a cheering beam, through the forbidden depths of this tangled wilderness.'

'Ah, glorious poverty! thou art a hard task-master, but in thy soul-ennobling school I have received more god-like lessons,—have learned more sublime truths,—than ever I acquired in the smooth highways of the world.'

But our space will not permit of further extracts. We could quote a hundred passages, exemplifying her nobleness of soul and courageous spirit, but we must leave our readers to satisfy their curiosity from the volume itself. It will amply repay the perusal: it is written with the attractiveness of a romance, and the convincing force of truth. Each successive page is turned with an eager interest, for the narrative is so vivid, that we identify ourselves with its writer, and wait with anxious hearts for each new development of her history. Trials thicken upon her as we proceed through the second volume, which almost make the soul grow faint to experience. But her high, hero spirit sustains her through all, and she bears cheerfully the lot providence has appointed her. Faithful friends rise up to cheer her in this dark wilderness; and the attachment of a servant, 'old Jenny,' is touchingly described. Two more sons were born to Mrs. Moodie during her residence in the back-

woods, and each came in hard times : but Heaven sustained the fond mother through all !

Though written in a most modest and unpretending manner as regards herself, no feature in her character shines forth more strongly in her book than her devoted affection for her husband and children. Only this could have sustained her through so many difficulties, with such cheerfulness and hope ; and her most severe trial appears to have been when Captain Moodie left his home to take part in active service for his Sovereign, at the time of the Canadian rebellion. Then when he whom she calls 'her light of life,' was abroad the strong heart of the loving woman sank within her. We must find space for the account of his return, for a few days, to his family.

'June had commenced ; the weather was very warm and Mr. T—— had sent for the loan of 'old Jenny' to help him for a day with his potatoes. I had just prepared dinner when the old woman came shrieking like a mad thing down the clearing, and waving her hands towards me. I could not imagine what had happened. 'Joy ! joy !' bawled out the old woman, now running breathlessly towards us : 'the masher's come ! the masher's come !' 'Where ? where ?' 'Just up in the wood. Good gracious ! I have run to let you know—so fast—that my heart is like to break.' Without stopping to comfort 'poor Jenny,' off started the children and myself at the very top of our speed ; but I soon found that I could not run : I was too much agitated. I got to the head of the bush, and sat down upon a fallen tree. The children sprang forward like wild kids—all but Donald who remained with his old nurse. I covered my face with my hands ; my heart too, was beating audibly ; and now that he was come, and was so near me, I scarcely could command strength to meet him. The sound of happy young voices roused me up ; the children were leading him along in triumph ; and he was bending down to them, all smiles, but hot and tired with his long journey. It was almost worth our separation—that blissful meeting ! In a few minutes he was at home, and the children upon his knees.'

What a lover-like picture for the wife of a dozen years ! When things were at their worst Captain Moodie was appointed by the Governor, Sir George Arthur, to the situation of Sheriff of the county of V—— : the result of an application from his true hearted wife. This ended their trials in the backwoods : yet so strong is habit that it was with regret that Mrs. Moodie bade adieu to the scene of so much sorrow ; but it had also been the home of much happiness. With her removal to society and comfort, her story ends ; and our only regret on closing the volume is, that we leave her still an exile from England. Her strong love of home prevails so in every page and her heart-sick yearning for the 'daisied meadows' of her native land, which linger in her first volume, make us long to see her restored once more to the glorious land of her childhood. But she has acquired a love for her adopted country, and while she acknowledges that 'whatever is, is right,' we need not complain.

We have said so much in praise of this work, that we may be allowed to pass one censure, and it shall be brief. The only objection that strikes us, is a

certain coarseness of language which sounds harshly from the pen of a lady. We may be fastidious; but when an article or event can be expressed in different terms, we prefer the most delicate. Mrs. Moodie has erred in this instance, we think, but on recalling the scenes and characters with which necessity compelled her to associate for so long a period, the marvel may be, why she has escaped so free from their vulgarity and contamination. We will, therefore, not enlarge upon this defect, but recommend 'Roughing it in the Bush,' to the attentive perusal of every emigrant, settler and *woman*. All may derive benefit and instruction from its pages, both in a pecuniary and moral point of view. Such women as Mrs. Moodie lift the reproach from the female character, and shew us how capable it is of endurance, courage, and triumphant conquest over poverty, disappointment and pain. May her sisters all profit by the bright example she has given them, and in the hour of trial, be to those who depend so much upon their exertions for success—helpmeets indeed.

HALF-HOURS WITH OUR POETS, No. 4.

NEXT among the children of song in the land of the Mayflower, whose writings are but partially known to their countrymen, stands the name of Charles Masse Desbrisay, youngest son of the late Captain Desbrisay, of the Royal Artillery; born in Halifax, July, 1805. In consequence of his father's death he went to England at seven years of age, with his family, where he remained during the period of his education and subsequent admittance to the Bar.

He was educated at the High School in the city of Exeter, and afterwards entered as Student at Law in the office of a special pleader at Teignmouth, in Devonshire. Here he went through his term, passed his examination, and was afterwards admitted an Attorney of the King's Bench, and a Solicitor of the High Court of Chancery. He however disliked the practice of the profession he had chosen, and abandoned it on his return to his native country, which occurred after a few years residence in London. His abilities were of a high order, and his literary attainments varied and extensive. The dry, musty details of the Law were wearisome in the extreme to him, debarring him from the study in which he delighted, to wander through the rich fields of English literature, gathering the wealth heaped in such luxuriance, and at times adding his own simple tribute to the treasures around him. His mind was early subjected to deep religious impressions: these coloured the whole current of his life, and have left their seal upon his few literary remains.

In our first extract from the manuscript before us, the most pleasing characteristics of sacred poetry are visible. 'The Second Advent' at times rises to a loftiness of diction not unworthy the sublime event it essays to depict. It is altogether a picture of the *Christian's* joy at his master's coming, and though a lofty strain has nothing of the terrors with which the subject is usually invested. He only shows us a purified earth and a glorious heaven; sin and dismay cloud not the rejoicing scene. We think this fine poem has not been given to the public before, and we present it now to our readers as a gem in our provincial literature :

THE SECOND ADVENT.

"I will make the place of my feet glorious."--ISAIAH.

The morning dawns! the cloudless morning of
Eternal day, breaks on the lasting hills!
The banner's move of the Millennial march
And radiate the horizon! the Creator comes;
With love refulgent and Omnipotent!
He comes to break creation's yoke, and close
The struggle of humanity—to stamp
Afresh the image of his God-head on
His works, and* on the bells of horses trace
His hallow'd name, for all his works that at
The dawn of being, sprang to life in the
Full bloom of gladness, and possessed the beam,
The vital beam of his Omnific smile—
Belied his image, and forgot his love.

Behold the mountains with their lofty tops
Painted with glory, by the living light
Of the resplendant dayspring, as when the
Golden sky casts a soft blush upon the
Face of morn—they of the summit catch the
Gladening beam and shout beneath the ray.
While vales to vales the vocal joy convey!
Wake then, Oh Captive Judah! from the den
Of dark obscurity awake! cast off the
Mantle of thy shame, that hath
So long enwrapt thee, and with lively joy,
Bright as the ray that dissipates thy night
Of desolation, snatch, Oh snatch the harp
That on the weeping willow hath in silence
Slept, rocked by the dreary winds of passing
Generations! tune, Oh tune the harp and
Let the melody of ancient days live
On the hallowed string—for thy Messiah comes!
He comes, with mighty gifts
He gained for thee! upon that doleful day,
When God's supporting presence passed away:
"When we remembered Babylon we wept!"
And ye shall weep again--for the deep scars
Emanuel wears, the wounds they gave him
When confiding all to friendship with his friends
He lived—those sacred trophies of undying love,
Bespeak more cause for tears than e'er possessed them
Yet they are tears no more of anguish or
Of wan despair, but hallowed dew drops of
A grief divine; distilled beneath the sunshine of
Eternal love! buds ambrosial springing
From the sky, and fragrant there! gems of glory
Formed and owned in Heaven.

And ye who being burthened groan, and tread
The vale of life, as exiles going home!

*Zechariah x. 20.

Saints! who possessed his love before the birth
 Of Nature, ere by a touch divine the gloomy void
 Now bright with worlds, sang eloquent, ere with
 Radiant glance he threw the shadow of
 Omnipotence, and (the first impress of
 Almighty image) an Archangel rose,
 To find a Heaven in the smile of God,
 And drink forever at the fount of bliss!
 Touch'd by your woe he comes! He comes, to wipe
 The pallid cheek, wet with a life of tears,
 And wake the withered glow of gladness there.

Then lay your groans aside,
 And with harps immortal, catch immortal strains,
 And sing almighty love, for love almighty reigns!

The next is a strain similar in character and expression to the preceding. 'The Dying Christian' is enabled, by the same power of faith which makes the Second Advent so full of joy, to look beyond the dark portals of the grave, and rise triumphant over the sufferings and trials of humanity. The light of heaven tinges the borders of earth, and the poet has finely shadowed forth the ecstatic feelings of the dying believer on beholding it.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

Hail favor'd Saint! by thy Redeemer known,
 His breast thy home, and all he has thine own!
 Hail to pure realms of everlasting light!
 A crown of glory, and a robe as bright!
 Tho' friendship's flame, long since hath ebb'd away,
 Nor left one spark to warm thy setting day;
 The great and wealthy spurn thy lowly suit,
 And less esteem thee, than their pamper'd brute;
 All that remains to thee, of earthly gain,
 Be the lone cot of penury and pain!
 Worlds could not purchase such a peace divine,
 Nor gain the Heaven that fills that smile of thine.
 The Eternal Lord, at whose omnific voice,
 Space teems with worlds—has made thy lot his choice.
 The gloomy clouds of solitude's sad day,
 Pierc'd by his beams of mercy, melt away!
 Those beams divine enraptur'd seraphs know—
 Their Heaven above—thy Paradise below!

Angels round whom immortal glories roll,
 In gentle whispers court thy rising soul:
 "Brother, come home! exchange thy house of clay
 For one beyond the regions of decay;
 Thy name enroll'd as tenant of the sky,
 Put on thy robe of immortality!
 Thy cross resign,—thy pilgrim staff forego,—
 And take the crown that love and truth bestow."

Anon they strike, and on the golden wire,
 Wake the glad song cherubic hosts admire;
 "Victorious grace!" bursts from the trembling string;
 "Victorious grace!" responsive millions sing;
 "The triumph's thine; tho' death and hell may frown,
 Another jewel shall adorn thy crown!"

As we before remarked, Mr. Desbrisay's poetry is all of a serious nature, more or less imbued with his own religious feelings; we consequently meet with but little variety of sentiment and expression. He wrote very rarely, and then but to express some exquisite thought of the moment, connected with

the great subject to him of such vital importance. A few lines entitled 'Disappointed Affection,' though differing at first, end with the same idea, and breathe of future comfort. They are pleasingly written, though tinged with all a poet's melancholy :

DISAPPOINTED AFFECTION.

And must the garland fade away,
I wove me in my childhood's hour !
Must every bud of hope decay,
Nor yield the fragrance of the flower ?

Alas when early friendship dies !
And love itself forgets to bloom !
What hope is left beneath the skies ?
But hope that looks beyond the tomb !

Then let the dull and cheerless ray
Of life's ungenial flame depart ;
And everlasting bliss display
Its dawn upon my wither'd heart.

The last extract our space permits us to make is one on the departure of a young man on a whaling voyage, in the ship *Rose*, which left Halifax, January 15th, 1843 and it is, probably, among the last of his written poems. Though not equal in beauty of language to some of his productions, this poem possesses several fine lines, and was singularly appropriate to the occasion which called it forth :

I would not heave mannanly sighs,
Or yield to fruitless fears ;
And yet methinks I'd scorn the man
Ashamed to shew his tears.

There is a fitting 'time to weep ;'
'There is a 'time to mourn ;'
And tears should surely wet the cheek,
When those we loved are gone !

When from their earliest cherished pride,
The stricken parents part ;
And breathe a long farewell to one
Whose home was in their heart ;

To one who's gone upon the deep,
To brave the billow's strife,
And plough a more than ocean wave—
The stormy gulf of life !

Then oh ! may he who trod the waves,
And lull'd them to a calm ;—
Who reins the lightning in its flight,
And guides it by his arm—

A fiery pillar raise on high,
To light his stormy way ;
And shed a sunshine on the heart
To fiercer storms a prey.

If on the dark and hollow sea,
The dreadful whirlwind walks ;
And from his hand the tempest flings,
While ruin round him stalks—

May he, when winds and waves around
 In fearful concert sing,
 Secure beneath the shadow sit,
 Of the Almighty's wing.

Then fare thee well, my gallant boy!
 We yield thee tho' with pain;
 And may the love by duty sway'd,
 Press thy warm lips again.

For many years of Mr. Desbrisay's life his mind was deeply shadowed by melancholy, rendering all attempts at connected literary pursuits impossible, and we must impute it to this cause that but few poems have been left as his memorials. He resided in Dartmouth until a short time previous to his death, which occurred at Boston, in 1847 at the age of 42. We regret that we have no more extensive result of his literary acquirements than the manuscript from which we have gleaned the preceding extracts; but we hope yet to see those perpetuated in some more appropriate form, such as a collection of Nova Scotian poems, enshrining the beautiful fragments of the poetic and intellectual wealth scattered profusely among us.

STRAY STORIES—No. 1.

MARGARET FRASER: OR, THE LONELY WIDOW.

PERHAPS there are but few persons of the present day who can rightly conceive of the difficulties and privations which attended the exertions of the first settlers of this Province; when there was little that had the appearance of a road, to accelerate the transportation of the necessaries of life, from one infant settlement to another; when as yet the branching pine, the stately spruce, the birch and maple, maintained the places nature had assigned them, time out of mind; when persons, who had been accustomed in those countries, which had for ages past been in a high state of culture and civilization, to comparative ease and comfort, were here compelled to convey on their shoulders what was absolutely necessary for their subsistence; and even in procuring those articles, with which this country naturally abounded, they had much to contend against, from the very limited acquaintance they possessed of the readiest means for obtaining them. They had all the awkwardness of the present emigrant, without that efficient assistance, which is now so promptly and kindly afforded, by those whom nature and long habitude have accustomed to the various occupations of a new country; and they are even in the present day much diversified.

In order to become a thrifty settler, a person must be almost a 'Jack of all trades,' especially if located along the sea coast; for it is no uncommon sight, to see the man who was yesterday industriously employed in drawing from their watery home the finny inhabitants of the deep, to-day engaged in finishing the inside of his humble dwelling, and thus rendering it more comfortable and commodious—perhaps the day following in building for himself a large shallop, as the increase of his family may enlarge his means of assistance in the occupation of life in which he is engaged, and thus he extends consequently his plans for future industry.

Our main roads, along the coast, though not altogether of that kind, it is thought, which their actual cost to the revenue of the Province gives us reason to expect, are nevertheless such as afford the industrious settler a facility in transporting produce to a market, to which our predecessors were entire strangers; and on the other hand of obtaining from the scattered towns throughout, those articles for food and clothing which he may really require, and which were unknown to our fathers. It is a well established fact, that the melancholy accidents witnessed by several of the earliest settlers, were many and painful, and the remembrance of them may be yet fresh in the recollection of some of those who to this day survive their stricken friends, and who may peruse these lines.

We recollect well, though now many years ago, in a ride with a friend from S— as far as I. B— as its waters, extending their broad sheet, were distinctly in view, we came to a small house which proved to be the home of MARGARET FRASER—a building reared by the benevolence of her neighbours, aided by a small subscription among a few females in the adjoining town, where she now dwelt, bowing in humble resignation, under the weight of accumulated sorrows of no common order, to the dispensation of an all-wise providence, at the age of more than three score years and ten! I felt gratified at being so near a place I had much wished to see, having learned long since that the mistress of this humble cottage was remarkable for true piety and worth. As we approached, the good old woman came to the door and gave us a very kind and cordial invitation to alight and rest for awhile. We soon entered her humble dwelling, which displayed much economy and neatness, as well as cleanliness and comfort—the certain concomitants of a well-ordered mind. On a shelf in one corner of the apartment were a few devotional books of standard value, and on a table, near which she had been sitting, was a Bible, with the psalms of David in metre, from which she had to all appearance very recently been drawing that divine consolation, which they never fail to afford the truly sincere worshipper.

After partaking of a draught of *spring water*—*the best thing*, the old woman said, she had to offer us—my companion observed that he had heard she had been the subject of an uncommon dispensation of providence, an account of

which he should be happy to hear from herself, together with any part of her former life, the particulars of which she might think proper to detail. To this request she readily replied—perhaps the more so, as she had learned from me that he was from the same country with herself, and from a place not very far distant from that of her nativity.

‘My husband and I,’ she said, ‘were natives of Scotland, that land long famed for religion and industry. For sometime previous to our leaving it forever, we had, in uniting our hands, promised to share in each others fortunes, together join in bearing the burdens of life, or to enjoy the sunshine of its prosperity. From the earliest dawn of intellect, whilst pursuing the avocations Providence had assigned each, we had formed a friendship which soon grew into mutual affection. Our situations in life being similar—the children of poor but honest parents—there could be consequently no bar to the accomplishment of our wishes, and the ceremony, in holy sanctuary, which constituted me the lawful wife of John Fraser, was performed by our parish minister, with that solemnity and reverence peculiar to such scenes in the dearly loved land of our birth. Though few years intervened between this and the period of our departure to the new world, they were years of sunshine and of happiness.

‘About this time the tide of emigration to North America ran strong; and with a number of others we sailed from Paisley bound to New York, at that time the seat of Government of the surrounding Provinces. We had not been long in this our newly adopted country, when war, and that of a most sanguinary kind, burst forth around us, spreading in its train all those dreaded evils, natural to such an inhuman contest. Rebellion having reared its hideous head, the time no longer remained when a conduct strictly neutral could be tolerated. It did not require much time or consideration in my husband, to determine the part he should take in the approaching conflict. Religion, nature, duty, all bound him in an immovable attachment to the standard of Britain—that flag ‘that had braved for a thousand years the battle and the breeze,’ untarnished. I need not attempt to recount the circumstances of the struggle nor of its final issue. All those occurrences in detail are only thirty years distant, and are therefore of too recent a date to be forgotten by those of the present day. The wound then inflicted is still of too fresh a nature not to be severely felt by all who esteem or venerate our beloved empire. The termination of this unnatural warfare called my husband and myself, with our very young family, to brave again the miseries of emigration. Nova Scotia at that time seemed (at least some particular parts of it), to be the object of a very general attention and interest: it was a country spoken of as possessing many superior advantages, while the high sounding promises of assistance from our government, very naturally drew many to its shores; but it needs little observation, even from the most superficial view, to show that

as regards soil, at least, in the location chosen by many, we were miserably deceived. However, with some thousands of loyalists, we committed ourselves to the guidance of Providence, and arrived safely in the early part of the year 1783, and soon began, though with fearful hearts and trembling hands (so cheerless and barren was the prospect which then spread itself before the observation of all) in clearing the surrounding forest, in hopes with the Divine blessing, to obtain in time a competency; nor were we altogether disappointed. Through many discouragements and difficulties, which it were needless to recapitulate, we persevered; and though wealth never crowned our efforts, we had the satisfaction of experiencing the smile of heaven on our labours; and every succeeding day, though it brought with it fresh toils, without the luxuries of life, found our hopes brightening; and what added to our comfort was, that our family, consisting of one son and two daughters, had attained to that time of life, when their assistance became of essential consequence to our growing happiness and prosperity.

‘Thus for a time every thing smiled around us; our frugal fare was received with humble gratitude; religion had taught us contentment in our lowly sphere; nor did one envious thought arise at the happiness of those who were elevated above our condition in life. We had hoped that the evening of our days might have been calm; that our sun might have gone down unclouded under a serene sky; and that those who should survive us and inherit the fruit of our labours, when our earthly remains were mixed with the soil we inhabited, might now and then visit the green hillocks to mark the spot where those remains lay deposited; and while dropping a tear of filial affection, might if there were anything in our lives worthy of imitation, allow it to influence them in their intercourse with *this* world, and to cherish in their hearts any good advice that had proceeded from us in regard to a *better*. But alas! in the enjoyment of present pleasures, and the dreams of future prosperity, a circumstance arose that at once darkened all my hopes, and that has left me the poor, aged, and lonely being you now see before you.

‘One fine day in the winter of — my husband and son had ventured on the ice in quest of eels, with which our river abounded. It was in vain that I urged, by every persuasion, the danger to be apprehended from a long spell of mild weather, which I was quite certain had rendered the solidity of the ice doubtful and precarious, and its apparent firmness quite treacherous. They had not been long employed in this way, when all at once my husband’s footing gave way and he immediately went down! My son, then at a little distance, urged by the cry of his perishing father, ran, with more speed perhaps than prudence to the treacherous spot; the ice almost in a moment gave way, and he too was in the same imminent peril. It being directly opposite our house, which stood nearly on the same ground where my present abode is placed, the

distressing situation of the two was distinctly seen from my window. In wild disorder and in inconceivable anguish of mind we ran to their assistance; my daughters, Margaret and Mary, having the advantage of youth reached the perilous chasm first, and used every exertion to rescue the drowning father and brother.

‘In this attempt—which proved vain—they approached so near the sufferers that in a few moments they also were in the same disastrous predicament, and at the time I reached them were now above and then below the surface of the open cavity in the ice. You may easily imagine my situation—it seemed at that instant as if all nature had conspired for my destruction. In that frantic moment I ran from one to the other, not knowing which way to go, or to whom first to proffer assistance, till shortly I also dropped into the fearful opening, which had now increased through the repeated exertions that had been essayed. Such a picture of suffering and misery is but rarely depicted before mortal eye. The day by this time had begun fast to decline, and the only thing that preserved me from the fate of my family was the freezing of a light cloak or shawl, that I had hastily thrown over my shoulders as I was hastening from the house to the ice. I offered to my eldest daughter this feeble means of assistance, and to sink myself, or at least to trust to a faint and very illusive prospect of rescue, but she declined it. Our uninterrupted cries of distress continued, until in a little period they all let go their very feeble hold and sunk into the watery abyss! Merciful heaven! what an hour, to me, was that! My dear son’s last words were, that if two of our neighbours, B—— and W—— had been there, their lives might have been spared.

‘What passed from this dire moment for some years subsequent, I learned from my friends and neighbours—they informed me that benumbed by cold and senseless, I was taken from the edge of the ice, by the persons who were alarmed by our cries and hastened to the spot, though too late to render assistance to any but myself, and after being restored to animation, almost in the same hour, I was deprived of the powers of reason; and in this situation I continued for some years. After much diligent search the remains of all the *four* were obtained, and interred side by side; and there I hope, when a few more of the storms of life have spent their energies, to follow them. It is from the bounty of christian friends by whom I am surrounded, that I now subsist—for, O yes! I have abundance—for I have learned resignation.’

My friend seemed much affected at the recital, nor could it fail to awaken the deepest interest in us both. She concluded by inviting us to walk as far as the graves, at a little distance off. On the way she recounted the many instances of divine goodness she had experienced; and how wonderfully she had been supported by Almighty grace to bear those heavy dispensations that had fallen to her lot; and with that calmness and composure in

her countenance which bespoke the true christian, she observed there was a melancholy satisfaction in viewing from her window the fatal spot where she was deprived of all her earthly comfort, and now and then to stroll to the silent hill—on whose edge lay the mortal remains now mouldering into our kindred dust. We had by this time reached the sepulchral ground; the grass had for many summers bloomed and as often faded on the humble graves. Nothing was seen to give a detail of the circumstances connected with the mournful catastrophe; rough stones only were placed at the head and feet of the quiet sleepers below, to denote simply the exact spot of their interment. How different with the sons of pomp and wealth: over their slumbering dust is beheld 'the storied urn' or monumental stone, which alas! too often, after exhausting the stores of panegyric, but tells the reader—'not what they were, but what they should have been.'

We now left the aged widow overwhelmed in mingled sobs of sorrow and of gratitude. She survived this period only a few years, and lies buried in the same grounds, a spot held sacred by all near it, as well for the mournful recollections it awakens, as for the highly valued character of the lone *one*, who here found an end to her troubles and her sorrows.

Some years subsequent to the fatal circumstances given above, the house, in which the family had resided from their first coming to the settlement, was destroyed by fire, through some untoward accident, and the poor widow was deprived of all she had retained within it, and thrown in her already destitute state upon the mercy of the kind hearted; the appeal from one in her situation was not made in vain, as has been already stated.

From those who knew her long and well, it is told, that rarely indeed do we meet with so much real excellence as was conspicuous in her life. She found it good to be afflicted, and both young and old of the neighbourhood in which she found a termination to her pilgrimage, still remember with affectionate reverence and esteem, the many exalted virtues of MARGARET FRASER.

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REVIEW OF THE PAST MONTH.

The Provincial record for the by-gone month is not eventful. The fisheries topic has continued to engage public attention in the Lower Provinces, where a number of poaching United States vessels have been captured, condemned, and confiscated, by the authorities. At a meeting of the citizens of Halifax and others, on the 2nd ult., an address, of which the following are extracts, was passed unanimously, to be transmitted to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

“Repeatedly have the vital importance of these fisheries,—and the necessity of preserving unimpaired the restrictions against encroachment, by which they are guarded, been urged on the Imperial Government.

It was believed the time had long passed when a question could be raised on either of those points. To stimulate Imperial aid in protecting and maintaining acknowledged rights was all, it was imagined, that was required by the Colonies, and they fondly trusted this consummation had been attained when, in the present season, Your Majesty's War steamers had been commissioned on this service.

Little, may it please your Majesty, was it anticipated these were to be the precursors of a sacrifice alike injurious and humiliating to your loyal Colonial subjects; or that for this aid so large a price would be demanded.

May it please Your Majesty, when the United States by the treaty of 1818 solemnly renounced forever the right to fish within three miles of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours of certain portions of your North American Territory, the stipulation was neither extraordinary nor extravagant. It is matter of common history that sea-girt nations claim peculiar rights, within a league of their shores; and equally plain that according to the maxims of international law, this claim is described by lines drawn not only between the promontories of bays, but from the headlands or indentations on the coast.

But had it been otherwise the stipulation was part of a general treaty, in which concession on one side may be presumed to have been compensated by concession on the other, and loss in one particular by gain in another, and the engagement was made in language too explicit, and in terms too well understood to admit the possibility of misapprehension.

If conciliation, irrespective of right, be the principle on which is to be withdrawn the restrictions against the entry of Americans into the bays and indentations of the Coast to fish, limiting them alone to the distance of three miles from the shore, the concession of the privilege to fish within this latter distance must equally be granted, as indeed has been already urged in the American Congress—the restrictions in both cases rest on the same authority, and the concessions in each would be demanded by the same principle. It may not be the province of your Majesty's Colonial Subjects, to suggest how far such a principle is consistent with national honor and independence—they have a right to pray that it be not carried out at their expense.

May it please Your Majesty, your loyal subjects in Nova Scotia raise their voice against the injury of an inheritance, conferred upon your North American subjects by nature—connected with their soil by the laws and usages of nations, confirmed to them by solemn compact, and which practically enjoyed by them peculiarly, and as your Majesty's other subjects cannot enjoy them—can be surrendered only at their extreme injury and great loss.

Surely, may it please Your Majesty, your loyal Colonial subjects have a right to ask for some better reason for this sacrifice of their peculiar right and interest, than the demand of a foreign power—the aggrandizement of a foreign people.

Let it not be urged upon your Majesty, that what the Americans seek is of no value. Their earnestness is certain evidence to the contrary.

It is, may it please your Majesty, of value, of great value in itself—of perhaps greater value still, as the best, the only safeguard against violation of the restriction which prohibits the approach of the American fishermen within three miles from the shore.

Your memorialists deprecate all negotiation—all compromise on the subject. The Americans will not—probably they cannot—grant an equivalent for the privileges they seek, and the only security for the Colonies is the entire abandonment of the present negotiations.”

Emigration continues from the Provinces to the Australian and Californian gold mines and elsewhere. The steamer Sir John Harvey, during the month, has taken over one hundred at a trip from Halifax to Boston; and by the barque Aurora from Pictou and Halifax; the barque Amelia from St. John, N. B.,

and by other vessels *via* United States ports, an additional number of industrious Provincials have departed for the gold regions. It is hoped that the negotiations now in progress for the construction of Railways, which have recently assumed a new phase in the Provinces, may result in putting a stop to this drain upon our Provincial population. The Canadian parliament now in session will doubtless have their attention occupied by this important subject; and it is stated that the two Lower Provinces have entertained a proposition for the construction of the necessary Railroads by a company of British capitalists, of whom William Jackson, Esq., M. P., is the representative present.

The subject of telegraphic communication has lately occupied attention. A project for connecting the Islands of Newfoundland and Prince Edward with Nova Scotia, is on the tapis.

We notice by the published tariff of the Nova Scotia E. T. Company, that the fares have been reduced on the transmission of messages to certain stations within Nova Scotia, and that a maximum rate of 2s. 6d., for the greatest distance to which their lines extend, at present prevails. This, we believe, is scarcely one fourth the rate payable in like cases in Great Britain, and unexampled for cheapness in America.

The election for the Township of Windsor, Hants, held on the 8th Sept., resulted in the return of L. M. Wilkins, Esq., by a small majority over his opponent, R. McHeffy, Esq.

The so called Chibucto Regatta came off in Halifax harbour on the 15th, for which George's Island was made the rendezvous, where a numerous concourse assembled to witness the aquatic combat. It was a spirited affair—the day being most propitious for the occasion. In the evening of same day a display of fireworks was made from Governor's field, in aid of the fund for the contemplated Industrial Exhibition of 1853. The proceeds, together with those of a previous exhibition for the same object, amounted to upwards of one hundred pounds.

The most important intelligence from England is that of the death of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, which occurred at Walmer Castle on the 14th of September. He had been in his usual health until the morning of that day, when he was seized with epileptic fits and expired at a quarter to 3 o'clock, P. M. This event has excited great public attention, as it closed the career of the greatest warrior of this or any other age—a General who attracted the interest and wonder of Europe for more than half a century, and whose powers in the field and judgment in the cabinet have reflected more lustre on the British nation than have those of any other subject in the history of the kingdom.

The newspapers received during the past month contain little else calculated to interest our readers.

The news from the Cape is of the same monotonous, unsatisfactory nature. The war with the Kaffirs appears interminable.

The ground for crection of a great Crystal Palace at Paris, has been marked out, and the Architects have made preparations for its early completion.

Louis Napoleon is making a systematic tour through the Southern Provinces of France, and splendid preparations were made for his reception in the several cities. His marriage with the Princess Wasa is postponed, by the decision of her father, and it is thought the project will ultimately be renounced.

The Austrian General Haynau has left Paris for Germany.