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## THEE-KIS-HO ; OR, THE WHITE SWALLOW.

[CONTINUED.]

The young Indian seized her by the arm, a second plucked a brand from the fire, and cast it into the granary, and then the whole party, conceiving the men of the tribe to be upon them, commenced a rapid retreat, bearing with them their wretched and disconsolate captive. They were a party of ambitious youths, who, having lit upon the trail of the runner the year before, had tracked his steps, in search of scalps and glory. Alighting on the camp when deserted by all but the White Swallow, they had intended to hide in the huts until the return of the rest of the party; but suddenly startled by the cry which responded to that of Thee-kis-ho, they fled, believing the whole tribe to be upon them. Their haste had marred the object of their expedition, while their position became one, as they thought, of extreme danger. The part to be played by the young girl was most painful. If she revealed the absence of the men, the Athapascows would return, and capture the rest of the women; if she remained silent, she was doomed to be hurried away into captivity, all the more horrid because of her late day-dreams and visions. While dwelling on these thoughts, she found herself proceeding to a considerable distance from the camp in a south-easterly direction. The Indians moved with the utmost rapidity and silence towards a very broken, stony, and arid plain, the last spot which men would have been supposed to choose for a retreat. Suddenly they halted at the edge of one of those deep fissures met with sometimes in the prairies and in the plains of the West: this was their camp. Their victim was told to go down, and was then placed in a natural hollow, the Indians barring all exit. They next proceeded to light a small fire with some well-charred wood, that gave neither flame nor smoke, upon which they cooked their evening meal. A piece of meat was given to the girl, which she ate, strength being necessary to her. She had not abandoned all hope. There are a thousand chances between total despair, and between the fruition of hopes; and Thee-kis-ho, while crouching in her hole, strained every faculty of her mind for an idea out of which might come escape.

The Indians conversed with considerable volubility as soon as one had departed as a scout. There were no aged or experienced warriors among them to check their eagerness and levity. They expressed themselves in a dialect which the White Swallow partly understood. She could distinguish that they spoke with considerable disappointment about their failure, and that all seemed determined not to return home until they had obtained a sufficient number of scalps to excuse with the elders of the tribe their temerity and long absence. Much difference of opinion prevailed, but at last the whole party came to a resolution which can only be comprehended by those who know the Indian character. They resolved upon marching northward to the Coppermine River, to

waylay and attack the unfortunate Esquimaux, whom they expected to have the double satisfaction of killing and robbing. These Esquimaux have from time immemorial been the prey of the more southern tribes, whose persecution accounts for a large portion of the race having abandoned terra firma, to live on the islands in the Polar Sea, where they were found by Ross, Parry, Franklin, and other explorers.

Thee-kis-ho heard this decision with varied emotions, while another gave her unqualified satisfaction. It was determined that, as their prize was young and pretty, she should be the reward, at the end of the expedition, of the bravest and most distinguished member of the party. The journey with which she was threatened was long, arduous, and of doubtful issue; but it offered all the more readily, on this account, some chance of escape, and the occurrences of the two or three moons before her might still enable her to wed the young chief, a consummation which she resolved should never happen if she were forced first of all to be the squaw of an Athapascow. The moon rose about midnight, when the Indians were smoking, and the scout then returned, bringing word that their camp was admirably hidden, and that there were no alarming signs within some miles. Satisfied with this assurance, the whole party went to sleep, after tying both the arms and feet of their captive in such a way that, while not hurting her, the thongs completely precluded movement.

Wearied with her walk and her thoughts, the White Swallow went to sleep, and awoke only when summoned to cook the morning repast of her captors, after which they started along an arid plain towards the north, in which direction lay the villages of the Esquimaux. About mid-day a halt took place near a small wood; and while some went about in search of game, the rest set hard to work to make shields, which were absolutely necessary to defend themselves against the fish-bone arrows of their enemies. Thee-kis-ho received a knife—part of a sharpened hoop—to aid in the process, which, when the work was concluded, its owner forgot to reclaim, and the Indian girl gladly hid it about her person. The shields were ingeniously fashioned of small strips of wood fastened by deer-skin thongs, and when finished, were three feet long, two feet broad, and a couple of inches thick. It was nearly evening when the work was concluded; but the Indians, fearful of being pursued, after eating a hearty meal, continued their march some hours longer, and camped near a lake of small dimensions. The White Swallow took careful note of all the places they came to, that she might find her way back again if possible, and was not sorry to observe that the Indians left a pretty evident trail.

For several days after their progress was very slow indeed, as much game fell in their way, and the Athapascows, to whom eating was even more grateful than glory, revelled on the fat deer of the lakes. Much more, however, was killed than was consumed, from the mere love of waste, which is inherent in most savage people.

These Indians would not pass a bird's nest without destroying it, much more a deer which they could neither eat nor carry; while, if they refrained from setting fire to the grove of trees they camped in at night, it was not from any calculation that they or others might want the grove again, but because the conflagration might betray them. Here, as in nearly everything else, the alleged superiority of the "child of nature" fades before examination.

They soon reached the confines of inhabited ground, when they hit upon a branch of the Conge-cathawachaga river; and as the dwellers on its banks were enemies, and too powerful for seven men to attack, every precaution was taken. No fires were lit; they camped in strange out-of-the-way places; and crossed the stream swimming, despite the rapid current, which swept them a long way down. They hit one night on a large camp, with blazing fires and numerous dogs, but moved off as fast as possible, being not at all inclined to have fifty Coppermine Indians on their heels. These savages do not live so near the sea as the Esquimaux, but they have many of the same habits. Still, they are a distinct race, though probably all the inhabitants of America are of Tartar or Chinese origin.

They were still at some distance from the Coppermine river, and weary and sore-footed indeed was Thee-kis-ho, now some five or six hundred miles away from the home of her friends and her intended husband. Provisions, too, were now short; and as on such occasions the men of this part of America help themselves first, the White Swallow went often to rest without food. An Indian, when reduced to semi-starvation, will rarely if ever divide what he has with his wife or wives—he eats all, and leaves the women to starve. Some days even the men were reduced to a pipe and a draught of water, and the girl was glad to chew the leaves of an odoriferous plant by way of a last resource.

The way, too, was arid and rough. They were now amid the Rocky Mountains of the farther north, a vast and dark pile of rocks looking perfectly inaccessible; but on went the Indians, sometimes walking, sometimes crawling on their hands and knees. The path, however, was marked and clear as any highway, but often so steep as to present extraordinary difficulties. At night they slept in hollows and caves without fire, generally from want of wood; but sometimes from the heavy rains, which rendered the moss, usually a never-failing resource, damp and useless. All this tended to put the Indians in a savage humour, which promised little for the poor Esquimaux; and Thee-kis-ho suffered all the more neglect and hunger. In fact, with the exception of raw meat devoured with ravenous ardour, there were no meals taken during the whole time they were crossing the mountains.

Near Buffalo Lake they killed a large number of the animals which give it its name, and finding some wood, regaled themselves. The White Swallow, more determined than ever to fly, concealed a small portion of food about her person, that at all events she

might not starve in her flight. The road, after their departure from Buffalo Lake, became less rugged and disagreeable, while, by signs which had been described to them by certain old Indians, they believed themselves approaching the termination of their journey. The young men seemed chiefly satisfied at recognising the eminence of the Gray Bear, so called because frequented in certain seasons by those animals. At last the sight of a large wood, and of a river in the distance, made the warriors eagerly advance. They were in view of Coppermine River, a stream, wide, shallow, and filled with rocks and cataracts.

A halt was now called, and a council held. All were unanimous that a day's rest and food were necessary before striking their intended blow. Accordingly, while the White Swallow and two Indians stopped to prepare the fire, the others started off in various directions in search of game. It was the last time they would hunt before they attacked the Esquimaux, as it would henceforth be dangerous to let the report of firearms be heard in the neighbourhood. Before two hours had passed, each Indian had brought in his deer, and then all fell to work to broil, and roast, and stew, eating as they went on. The consumption of victuals would have alarmed an English troop of horse, but the enormous capacity of the Indian for food is well known. It is enough to say, that had the White Swallow not been well fastened by leathern thongs, she could easily have escaped, as before night every Athapascow warrior was sleeping off his feast like a boa-constrictor.

### III.—MATONAZA.

When the Indian women saw the brand thrown into their granary, and caught a glimpse of the retreating Indians, they knew at once the nature of the late surprise. Their first impulse was deep gratitude for their fortunate return, for one minute longer, and every child on the greensward would have been immolated; the Red-Skin in his wars sparing neither toddling infancy, decrepit old age, nor defenceless women. Then a scream of rage and despair arose as they discovered that the pride of the tribe, their chief's affianced wife, was gone. They looked about in speechless terror, expecting to see her mangled and bleeding corpse, but several declared that they had recognised both her form and her voice among the marauders. Then all the women, and the boys and lads of eleven and twelve, seized every available weapon, and after lighting huge fires, prepared to pass the night. The conflagration of the barn was easily extinguished; and fortunately so, for it contained the whole of the unconsumed autumn crop.

The night, though full of alarms, passed peaceably, and before its termination, one of the old men had severely cautioned and instructed one of the lads whom he designed as the bearer of the news to Matonaza. The boy, proud and honoured by the trust reposed in him, took his bow and arrows, provisions for four days, and just about dawn started at a round trot towards the hills, which

he reached with unerring accuracy on the third day. But no trace of the warriors of his tribe did he find. Still, the lad hesitated not a moment; climbing a lofty and prominent eminence, he cast his eyes for some ten miles round the horizon. Satisfied with this scrutiny, he tightened his belt, descended, and darted across a long low plain, at the very extremity of which he had seen a rather remarkable column of smoke, which the boy at once attributed to the pale face who accompanied his friends.

After three hours of continuous running, he gained a small lake, on the borders of which was a fire in the centre of a grove of trees. He clearly distinguished a man engaged in the classical and time-honoured art of cooking. It was Mark, as he expected; who, being a little wearied, had volunteered to pass a day in the camp, cooking and inhaling tobacco smoke, with eating, which is the *acme* of luxury in the eyes of a prairie hunter. The lad advanced straight towards the fire, and, without speaking, sank exhausted and fainting at the feet of the Englishman. Mark seized his double-barrelled gun, fired both barrels, and then, these preconcerted signals given, piling a great armful of green boughs on the fire, stooped to attend to the boy. He raised him up, gave him water, a little brandy, and then food. In a quarter of an hour he could tell his story. Mark heard him with dismay. He had formed a warm attachment for his Indian friend, and a proportionate one for his future wife. He knew at once how agonizing would be the feelings of the young warrior, who, having but this one squaw in view, had fixed on her his ardent affections far more strongly than is usual with a Red-Skin.

It was not long ere the whole party were collected round the fire. The Indians came in from all sides at the sight of the signal. A dead silence then ensued, not one of the Red-Skins asking any questions. All saw the boy; but not even his own father evinced any womanly or unusual curiosity by taking notice of him.

"Matonaza is a great warrior," said Mark Dalton solemnly, after a certain pause; "and his heart is the heart of a man. The Athapascow Indian is a snake: he has crept in and stolen away the Swallow."

The young chief said nothing, but Mark plainly saw the muscles of his face working, and knew how he felt. But he took no note of the warrior's emotion, but bade the boy tell his story.

The lad stepped forward, and briefly narrated what had happened.

"Ugh!" said Matonaza after a pause; "my brothers will continue their hunt. Let them keep hawk-eyes about them. Matonaza and the Roaming Panther," pointing to the runner who had formerly gone with him to the Prince of Wales fort, "will chase the thieves who steal away women. Let us go!"

Mark started to his feet, caught up his rifle, took a substantial piece of deer's meat, and was ready in an instant to join them. A few words passed between the chief and his people. He directed them to proceed with their duties. He would send the women to join them at once; and with Mark and the Roaming Panther, he

started on his chase of perhaps a thousand miles and more, apparently as coolly as a European would have gone out for a walk.

The evening of the third day found them at their village, where they were received in respectful silence. Matonaza caused the old men to tell the story of the White Swallow's abduction once more; and then, after bidding the whole party go join the hunters, retired to rest with his two companions, bidding Mark sleep as long as he possibly could. The chief did not rouse him till a late hour, after he had himself tracked the trail of the Athapascow to a considerable distance. They breakfasted heartily, and then each man, with his gun, powder, and powder-horn, started on his way. The chief led the van, his eye fixed on the trail of the party. He pointed out to Mark the moccassin step of the young girl with a grim smile. Mark was pained at the sadness of his expression, but said nothing.

They with difficulty followed the trail along the arid plain which the Athapascows had first hit upon, and at one time, when the ground was unusually hard, even lost it. The two Indians at once parted, one to the right, the other to the left; Mark, who was eager to prove himself of use, looked anxiously about, and at last caused the warriors to run to him. The white man pointed with a smile to the hole in which the enemy had camped on the first night of their flight.

"Good!" said Matonaza, taking his hand; "my brother has an Indian eye."

And the journey was at once pursued without farther comment. As frequently as possible the party camped in the places where their enemies had camped before them, as the chief was sure to find some note of the White Swallow—her footstep in the ashes near the fire; a mark where she had lain; or at all events some almost invisible sign of her existence. Every day, however, the warrior grew more uneasy as he advanced towards the north. He began to suspect the errand of the Athapascows. He knew, though only traditionally, the terrible journey which must be performed ere the land of the Esquimaux could be reached, and regarded it as almost impossible that a young girl could outlive its hardships. Still on he went, never dreaming of abandoning the chase—never even alluding to such an idea. He, however, increased the extent of their daily march, though sometimes compelled to delay while seeking for food. The wood where the young men made their shields confirmed him in his belief as to their errand.

At night they hastily ate what food they had, and lay down to sleep. No time was wasted in talking. Rest was all they required, and it was to them of the utmost consequence.

"At this rate," said Mark one day, when he found himself approaching the north more and more every hour, "we shall reach the Icy Sea itself."

"The White Swallow is on its borders," replied the chief quietly. And they proceeded on their journey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## PAPERS BY A RECLUSE.

No. 2.

I consider that in many respects my position is not unenviable. Restrained by no law, but the law of right, I am FREE. It matters not to me what fashion comes in, or what style goes out, I wear a coat simply because I choose to keep myself warm. I care little for the freemasonry of the teaspoon. If I remove it from my cup, it is because it is in my way, or that it may not discommode the lady who supplies my next dish of tea. If a friend becomes disagreeable, and I wish to avoid him, and can succeed by no gentler method, I give him the cut direct. I uncover to no one in the street, because if I choose to inform an individual of my respect, I can do so without undressing. I subscribe myself no man's humble servant, because no man is my master. Who would not be a recluse?

Do I advise a general adoption of my peculiar mode of life? By no means. I would as soon recommend to every one a particular size of hat. Besides, I am not ambitious to become the leader of a sect. I entertain a notion that such a position is not quite free from certain unpleasant circumstances. It is quite possible that one may not so much be followed as pursued. Besides, there are always individuals absurd enough to suppose that they have a right to decide for themselves. Others appear to take a malicious pleasure in acting in direct opposition to the lessons they receive. Others, again, are so stupid that they will not oblige one, by acting either in accordance with his wishes, or against them. A single glance at their stolid features is sufficient to cause one to despair of ever enforcing the lodgment of an idea within those impregnable skulls, unless by manual effort; a mode of imparting information to adults, which, I am sorry to say, our laws do not recognise.

Besides these various classes of men, there are others, in respect of whom, I judge it prudent that they remain as they are; for by many of them my system, if embraced, would be misunderstood, and all the evils of zeal, unaccompanied by knowledge, must be the result. Moreover, with some of them I should blush to be connected.

Old Graspem would pervert my neglect of fashion into a profound lesson on the propriety of penuriousness, which he dignifies by the name of economy; or he would suspect that a pecuniary scheme was, in one way or another, involved in my system; for he cannot conceive, that any man in his senses would interest himself in any thing that is not, in some way, connected with getting money. I would not have him for a follower. I know nothing that excites my contempt more than the man whose soul is tainted with the *fames auri*. Yet I endeavour to cherish a sort of abhorrent pity for the poor wretch; for I am inclined to believe, that like intemperance, thieving, and numerous other moral complaints, a predisposition to this affection is, in many instances, born with the individual; though I dare say, it may be acquired by almost any one, if he be exposed to the proper influences.



Mr. New-love, a grave, semi-respectable gentleman, with a somewhat seedy-looking coat—in fact, it has been turned several times—and a head that seems to have a tendency to turn also, would imagine that my efforts were directed towards opening a near, and therefore an improved way to heaven. He has already patronised, for a short distance, several recently constructed lines, in which the rails, according to the advertisements, have been successfully laid through to the better country, though I confess many of these roads look dangerous and unpromising enough. I have no doubt that he would withdraw his patronage from his last favourite, and honor me with his countenance, if I gave him encouragement; but I will none of him.

My young friend, Mephibosheth Bosh, would, undoubtedly, be attracted by my discourse, if sufficiently embellished with new-coined and high-sounding terms. Originally endowed with an active, but by no means powerful intellect, he has become partially insane upon the subject of Science. Having observed persons of weak or disordered nerves exhibit certain strange freaks, he imagined that he had discovered the elements of various new sciences; and he has already constructed several systems, somewhat remarkable for ingenuity, and very remarkable for their absurdity. Like most insane individuals, he occasionally acts rationally enough; so much so, indeed, as to excite the suspicion that a little of the knave is mixed up in his character; but all doubts as to the reality of his unfortunate condition of mind vanish, when he is closely watched. He has been seen endeavouring to discover a particular kind of liquor, by examining the raised figures on the flask in which it was contained. These prominences, with others, the products of his disordered imagination, he has traced on a kind of chart, adding to each a number and a name. He has thus formed a basis for a new science, which he terms Vinology. Any unusual noise he attributes to the agency of disembodied spirits. He has even deluded himself into the belief, that he can summon and dismiss these ethereal visitants at his pleasure.

I have no desire to enrol this young man upon the list of my adherents. My modesty, should I strike his fancy, would take the alarm at the vehemence of his admiration. He would, doubtless, see in me, to use his own peculiar dialect, a being of transcendent genius, whose sublime mission it was to fulgurate upon the adumbrations of the anthropine intellectual, the illuminating radiations of a new and marvellous phreno-bio-psycho-medio-logical system of philosophy; at whose talismanic touch the various mighty problems which had hitherto constituted the *opprobrium scientiæ*, would be immediately resolved; nay, it would not be too much to expect from this wondrous system, that some light might be thrown even upon that mysterious concatenation of efficient causes, by which the female pennated denizens of the barn-yard, are impelled to give utterance to certain intermittent vocalizations, upon the extrusion of the products of their ovaria, thereby unconsciously

betraying their cherished secret, that another egg has been born into the world.

With regard to others, not so entirely infatuated as those I have just described, I fear my efforts would produce no other results than to afflict society with a host of impertinents. Upon the introduction of long-bodied coats, these disciples of mine would deem it necessary to appear in the streets with their waists in close proximity to their shoulders. They would patiently endure the inconvenience of wearing their hats in company, because others had laid theirs aside. Instead of simply omitting the usual formulæ in their epistolary correspondence, they would insert in their place some piece of silly impertinence. Observing their master taste of wine, they would incontinently imbibe to intoxication.

Such characters, too, are generally not content with harmless folly; they must act in such a manner, that their manifest imbecility, and the patience of their victims, alone protect them from personal chastisement. I may surely wipe my boots on some other place than a lady's dress, or even the carpet, without forfeiting my character for independence. I allow an individual to make what silent grimaces he pleases; for though his actions offend me, I am under no necessity to stare at him, and can at once avoid all discomfort by looking in another direction; but if he persist in making all sorts of unnecessary and unpleasant noises, I may justly complain of his conduct, for I cannot conveniently stop my ears. He is a nuisance, and one that ought to be abated. If, however, I have approached him unnecessarily, and without special invitation, I have brought my calamities upon my own head, and must sustain or escape them as best I may.

I may also state further, lest, *volens volens*, I attract followers who will cite my example as authority for any rudeness they may commit, that though I claim entire exemption from the laws of Fashion, yet if I freely and voluntarily obtrude myself upon the notice of any individual, I am censurable if I offend him by any unnecessary negligence in my attire; neither have I reason to complain of being excluded from circles in which the rules of etiquette are avowedly strict, if I refuse to submit to their dictation.

When I attend a place of worship, I feel bound to conduct myself with propriety, as the term is understood in that particular locality. If kneeling be the usual posture of adoration, I kneel—if standing, I stand, however unnecessary or absurd I may esteem the ceremony; unless, indeed, my religious convictions render my withdrawal a breach of duty, and compel me to a particular observance; I then claim to follow my convictions, so long as I do not transgress the bounds of common decency.

Perhaps some enthusiastic votary of freedom will experience a wrathful contempt for my system of ethics, as here laid down; describing it as commencing with a promising prelude, but terminating in a strain not far removed from absolute submission to the conventionalisms of modern society. But I would have the irate

young (for he must be young) cavalier understand, that I war not against the despotism of Fashion, but simply practise an entire independence of it; and that whatever sacrifices I am willing to offer to society, will be found, on examination, to correspond, not with the arbitrary demands of an artificial organization, but with a principle, with which even his sentiments may coincide, viz., that others besides myself have rights which are entitled to respect.

J.

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## BRITISH AMERICA.

### GEOGRAPHY OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

[CONTINUED.]

10. The *Aborigines* of New Brunswick are two varieties of the native American race of Indians. The Micmacs are tall and strong—live chiefly in the North of the Province—prefer to be near the sea—and speak a dialect of the Algonquin language. Their chief settlements are at Mission Point, on the North (Canadian) side of the Restigouche River, and on the Miramichi. The dialect of the Micmacs is Huron; they are short in stature, and frequent the St. John and its tributaries. Their largest settlements are about 12 miles above Fredericton, at Meductic Point at the mouth of the Tobique, and among the Madawaska French. The chiefs of the Penobscots (of Maine), the Micmacs, and Micmacs from both Provinces, meet yearly in council at Pleasant Point, on the St. Croix. Though every consideration has been shown to this race by the settlers, and more than 60,000 acres have been set apart for them, under the name of Indian Reserves, they are yearly decreasing; their great scourge being the small-pox. The whole number in 1851 was but 1,116.

11. The *Forests* of New Brunswick constitute the main source of its wealth, and cover the great body of the country. The principal hard-woods are the sugar, white, and red flowering Maples, the first widely known for its ornamental grain, and for its productiveness in sugar; the black, white, canoe, and yellow Birch; the white and the red Beech; the Elms, white and red; the Butternut; the white and the black Ash; the red and the gray Oak, of small size; the Alder, Willow, Wild Cherry, the Hornbeam, and two species of Poplar. The soft woods that are most prized, are the white, red, and gray Pines, of which the first is by far the most valuable; the white, hemlock, and black Spruce; the American Larch, more generally known as the "Hacmatac," or "Tamarac;" the white Cedar, in swamps; and the silver Fir. The native fruits are mostly berries or nuts; of the former kind, the raspberry and strawberry would be considered delicious in any part of the world.

The beauty of the woods in the late autumn, called the "Indian Summer," is proverbial. The frequent fires in the woods are said to render the soil over which they have passed less fertile; a pecu-

liar genus of weed, called "fireweed," springs up on the bare spots; and on tracts, where hardwoods were before most common, soft woods succeed after a fire, and *vice versa*.

12. The *Geology* of the Province is not fully known. Beside the three great belts alluded to in § 5, are—

(a) A broad belt of *lower Silurian rocks*, south of, and parallel to, the Tobique Mountains.

(b) *Upper Silurian Rocks*, occupying nearly all the North of the Province, and also occurring in a belt from St. Croix to Point Wolf, forming a rich upland soil, with limestone beds and fossils.

(c) The *Red Sandstone*, forming another strip between the Coal Measures and the Silurian, with deposits of Gypsum, Red Conglomerate, Red Clay, and Salt Springs; and,

(d) The *Coal Measures* which stretch along the whole Gulf Shore (though not in all places rich enough to pay the working) also cropping out at several points of the South coast.

*Tertiary deposits* line the South coast; and two kinds of *alluvium* also occur—the marine, and the fresh water, the former being thrown up by the impetuous tide of the Bay of Fundy, and forming those tracts called "dyked marshes," which owe their richness of soil to this deposit, and are therefore dyked. The largest, called the Tantamar marsh, is divided between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and contains 250,000 acres.

13. New Brunswick probably contains a population of 234,000, being an average of 9 to the square mile. It is divided into 14 Counties, viz:

EIGHT COUNTIES ON THE SEA COAST.

Counties.	Parishes.	Towns, Villages, and Chief Settlements.
RESTIGOUCHE. . . . .	Addington.	Glenlivot.
	Colborne.	
	Dalhousie.	DALHOUSIE, <i>Campbelton</i> , Dundee.
	Durham.	Jacquet, Little Belledune.
GLOUCESTER. . . . .	Bathurst.	{ BATHURST, <i>St. Peter's</i> , <i>St. Ann's</i> , Kinsale.
	Beresford.	
	Caraquette.	Upper & Lower Caraquette, <i>St. Simons</i> .
	Inkerman.	<i>Pokemouche</i> .
	Shippegan.	(Including <i>Miscou</i> also.)
	Saumarez.	<i>Tracadie</i> .
NORTHUMBERLAND... .	Alwick.	<i>Tabusintac</i> , <i>Burnt Church</i> , <i>Neguac</i> .
	Blackville.	<i>Indian Town</i> .
	Blissfield.	
	Chatham.	<i>Chatham</i> .
	Derby.	
	Glenelg.	<i>Napan</i> , <i>Black R.</i>
	Hardwicke.	<i>Bay du Vin R.</i>
	Ludlow.	<i>Boiestown</i> .
	Newcastle.	NEWCASTLE, <i>Douglastown</i> , <i>Bartibog</i> .
	Nelson.	<i>Nelson</i> .
Northesk.		

Counties.	Parishes.	Towns, Villages, and Chief Settlements.
KENT. . . . .	Carleton.	<i>Kouchibouguac.</i>
	Dundas.	<i>Cocagne, Macdougall.</i>
	Harcourt.	
	Huskisson.	
	Palmerston.	Kouchibouguacis, Aldouane.
	Richibucto.	RICHIBUCTO, <i>Kingston, Galway.</i>
	Wellington.	<i>Buctouche, St. Antony.</i>
	Weldford.	Louisburg.
WESTMORLAND.	Botsford.	Shemogue, Port Elgin, Emigrant Sett.
	Dorchester.	DORCHESTER.
	Moncton.	<i>Moncton</i> ("The Bend"), Irishtown.
	Sackville.	Sackville, Tantamar.
	Shediac.	<i>Shediac, Barachois.</i>
	Salisbury.	(Upper and Lower), Albert.
	Westmorland.	Jolicœur, <i>B. Verte.</i>
ALBERT. . . . .	Alma.	
	Coverdale.	
	Elgin.	Mechanics' Settlement, Golden Mt.
	Hopewell.	HOPEWELL.
	Hillsborough.	<i>Hillsboro', Albert Mines, Caledonia.</i>
	Haryey.	New Ireland, New Horton.
SAINT JOHN. . .	St. JOHN CITY.	
	Lancaster.	{ <i>Carleton, Manawagonish, South Bay,</i> <i>Musquash.</i>
	St. Martins.	<i>Quaco, Londonderry.</i>
	Portland.	<i>Portland, Indiantown.</i>
	Simonds.	Little R., Black R., Loch Lomond.
	CHARLOTTE. . .	St. Andrews.
Campobello.		Welshpool.
Dumbarton.		Tryon.
St. David's.		<i>Oak Bay.</i>
St. George.		<i>St. George (Magaguadavic), Mascareen.</i>
Grand Manan.		Dark Harbor.
St. James.		Lynnfield, Pinkerton, Baillie Sett.
Lepreau.		<i>Lepreau.</i>
Pennfield.		{ <i>Pocologan, Pennfield (Beaver Harbor)</i> <i>L'Etang.</i>
St. Patrick.		<i>Digdeguash, Bocobec, Chamcook.</i>
St. Stephen.		<i>St. Stephen, Upper &amp; Lower Milltown.</i>
West Isles.		

## SIX COUNTIES ON THE ST. JOHN.

KING'S. . . . .	Greenwich.	<i>Oak Point.</i>
	Hampton.	<i>Hampton, Lakefield.</i>
	Hammond.	
	Havelock.	Springhill, Butternut Ridge.
	Kingston.	KINGSTON, Clifton.
	Kars.	

Counties.	Parishes.	Towns, Villages, and Chief Settlements.
KING'S. . . .	Norton.	Norton.
[Continued.]	Springfield.	Springfield, Western Scotch Sett.
	Sussex.	<i>Sussex</i> ("The Vale"), Dutch Sett.
	Studholm.	Millstream Settlement.
	Upham.	
	Westfield.	<i>Nerepis</i> , Hamm and Finlay Setts.
QUEEN'S. . . .	Brunswick.	New Canaan.
	Canning.	
	Cambridge.	Jemseg.
	Chipman.	
	Gagetown.	GAGETOWN.
	Hampstead.	New Jerusalem, Hibernia.
	Johnston.	Goshen, English and Waterloo Setts.
	Petersville.	Enniskillen.
	Waterborough.	
	Wickham.	
SUNBURY. . . .	Blissville.	Boyne, Patterson.
	Lincoln.	Sunpoke, Rusiagonis.
	Maugerville.	<i>Maugerville</i> .
	Northfield.	
	Oromocto.	BURTON (Oromocto), Geary, Victoria.
	Sheffield.	<i>Sheffield</i> , New Zion.
YORK. . . . .	Canterbury.	<i>Howard Sett.</i> , Maxwell.
	Douglas.	{ <i>Keswick</i> , Tay, Bird, and Cardigan Set- tlements, New Zealand.
	Dumfries.	Allandale.
	Fredericton.	FREDERICTON.
	Kingsclear.	{ <i>Springhill</i> , <i>Indian &amp; French Villages</i> , Smithfield, Hanwell.
	Manners-Sutton.	<i>Harvey</i> and <i>Cork</i> Settlements.
	New Maryland.	Maryland.
	Prince William.	<i>Pokiok</i> , L. George, Magundy.
	Queensbury.	Hayne Hill, Caverhill, Springfield.
	St. Mary's.	<i>St. Mary's</i> .
	Southampton.	Connell Settlement.
	Stanley.	{ <i>Stanley</i> , Campbell, Red, Rock, and Cleuristic Settlements.
CARLETON. .	Brighton.	
	Kent.	
	Northampton.	Newburg, S. Newburg.
	Peel.	Dow, Windsor.
	Richmond.	<i>Richmond</i> ("Scotch Corner").
	Simonds.	Long and Good Setts., Williamston.
	Woodstock.	{ Woodstock (Upper Corner, or 'Hard- scrabble,' & Lower Corner), Springhill.
	Wakefield.	<i>Jacksontown</i> , Wakefield Corner.
	Wicklow.	{ <i>Florenceville</i> ("Buttermilk Creek"), Greenfield.

Counties.	Parishes.	Towns, Villages, and Chief Settlements.
VICTORIA. . .	Andover.	<i>Tobique, Aroostook.</i>
	St. Basil.	St. Basil.
	St. Francis.	
	Grand Falls.	COLEBROOKE (Grand Falls), Red Bank.
	St. Leonards.	
	Madawaska.	<i>Edmunton.</i>
	Perth.	Indian Village.

N. B.—County Towns are in *small capitals*; other Towns, and settlements large and compact enough to be called Villages, in *italics*.

14. The *Government* is vested in a Lieutenant-Governor, who is assisted by an Executive Council, and in a Provincial Legislature, consisting of an Upper House, or Legislative Council, and a Lower House, or House of Assembly. The Executive Council consists of the Attorney General, Solicitor General, Provincial Secretary, Postmaster General, Surveyor General, and four others. It may be called the Ministry of the Province, and like the Cabinet of the Mother Country, must be sustained by a majority of the House. The Legislative Council consists of twenty-two members, appointed by the Crown for life. The House of Assembly is composed of forty-one members, elected quadrennially.

15. *Internal Communication*.—Although this has been partly provided for by Providence, by means of fine watercourses; yet, owing to the compact shape of the country, and its comparatively slight indentation by the shore-line, much labor has been, and still will be required to open it up for settlement. The main roads are—that from St. John up the river to Canada—that from Calais to the Bend, and thence north to Richibucto and Dalhousie—and that from St. Andrews through Fredericton to Miramichi. A fine suspension bridge crosses the St. John over the small falls near its mouth, and another is being built just below the Grand Falls, to replace the one which fell in 1859. Several railways are in progress to connect the colony with Maine, Nova Scotia, and Canada; and telegraphic communication is established with all the principal places of the continent. The railway intended to run from St. Andrews to Woodstock, thence up the St. John valley to the St. Lawrence, and thence S. W. to Quebec, is completed on the Canadian side as far as the River du Loup, about one hundred miles from the Grand Falls. On the New Brunswick side it is laid to within a few miles of Woodstock, though in an imperfect state; and is now stopped on account of monetary difficulties. That from Saint John to the Bend is actively progressing, being now more than half completed; and that from the Bend to Shediac is finished.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SOURCE OF TENNYSON'S IDYLLS.

We have lying before us one of those stories of olden folk-lore, which would once have divided our heart with the Arabian Nights Entertainments, Baron Munchausen of veracious memory, travelled Gulliver, and life-like Defoe; but which now (O, changed times!) would be voted by us a bore. It is "The History of the Renowned King Arthur, and his Knights of the Round Table," and is doubtless the original both of Bulwer's drama of Arthur, and the Laureate's *Morte d' Arthur* and *Idylls*. It was compiled by one Sir Thomas Malory, in 1470, supposed to be a Welsh priest,\* from Welsh and Breton sources, which were probably original. These legends of the Round Table, and of its chief hero, come to us like some breeze laden with perfume from unknown bowers; they are myths of as poetic a nature as any classic story; and the style in which they are told derives a sublimity from its very simplicity. So popular was this tale, that two of the earliest English printers (Caxton in 1485, and Wynkyn de Worde in 1498), employed themselves about it. Only one copy each of these original editions is extant. The conscientious Caxton had to be persuaded that Arthur was not a myth, by arguments that would seem very comical nowadays. The Prologue runs thus:—

"There be nine worthy and best that ever were, that is, to wit, three Panims, three Jews, and the three Christian men. As for the Panims, they were before the incarnation of Christ, which were named the first Hector of Troy, of whom the history is common, both in ballad and in prose; the second, Alexander the Great; and the third, Julius Cæsar, emperor of Rome, of which the histories be well known and had. And as for the three Jews, which were also before the incarnation of our Lord, of whom the first was duke Joshua, which brought the children of Israel into the land of beheast; the second was David, King of Jerusalem; and the third was Judas Maccabees. Of these three, the Bible rehearseth all their noble histories and acts. And, since the said incarnation, have been three noble Christian men, called and admitted through the universal world, into the number of the nine best and worthy; of whom was first, the noble king Arthur, whose noble acts I purpose to write in this present book here following; the second was Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, of whom the history is had in many places, both in French and in English; and the third and last, was Godfrey, of Bulloigne, of whose acts and life I made a book unto the excellent prince and king, of noble memory, Edward the Fourth. The said noble gentleman instantly required me for to imprint the history of the said noble king and conqueror, king Arthur, and his knights, with the history of the Sancgreal, and of the death and ending of the said king Arthur, affirming that I ought rather to imprint his acts and noble feats, than of Godfrey,

\* The title *Sir* was sometimes given to priests in those days. *Sir* William Sautre, Rector of St. Oswyth's, London, was the first priest burnt for heresy, in 1491.



of Bulloigne, or any of the other eight, considering that he was a man born within this realm, and king and emperor of the same; and that there be in French divers and many noble volumes of his facts, and also of his knights. To whom I have answered, that divers men hold opinion that there was no such Arthur, and that all such books as be made of him be feigned matters and fables, because that some chronicles make of him no mention, nor remember him nothing, nor of his knights. Whereto one said there were many evidences to the contrary. First ye may see his sepulchre in the monastery of Glastonbury; and also in Policronicon, where his body was buried, and after found, and translated into the said monastery; ye shall also find, in the history of Bochas, part of his noble acts, and also of his fall. Also in divers places of England, many remembrances be yet of him, and shall remain perpetually of him, and also of his knights; first, in the Abbey of Westminster, at St. Edward's shrine, remaineth the print of his seal in red wax, closed in beryl, in which is written—"Patricius Arthurus Britanniae, Galliae, Germanae, Daciae Imperator." Also in the castle of Dover ye may see Sir Gawaine's skull, and Cradoke's mantle; at Winchester the round table; in other places Sir Launcelot's sword, and many other things. Then all these things considered, there can no man reasonably gainsay but that there was a king of this land named Arthur; for in all the places, Christian and heathen, he is reputed and taken for one of the nine worthies, and the first of the three Christian men. And yet of record, remaineth in witness of him in Wales, in the town of Camelot, the great stones, and the marvellous works of iron lying under the ground, and royal vaults, which divers now have seen. Wherefore, it is a great marvel why that he is no more renowned in his own country, save only it accordeth to the word of God, which saith, 'That no man is accepted for a prophet in his own country.'

The book is dedicated to those lords and ladies who alone in that age were able to indulge in literary tastes. The rest of the community are treated very cavalierly. Then follows the work itself, in five hundred and one short chapters, in which we are hurried from incident to incident with a rapidity most bewildering. There is, in fact, plot material sufficient for a stock-in-hand for a fertile novel writer's lifetime. Even as a study of English idiom of the sixteenth century, it is worth perusal. Malory takes leave of the reader thus:

"And, for to pass the time, this book shall be pleasant to read in. But, for to give faith, and believe that all is true that is contained therein, ye be at your own liberty."

And Caxton has also a word to say:—

"I, William Caxton, *simple person*,\* present this book following, which I have enterprised to imprint. In which all those that dispose them to eschew idleness, which is the mother of all vices, may read historical (?) matters."

\*Not of gentle or noble birth. Opposed to it in the old phrase, 'gentle or simple.'

## MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

There has recently obtained amongst critics, a passion for attacking every established historic character. It seems a received axiom, that no man can tell truly the events of his own time, so that whatever has been written in the form of observations upon men and their actions, must be considered as only seeming truth—most writers being entirely unable to understand actions however patent, or fathom the motives of the actors, however familiar they may have been with them; while the remainder have been either ignorant, or so unprincipled, as to falsify their accounts of the proceedings with which they were acquainted. Personages who have come down to us with all the prestige, that the possession of manly virtue, religion, and patriotism, can give to adorn humanity, are ruthlessly stripped, and exposed as dastardly, hypocritical, and treacherous. Whereas others, who had been charged, and always believed to have been guilty of the worst crimes that can disgrace humanity, are shown forth as much traduced individuals; men against whom all the world had conspired. There is no doubt that much truth can be elicited by close historical criticism; but to have all well-understood facts or characters assailed and robbed of even the semblance of stability; to be told that one, who has been believed for hundreds of years to have introduced trial by jury, and other wise laws for the maintenance of order, did no such thing; or another, who has been blamed for nearly two thousand years, as having basely betrayed a loving master, for a few paltry pieces of silver, actually performed such deed with a thoroughly good, though short-sighted intention. To ask us to believe such as these, is expecting too much from our good faith in the skill displayed in this modern inquisitiveness. Sir Francis Palgrave proves to the satisfaction of some, that almost all the improvements hitherto ascribed to Alfred the Great, existed before that monarch was born. De Quincey, whose death happened shortly since, attempted to whitewash Judas Iscariot, by proving that he was a man who knew the world, and wish-

ed to bring the Saviour face to face with the rulers of his country, believing that they would be forced to recognise the God-man in his beloved Master. Lord Macaulay displays Cranmer as a miserable puppet and time-server, and Penn, the Quaker, as a servile courtier and double-traitor. Homer has been treated as a myth; and "Who wrote Shakspeare?" has been asked in real earnest.

Amongst those who have been subjected to such searching enquiry, none seems to have elicited opinions so diverse, as Mary, the lovely Queen of Scots.

"O, lovelier than the fairest flower,  
That ever bloomed on green,  
Was she, the lily of the land,  
That young and spotless Queen!"

Such is the descriptive interjection that Aytoun puts into the mouth of his imprisoned hero, Bothwell; but she has been described in other style. She has been held up to obloquy as a decided bigot and persecutor in religion—an instigator of murder the most foul—a shamelessly unfaithful wife—a very leopard, pleasing to the eye, but of a most evil nature.

Her admirers, and she has, even now, many who might be called lovers, declare that she was ill-used by the religious demagogues of the day, upon whom they charge the illiberality in religion; that as a wife, she had been long-suffering with a brutal husband; as a sister, forgiving to a plotting, treacherous brother; as a mother, loving to a silly son, who left her to the tender mercies of her rival; and that she was murdered by a cousin.

Mary was indeed a common woman. The incidents of her life surpass the most glaring fiction. Ten thousand men fell at Pinkie, because Scotland refused to betroth the child of a half dozen years to the young King of England. At seventeen she was Queen of Scotland and France, and had laid claim to the English Crown. Two different Parliaments had declared Elizabeth illegitimate, and Mary was the next in succession. She landed at Leith, Queen Dowager of France, and Queen Regnant of Scotland, when only nineteen. At twenty-three, she

was married to the handsome but shallow Darnley, and within a year, her confidential servant was struck dead in her presence by her rude lords and low-minded husband. Early in the next, she heard the crash of the "Kirk of Field." Two months after that, Bothwell, accompanied by four thousand gentlemen, went to his trial, was acquitted, and, seven days after, possessed a written document, signed by the chief nobility of the realm, recommending him as a proper husband for his Queen, and pledging their lives and fortunes to uphold him as such. In the following two months, she was taken by force, compelled to marry, headed an army, concluded an agreement with the rebel lords, who now blamed the marriage they had advised, and bade adieu to the brave but unprincipled Hepburn. Loch Leven Castle held her for nearly a year. Twelve days saw her romantic escape, her appearance at the head of an army, and her hurried flight into England, being yet barely twenty-six. She had lived in stirring times, and there was no wonder that a nineteen years' imprisonment was irksome to her, or that she should countenance even wild schemes for her emancipation.

Elizabeth's treatment of her cousin has had but few defenders. Their rivalry began when the death of Mary of England left the throne vacant. The King of France had then caused the young Dauphiness to assume the arms, as well as the title of Queen of England. This was a direct challenge of the legitimacy of Elizabeth, and was never forgotten, although Mary made overtures of friendship after landing in Scotland. The influence of England was directed to harassing Mary; so we find plots and counter-plots at the Scottish Court, secretly directed by Cecil, and carried on by Murray and Lethington. There is no doubt that this policy added to the stability of Elizabeth's throne; but to hold Mary accountable for a murder planned by lords in the English interest, is certainly unfair. Many of the rebellions and troubles in Scotland were planned, though not countenanced, at the English Court. Feminine envy, too, had helped to embitter the rivalry. Elizabeth had

long tried to believe herself as beautiful as courtier declared and poet sung; but she could not help knowing, that she was but a very plain woman, and that Mary's beauty was such as made men enthusiasts in her cause. Women are not apt to forget or forgive one whose beauty eclipses theirs, and—

In this, at least, Elizabeth  
To womankind was true;  
For who would ever bend to her,  
When Mary was in view?  
Mary, the bright and peerless moon,  
That shines aloft in heaven—  
Elizabeth, the envious cloud,  
That o'er its disc is driven.  
What mattered it that flattering knaves,  
Proclaimed her Beauty's Queen;  
And swore in verse and fulsome rhyme,  
That never since the birth of time,  
Was such an angel seen;  
Each morn and eve, her mirror gave  
Their wretched words the lie;  
And tho' she fain would have believed,  
She could not shut her eye.

Several French writers have lately turned their attention to the scanning of Mary's history, as far as it is in connection with the schemes of the aspiring Guise family; but have made but little real progress, though bold assertion, and cunning innuendo, have been used for her disparagement. Mary was, of course, of no small interest to that family, on account of her position with respect to France in the first place, and afterwards to Scotland and England. That they should have tried to use her acknowledged beauty and fascinations to extend their influence over Spain as well, seems a matter not to be wondered at. The treatment she met with in the latter part of her life, is a stain pretty equally shared by the three nations with which she was connected. All the slurs that may be cast upon her memory can never justify such treatment. When her character is fairly compared with her cotemporaries, few, indeed, will appear as spotless as she; and the generality of those who may interest themselves in studying the history of her times, will give as their verdict upon the life of this brilliant woman, but hapless Queen—"More sinned against than sinning."

## THE DYING GIRL'S DREAM.

"Yester e'en, as I lay sleeping,  
When you thought that I would die,  
And when all around were weeping,  
As you said, sister, dear;  
I felt come o'er me stealing,  
A wild, mysterious feeling,  
And a voice, as from the ceiling,  
Calling, 'Alice, come away!'  
Then an angel quick descended,  
A seraph wondrous fair,  
And with him I ascended,  
Swiftly, sweetly, through the air,  
While he bore me like a treasure,  
High above the vault of azure,  
Till we entered the embrasure,  
In the battlements of heaven.  
Then with new sight to me given,  
There we stayed a moment, gazing  
Down upon the universe!  
Where a thousand suns were blazing,  
And in their circling course,  
The planets bright were trooping,  
With rainbows o'er them drooping,  
And moons around them grouping,  
Robed in their silver sheen.  
Surely grandeur so amazing,  
Ne'er by mortal eye was seen!  
Oh, the glory of creation,  
I never felt till then;  
And the value of salvation,  
That Christ had dieu for men.  
For this world seemed, I remember,  
Like a dim and mouldering ember,

Mid insufferable splendor,  
That no words of mine can render,  
And the myriad, myriad stars.  
Then I saw the Blessed One,  
Seated on a pearly throne,  
And I heard the seraph chorus,  
Praise the Father and the Lamb,  
And the anthem billow'd o'er us,  
'Glory to his kingly name,  
Who for rebels stooped to die,'  
Forever, and forever.  
It ceased a moment never,  
But echoed ever, ever,  
Through the mansions of the sky.  
Then the King said, 'Alice, Alice!  
You must come and dwell with me;  
You must drink the bitter chalice,  
You must pass the dreaded sea.  
Do not fear the Anguish-giver,  
But one arrow from his quiver,  
And you'll dwell with me forever,  
With the blest of earth for aye!'

\* \* \* \* \*  
Hark! the angels now are singing;  
Look! I see their pinions white;  
Downward, downward they are winging  
In a flood of golden light!  
So farewell my darling sister!"  
Alice sighed in faint delight.  
Sadly Mary stooped and kissed her.  
Ere the spirit took its flight.

S.

## SCHOLASTIC.

Extracts from an Essay read by Mr.

D. MORRISON, Teacher of the Carleton Superior School, before the Saint John Teachers' Institute.

GEOGRAPHY IN COMMON SCHOOLS, is really a most important matter. In its treatment, we must consider, not only the subject, but the persons to whom it is presented. They are children, whose only language is the language of the nursery; whose mothers, perhaps, have done little towards developing their mental energies, and delegated the task to servants, sometimes ignorant, often vicious. A child thus nurtured, has very great difficulties to overcome. He must learn a language entirely new; he must use strange words, which he never heard

before, and of whose meaning he is profoundly ignorant. He must repeat long lessons of this, to him, unmeaning jargon; and he is too often punished if he cannot do it. While he is preparing his lessons at home, probably his parents, even if they are willing, are unable to afford him any assistance, and yet the awful morrow draws on apace, which is sure to bring with it mental and physical affliction.

Now these things have a most dangerous influence upon the intellect of a child. How often the germ of a noble and generous mind is thus crushed in embryo, and a child who, under other treatment, would have grown up to be an ornament to society, and a comfort to his parents, is disheartened and discouraged, and in dis-

gust he turns away from the paths of science, to seek enjoyment, at first in playing truant, and afterwards in intemperance and crime.

A child, just beginning to learn any particular branch of science, should be the object of our warmest sympathies. All these difficulties, and many more that we seldom think of, present themselves to him at every step, and fill his path with obstructions which we can seldom appreciate.

I hope, Sir, you will pardon me for making this digression in favor of the poor little boy, idle and indocile it may be, but yet the noblest work of God.

But to return to my subject. The technical language of Geography is really the most formidable part of the whole study; this one mastered, and the labor is very much diminished—the child takes pleasure in every new discovery, and he goes to his work cheered and encouraged by the certainty of success. Geography is a branch of literature which we receive chiefly through the eye, and therefore one which can be easily taught to any child. It requires no acuteness of reasoning, like Mathematics—no great power of imitation, like Penmanship and Drawing; and because the eye receives an impression more readily, and retains it more firmly, if I may so speak, than the intellect, we should be very careful, that its first conceptions of the form and motions of the earth should be correct.

I have always found, that in the earlier stages of this study, the use of maps was, upon the whole, rather a hindrance than an advantage. This may seem startling at first; but when we reflect that every child is apt to fall into the vulgar error, that supposes the surface of the earth to be a plane, and that any delineation of it on a map rather strengthens than corrects this idea, it must be evident, that until the child has good general views of the form of the earth, and of those almost innumerable circles which we suppose to be drawn upon it, the less these maps are used the better. But it will be asked, Shall not Geography be taught to any child to whom we cannot exhibit a globe? and what teacher can afford to purchase a pair of globes merely for the accommoda-

tion of others? I answer, we live in a country abounding with wood; any of us can obtain a block of it, and for sixpence a mechanic will give it a globular form; and with this sixpenny globe, we can give a child a very great amount of knowledge. We can shew him what causes the alternation of day and night, the changes of the seasons, heat and cold, the ebb and flow of the tide, the ocean currents, and many other phenomena connected with the Solar System. In fact, we can teach him more in one hour, than we can in a year with the best maps in the world.

If we endeavour, by words alone, to give a boy an idea of *poles*, *axis*, *meridians*, *zones*, and *parallels*, probably he will tell us that he understands the meaning; but no smile of intelligence lights up his countenance. Show him one of these globes; point out what is meant by each word, and suddenly a gleam radiates from every feature, and his eye sparkles with delight as soon as he receives the idea. It is stereotyped forever upon his memory, and he will as soon forget the name of a skate or a handsled, as that of a parallel or a zone.

While teaching any branch of science, we must follow nature—never force it. We must often turn aside from our close reasoning, to please the fancy, and secure the attention; and sometimes it is necessary to present our subject in every conceivable phasis, in order to make our pupils understand it. Now, let us compare this with the manner in which many attempt to teach Geography. Morse, the Irish Board, and Hugo Reid, have succeeded each other in this department of literature, and each has improved upon his predecessor, in making his book uninteresting, tiresome, and even loathsome to children. Instead of making their books *cheap*, to please the parents, and beautiful to please the children, they have made them, with one exception, very dear, and all very ugly. While addressing men, if we expect to gain their attention, we must please them; and shall we expect to secure that of the children, without offering them something beautiful? for they do appreciate the beautiful; so does the untutored savage; to do so is an instinct of our

nature; and that teacher is wise, who makes it an aily in carrying on his work. I contend, that the primary books on Geography, should be of the most beautiful material, interspersed with the very best engravings on steel. The lessons should be very short, printed in large clear type, and each should be perfectly understood, before another lesson be given to the class. If it take us an hour to explain a few words, the time will be well spent, and *the work need not be repeated*; but if, on the other hand, the lessons be long, they must be slightly explained, and so the subject will always be new to the class, and nothing will be learned.

Finally; while teaching Geography, as well as every other branch of literature, we must descend from our position as educated men and women, and assume the language, and perhaps the *ideas* of the nursery. We must take the child where we happen to find him, and gently guide his tottering feet, step by step, taking care never to allow ourselves to go far ahead, until his intellect will have attained its majority—until he be able to gather *for himself the perennial flowers* of science, and by the exercise of his own powers (relying on Divine aid), to assimilate his mind nearer and nearer to that of God himself, who is the Author of all science.

## REVIEWS.

*Life of William Paterson, Founder of the Bank of England*; by S. Bannister, M. A., former Attorney-General of New South Wales. This is an able work, recently published in Edinburgh, which it is to be hoped will be reprinted in America, and thus become generally accessible here. We cannot praise too highly the research shown in it, and the evident personal veneration which the writer betrays throughout for his hero. It is curious to find how obscure hitherto has been the memory of a man who lived in quite recent times, and was a prime mover in the greatest events of those times. He has by some been confounded with his relative, the notorious Law of Lauriston; by others he has been supposed a buccaneer; by others a missionary. Whereas the truth seems to be, that he was an unobtrusive but most able merchant, known in his own day as "the Great Calculator," with an integrity seldom questioned, the pluck to do and dare, and a turn for discussion on the current affairs of his time; which discussion, unfortunately for his fame, he carried on anonymously. Beautiful fac-similes of his writing, which were all that the writer had in some instances to identify his productions, are appended. We shall perhaps be pardoned if we epitomise his story.

He was born in 1655, most probably in Dumfries. In 1672 he is said to

have fled from religious persecution; being traced first to the Continent, and then as a well-to-do trader in the West Indies. Tradition, indeed, makes him a sort of Presbyterian Obadiah, supplying with food no less a personage than our old friend John Balfour of Burley. The simple truth, however, appears to be, that at this time he was engaged in trade with Germany. In 1693 he appeared, on behalf of some London capitalists, before a committee of the House of Commons, "to offer money for the public service, upon Parliamentary security, with the new condition, that their bills, *payable in coin on demand*, should be made transferable without endorsements. Next year the BANK OF ENGLAND was formed upon a like basis, and William Paterson was one of the first directors." He was at the same time engaged in fierce controversy with the advocates of *paper money*, or bills not payable in coin on demand; but his opponents, with regard to this great principle, carrying the management of the Bank against his remonstrance, he resigned, and the stoppage of the Bank soon after, vindicated the justness of his views. He returned to Scotland, which he found making immense strides in mercantile enterprise, and with a fortune of £10,000, and the experience of more than twenty years in both hemispheres, laid before his countrymen plans which had been in vain proposed

to the English and several continental courts. The Scottish Parliament and people at once, and warmly, entered into them. They were—to found a mercantile colony on the Isthmus of Darien, and thus to break up the monopoly of Spain in the Central and South American trade. But though the Scotch and some English and foreign merchants bought up the shares, the omens were from the first unfavourable. English commercial jealousy took alarm, and the Governors of Jamaica, &c., were ordered by William III., never a great lover of the Scotch, to abstain from assisting the struggling colony. The poor settlers returned to Scotland, rather too hastily as it seems, and as was earnestly protested by Paterson; who, though he had been slighted by being left out of office, had seen the mismanagement of those in authority, while yet powerless to prevent it, had lost a beloved wife, and impaired his fortune, still clung to hope. The Scotch were infuriated at English hostility to their darling scheme. An Edinburgh mob hanged a poor English captain, who happened to be convenient as a victim, but who was about as guilty in the affair as Neuchadrezzar. Paterson's personal enemies laid all the blame on him; while "the great calculator" was reflecting on the means to put an end to this unseemly strife of two nations under one Crown. He, therefore, was one of the first to start the idea of a legislative union. At present he was busy with his plans for the establishment of a "Council of Trade." Yet posterity, as if determined to do him as much injustice as his own generation, has given the credit to his great opponent, the commercial gambler Law! William III., aware that Paterson had done much personally to cool down Scotch wrath at the Darien affair, and pleased at a memorial presented to him by the able financier, had received him kindly at Court, and was about to assist him in a Royal Darien Expedition, when he died, and poor Paterson's prospects clouded again. He grew very unpopular among some parties of the Scotch, for his advocacy of the Union; but nevertheless sat in the first United Parliament as member for Dumfries, and was recommended by his admirers to the Queen; but in vain.

We next find him, in 1714, living at Westminster, praying for five or six hundred pounds, as an indemnity for his losses in Darien; and at last, after much intreaty, befriended by Halifax, and receiving £18,000; striving might and main against *Lawism*, which was now desolating France by the Mississippi scheme, and was soon to desolate England; publishing anonymously his "Wednesday Club Dialogues" against the South Sea scheme, which "gave so much offence to the Scotch jobbers, that some of the meaner sort caused the book to be burnt before the Royal Exchange;" and in the same year (1717), proposing the Sinking Fund, generally but wrongly attributed to Walpole. The next year was his last, and he foresaw, ere he departed, the ruin soon to overwhelm England, in the great South Sea bubble of 1720.

*Atlantic Monthly.*—As we hope all our readers are also readers of this best of all American magazines, there is the less necessity to say much about it. Holmes begins a new story in downright earnest, and we may expect something good. Another capital article is added to the series on modern Rome. Some genial soul, in an article queerly christened *Nemophily*, "babbles o' green fields." A story, or string of stories, labelled with another queer name (a practice the *Atlantic* seems to affect) opens with much life and vividness. There is good poetry in Abdel Hassan. And last but not least in interest to us, is an article on Central British America, too long for us to quote, but which all should read, as indeed they should the whole of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The last number of the *North British* is even more interesting than usual. The first article brings some new documents to bear on that perplexing chapter of the English Chronicles, when Crookback had fallen on Bosworth plain—

"Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death."

and had ended with his life the greatest dynastic strife in our own perhaps any annals. It refers chiefly to the efforts made by the English and

Spanish sovereigns, allied in character, policy, and marriage, to reform abuses in the Church; and gives a vivid portraiture of the depopulation of England in the fifteenth century, from war and pestilence. The next article (on Canning) gives a succinct view of British politics under that brilliant but not very thorough statesman. Then follows one in which the writer sees wondrous beauties in some verses written in an uncouth dialect, but which beauties we cannot for the life of us discover. Next comes a fine article on novel writing, in which the writer bemoans himself that fiction is becoming a bore, and novels belie their name, by offering us nothing novel. There is truth in the complaint. The men who have piped so sweetly to this generation, are gone. The poor old opium-eater, who solaced us with his Klosterheim, and made us at home with Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, in their lake retreat, is gone. Learned Hallam is dead. Genial Leigh Hunt is also departed. Macaulay, whose history is as charming as the romance of any one else, and whose essays are better poetry than the verses of many respectable bards, has left us too—his great work unfinished—his title, earned so well, expiring with him. America, too, has had her bereavements. The mourning of England for De Quincey, she answers with her wail for Prescott; and the requiem of Irving echoes the dirge for Macaulay! Nor have they been alone this past year, so fraught with bereavement. Germany has lost Heine and Humboldt, and France De Tocqueville. Surely Death has been busy among the *litterati*! Signs of decadence appear too among the living. Dickens has paled of late his wonted fire; and Thackeray, once so spicy, waxeth prosy. Lever has evidently long passed his meridian. Longfellow is writing twaddle, and has forgotten his own motto of *Excelsior*. 'Tis true, Bulwer maintains his ground, and even advances; Tennyson is waking up, and Eliot proves good metal; yet the want of sound literature of the day is sadly felt. The sententious Tupper attempts to mend matters, by writing a Middle Age novel, and succeeds apparently about as well as an elephant would a hornpipe.

From a work by a brother of Charles Kingsley, the reviewer culls some flowers, one of which is so good that we must copy from *his* copy. In it Kingsley thus describes his dog, with a true hunter's love:—

“With broad, intelligent forehead, with large loving hazel eyes, with a frill like Queen Elizabeth, with a brush like a fox; deep in the brisket, perfect in markings of black, white, and tan; in sagacity a Pitt, in courage an Anglesey, Rover stands first on my list, and claims to be king of Colley-dogs. In politics I should say Conservative of the high protectionist sort. Let us have no strange dogs about the place to grub up sacred bones, or we will shake out their frills and tumble them in the dust. Domestic cats may mioul in the garden at night to a certain extent, but a line must be drawn; after that they must be chased up trees and barked at, if necessary, all night. Opossums and native cats are unfit to cumber the earth, and must be hunted into holes, wherever possible. Cows and other horned animals must not come into the yard, or even look over the garden fence, under penalties. Black fellows must be barked at, and their dogs chased to the uttermost limits of the habitable globe. Such were the principal points of the creed subscribed to by Sam's dog Rover.”

The articles on old Scotch University life, on Japan, and on Libraries, are good; that on Humane Inventions is excellent. In another article, the writer very properly laughs at the commentary-mania prevailing with regard to Shakspeare, among some would-be critics.

*Music*.—Among the songs we have heard of late, two have especially pleased us, and we would advise our lady-friends to try them. The first is a little melody, beginning, “River, river, gentle river!” The other is both written and composed by Charles Mackay, and the sentiment is so good, that we are tempted to insert it. If every lady in the land could sing such sentiments into the heart of brother,



lover, husband, or son, it would be a happier world than it is to-day. It reads thus:—

I've a guinea I can spend,  
I've a wife, and I've a friend,  
And a troop of little children at my  
knee, John Brown;  
I've a cottage of my own,  
With the ivy overgrown,  
And a garden with a view of the sea,  
John Brown.  
I can sit at my door,  
By the shady sycamore,  
Large of heart, though of very small  
estate, John Brown.  
So come and drain a glass,  
In my arbor as you pass,  
And I'll tell you what I hate, and what  
I like, John Brown.

I love the song of birds,  
And the children's early words,  
And a loving woman's voice, low and  
sweet, John Brown;  
And I hate a false pretence,  
And the want of common sense,  
And arrogance, and fawning, and  
deceit, John Brown.  
I love the meadow flowers,  
And the briars in the bowers,  
And I love an open face without guile,  
John Brown;  
And I hate a selfish knave,  
And a proud contented slave,

And a lout who'd rather borrow than  
he'd toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song,  
That awakes emotions strong,  
And the word of hope that raises him  
who faints, John Brown;  
And I hate the constant whine,  
Of the foolish who repine,  
And turn their good to evil by com-  
plaint, John Brown.  
But even when I hate,  
If I seek my garden gate,  
And survey the world around me and  
above, John Brown,  
The hatred flies my mind,  
And I sigh for human kind,  
And excuse the faults of those I cannot  
love, John Brown.

So if you like my ways,  
And the comfort of my days,  
I can tell you how I live so unvexed,  
John Brown:  
I never scorn my health,  
Nor sell my soul for wealth,  
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of  
the next, John Brown;  
I've parted with my pride,  
And I take the sunny side,  
For I've found it worse than folly to  
be sad, John Brown;  
I keep my conscience clear—  
I've a hundred pounds a year—  
And I manage to exist, and to be glad,  
John Brown.

## GLEANINGS.

### A SUMMER DAY.

The lark is singing in the blinding sky,  
Hedges are white with May; the bride-  
groom sea  
Is toying with his wedded bride, the  
shore;  
And in the fulness of his marriage joy,  
He decorates her tawny brow with  
shells,  
Retires apace to see how fair she looks,  
Then, proud, runs up to kiss her.

*Alexander Smith.*

We are happy to state that the young lady who burst into tears, has been put together again. Her brother, however, is in a precarious condition, which no one pities; for if he bolted a door, no one is surprised to hear of his throwing up a window.

The moving power in some men's minds is sadly susceptible of surrounding influences. It is not *principle*, but *feeling*, which forms their pendulum rod; and according as this very variable material is affected, their index hand creeps or gallops—they are swift or slow in the work given them to do. But principle is like the compensation rod, which neither lengthens in the languid heat, nor shortens in the brisker cold; but does the same work day by day, whether the ice-winds whistle, or the simoon glows.—*Rev. J. Hamilton.*

The good are better made by ill,  
As odors crush'd are sweeter still.

*Rogers.*

After all, the *forte* of woman is her *piano*.—*Lord Palmerston.*