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THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, APRIL, 1852.

THE POETRY OF ANGLO-SAXON AMERICA.

"THE Poetry of Anglo-Saxon America? What an anomaly!" Perhaps our reader will say—"America has no poetry." True; and we might, with some propriety, have headed this article *the no-poetry of America*. But before concluding, we shall venture to anticipate somewhat of that which is to be. We venture to affirm, that America possesses, in abundance, within herself, the elements of that nectar and ambrosia of the refined intellect; and such being the case, we see no reason to doubt, that, in the laboratory of the future, these elements will be combined to form that exquisite production in its genuine purity.

But "what!" it may be exclaimed on the other hand, "America no poetry! Where are the sweet verses of Bryant, of Longfellow, of Willis, the prose-poetry of Irving, &c.?" We wish we could suggest the name of a Provincialist to add to the list. Ah, my friend, these are Americans, it is true. They are also poets, at all events in the estimation of a large portion of the critical world; but they are not *American poets*. Their writings—the writings of all Cis-Atlantic poets—are, in every essential point, so nearly universally European, that the exceptions are too few and too trifling to make us refrain from including them all in the sweeping assertion—they are not American poets.

Those "Sons of Song," who do string the lyre in the Western Hemisphere, form a much smaller portion of the literary public in America, than their brethren do of that in Europe. Their compositions form a much smaller proportion of the literary production of America, than poetical works do in the literature of any country in the Old World. Not only this, but Poetry, of whatever authorship, is almost a drug in the American book-market. A frequent complaint with the *trade*, is, that Poetry does not "go down" with the people of this country. And yet a worse feature in the case, is, that a greater quantity of the article is bought, than what is read by the purchasers; for, as admiration of poetical composition is supposed to be an evidence of

refined taste, many persons love to adorn their libraries with works of acknowledged merit in this department, and affect to admire their contents, when, in fact, the volumes have scarcely been opened.

Whence this want of poetic taste? Unquestionably it is, in a great measure, inherent in the nature of the inhabitants of America. The first settlers of this Continent consisted chiefly of those who were driven from the Old World by poverty. Once here, their minds were necessarily devoted to the attainment of physical comforts, to the all but total exclusion of intellectual refinements. This inclination has descended to the present generation. At least, the improvement of his pecuniary position, is, ostensibly, or professedly, *the* great object in life of almost every man on this Continent. The pursuit of the "almighty dollar" is the grand pursuit; and the public institutions both of the United States and of British America, tend to foster this state of things. We cannot expect the great body of such a people to be *very* keenly alive to the sensations of poetic feeling; much less can we expect their heart strings to vibrate very readily beneath the touch of the Old World's poet.

Again, the local and historical associations which tend so much to the growth of the poetic temperament, are, in a great measure, wanting in America. Every American who has travelled in Europe, must have observed the effects of these in the comparatively large development of that temperament, among nearly every class of European Society. Indeed, *romantic* is the word we hear most frequently used by such travellers, and one which is frequently misapplied to that refinement of sensibility, that ennobling of impulse, that etherealization of thought, which may be appropriately styled the *poetry of feeling*, as it is that only which can create, and which only can appreciate the poetry in language. As an instance of the existence and effect of such associations, take the case of an inhabitant of Great Britain. From the nursery to the tomb, he breathes in an atmosphere of soul-stirring associations. At every step he treads upon classic ground. There is something which tends to lofty aspirations, to deep and grand emotions, even in the fact of his being a native of, and of his drawing his sustenance from the soil of, that country "whose flag has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." But, commencing with his infancy and the nursery tale of the "Babes in the Wood," he is familiarised with the soul-stirring and soul-purifying influences of those traditions which throw a poetic halo around his country—traditions which are ever fresh in his memory, from his being, through life, familiar with their localities and with the traces they have left upon the face of society. Every hill and valley, and stream has its volume of poetic legendary lore; every grove, its fairy fictions; every hamlet, its poetic tales of real life fraught with thrilling interest. Within the horizon of his daily ken, there are probably the picturesque and crumbling ruins of a castle tenanted of old

by some "knight of high degree," and connecting with itself the history of centuries; suggesting to the gazer the sublime enterprises, the lofty heroism, the romantic gallantry of the age of chivalry; and affording in its own particular historic page, some brilliant example of each of these wondrously beautiful characteristics. Perhaps within that same circuit is some field enriched with the blood of his ancestors, shed in one of those many heroic contests to which he owes the freedom, the very life, which he now enjoys. The case is very similar with the inhabitant of every other country in Europe. How can such a man fail to be keenly alive to poetic sentiment? Still more earnestly, it may be asked, how can he who has been reared in such scenes and among such traditions, fail to respond to the numbers of the poetic genius who has lived beneath the same sky, who has breathed inspiration from the same poetic atmosphere?

But, turn to this side of the Atlantic, and what a change do we find. We are in a New World—one which may almost be said to be *new* in everything. To the knowledge of its inhabitants, the history of this land extends back only through some three or four generations, beyond which period a veil of impenetrable mystery rests upon the past. The local tales and traditions of a country, whose whole history is comprised in so brief a period, cannot tend very much to stimulate poetic feelings in his bosom. His reason teaches him, that he too is descended from the time-honored fathers of Europe, yet he feels himself one of a distinct race from that ancient stock. A race which has sprung into existence, as it were, but yesterday. If his heart throbs with an emotion called up by some poetic strain of distant Europe, he feels, for the moment, as a European, not as an American; and turning to his native *stump-land*, that emotion is speedily dispelled. He feels that, if there is no poetry but the poetry of the *past*, it is a thing with which he, as a native of the New World, has nothing to do. He must live, and grovel, and die among the stumps. Alas, the stumps! What a degree of antagonism they present to the growth of poetic temperament.

Now herein consists the error of the poets and romance-writers of America, as a class. They have written, we may suppose, for a public of American readers; but that public, to appreciate any merits in the works in question, must be endowed with the tastes and feelings of a people living upon another Continent. Their scenery, their characters, are drawn from the Old World; their illustrations are such as do not come home with force upon the minds of their New World readers; even their peculiarities of style, their "mannerisms," where such exist, breathe not of the Western Hemisphere. Even in the few instances where this is not the case, we see that the author's general plans, his machinery, his ideas, are probably unconsciously to himself, *modelled* upon those of his European predecessors, and consequently are not suited to the mental disposition of his American readers *as* American readers.

We usually find such an author—and the imputation applies to the whole class of American *literati*—incessantly labouring to create for the wild forests of America, a glorious *Past*, similar, in its characters, its stirring events, indeed in everything, to that of Europe. In thus drawing so largely upon his European models and upon his imagination, instead of following Nature and taking things as they exist, an American Poet can never become very popular with the great body of his fellow-countrymen. We have already observed that the American poets are few, and that those few are but little read in America. We believe it to be owing much more to the causes just mentioned, than that the people of the New World are dead to all poetic feeling. And we believe, that when an American poet shall have risen, appealing directly to the tastes and feelings of Young America, it will be found that the hearts of the people on this Continent, will yield a ready response to his strains, and that he himself will be immortalised in their memories.

There are indeed other, and very important, causes, but of a totally different nature, which tend, seriously to prevent the growth of every branch of native literature in Anglo-Saxon America. We allude to the present position of the law of copyright; but shall reserve any further remarks upon this subject for some future number of this magazine.

Let us now turn our attention to the *raw material* for poesy, which America can produce. It cannot be denied, that the few pages which exist of American history, considering always that they are but few, contain abundant material for the poet to exercise his imagination upon. The history of the discovery of this Continent, of its settlement by our fathers, and of their arduous struggle for existence upon it, is rife with heroic exploits and touching reminiscences worthy the celebration of the most gifted "Son of Song."

Yet the history of these periods is brief, and affords little variety to the imaginative reader; for there is a manifest likeness to each other in all the individual instances which compose the leading events in each stage of that brief history. Each heroic band which crossed the Atlantic to settle in the wild forests of America, had the same dangers to encounter, the same harassing anxieties to endure. Each of the young Colonies had to submit to the same fearful toils, the same savage conflicts with the wild natives of the soil. Beyond this era of the introduction of civilization into America, all—particularly with regard to that portion of the Continent now tenanted by the Anglo-Saxon race—is veiled in a forbidding gloom. The extraordinary interest that is felt in the history and fate of the Aborigines of America, both before and since that era, is associated, it is true, with many ideas that are highly poetical. Yet as a foundation for Poesy and Romance, we here find the the same paucity of material. The wild, unvaried forest life; the tremendous revels; the savage, unrelenting wars, with all their appendages of heroic suffering and repulsive cruelty; and finally the piteous fate; which mark the tra-

ditionary annals of each tribe, are alike in almost every respect. Among such a people as the North American Indians, there could not even be any great variety of individual character. Where the pursuits of every man were the same, those pursuits themselves affording but little variety; where each succeeding generation trod in the steps of their fathers, century after century, there was nothing to produce individual peculiarities of character. True, "Big Snake" may have been a shade more artful than his fellows. "Sunbeam" may have been tinctured with the fair-skinned maiden's besetting sin of coquetry, a slight degree more than her sister Squaws, or the Mohawk may have shown a more determined spirit of bravery than the Ojibbeway; yet individual character among the Red Men must of necessity, have been but very slightly marked, and what we know of their history corroborates this view.

Cooper has probably pictured the Red Man in his native wilds, his customs, pursuits, and the nature of his imaginative legends, with more graphic power than any other writer, and, in so doing, has presented us with many highly poetical representations; yet, so far as in his power lay, it might almost be said that, for that purpose, one of that long series of novels which he has given to the world, would have been sufficient. In adding to the number, he has but rung so many new changes on the same set of bells. His scenery, plots, characters—except where these last have been new-modelled from intercourse with white men—so strongly resemble each other as to be scarcely distinguishable.

(To be concluded in next number.)

THE RHINE AND THE ALPS: OR, THE "BEATEN TRACK" IN 1851.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109.

CHAPTER III.

THE SCHWARTZWALD.—From Hiedelberg to Baden Baden, by the Grand Ducal Railway, or in classic German "Eisenbahn Von Groscherzog Von Baden, was about three hours journey, skirting the long range of mountains which reach northward about 150 miles from Switzerland; the whole range is called the "Schwartzwald" or Black Forest, and never did a country better deserve its name. The greater portion of that extensive region is covered with a veritable thick forest of dark pines, which produces a considerable degree of similarity in the scenery of the many beautiful valleys which lead downwards from the centre of the chain. It is hardly necessary to say that

this country is on the right or German bank of the Rhine which flows through a long and wide plain between the *Vosges* mountains a northward extension of the Jura in France, on the left, and the Black forest on the right.

The branch railway to Baden-Baden, turns off at the village of *Oos*, but at that time it had recently been partly destroyed by an unprecedented succession of violent storms which had fallen along the whole line of the Black Forest, and in the greater part of Switzerland—which had swollen every little torrent that tumbles down the mountains, and should be at this season, but a brook where it joins the European “Father of Waters,”—till they carried away every bridge, flooded every town, spoiled every garden and promenade, and destroyed several portions of the railway along the whole line. The country around *Carlsruhe* was converted into a swamp, and here at *Oos*, a service of *Busses* had to do the work of the disabled Rail. Nor had Baden-Baden been spared; but had on the contrary been well nigh frightened from its impropriety for the rest of the season. A person unaccustomed to the ways and doings of mountain streams, would hardly have believed that that clear, small, shallow brook of light brown water could but a fortnight before have been the cause of the devastation which was apparent on every side—every bridge a wreck or ruin—greensward and shrubberies completely abime—and saddest result of all—an unusual number of “lodgings to let.”

But the rebellious waters could not reach the “conversation Haus,” where invalids, blacklegs and idlers, daily met in magnificent rooms, the decoration of which is as harmonious as it is rich and profuse. When the band played outside the building on a moonlight night—and in particular, the exquisite band of the Austrian Regiment at Rastadt—and every one was there, walking up and down or eating ices, and the hills and woods around were brighter and more visible than by day—for the town is concealed from this point by trees,—and the beautiful country is seen to advantage—the *tout ensemble* was of a kind to be seen in no other places that we are acquainted with. The continual gaming within is “out of tune” with this pleasant spot and so many other kindred though less beautiful places, where this satanic habit prevails over all that is good or great in human nature. The denser atmosphere of a metropolis appears to be fitter for this as well as all other vices.

We abode about a mile from the town, close to the favorite shaded drive which leads to the old walls and towers “Clostre Lichtenthal.” Along this drive rolled every afternoon the “carriage folks” of Baden in considerable numbers, but they could not drive more than two miles before they came to rough and stony mountain roads which might be said to lead “nowhere.” The two principal valleys whose streams unite and form that of Baden are very like Swiss valleys, and are quite as beautiful as the best of the lower ground of Switzerland. The whole is *quasi* Swiss. The costumes of the peasantry, the appearance of the cottages, and their *members*, scattered as in Switzerland, over every

valley and perched in every habitable nook and corner—likening the whole territory to one vast scattered village: In Switzerland you never get away from villages and *chalets*, till you have reached the realms of perennial frost. In the country of Baden it is the *forest* instead of the frost which seems to say to the hardy villagers, "thus far shalt thou come and no farther."

We are surprised that so many tourists remark upon, and lament the rarity of *national costume*, and talk of Paris furnishing the fashions!!! No doubt in most *towns* it is rare—or if not uncommon, even among the *bourgeoisie* (as at Lucerne) is by no means general—but in the black forest every genuine countrywoman of every degree—except *gentry* who must be few and very far between—delights to adorn her clumsy figure in a more singularly ungraceful manner than we remember to have ever seen in print shops and illustrations—for the artist invariably depicts a handsome girl, and softens down the more salient points of her head and body gear. They intermingle in their dingy hair a confused mass of glass beads of all colours. No negro in his native wilds can be more attached to this style of ornament. They wear a short dress of coarse woollen, with a line of demarkation intended for a waist, but generally of larger circumference than the shoulders—no sleeves—or on holidays balloon sleeves of white linen—two broad steel chains, like braces, over their shoulders—black stockings (or none at all) in a state of woful dilapidation, and boots (if any) to match, decorating dropsical legs, always biggest at the ankle, and feet shaped—like everything hideous. Such is the national female costume of the *Grossherzogthum* of Baden; and that in every degree of squalor it is common enough in all conscience, we hereby positively affirm.

A favorite excursion from Baden is that to *Gernsbach*, in the neighbouring valley of the *Mourgg*, about six miles across the hills which divide it from that of Baden. We walked over to Gernsbach on a day of alternate light and gloom, with thunder continually rolling among the mountains, higher up the valley. The descent upon Gernsbach with the wide plain of the Rhine on the left contrasting with the wilder scenery of the valley, is striking. Ascending the Mourg, the character of the scenery reminded us of that of the Welsh portion of the Wye, but there is less of picturesque rocks and more wood, *i. e.* the dark pine forest. The river when we reached it was of rather a sickly colour, and we were not therefore surprised as we *fished upwards* at meeting with little success—we only caught small ignoble *chub*—but things soon wore a worse aspect, for down came a rush of water bringing with it logs of wood, branches of trees, and every kind of *debris*, and in a few minutes the stream rose considerably. This was the effect of the storm up higher. We met there two Irish gentlemen who gave us a summary of their piscatorial experience of the Mourg, which was that in this part it produced more coarse fish than trout, but that about eight or nine (English) miles higher up, a little above *Tubach*, is a very beautiful situation—there was capital trout and grayling

fishing, to be had—and that permission to angle was to be obtained upon very easy terms of the man who rents that portion of the river.

Much of the timber felled in the Black Forest is floated down the Mourg in rafts, two of which passed us skillfully poled over a rapid and a weir. We returned to Baden by a different and very interesting road through the forest and round by *Ober Beuren*.

The little river *Oos* which runs through Baden and had lately done so much mischief, though of an excellent colour for fly-fishing, yields but little sport. No doubt, as in almost all small streams in an accessible situation on the Continent, the trout are exhausted to fill the tin-fish boxes of the runs, and feed the relentless *pot*. Whether the frequent saw mills for which every available stream is turned to such good account, have also a bad effect upon the trout we are not prepared positively to affirm.

One of the best sights near Baden is the "Alte Schloss," the "high castle," and the extensive view from its highest tower. Looking up at this fine old castle from Baden, you would hardly suppose that it could be so long a pull to the *clearing* in the thick pine wood where it stands. But it is an easy and shaded ascent, with beautiful views occasionally through gaps between the firs. When we reached the castle, an agreeable surprise awaited us—we were *thirsty*, and experienced a particular longing for Rhine wine and selter, that delightful mixture which is so generally in request everywhere near the Rhine, but we little expected to be so speedily refreshed. We came suddenly upon a platform where tables were set, and behold! there were a gross of people refreshing themselves with every kind of edible and drinkable, from solid cutlets to delicate wild strawberries, pure Hock and selter to German Beer. We indulged much to our satisfaction in strawberries and wine, and then proceeded to explore the extensive ruin above us. Our first steps within the walls were among *plates and empty bottles*—for this part of the Schloss had been metamorphosed into a tavern, but ascending a staircase we came to a large open square chamber with ivy mantling around it. Here were seated a select party of ladies and gentlemen, one of whom (of the gentlemen) was declaiming with very dramatic emphasis a long poem in German. Mounting above this again is a railed walk upon two sides of the walls of the great square tower, whence is to be seen one of the finest of all panoramas of Rhine plains and Schwartzwald and Vosges mountains. The rolling pine-covered mountains, ridge beyond ridge, forming more than half the circle; the great Rhine-plain dotted with many towers and spires filling up the remainder, bounded afar by the blue chain of the Vosges. The effect of this grand view is enhanced by the gigantic pines which cover the hill, whose graceful tops fringe the very summit of the lofty castle tower.

Thunder storms became every day more severe and frequent till the last two days of our stay at Baden-Baden—a drenching rain fell continually, and, at

least, for twenty-four hours the flash and the peal continued with scarcely any intermission.

At length, on the 18th day of August, another day of heavy rain, we found ourselves again *en route* by rail, for Freiburg, not in Switzerland, but in Breisgau, Baden, and it was late in the evening when we arrived there, for the repairs of a portion of the railway were not completed, and all the passengers were transferred near *Offenburg*, to an insufficient number of *Busses*, which had to make two or three journeys before they could complete the transport; and in this manner we passed through the particularly uninteresting town of *Offenburg*. We had been recommended to the *Deutschen Hof* (Hotel d'Allemagne) at Freiburg, in preference to the *Zahmiger Hof*, and we may safely say that *Gustav Richfus*, the landlord, possesses three good and useful qualities not always found together. He speaks English fluently—is most attentive—and charges moderately—in addition to this the *cuisine* is good and the house comfortable. We stayed at Freiburg two days, and admired its beautiful Minster of red stone, which possesses we believe an unique specimen of an ancient spire *complete*; a spire of light tracery worked in stone, and beautifully tapering. We performed rather a minute inspection of the interior, including even the priests' robes, which were not exceeded in splendour by the gold and silver brocades which India contributed to our Exposition. Our *Cicerone* was quite a character—a devoted antiquary as regarded the Minster, which he expounded in tolerable English. If any one wants him enquiry is to be made for "Jach,"—we did not exactly make out where or how. While we were at the *Deutschen Hof* a lady and gentleman arrived there who had made an extensive *regulation* tour in Switzerland, *i. e.* over most of the pet "cols" and passes—in July and August. They had accomplished this task with some difficulty, and had met with wet and stormy weather during the greater part of their trip. From Freiburg there is a road which winds up one of the most celebrated valleys of the Black Forest—the *Höllenthal*—*Le Val D'euser*—and which is regularly traversed by diligences to *Schaffhausen*—a friend of ours had bitten us with—a desire to make some stay in this valley, a very unusual course by the way—and accordingly when the weather looked more promising we started unintentionally for *Höllenstein*—about 15 (English) miles from Freiburg. We passed at first along a wide valley between frost covered hills, following the course of the river *Treisam*, and in about two hours arrived at that part of the valley whence, no doubt, are derived both its picturesque reputation and unpleasant name. It is here a narrow pass between high, perpendicular and even impending rocks, still ascending by the side of the *Treisam* torrent. These rocks are surmounted by a rich variety of wood which is the great charm of all the scenery in this valley. It is, however, too confined to please for so long a time as it happened to be our lot to pass there. We much preferred the Valley of the *Mourg* already men-

tioned. However we were "in for it," and instead of waiting for letters which we expected at Freiburg, we concluded to wait here.

Two Inns at Steig claim the patronage of the Traveller—the first from Freiburg is the "Posthaus," which though not very *comme il faut* or agreeably odoriferous, is very cheap. They have, however, some good bedrooms. After remaining there but one night we took offence at a slight misunderstanding—we believe, after reflection, it was nothing more—and moved to the other Inn, Die Stern l'étoile—higher up the valley, which proved to be really a capital Inn in every respect, but the prices were as high as those of the towns. The Treisam here though small has an attractive appearance to an angler. But we found upon enquiry that the trouts are relentlessly hunted to supply the Inns here and at Freiburg, etc.

Though the scenery about Steig is very pleasing at first sight, and there are nooks and corners, and a quaint little church worth exploring, we were very glad to be again *en route* by the diligence to Schaffhausen, which took us up at 3 o'clock p. m. on the 23d August.

The circumstance of having just now while writing opened to one of our maps, recalls to recollection the fact that good local maps of most interesting localities upon the Continent, are not to be purchased in London. But in most large towns excellent maps of the countries in which they are situated may be purchased from among the modern stock of the leading map and book-sellers.

Some of them are as minute and serviceable for the pedestrian as the reduced *ordnance* maps of England and Wales. Among the best are those of the Grand Duchy of Baden, by J. C. WOERL, and sold at Baden, Heidelberg, Freiburg, etc. They may be bought mounted in parts, containing about 40 English miles in length and breadth, on the scale of about half an inch to a mile, for 1 florin, 12 kreutzers, (two shillings). As to Keller's Map of Switzerland, almost the only foreign map of which one frequently hears the name mentioned in England, it is on too small a scale to be of much use to the pedestrian, and the distances are often incorrectly marked in it. We mean in the *genuine* Keller—the spurious copies are of course worse still. We are aware that this opinion will be considered by some heretical, but there are few things about which we can speak more positively. As far as we know there are not any good maps of Switzerland on a larger scale easily procurable. We believe an authentic Government survey of that country has never been made. We bought for about a florin, at Heidelberg, a beautiful little coloured map, including Heidelberg, Heilbron, and that portion of the Neckar, on the scale of a German geographical mile—upwards of four English miles—to an inch and a half.

The first part of the journey to Schaffhausen lay over the cultivated table land which is reached by a steep zig-zag road immediately beyond Steig, and in

about an hour we came in sight of a lake about a mile and a half long called the *Titi See*, at the foot of which the road crosses the small stream which empties it. The scenery about this lake is pleasing though not very bold. Cherry trees, from the fruit of which that vile spirit (to our taste at least) called *Kirschwasser* is distilled, abound in this line of country. There was much sameness in the remainder of the journey till nightfall, and it was midnight when we were fairly deposited in the coach-yard—but alas! not Inn-yard—at Schaffhausen. We followed our luggage combined with other impedimenta in a truck propelled by a sleepy old gentleman and an idiotic assistant, to an Inn of Hand-book notability; but it was too late—they could not be aroused there; we wheeled off to another hotel, not unknown to fame, but alack! they had not room for us, and referred us to the “*Goldene Schiff*” close to the bridge over the Rhine, whither we sluggishly betook ourselves, and were glad enough to be received there by an obliging young lady, who was able to give us a bed-room, some bread and butter, and currant jelly! It was an odd circumstance that one of the first persons we met with here should be a *cretin*: for they do not abound in Schaffhausen, far from the mountains. And now, for the second time in our lives, we slept in Switzerland!

WILD FLOWERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

NO. II.—THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

WHERE graceful, leafy boughs crown ancient stems,
 And cast their quivering shadows far below,
 Making cool, lovely paths through the green world—
 The wanderer finds thee, Lily; shelt'ring 'mid tall, grassy blades,
 Thy pale, serene and fragrant beauty, or far away
 In some secluded winding, where pearly violets
 With deep, golden heart, (thick as the stars
 In a clear, summer heaven) carpet sweet nooks of shade.
 Thy tender stem, rears up its delicate bells,
 Shielded by broad, green, glossy leaves, that seem to guard
 Lovingly, a thing so odorous and pure.
 We call thine aspect spiritual—and if the world
 Of bloom, hath dwellers in its painted shrines
 (Of glorious, infinite variety.)
 As rarely fashioned as their sweet abodes,
 Thy tenant sure—must be a holy one,
 And not unworthy thou, to dwell beside
 Celestial streams, where withering airs come not
 To dim the blossoms of perpetual spring.

MAUDE.

THE ELECTRICAL TELEGRAPH.

SECOND ARTICLE.

As the admirable adaptation of the Telegraph to the multiplied purposes of commerce, science and social life, is daily being proved by experience, the subject cannot fail to increase in interest, and to be viewed by the public as one of absorbing importance. Yet the mass of mankind do not perhaps, realize the vast consequences to which its application may lead. They behold the step by step advancement of the system which has already grown to such magnitude, but has by no means attained its highest point of development. They see too its marvellous results recorded, but of the processes by which these marvels are accomplished, they are not generally informed. It would indeed be difficult to describe, satisfactorily and clearly, the structure and principle of the Telegraph as now in operation throughout these Provinces, and without the aid of diagrams, not presently available, the manner in which it is really worked, could not be made plain to the popular apprehension. The public now see posts set up with prepared iron wire stretched along them and secured in a state of insulation by glass fixtures. They are told that a galvanic battery produces a supply of electricity. They may imagine how, upon the principle that electrified bodies are prone to transfer their properties to others when placed in contact, certain means are afforded for the transmission along the wires of the fluid generated by the battery, under such restrictions as the operator may determine—and can understand how such metals as Zinc, Tin, Platina, Lead, Gold, Silver, Steel, or Copper are made applicable to the generation or transmission of this fluid—and how dilute sulphuric or nitric acid will act upon and dissolve certain of these metals. They can see the several appliances of the Telegraph office, and learn that a piece of iron may be converted into a magnet while the electric current is passing round it, through a coil of copper wire, and cease to be so influenced when the current is cut off. They may understand how, in the ordinary apparatus, this current moves in a circle, when what are denominated the positive and negative poles are brought into contact, or connected by the medium of conducting substances—and that practically for telegraphic purposes, the circuit is economically completed by merely carrying the end of the conducting wire beneath the surface of the great electric conductor—the Earth. They may conceive the transmission of the subtle fluid along the course of the conducting wire, at the rate of twenty thousand miles per second, and how by a mechanical contrivance this motion assists in the receipt or delivery of messages. They may know that one system prints by blank dots, another in Roman letters, or that by a third, the electric fluid is employed as a chemical agent in the discoloration of paper, and that thereby the same object is accomplished; but without some previous knowledge of Electricity and its laws, these wonderful processes would

be difficult to be understood. There is however, no difficulty in comprehending the beneficial results that are daily seen to flow from this most brilliant of modern discoveries, or to appreciate its importance in commercial, cosmical and social operations. In the first of these, we have daily recurring illustrations in the Provinces, and the world at large. The connection by the wires of the Government Observatory at the Dockyard in Halifax, with others at Boston, Massachusetts, is an example of the second. It is announced too, that the Royal Observatory at Greenwich is placed in connection with the wires of the Electric Telegraph Company of England, which will give facilities for careful astronomical observations at one and the same time in all parts of the Kingdom, and with nearly all parts of the Continent of Europe, by means of the submarine line from Dover to Calais. The difference in the longitude of places, will be ascertained, and the National time may be regulated by the uniform standard of Greenwich. It is pleasant, says a late periodical writer, thus to find science using its own discoveries for its own purposes. That simultaneous observations can now be carried on at points widely separated, geographically—is so grand an opportunity for scientific men, that we may expect a revolution in at least, one department of physical study. Indeed we can hardly imagine any interest—political, social or scientific—which may not be very materially modified and benefitted by this grand triumph of mind over matter.

Another mode in which the Telegraph is lately made available, will be new to provincial readers. In Prussia it has been rendered subservient to purposes of police. Berlin for example, is divided into six telegraphic districts, each having its station in communication with the central office of the President of police, so that an order may be conveyed by him to all the district offices at the same instant. Its efficiency in this way, by promoting the preservation of order, and repressing crime, is too obvious to require demonstration. Another of its uses has been exemplified in the neighbouring city of Boston, and will be similarly applicable to all large towns, and doubtless tend to diminish materially, the number of serious conflagrations to which they are constantly liable. The Boston papers recently furnished the following account, in anticipation of the completion of "the fire alarm Telegraph":—

"Forty-nine miles of wire have been stretched over the city, dividing under the arms of the sea which separate its main portion from South and East Boston. The first of the forty cast iron signal boxes has been placed on the Reservoir in Hancock Street. These will be so distributed that every house in the city will be within fifty rods of one. Whenever a fire occurs, resort will be had to the nearest box, where by turning a crank, instantaneous communication will be made to the central office, and from that—which stands related to the whole fire department of the city, like the brain to the nervous system— instant knowledge will be communicated to the seven districts into which the city is divided, by so striking the alarm bells simultaneously that the locality of the fire will be known exactly to all."

In the St. George's Hospital of London* the telegraph has been laid down for the purpose of communication between the Medical officers, students and attendant.—Directions are thus given by the Surgeons to the nurses in the several wards. In France too its agency is about to be presented in a similar but more striking point of view. Lines are to be established between the offices of the President in the palace of the Tuileries—and the rooms of the Council of State,—and the Legislative Body—and to connect with the Hotels or Cabinets of the different Ministers in Paris, in order that the President may communicate directly with the occupants. The wires for the department of the Interior it is stated, pass from the Telegraph tower over the roof and towers of the Church of St. Clotilde, the palace and barracks, and then cross the Seine to the Tuileries.

It will thus be seen to what varied objects of utility this subtle power is already made to minister. It will be as readily conceived that its advantages and uses multiform as they appear are only now beginning to be understood and appreciated.

The question of its adaptation to the Commercial uses of the two greatest nations of the world by means of the submarine line to connect Great Britain with America has heretofore attracted some share of attention. It is already proposed to sink a four-wire cable for the purpose of connecting Holyhead with Kingston in Ireland on a similar but improved principle to that recently laid down between Dover and Calais. This would require about sixty miles of cable—considerably more than would be requisite to connect Newfoundland with Cape Breton—a project now we believe fully determined on—and the line from Newfoundland to Ireland will then only remain to be accomplished.

The distance under the Atlantic at the nearest available points would be about 1500 miles. It has by some been declared impossible to propel the electric fluid over such a continuous length of wire, but by others who are practical telegraphic operators, the opinion is entertained that by suitable appliances for ensuring quantity and intensity of the galvanic fluid, this project can and will be carried to completion. The fact that messages have been conveyed by the

* It is proper to state that this novel modification has little, if anything in common with the ordinary telegraph. It has been constructed by Messrs. Thomson & Grafton of London, for the use of Prisons and other public institutions, as well as Hospitals—and is operated as follows:—In the Hall there is a column about three feet high, having on its top, a dial on which are engraved a number of signals. On the walls of the several Hospital wards, there are also dials similarly engraved. On the dial in the Hall, there is an index or pointer, which can be moved by a handle to point to any of the signals on the dial. All the indices throughout the building are connected with the index in the Hall, so that when it moves, all the others move in the same way. If for instance, it is desired to intimate to visitors that it is time to leave; the Hall index is made to point to the signal, "Visitors out," every other index throughout the wards will point to the same words, while a little hammer on the index will fall on a small bell to draw attention to the fact that the index has moved. Thus, messages are transmitted to the wards of the Hospital without noise or confusion, which could not be done under the old system, when the orders were conveyed by shouting to the nurses and attendants. Since the adoption of this plan, it is stated, about 1000 signals have been transmitted in the Hospital daily, without discomfort to the patients, or any possibility of error.

ordinary super-terrestrial wires a distance equal to the Atlantic span, viz: from Quebec to New York *via* Buffalo and Albany on a connected line, aided by relay batteries to make good the necessary atmospheric waste—a consideration of the more favorable circumstance of perfect insulation obtained by the submarine method—and above all the varied ingenious resources of this scientific age, induce us to believe that the project is something more than the dream of an enthusiast. A plan of operations by which the laying of an Atlantic submarine line might be accomplished, was indeed, published about two years since in a paper, bearing the signature of J. A. Roebing, with some particulars of which we may fitly conclude the present observations.

His plan proposed to lay down a wire-ropes of twenty strands, separated from each other and perfectly isolated, that they might form twenty distinct transmitting wires, by which twenty messages might be simultaneously despatched, if necessary. He calculated the number of messages at 500 daily each way, which at an average charge of \$1, would yield a revenue of \$1000 daily. The rope to be manufactured ashore, in pieces of several tons weight, to be united on board of the Steamer chartered for the service. The general mode of proceeding, was to be that which has been subsequently practised with so much success in the case of the Dover and Calais line. While running the rope from the Steamer into the sea, it was to be passed through tar as a protective coating on the outside. "Thus prepared and sunk," observes the projector, "upon the bottom of the ocean, it is difficult to assign a limit to its duration. The weight of one mile of rope manufactured in this manner, will be one gross ton—its estimated cost on board the Steamer, \$250. No. 14 iron wire carefully manufactured by the old charcoal process, and which measures 50 feet per lb., will bear a weight of 660 lbs., or support 33,000 feet of its own length, vertically and freely suspended in the air. In the ocean, the same rope will sustain 40,000 feet of its own length, vertically suspended through the water. The machinery on board of the Steamer that plies off the rope, is to be so constructed that the speed of the latter will be under perfect controul. Its usual speed will have to correspond to that of the Steamer, so that no more, or very little more rope is passed off than is required to cover the distance run. If the rope runs out faster, it will accumulate upon the bottom and cause unnecessary waste. Where the depth of water is very great, the rope should descend as near a plumb line as the progressive motion of the Steamer will permit, in order that the deflection of its curve may as much as possible be increased, and its tension thereby decreased. As the tension varies with the depth of water and deflection of the rope, and influences its speed accordingly, the action of the machinery should be controlled by breaks.

It is very important that the last few miles on approaching the coast, should be out of the reach of anchorage. I should prefer a steep bluff coast with deep water, where no anchor can be cast. The rope once landed, would, if protected

against the washing of the sea, be out of harm's reach. The dislocation of the rope by the wash of the sea, may be prevented by securing it upon the bottom by iron weights, or chain cables."

The practicability of laying down submarine lines, having been subsequently, fully tested and affirmed, it is unnecessary to enlarge on this feature of the undertaking, and we here take leave of the subject for the present.

NOTES ON PERIODICALS.

WITH the progressive spirit of the age, its wants and requirements, the industry of intellect is always ready to compete. The demands of a growing population, its diversified ideas and dissimilarity of feeling are all provided for by the many vehicles of information which abound in our day. Books, those teachers as well as mirrors of the mind, are brought within the reach of us all, and the old saying is verified, for "he who runs may read."

The literature of Britain has long shone most conspicuous in her Monthly and Quarterly Magazines. Blackwood's, The North British Review, The New Monthly, Dublin University, Fraser's, and The Quarterly, with a host of others, have long been the disseminators of the productions of standard writers of the Old World. Macaulay, Professor Wilson, Alison, Sydney Smith, with many other names, pre-eminent among the sons of genius, have lent a lustre to these periodicals such as few other works can boast of. The richest treasures of these mighty minds have been lavished unsparringly in their pages, and the great mass of intellectual readers select them as their wayside and household volumes. But popular as these Magazines are with the public, they were not yet adapted to the wants of all.

The high price necessary to secure the services of such distinguished writers, also placed them beyond the reach of those who, however they might have appreciated their value, had not the means of procuring them. A cheaper and a different style of literature was required, more suited to the spirit of progression, with which the present age is so impregnated. Newspapers in a great measure supplied this want, and they fill a most prominent place in the literary annals of modern times. A distinguished author remarks in a late work, that they have almost usurped the place of the Magazine, and that more vigorous writing,—eloquent language,—keen, cutting invective, and strong moral advocacy may be found in the columns of the Newspapers of Great Britain, than in all the Books published within the last ten years. But the daily or weekly Newspaper is too fleeting a vehicle to communicate the thoughts of many to a large class of general readers,—and within the

last few years a vast number of monthly, semi-monthly, and weekly Magazines have taken their place among the standard, and what is almost equal, the cheap literature of the Mother Country. They are indeed needed to counteract the demoralizing effect of the many disgraceful and licentious publications that emanate from the press, endeavoring, often too successfully, to corrupt the principles of the young, and tainting more or less the minds of all who peruse them.

We have neither space nor acquaintance enough with the class of periodicals to which we have referred, to enumerate them in their order and degree. Some of them probably never reach our Provinces, or if they do, in such limited numbers that few are benefitted by them. Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, with Hogg's Weekly Instructor, commenced some fifteen or sixteen years ago, were among the first of these publications which brought literature of a high order within the reach of all. These periodicals are too well known to require comment from us. They embrace at once all the varieties of information and amusement, from biography and science to humorous but always appropriate remarks and anecdotes. The indefatigable Editors of Chambers' Journal have since their first essay as Journalists, published a series of most useful works, more peculiarly for the young and the working classes, whose interest they stedfastly advocate. Chambers' Encyclopaedia, Information for the People, Miscellaneous Tracts, with many others of a similar nature from the same publishers, have long been circulated and appreciated in these Provinces. They may almost be regarded as the founders of that description of books, now so general among all classes and degrees of readers.

Passing over the intermediate publications whose names are less familiar, we commence with "Household Words," a weekly paper, established and conducted by Mr. Charles Dickens, the author of so many popular works. This journal is now in the third year of its existence, and is a great favorite and deservedly so with the public. The name of its editor was sufficient to ensure its success, but its pages unaided by any influence of rank or fame entitle it to a high place among literary treasures. The most familiar subjects, are there invested with an importance, and treated with a consideration, that make them at once deeply interesting. Objects of great moment are veiled under a light, humorous disguise, and keen satire is applied to "the shams" of the present day with the wit of a Punch, and the power of a Moralist. Everything in "Household Words" is progressive, we have no idle fancies, or mauding by the way, all is quick, real, earnest, onward. Its very poetry, and it has some of the most beautiful and spirit-stirring, to be found in any modern volume, breathes a work-day life in earnest spirit; all is but the working out of Longfellow's beautiful assertion—

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

We know of no publication so suited to the times, so full of every subject that ought to interest us, possessing so much knowledge of human nature, its beauty, its weakness, and its aims, appealing so at once to all the mirthful, tender and progressive features of our minds, as "Household Words." We advise all who have not seen it, to get it, and all who have read it, to profit by its teaching. We have spoken of this journal first, as possessing greater importance, in our opinion, but we believe some others—advocating the same great measures, and toiling alike for the good of the public, had an earlier commencement.

The Family Friend is one of these—it was established in January, 1850—issued for the first six months, monthly, and at the present time, fortnightly. This is a most useful publication, and its immense circulation testifies to its popularity with the public. A little of everything is to be found in its pages, from history down to needle work and cookery. A great number of writers are engaged in its service, whose productions always aim at the instruction and elevation of the young, though all classes of readers may benefit more or less from them. The Sphynx presides over a large department of this Magazine—as Enigmas, Charades and Conundrums, with a number of Puzzles, Anagrams, &c. always have their place in its pages. The Family Friend, in addition to its own semi-monthly, issues from its press another periodical entitled "The Family Tutor." This is of a more grave and scientific nature than its predecessor, and contains more valuable information on Botany, Mineralogy, Astronomy, Mathematics and topics of a like nature, than can be found anywhere else in so small a compass. The wisest scholar may learn something from its pages, and the young should take it as a guide and reference in their studies. The most abstruse and dry subjects are treated with a familiarity and an interest calculated to secure popularity, and we are glad to learn that both it and its twin brother, the Family Friend, are becoming better known in our own Provinces, and more generally appreciated. "The Public Good" is another bi-monthly Magazine devoted to its name, and a great deal of very excellent matter is contained in its pages. Autographs, portraits and biographies of great men, peace reformers, anti-slavery men and others, have a few pages in every number. This is a rather novel as well as most pleasing feature in Magazine literature, and one quite popular with the majority of readers. As this periodical resembles so nearly, the one just before alluded to, in its contents and objects, we need not dwell longer on its various merits.

We must, however, notice another publication from the press of the Public Good, and conducted by its editor. The "Poetic Companion for the Fireside, the Fields, the Woods and the Streams," and truly does it fulfil its title, for a more useful, pleasant and beautiful little volume, it will be difficult to meet with; it is a collection of original and selected poetry, from the best writers

in both departments, with a brief biography of eminent living and departed poets. Thus, bringing within the reach of the poor man and the solitary, the bright thoughts and secret workings of the lofty minds he has dreamed of in his toil and loneliness. All those names "familiar in our mouths as household words," are shrined in this little periodical, with some bright thoughts from each, while we have a fragrant wreath from original contributors, whose beauty would be lost to us, but for this pleasant book of embalment. There is enough of this work-a-day world ever around our paths, and deeply do we all feel the necessity of toil and strife in our hurried warfare; but the battle of life needs some auxiliary to cheer us, and poetry is the best and purest for many. It is a noble and praiseworthy object then, to place it within the reach of the poorest and meanest, and this is done in the pages of the "Poetic Companion" which has been, we doubt not, already the source of many a pleasant thought and sweetener of many a dreary hour.

But it would be too lengthy a task to speak of all the useful publications of the present day, and we have perhaps already lingered too long on those which appeared to us most deserving of notice. While we have alluded to that spirit of emulation and progression, for which our day is so remarkable, we must not forget to mention one more publication which had its origin in that greatest marvel of this, or any other time—the Great Exhibition. We allude to the "Parlour Magazine," printed in the Crystal Palace, and professing to be in literature, what *it* was in art, manufacture and industry, the receptacle for all nations; it was scarcely equal to its promise, or to what it might have been, and is perhaps one of the frailest records of that mighty project which gathered the world, and united it as in one task. Yet, its contents were always elegant and often very superior. It selected from writers in every clime and country, and we had here, the home-like pictures of the Swede, the mysticism of the German, the pathos of the Italian, the vivacity of the French, the luxury of the Persian, with the clear forcible style of the English author. The work has been completed in two volumes.

We have now done for a time with these desultory remarks on the periodicals of our Mother Country, but before we lay the pen aside, we would speak a few words in relation to our own country, its wants and resources as regards literature. We have many among us equal, if not superior in mental intelligence and activity, to those in older and more favoured lands. The great majority of our population are thirsting after knowledge, and anxious for improvement. We need some channel by which to convey the thoughts of our intellectual few to the homes of their countrymen. A Magazine is the most legitimate mode; our resources are ample, nor are our means so limited as not to be able to support a periodical of our own. The time has now arrived when the attempt is once more made, and may we not confidently hope it will be successful. Let us not be behind, even the working classes of England and

Scotland, who support their own periodicals by contributions and pay. Let each one among us aid by every means in his power, the work now commenced, and we predict that the Journal which has given occasion for these remarks, will be but the first of pioneer periodicals, whose aim will be to develop the resources of our country, draw out her literary wealth, and aid in the moral and intellectual culture of the provincial inhabitants at large.

Let us but consider the importance of the object; the elevation of ourselves to a place among the intelligent and literary of the present day. Let us once feel that it is an object in which our mental honor is involved, and whose success or failure will elevate or degrade us in the scale of social importance, and we need not fear for the result.

TO THE POET LONGFELLOW;

ON READING THE "SEASIDE AND FIRESIDE."

Welcome—thrice welcome to our hearts' best feelings,
Thy friendly greeting from a far off shore,
Clear as a distant bell, whose silvery pealings
Touch the true chord that vibrates evermore.

The electric chain, that binds in close communion
Hearts that its magic influence obey,
A pass-word to that blest, and perfect union,
Which stands the test of many a win'try day.

Thy thoughts come in, and like familiar faces
Temper our sorrows, and reflect our joys.
We number them among our household graces,
A sweet society the soul enjoys.

Thus as we gaze upon the sunlit ocean,
Or walk upon its shore at eventide
We feel thy presence by our deep emotion,
And see thee smiling—moving by our side.

Or when the light-house, on our vision glances,
We see, "the giant wading from the shore,"
Or when in fitful light, its shadow dances
To the wild music of the ocean's roar.

We catch thy spirit, to enjoy the fountain,
The breeze—the fireside—or the falling dew,
The zephyr—or the gale, the sky and mountain,
Thrill to our spirits, in an aspect new.

Welcome—then welcome as a priceless treasure,
Thoughts that make Nature's radiant face more fair,
That give to Nature's sons, a richer pleasure
Than all the gems, that worldly art can wear. • •

TALES OF OUR VILLAGE.

(No 2 —Concluded from page 113.)

THERE are a few, however, still living who strenuously attest to the falsehood of these contradictory rumours, and they are of those who partook of her hospitality, profited by her counsel, and who reverence her memory. They can cast but very little light on her history, for quite young when they enjoyed her society, they neither enquired from others or hinted to herself their desire to become acquainted with the events of her life. their knowledge is exceedingly limited. They remember, however, that she but rarely alluded to former days or early friends, and though she spoke of persons of distinction and influence, with whom she had associated at home, her own personal family was never the subject of her conversation. Allusions, however, had been made, and from the general tenor of some of her remarks, the impression left upon the mind of these early acquaintances was, that her home in England was unhappy from the constant disagreement of her parents, who lived most unpleasantly together, making the place which should be the abode of peace and happiness, the scene of discord and misery to themselves and their children. As her brother's military duties called him to the North American Colonies, he feeling the unhappiness of home as much on his sister's account as his own, persuaded her to accompany him on his outward voyage, and make for themselves a more congenial home in the new world. With a natural disposition to retirement, fond of literary pursuits, and disgusted with a life that promised nothing but perpetual discomfort and sorrow, it was supposed she willingly consented to the arrangement, and gladly availed herself of the opportunity afforded of comparative quietude of life.

Probably the land bestowed by Government was another inducement to their settlement in Nova Scotia, as Englishmen and Military gentlemen especially have a great idea of the value of land in these Provinces, and a large tract is a great temptation to their indulgence of visionary agricultural success. It was, therefore, more than probable that the loneliness of Miss F—— in her cottage home was to be but temporary, and that the Captain intended leaving his Regiment, when the term of station at the West Indies had expired, and permanently settling on his farm. This anticipation, if it was indulged, was soon destroyed by death, which removed the young soldier in the flower of his years from those he loved best on earth. After his decease his sister finding herself comfortably established in the home his forethought and care had provided for her, with few ties or hopes to induce her to return to England, determined upon remaining in the seclusion of that place which was now consecrated by the memory of a brother's care and affection.

Such was the interpretation put upon the history and singular solitude of Miss F—— by her intimate friends; but after all even this is but suggestion,

as nothing definite ever transpired with regard to her, even to them, but whatever may have been the mystery that surrounded her, or however dark the circumstances that clouded her existence, it is yet the earnest and heartfelt testimony of those who knew her best, that if ever virtue and innocence dictated the motives of a human being, the principles of these swayed and influenced her life—and if so this imperfect narration of her traditionary history, gathered by the writer from various sources, would strive to lend its feeble aid to the establishment of the innocence of the departed lady's life, and though it cannot elucidate the mystery that shadows it, it would yet faithfully transmit every extenuating circumstance, and prove the falsity of the thousand rumours prejudicial to her character.

These rumours to which we have alluded, as circulating with a freedom and a falsehood peculiar to ignorance and credulity, during the lifetime of Miss F——, if heard by her, were regarded with the indifference of conscious innocence, it may have been the endurance with which she evidently bore all the trials incidental to our earthly existence—whatever were her feelings with regard to them, she passed them by unconcernedly, neither stooping to contradict them or apparently allowing them to grieve her.

Years passed on and Miss or Mrs. F—— as she was now generally called, still pursued her quiet and unobtrusive life. She had a kind word and a pleasant smile for all she knew when she met them at church, or in her daily walks, but beyond these their intercourse was as limited as before, and though wonder was still excited, she had nearly lived down rumour and curiosity, when a fresh cause gave rise to it again, and once more the gossips were on the *qui vive*.

During the usurpation of Buonaparte, among the Loyalists who preferred forsaking country and home, rather than submit to the sway of a conqueror and usurper, was the Governor of St. Peters, M. D——, familiarly called by our good Nova-Scotians, many of whom still remember him, the French Governor. This gentleman leaving his wife and children to the care of near relatives not so scrupulous with regard to loyal allegiance, came to our country hoping to find in it for a few years a quiet asylum, where he could pursue his literary pursuits, to which he was much attached, without molestation from the triumphs of an Emperor whom he regarded as a tyrant and a regicide. After spending a few days in Halifax he accidentally walked in the direction of Mrs. F——'s dwelling, and at first sight fancying it as a residence, called to enquire if he could be accommodated with lodgings. It is hard to say what feelings actuated the lonely mistress of the cottage, but either the Governor's suave and polished address made an impression in his favor, or else it may be that she longed once more for intellectual companionship such as she evidently had been accustomed to in earlier and happier years; but she closed with his request, and M. D—— became an inmate of her home. This proceeding

was decreed very improper by many of her censorious neighbours, and the old rumours were revived once more, with later scandal to give them a fresh zest. But these fell harmless alike with the former ones, on her they were intended to injure, for she retained her lodger, and her smile seemed brighter than before. If the reported errors of her earlier years had no better foundation, than those in the present instance, scandal had nothing but its own breath to build upon. She had long outlived the feelings and passions of youth, and only hailed the studious but kind hearted Frenchman, as an intellectual friend, with whom she could exchange ideas, which would have been almost difficult had she associated with her surrounding neighbours, who were generally plain farmers and mechanics with their families, possessing but little in common with a refined and cultivated mind. The Governor on his part was much attached to his wife, constantly corresponding with her, and most anxious to return to his country and his family. Scandal, then, though with much apparently to build upon, was mere scandal still, and the occupants of the little cottage were made the subject of a gossip they ill deserved. But as was said before they regarded it but little, and pursued the even tenor of their way quiet and unobtrusive as before.

M. D——'s excellent taste improved the appearance of their dwelling exceedingly. His delight was when released from his studies, to ornament the grounds round his home, and soon a tasteful garden, with many pretty summer bowers and winding paths were completed by his ingenuity and taste. Roses and creepers grew in abundance, and none could pass by without pausing to look at the simple beauty and tasteful neatness of the small dwelling that was at once an exile and an asylum for two hearts, who had fought the battle of life, whether well or ill, those hearts could best decide. A close and warm friendship sprang up between those two aliens, which served to smooth and brighten the term of exile for both, and the poor lady looked forward with sorrow to the time when her sympathizing friend should leave her. Doubtless to him she had confided the story of her life, dark even though its pages may have been, but he was worthy of her confidence, as no word ever escaped his lips, from which the curious might profit or be enlightened. He was of a very companionable disposition, and accepted frequently the hospitalities so extensively extended to him, but he rarely alluded to his friend, and when he did so merely to say how much her kindness and similarity of feeling had served to atone for separation from friends and home. But at last even this friendship had to be severed: time brought the changes so familiar to us all. Napoleon in his turn became an exile and a prisoner. The old Monarchy was restored, and the Governor of St. Peter's was free to return to the land he loved so well, and the allegiance he had so faithfully guarded. Ties of family and home were strong within him, and though grieved to say farewell to the companion and solacer of so many weary hours, he looked forward with joy to

meeting older and dearer friends, and left Nova Scotia with but one regret to shade his departure.

Poor Miss F—— was left lonely indeed—her solitude must have been hard to bear during its first weary term, but after having known the comfort of refined and polished society, having had some object in life to attend to and sympathize with her, life must have been doubly wearisome. But she uttered no word of complaint, her smile was the same as ever, her tones gentle and subdued as formerly, but her cheek seemed paler and thinner, and a heavier shadow rested on the fair brow—that spoke of a burden almost too weighty to bear. She attended to her garden and other occupations as before, but her step grew heavier, and she seemed changed in many things. She was interested in the children who often played among the trees round her home, and one of them in particular, she made an especial favorite, taking him to her house and treating him with more of her winning and gentle kindness, than she had bestowed on any one else. She even went so far as to have her Will made, and after leaving her books, house, &c. to her unforgotten English friends, she left a large part of her property to the boy she had singled out as a favorite. She rarely went out to walk now, and the last time she was ever seen on the road, was returning from a visit to Halifax to receive her quarterly allowance; she had a volume of Zimmerman on Solitude, in her hand, which she remarked in passing, to a neighbour, had much interest for her, as she experienced all the advantages and disadvantages of the state which the German Poet so eloquently describes. Poor, solitary lady, her term of exile was nearly over; the door of her childhood's home never again opened to receive her; but there is a land where there "are many mansions," and he who gave us that assurance, also promised "rest to the weary and heavy laden," and may we not hope that she found both with him, who holy as he is, is more merciful to our faults, and forgives more freely than our own frail and erring brethren.

Erysipelas of a most fatal nature had been prevalent in the village and adjoining settlements for some time, several persons had died from its effects, and many were lying dangerously ill. Although Miss F—— had not been in its immediate vicinity, still from its infectious nature, it was conveyed to her dwelling, and she was shortly suffering severely from its attacks. As she complained to no one, the inmates of her house, (a family who since the departure of M. D—— she had taken to reside with her, who attended to her household duties, and the management of her farm) had no idea how ill she was, merely supposing that she suffered from a slight cold taken during her recent visit to Halifax. She confined herself to her own room, refusing all nourishment for the first day or two, telling them whenever they knocked for admittance that she felt rather sick, did not require anything, but after a day or two would be quite well again, at last, however, when they went to her

door, her replies were confused and indistinct, and shortly afterwards on receiving no answer, they became seriously alarmed, and risking her displeasure opened her door; they found her lying on the sofa, apparently not having been undressed for several days; her face and head were much swollen, her breathing thick, and her senses evidently disordered. She was unable to speak or act for herself, and her alarmed tenants immediately went to procure assistance and advice. Kind neighbours soon came, and medical aid was shortly obtained, but all of no avail, the fiat had gone forth, and the lonely woman was soon to behold far greater mysteries than even her history had been to the curious. Reason had fled forever, and during the few remaining days in which she lingered, no sound or word came from the lips soon to be closed forever. No rushing back (as is often the case when death stands before us) to early memories and early scenes, the heart was faithful to its trust, and none knew, of those who stood round her and watched her last moments, where the tried spirit was wandering and whose words and smiles it most yearned for. She died as she lived—alone; far from all the old familiar friends that made the sunshine of her young life. Not one remembered voice to cheer her as she passed through the dark valley, to whisper of love or reunion. No! desolate as the Phoenix upon its pyre, as the Eagle within its eyrie, did that tried and wounded soul escape from its frail tenement. We trust there was a surer arm than any earthly one to lean upon, the arm of Him who passed through the dark portals before us, leaving us a light to guide and strengthen us on the way.

The gentleman who had been the agent between her and the friends so far distant, came immediately after her decease, sealed up her books and papers, and transmitted them to her friends by the earliest opportunity; a brief acknowledgment was returned, ordering that all things should be disposed of as mentioned in her will, and directing that the property should be sold as soon as convenient, and purchase money forwarded to the same address. She was buried in the little graveyard that lay near her dwelling, and a monument was raised to mark her grave, by the request of the same communication; it has long since fallen to decay, but as it merely bore her name, age, and time of her death, no clue could be gained from it as to her history. With what feelings her death was heard by distant friends, none have ever known; still less, what had been the reason that doomed her to so desolate a fate. Curiosity has almost died away, as to what was her real name, station or history, we only know she came among us, lived and died in our midst, lived sadly, but kindly and humbly. She rests in peace, her secret is buried with her, and we will not seek to discover what she guarded so faithfully and well. Rather let us hope, that solitude to her was the porch to the temple, the entrance to a better and a purer life, even to the happiness of immortality.

Note.—The writer of these Village Tales would take occasion to remark that while substantiating their general truthfulness, they are not to be understood as *literally* correct in every particular. Where from imperfect information the thread of the story is defective, an author's privilege has been exerted to make good the narrative.

“ST. GEORGE: OR, THE CANADIAN LEAGUE.”*

FROM Newspaper comment, as well as the Author's own published assertions, we expected something exciting in the work before us, and if that were all, have not been disappointed; for a greater medley of intrigues, conspiracies, murders and horrifying events, we never saw collected in such compass.

The plot and details of the story are connected with the Rebellion in Canada, which occurred in 1837-8; but as the Author assures us in the preface, must not be taken as a correct statement of that historical event. We trust not, for the honor of humanity; for more blood thirsty, inhuman and disgusting characters were never presented to the reader, than the majority of the personages who figure in the book under review.

The story opens well, and we augured better things from the first few pages. The commencing chapter is entitled the “Boy's Dream,” and is decidedly the best in the volume, although there are many with more exciting titles. We will give a brief sketch of the story, as far as practicable with the complication of the plot.

The principal hero of the story, a Mr. St. George, is a cynical and sceptical young man, who professes to love only the *ideal*, and although he has succeeded in winning the affection of a most lovely and amiable girl, Mary Hereford, persuading himself also, while in her presence of a mutual attachment, but in reality, caring not a straw for her; perplexes himself hourly, how he may dissolve the connection and part from her honourably.

While in this uncertain state of mind, he falls in with Ferrars, a rebel who boasts a dozen *aliases*, and who seems to possess the power of ubiquity, in addition to every crime that can enter into the darkest nature to imagine. By him, St George is introduced to the members of the Canadian Rebellion League, and made by stratagem to take the most fearful oaths that bind conspirators together. Papineau, McKenzie and other names well known in connection with the memorable rebellion, figure prominently in the story. We never had a very elevated opinion of these gentlemen, but we cannot think they ever made choice of associates so deeply dyed in villainy as those depicted by the Author, or whose conversation consisted of alternate oaths and denunciations. The story goes on to detail the different circumstances of the plot, and the various characters connected with it.

Murder after murder, breaks out upon us in most appalling guise. George Gerard, a rejected lover of Mary Hereford's, is accused of one, committed by Ferrars, and from this results a most fearful scheme of retaliation. Ferrars or Rodolphe, as he is subsequently called, discovers a brother in another notorious rebel, and these two wretches run counter to each other. A revolting

* St. George: or, the Canadian League. By WILLIAM CHARLES MCKINNON. Author of St. Castine—A Legend of Cape Breton, &c. Halifax, Elbridge Gerry Fuller, 1852.

tale of murders, piracies, &c. comes out through the narrative of their lives, and at last *Biology* or *Electro-Magnetism* is brought in, and plays from its introduction, a prominent part in the succeeding scenes. By it, St. George, for a time annihilates his enemies, and secures the love of one whom he supposes to embody his ideal of perfection.

The destruction of the *Caroline*, Pirate Steam Ship, fired by the British soldiers, and which subsequently went over the Rapids and Falls of Niagara, bears a considerable part in the *denouement*. One of the *Rodolphes* is made to end his life there, by the machinations of his brother. St. George in his endeavours to secure the person of Sir Francis Bond Head, is himself captured, but the Governor holds a parley with him, and on the condition that he gives up the names of the principal leaders in the Rebellion, dictates his own terms in most imperious style, and passes by a remarkably easy transition, from an outlawed rebel to an officer in the British army, in a manner which we think would cause the ex-Governor of the Canadas to smile, should this work ever meet his eye.

It would require a very peculiar mind to follow this story through all its windings and contradictions. Where romance can be extended no further, the Author then steps in with *Biology*, and every difficulty and impossibility is rendered easy and practicable.

Gerard's sentence of death for the murder committed by Ferrars, is commuted to imprisonment for life, from which he escapes, binds himself by fearful imprecations at the grave of Mary Hereford, to avenge her wrongs, and does it with a *vengeance*.

But we will make no further attempts to gratify the curiosity of our readers, they must do this by a perusal for themselves. One word we must say in passing, however, and that is to condemn the style in which the book is written. The frequent use of oaths and expletives is very objectionable, and will convey to all, a low estimate of the mind and morals of those who indulge in such expressions, personally and fictitiously. This is a blemish not easily overlooked, and the Author will do well, carefully to abstain from such language in any future production. The too frequent use of adjectives is also undesirable; instead of giving force and strength to his language as is evidently intended by the writer, it only weakens the merit of the composition, and places ideas and opinions in a ridiculous light. One other fault and we have done, it is the frequent quotation from the poetry of Byron; almost every page has a passage, nor would we object so much to this, were it not used to strengthen the opinions of the Atheists and Pirates that figure in the Canadian League. Mr. McKinnon is evidently an admirer of the noble poet, but we feel assured he does more to injure him by placing his thoughts in the mouths of the most degraded of humanity, than could all the slanders ever circulated by his enemies. We also look upon the rhyme, written as prose in

the apostrophe to Niagara, and in some other portion of the novel, as absurd and out of place. Such a species of composition is only descended to in the comic column of a newspaper, and is totally unworthy the attention of the novelist or poet.

In conclusion, we would say, that if the public demand is for works of so light a nature, it is perhaps well that they should be written in our own provinces, and that scenes and characters, strictly colonial, should figure in their pages. But we would be glad to see an elevation of the literary taste among our countrymen, and a greater disposition to peruse works of a higher class. Like the fruit and lighter matters at dinner, a romance is occasionally acceptable; but as solids are necessary to man's physical strength, in as great a degree does his intellectual system require good literary food—a course of study calculated to interest and strengthen the mind, such as is afforded by science, history, or philosophy, but never by the contents of a baseless novel.

MEASURES OF TIME.

THE CALENDAR.

THE term Calendar seems to be derived from *Kalends*, the name given by the Greeks and Romans to the first day of the month, and that again from the verb *Kale*, I call, because on this day the people were called together to hear on what day the nones, or first quarter of the moon would fall. A Calendar consists of tables or indices, in which are set down the divisions of a definite period of time, or the measures by which its parts are marked. Thus a calendar for a year has a table of the months, with the number of days in each, and the corresponding days of the weeks. A calendar for a century would have a table of the years in this century, with their divisions into months, weeks and days, or tables to enable us to arrive at a knowledge of this. In these remarks we propose to give a short account of the different measures of time which are noted in ordinary calendars, and may perhaps afterwards throw out one or two hints as to the possible simplification of the calendar.

The most easily observed periods of time are those marked out by Astronomical revolutions, as by that of the Earth on its axis, or in its orbit, and hence the ordinary measures by which the lapse of time is noted are based upon such revolutions. The principal of these are the following: the day, week, month, year, the Roman Indiction, the Lunar Cycle, the Solar Cycle, the Dionysian Period, and the Julian Period. These admit of classification, and if we may be permitted to coin a phraseology, we should designate them thus:

1. Simple measures, or those whose length is determined by a single motion, as that of the Earth on its axis, or the Earth in its orbit.* To this class belong the day, the (lunar) month, and the year.

2. Compound measures, or those whose length is determined by the relations of different motions or of different periods of time to one another. To this class belong the Lunar Cycle, the Solar Cycle, and the Dionysian Period.

3. Multiple measures, or those whose length is determined by multiplying one of the simple or compound measures by a certain number, which is independent of Astronomical motions. To this class belong the week, a period of seven days, the Roman Indiction, of fifteen years, and the Julian Period, of fifteen Dionysian Periods. To this class also belong the smaller divisions of time, the hour, minute, second, third, &c. &c. The length of these measures is obtained by dividing 1 day by 24, this fraction by 60, this again by 60, and so on; or in other words, by multiplying 1 day by the fractions $\frac{1}{24}$, $\frac{1}{60}$, &c. &c. each successive denominator being 60 times the one immediately preceding it.

We must confine our observations for the present, to the Simple measures. These are the first, and most universally recognised of all, being marked by the well-ascertained and universally observed changes of light and darkness, of new moon and full moon, and of summer and winter.† The day is that period of time which elapses during a revolution of the Earth upon its axis, or in other words, the period of time from noon to noon, or from midnight to midnight. The lunar month is that period of time occupied by one revolution of the Moon in its orbit, or the period between new moon and new moon, or full moon and full moon. The year is that period of time occupied by one revolution of the Earth in its orbit, or the period between midsummer and midsummer, or between one vernal or autumnal equinox, and the next. If the smaller were exact measures of the larger, the computation of time would be a simple problem, and there would be about as little difficulty in measuring time by days, months and years, as in measuring cloth by inches, feet and yards. But it so happens that the month does not consist of an exact number of days; nor the year of an exact number either of months or days. And thus there is introduced a difficulty, the same in nature as, but greater in extent than, that which arises from calculating sums of money by Nova Scotia pence, Spanish dollars, and British sovereigns. It is convenient to count small sums by

* This definition may perhaps be objected to, as no motion of the heavenly bodies is altogether independent of other motions, but is more or less influenced by these. What we mean is, that however any of these motions may be actually influenced by others, and however this fact may modify the precise length of the day, month and year, a single revolution would produce phenomena answering to the changes in our day, month, or year. The revolution of the Earth on its axis would produce changes of day and night, though the Earth had no orbit in which it moved, but kept the same position with respect to the other heavenly bodies, and so of the month and year.

† We are obliged to overlook the distinctions of sidereal and solar days, synodical and sidereal months, apparent and real time, &c. Fully to explain these would carry us into discussions unsuited to the pages of the Provincial.

pence, because these are constantly passing through the hands. It is convenient to count larger sums by dollars, because these are also in circulation; and it is convenient to count larger by sovereigns, because these too are current coin. But the dollar is not made up of an exact number of pence (or shillings) but of 62 pence and one half, (or 5 shillings and a fraction). And the sovereign is not made up of an exact number of dollars, but of something less than five. The fractions cannot always be attended to, and hence a dollar may sometimes be paid for five shillings, and a sovereign may sometimes be received for five dollars. But while the error in a small sum is inconsiderable, if the principle were carried out to larger ones, it would become important. Thus, if a sum of six pounds, or 120 shillings be paid in dollars, calculating five shillings to the dollar, 24 dollars would be required to make up the amount. But as each dollar is worth 2½d. more than five shillings, there would thus be an over-payment on the whole of five shillings, or very nearly one dollar more than the six pounds.

In like manner with measures of time. It is convenient to reckon by days, because this portion of time is marked out by the daily rising and setting of the Sun. It is convenient to reckon by months, because from time to time we observe the regularly recurring phenomena of new and full moon. And it is convenient to reckon by years, because the change of the Seasons reminds us of their lapse. The lunar month consists of 29 days and a fraction; the year of 365 days and a fraction, or something less than 13 lunar months. In ordinary calculations the fractions cannot be attended to, though in lengthened periods their amount is something considerable. One object of a calendar is to record their accumulation, and at the proper periods to note the insertion of one of the smaller measures, equivalent to the accumulated excess, or its omission in case of defect. This is the simple explanation of intercalary days. The year contains 365 days, and nearly one-fourth part of another day. The fraction is omitted in the calculation for three years, that the day and the year may commence at the same moment, The length of the civil year is thus for this period 365 days. But on the fourth an additional day is inserted to make up for the omission of these fractions, and thus leap year has 366 days. This correction upon the calendar was made by Julius Cæsar. before whose time each year was reckoned at 365 days. A subsequent correction we cannot express better than in the words of the following extract: "The Julian Calendar was founded upon the supposition that the length of the solar or tropical year was exactly 365 days, 6 hours, or 365.25 days. Therefore

The length of the Julian year being	365 d. 6 h.
But the true length of the Solar year being	365 d. 5 h. 48 m. 51½ s.

It follows that the Julian year is too long by	11 m. 84 s.
This excess in 10 years will amount to	1 h. 51 m. 25 s.
" " 100 " " "	18 h. 34 m. 10 s.
" " 1000 " " "	7 d. 17 h. 41 m. 40 s.

To correct this accumulating error, Pope Gregory XIII. published a Bull in 1582, by which it was ordained that common years should consist of 365 days, and that a day should be added every fourth year as formerly, with this difference, that the intercalation was to be omitted in the last year of those centuries not divisible by 4; and thus that 97 days instead of 100 should be inserted in 400 years. The Gregorian Calendar was almost immediately adopted in all Roman Catholic countries, and to compensate for the error already incurred, 10 days were dropped. The change was not admitted into England until 1752, when 11 days were dropped between the 2d and 14th September, from which arose the distinction between *Old* and *New Style*. Russia and other countries, which follow the Greek Church, still retain the original Julian Calendar, and hence their dates are now 12 days behind those of the rest of Europe.

“According to the Gregorian scheme by which three leap years are omitted in 400 years—

Length of the Gregorian year being 365 d. 5 h. 49 m. 12 s.

True length of the Solar year being 365 d. 5 h. 48 m. 51½ s.

Therefore the Gregorian year is too long by 20½ s.

An excess which will not amount to 1 day in 4500 years.

If the insertion of a day be omitted each 4000th year—

Length of year according to cycle of 4000 years, 365 d. 5 h. 48 m. 50½ s.

which is too short by 1 second—a deficiency which will not amount to a day in 70,000 years.”*

With regard to the month, it may be necessary only to remark further, that while this name has been used (and is still used with the prefix *lunar*) to denote the period of time occupied by one revolution of the *moon* in its orbit; and also with the prefix *solar*, to denote one *twelve* part of a year, or revolution of the earth round the *sun*, in its ordinary acceptation it answers to neither one nor other of these, but is applied to portions of a year of unequal lengths, and determined rather by custom than by any philosophical reason.

(To be continued.)

THE WALTON CLUB.

FRANK LINDSAY'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT FLY-FISHING.

TWENTY years is a large slice in human existence; and it is something like that time since the events we are about to narrate happened. With the exception of the writer, all who took part in this little episode of a school-boy's life have passed on to the silent bourne, and those brilliant hopes—

* Professor Ramsay's Roman Antiquities. page 373.

those bright and joyous prospects which they counted theirs, live only in memory. They live, sobered by trials, subdued by disappointment, but their ashes are still warm, a few fond, lingering associations cling around and keep them from altogether perishing.

On the banks of a well known river in Scotland, there stood and still stands a fine old mansion, with a roomy park around it, shaded by trees of venerable growth, and though neither Frank Lindsay nor his family had any connection with it, it is so mixed up with our story that it will be better to give some account of it at the outset.

Clyde Bank was inhabited by a maiden lady of very eccentric manners. She had lived five and forty years in a state of maidenhood, and no one ever dreamed that she was dissatisfied with her virgin condition. She was very rich, very odd, rather old, and we had almost said exceedingly ugly, but as we are writing of a lady, it will be more courteous to term her plain. By the term "plain," however must be understood, that she had what in Scotland is called a club foot, a short leg and a shorter one, a slight obliquity of vision, and very considerable capacity of mouth. Every one spoke and thought of Miss Claythorn with a sort of awe, she was a tartar, a rich tartar. Her benevolence was large, almost as large as her eccentricities, but though the poor felt her bounty, they felt also in no unsparing measure her abuse. She did nothing by halves, and never stopped to consider what the world would think of her proceedings, which she measured invariably by the standard of her own will and pleasure. Accordingly Miss Claythorn awoke one cold winter morning; she felt uncomfortable, she found there was a want, which she resolved without any useless waste of time to supply. That want was a better half, and the whole neighbourhood was astonished and infinitely diverted when they read an advertisement in a Glasgow paper, to the effect that Miss Claythorn wanted a husband, and addresses would be received at Clyde Bank till a certain date. Curiosity was on tiptoe whether any one would be bold enough actually to propose. Frank Lindsay who had a spice of fun and mischief in him in those days, proposed to some of his school chums that they should dress up Johnnie Macrae, and send him to Clyde Bank to try his fortune. Johnnie was himself an original in a small way. He was a weaver by trade, and so ingenious a fellow for designing patterns for fancy fabrics, that he could generally make enough in one week to keep him drinking for six. The consequence was that poor Johnnie never got beyond a fustian jacket, and though he could quote Pope and write poetry, it was with a head covered with a "bonnet," in which a large hole had been burned by falling in the fire when his centre of gravity was not well adjusted. Johnnie was a fellow of wit and humour, and by no means to be confounded with the vulgar, every-day drunkard, and when the scheme was proposed to him entered into it with great earnestness. He really had strong hopes of suc-

ceeding, and when Frank Lindsay acting as his valet had him dressed in a half-shabby surtout belonging to his father, his companions supplying the other belongings, he looked tolerably well. "Now Johnnie," said Frank, "how do you intend to come round the young lady?" "Tell the truth and shame the De'il," replied Johnnie, stoutly, "that is always best in the long run." It was generally thought that his heart would fail him—but nothing of the kind. Dressed with all possible care, he set out and arrived at Clyde Bank—was immediately admitted and almost immediately waited upon by Miss Claythorn in person.

It would be an error to say that Johnnie's presence was very commanding, or his address perfect, but with all his defects he was an extremely single-minded person, and introduced his subject simply as a piece of business which it would give him much pleasure to bring to an amicable termination. Miss Claythorn received him with much kindness, and with greater delicacy than might have been expected made some enquiries concerning his family and social position. These were rather posing questions for the poor adventurer. Johnnie thought he had better make a clean breast of it, and he did so. Miss Claythorn heard him out, thanked him for his kindness in paying her the compliment, and regretted that for obvious reasons she would be obliged to decline the honour he intended for her; rung the bell and desired the footman to take this gentleman down to the kitchen, give him some bread and cheese, and a cup of ale. Thus ended this memorable application; and the coolness and dignity of Miss Claythorn in the matter, made her more popular than she had ever been known to be before.

But there appeared another candidate of quite a different calibre from the poor weaver; this was no less a personage than a Major in the army. The prize was too tempting to be lost. Poor Miss Claythorn snatched the bauble and paid dearly for her temerity. Major Maitland stood six feet four upon his stockings, or rather stocking, for he had left a leg at Waterloo; his better half was five feet nothing. The Major was a widower, and brought with him to Clyde Bank two fine boys and a beautiful girl. Every body prophesied that this man of war would lead a dog's life of it, but it was soon ascertained that he intended being master of his own house, and report went that he horse-whipped his wife the first morning after marriage. There is no doubt that he was a bad hearted, passionate and unprincipled man; and after her marriage nothing was heard of Mrs. Maitland's charities or eccentricities, and very little was seen of the lady herself.

Randolph and Charley Maitland were in almost every respect the antipodes of their father. Two better hearted or more high spirited boys never existed. Everybody loved them; and as they went to the High School of Glasgow, and lived not very far from Frank Lindsay's house, the three boys soon became bosom friends. Frank had more of the book-worm about him than his friends.

They had no great partiality for Horace and still less for Cicero. A game at Cricket was infinitely more fascinating than the composition of nonsense verses, whatever Dr. Dymock, the rough old pedagogue, might think to the contrary. Frank on the other hand would roll off forty lines of hexameters before breakfast, on any given subject, and it is said would detect a false quantity almost as soon as old Dymock himself. Frank was the Doctor's crack boy; he was proud of him, and took every opportunity of boasting of him. He never punished him but once, and then he only broke his umbrella over his head for being five minutes too late. With the Maitland boys it was very different, and they took pleasure in showing upon their arms and legs many honourable scars inflicted by the cane of the old Draco, who was at the head of the establishment. Yet notwithstanding all his brutality, Dymock was liked by his boys. He was one of the best scholars and most skilful teachers of his day—feared no amount of scholastic drudgery—never lost his temper—was full of humour at all times, and especially when inflicting punishment; honoured only two things in a boy, to possess game, and an aptitude for Greek and Latin. And woe betide the poor wight who had not the one or other of these requisites. Frank possessed the one—the Maitlands the other. Not that the former wanted pluck, but he did not pride himself on it, though he fought nine battles in one week, and lost only two of them.

As a scientific wrestler not one in the school could approach Frank Lindsay. Frank went to Clyde Bank at first only occasionally, but in a short time the visit was a daily one; and though he seldom neglected his studies, he was quite put out if any accident should deprive him of what had become to him almost a necessity of existence. He was always sure to meet Rose Maitland, who received him with the cordial and familiar affection of a sister. Possessing all the noble qualities of her brothers, she was beautiful almost to perfection; her mind and person were in keeping. In her presence Frank was timid, awkward and reserved; and though not yet fifteen, loved or imagined he loved with a fervour approaching to idolatry. Many a poem in every kind of measure was she the subject of, and we have now one in our possession, hexameter and pentameter, called "*Vox Sirenis*," displaying great tenderness and beauty of expression. It is addressed to Rose, though evidently never intended to be seen by her.

But it is high time that we gave some account of Frank's initiation into the mysteries of fly-fishing. There had been a public examination succeeded by a week's holidays, and after various consultations amongst themselves, and also with the higher powers, it was finally resolved by the three boys that they should take a couple of days' fishing—in one of the *locks* of the Highlands. One whole day was spent in preparation, and it was not an idle one: rods had to be put in order, lines prepared, and flies tied, and a thousand other things of like importance. Never were three boys more anxious or more

happy. Very anxious were they to do a great deal, but at the same time sadly at a loss how to set about it. In this extremity, Peter White, Mrs. Maitland's gardener, came to their assistance. Peter was one of the most ingenious fellows we ever saw; he not only knew almost every plant, but its family, order and genus, as well as Linnaeus himself. There was almost nothing he could not do, and do well, and among other things he was a capital hand at dressing a fly. He, accordingly, in addition to some very excellent advice, supplied the boys with a number of large red hackles for the lake, as well as some small white and brown flies for the stream; but above all, he gave them two strong cord lines—with large hooks tied with brass wire, for pike fishing—as he told them that pike of the weight of thirty pounds were frequently taken in the lakes. Mrs. Maitland also kindly supplied the boys with various necessaries, for notwithstanding the brutality of her husband, she entertained a sincere affection for his children—and they in their turn always showed her the greatest attention, accompanied with the deepest respect. Frank Lindsay had some difficulty in persuading his mother to allow him to go; he was the very apple of her eye. She feared the possibility of an accident befalling him—she would be so miserable while he was away—but as his father *pooh, pooh'd* her fears, and Frank himself pleaded and promised, she gave a reluctant consent. It was arranged that each boy should receive half a guinea to bear his expenses; and, accordingly, long before daylight on the following morning, Frank had kissed his mother, left the manse, and was hastening on to Clyde Bank. He found the Maitlands dressed and at work, with Peter White and the beautiful Rosa helping them to pack up. In a few minutes they were ready—a dog-cart was in waiting to drive down to the Bromelaw. *Nelson*, a noble and powerful English mastiff, was to keep them company. Never were boys or dog in higher spirits. “Come, Rose, a kiss for luck, before we go,” said Randolph, playfully to his sister, and gently saluted her. “Come, Charley,” said Rosa, “let me shake my curls over you, too, you don't know what virtue is in them,” and the laughing girl kissed the cheek of her younger brother. Frank felt awkward as all this was going on, and Randolph must have noticed it, for he called his attention to the hour and observed that it was high time that they were on their way; but Frank by a tremendous effort and colouring to the eyes, raised Rosa's fingers to his lips, saying that he wished her blessing also. There was that in the look and action, simple as it was, which spoke more eloquently than words,—and told Miss Maitland something she had never dreamed of before. She said nothing, but looked and felt confused; while Randolph making some remark about a preux chevalier, jumped into the cart, and with a somewhat noisy flourish they all bowled off. The morning broke through clear and beautiful, and precisely at 6 o'clock, A.M. they embarked on board the *Champion*, steam-packet, bound for Inverary. She was a miserable tub of a thing, and went creeping down

the river at the rate of about six miles an hour. Impatient a little at the first they soon forgot the slowness of their progress in the beauty of the surrounding scenery. Erskine House, with its magnificent park, the residence of the late Lord Blantyre, (who was shot while looking from the window of his hotel, during the three days in Paris,) was the first object that particularly attracted their attention. Next came Dunglas—with the ruins of a Roman tower, a vast heap of mason work, the terminus of the wall built by Agricola between the firths of Forth and Clyde. Dumbarton Castle, one of the four great fortresses of Scotland, and which commands the entrance to the Clyde—the scene of many a gallant and some atrocious deeds, and where is preserved with just pride the huge two-handed sword of the patriot Wallace. All these places were admired and duly commented on, when the captain, a very sinister looking fellow, came round to collect the fares. He came first to Randolph, and in a gruff, short, bullying tone, uttered the words “Your fare.” “How much?” said Ran, pulling out his purse rather proudly. “Three and six.” “Half fare for boys, of course,” continued our youngster, “Nothing of the sort—full fare, or I put you ashore at Greenock.” “Well, you won’t get it, that’s all,” replied Ran, “I know the regulations of steamers as well as you do, and I won’t be *done*!” This captain was a bad specimen of a bad class which is fortunately now almost extinct—coarse, brutal, and ignorant. He swore a savage oath, and was about to take hold of young Maitland’s collar, when an ominous growl was heard, and had not Frank seized Nelson round the neck, and held him with all his strength, he would have torn the captain to the deck, and the consequences might have been serious. “Be quiet, Nelson,” said Randolph to the dog, “be quiet, sir,” and turning to the commander, continued, “we will pay to Greenock and leave your vessel, but,” continued he, his eye sparkling with rage, “had you put a finger upon me, sir, I would have made the dog tear the throat out of you.” There was now a dreadful row. The captain in a perfect frenzy of passion, shouted out to kill the dog—and the order would undoubtedly have been executed—when a gentleman passenger pushed in before the boys, and requested to know what was the matter. The captain continued to cry out with oaths and curses, to destroy the dog. The three boys defended their canine friend to the best of their ability—protecting and holding him back, and standing in such a manner that a blow could not be aimed at him without seriously injuring them. “These boys state that the dog has done nothing, captain, and he must not be destroyed without reason,” said the gentleman. “Who the —— are you?” shouted the infuriated monster, using language too horrible to be repeated. The eye of the passenger kindled with indignant passion for a moment, but only for a moment. “I am Dr. Chalmers, and I shall certainly consider it my duty to wait upon the Company, and represent how bad a servant they have got in you.” The cowed bully looked as if he

could have sunk through the deck, and slunk out of sight without saying a word—and the boys having explained the cause of the dispute to the Dr. he advised them to take another boat at Greenock, which would carry them to Gareloch head, by which they would save a great distance, and by walking about seven miles would have an opportunity of seeing a piece of the finest and most interesting scenery in the Western Highlands. The tempest was now over, and this great and good man whose mighty eloquence enchained alike the lofty and the lowly, chatted away, in the kindest and most familiar way, with these grateful and admiring boys, about their studies and their sports, patted Nelson on the head, and confessed that he had always had a very strong love for a dog—and discussed their sagacity and instincts with his young friends as if they had been his equals both in years and intellect. "One thing I have always remarked of true greatness," said Charley Maitland as the Doctor walked away to look after his luggage, "it never walks on stilts. Just contrast Dr. Chalmers with Monsieur Boharme, at the High School!" "Contrast Jupiter with Pan!" said Frank Lindsay, while his lip curled with contempt—for Monsieur indeed was a somewhat conceited and goat-like personage.

But they were now nearing the quay at Greenock—the boys had paid their fare, and one of them had landed—when as ill luck would have it, Nelson in leaping ashore, jumped short, and fell backward into the sea.

(Continuation in next number.)

PAGES FOR PASTIME.—(Continued from Fol. 118.)

Solution to Enigma No. 14.

In chalky cliff—in marble quarry deep,—
 And mine of ebon coal, doth Carbon sleep,
 Cementing by its power, the bed where lies
 The fossil relic—earth's antiquities—
 Which ne'er display their records to man's sight
 Till art and labour bring their forms to light.
 Once in the Indian arrow's marble head,
 It helped to lay his game among the dead,
 And made his watch fire's blaze shine forth at night,
 Making his wigwam in the forest bright.
 Now with gunpowder ends the deadly chase—
 Fells the proud moose that speeds with rushing pace;
 It on the hearthstone wakes the flashing blaze,
 In coal it feeds the fire through winter days;
 In kingly hall and peasant's hut 'tis found,

At festal scene where diamonds flash around,
 Feeds the gay lamps—smiles in the sparkling wine,
 Thus lights the banquet where wealth's treasures shine
 From every substance hastening to decay.
 The breezes waft its gaseous form away,
 Till thro' the sap that fills their hidden cells
 Within each growing plant its nature dwells;
 And last in man within whose veins the tide
 Of life-blood courses in its strength and pride,
 It to the crimson stream provides a wall,
 Bone, fibre, muscle, doth pervade them all,
 And is transformed by nature's secret plan
 From senseless matter to a part of man.
 Thus thro' the universal world we find
 To what high uses *Carbon* is designed.

SOLUTIONS by S. S.—Enigma No. 14.

This Enigma seemed puzzling at first,
 Inability to solve it I feared,
 But my mind struck on *Carbon* at last,
 And the mystery then disappeared.

Charade No. 15.

Your first must be the silent *grace*,
 Your second is a *yard*,
 The two combined, your whole we have—
 Or else you're very hand.

Our Correspondent S. S. will perceive that he is partly in error. The correct answer to Charade No. 15 is given by another Correspondent, as follows :

The green wide world, a Temple stands,
 Pillar'd and arched by mystic hands,—
 Whose *aistles*—in matchless mosaic wrought—
 Resound with chants—on wind-harps brought

Who honoreth most this glorious show,
 Best armour wears, 'gainst life's sharp woe.
 Though earth be but to wise regard
 A journey-field—and vast *Churchyard*.

MAUDK

REVIEW OF THE PAST MONTH.

Among the events of Provincial history during the month of March, we have to record the death, at the age of 75, of His Excellency Sir JOHN HARVEY, Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia, which occurred at Halifax, on Monday the 22nd, at 11 o'clock, A.M. The business of the Houses of Legislature was suspended in consequence for one week, during which on Saturday the 27th the funeral took place with unusual pomp and ceremony, and was very numerously attended.*

* We trust that some one of our readers competent to the task, will furnish us with a Biographical notice of his late Excellency Sir John Harvey, for insertion in the Provincial.

The several Legislatures of these Provinces, as before noticed, are still in Session, and have been variously engaged in the ordinary business of the country. The contested election for the County of Cumberland which came off on the 18th, resulted in the following return of votes:—**FULTON**, 1320; **HOWE**, 1312; **McFARLANE**, 1133; **DEWOLF**, 1071. The two former declared elected.

A movement for an Industrial Exhibition for Nova Scotia, to take place in 1853, has commenced, and appears to meet with general approbation and support. The Committee for the furtherance of the object have for some time been actively engaged in reference to ways and means, obtaining funds and enlisting the services of efficient persons to aid in carrying out the design.

Of the European news received since the issue of the March number of the Provincial, the most important has been that of the defeat of Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons, on a clause of the Bill for embodying a Militia force for England, the consequent resignation of the Whig Administration, and the formation of a new Ministry.

We notice in the Newspaper Obituary the death, on the 14th February, of **ROBERT BLACKWOOD**, of the firm of Blackwood & Sons, eminent publishers of Edinburgh—and on the 25th February, the death of **THOMAS MOORE**, the distinguished Poet, in the 73rd year of his age.*

Accounts from the Cape of Good Hope to 26th January, are of a more favorable character than formerly. Major General Somerset had driven the hostile Kaffirs into the uninhabited Bushman Country, and it is thought they will sue for peace. The estimated further sum required for prosecuting the Kaffir war, beyond the ordinary grants for Army, Navy, Ordnance and Commissariat Services, is said to be no less than £460,000.

It is stated that the Regiments ordered home from Canada and Nova Scotia, will not be replaced by others.

Lord John Russell's resignation was accepted by the Queen on the 21st February—and Edward Geoffrey Smith Stanley, Earl of Derby, kissed hands on his appointment to office, Feb. 26th. The new Ministry is announced as follows:—

First Lord of the Treasury and Prime Minister	Right Hon. the Earl of Derby.
Lord High Chancellor	Sir Edward Sugden.
Lord President of the Council	The Earl of Lonsdale.
Lord Privy Seal	The Marquis of Salisbury.
Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons	Benjamin D'Israeli.
Secretary of State for the Home Dept.	Spencer Horatio Walpole.
“ “ for Foreign Affairs	The Earl of Malmesbury.
“ “ for the Colonies	Sir John Somerset Pakington.
First Lord of the Admiralty	Duke of Northumberland.
President of the Board of Control	John Charles Herries.
President of the Board of Trade	Joseph Warner Henley.
Postmaster General	The Earl of Hardwicke.
Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests	Lord John Manners.

The foregoing compose the Cabinet.

Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster	Robert Adam Christopher.
Commander-in-Chief	The Duke of Wellington.
Master General of the Ordnance	Lt. Genl. Viscount Hardinge.
Judge Advocate	George Banks.
Secretary at War	Major Wm. Beresford.
Secretary to the Admiralty	Augustus Stafford.

* This gentleman held an office under Government at Bermuda, and visited that Island in 1803. He subsequently spent some weeks in Nova Scotia, and visited the United States before returning to Britain.

Secretaries to the Treasury, } -	George A. Hamilton and W. Forbes McKenzie.
Secretary to the Board of Control -	Mr. H. Baillie.
Under Secretary for the Home Dept.	Sir W. G. Hylton Jolliffe.
Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs,	Lord Stanley.
Under Secretary for the Colonies -	The Earl of Desart.
Lords of the Treasury - - - } -	Marquis of Chandos, Lord Henry Lennox, Thomas Bateson, and John Neeld.
Lords of the Admiralty - - - } -	Rear Admiral Hyde Parker, Rear Admiral Phipps Hornby, Commander Sir Thomas Herbert.
Attorney General - - - - -	Capt. Alexander Milne.
Solicitor General - - - - -	Sir Frederick Thesiger.
Chief Commissioner of the Poor } -	Sir Fitzroy Kelly.
Law Board - - - - - } -	Sir John Trollope.
Vice President of the Board of Trade,	Lord Colchester.
Secretary of the Poor Law Board -	Sir J. Emerson Tennent.
Secretary of the India Board - -	Cumming Bruce.
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland - - -	Earl of Eglinton and Winton.
Chief Secretary for Ireland - - -	Lord Naas.
Lord Chancellor for Ireland - - -	Chief Justice Blackburn.
Attorney General for Ireland - - -	Joseph Napier.
Solicitor General for Ireland - - -	James Whiteside.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Lord Steward - - - - -	Duke of Montrose.
Lord Chamberlain - - - - -	Marquis of Exeter.
Master of the Horse - - - - -	Earl of Jersey.
Vice Chamberlain - - - - -	Viscount Seaham.
Treasurer - - - - -	Lord Claude Hamilton.
Comptroller - - - - -	Hon. Cecil Weld Forester.
Capt. of the Yeomen of the Guard -	Lord De Ros.
Capt. of the Gentlemen at Arms -	The Earl of Sandwich.
Lords in Waiting—Morton, Byron, Crofton, Haywarden, Verulam, Galloway, Shannon, Polwarth.	

The New Ministry have avowed it their first duty and intention, to provide for the ordinary and current exigencies of the public service; but at no distant period to establish a policy in conformity with the principles which they had maintained in opposition.

In France the election of Members to the new *Corps Legislatif*, which commenced on Sunday, the 20th February, was brought to a close on the 1st of March. No official returns of the Members had been given, but it was understood that the tactics of the Government to have its own Candidates returned, had been generally successful. In Paris some little spirit of free action seems to have survived, as General Cavaignac has been returned in opposition to the Government nominee—and Mr. Carnot, another member of the opposition, has also been successful. Louis Napoleon still maintains his arbitrary power by means of *DECREES*, which have been so conspicuous in his legislation. One just issued renders imperative the retirement of the Judges of the Court of Cassation, at seventy-five years of age, and the other Judges at seventy. This edict will displace about five hundred Judges, and enable Louis Napoleon to crowd the Bench with his partizans.

From other parts of Europe and from the United States, we have nothing of importance to record at present.