

FORSAKEN.

For twenty-two years John Clare lived in the Lunatic Asylum at Northampton, forgotten by the world. During the whole of this period not one of all his former friends and admirers, not one of his great or little patrons, ever visited him. This he bore quietly, though he seemed to feel with deep sorrow that even the members of his own family kept aloof from him. His wife (his "Patty of the Vale") never once showed herself in the twenty-two years; nor any of her children, except the youngest son, who went to see his father once. The neglect thus showed, long preyed upon his mind, and found vent in this sublime burst of poetry:—

I am! yet what I am who cares, or knows?
My friends forsake me like a memory lost.
I am the self-consumer of my woes,
They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,
Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost.
And yet I am—I live—though I am tossed
Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dream,
Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,
But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem
And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best
Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest.
I long for scenes where man has never trod,
For scenes where woman never smiled or wept;
There to abide with my Creator, God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept
Full of high thoughts unborn. So let me lie,
The grass below; above, the vaulted sky.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

Well spake the ancient gardener
Unto the lady gay,
Who came to view his handywork
One early April day.
His parterres were all overrun
With many a useless thing,
And he had only just begun
To trim them for the spring.
"How fast this tangled rubbish breeds,
Even in the wintry hours!"
"Ah, yes!" quoth he,
With roguish glee,
"The soil is mother to the weeds,
But only step-dame to the flowers."
And so it is in many a home;
Where'er we chance to turn,
Some wayward and unruly child,
Will make his mother mourn;
Yet she will give him her chief love,
Her closest watch and care;
While the docile and dutiful
Receive the lesser share.
Perchance she feeleth that he needs
Her best maternal powers,
And proves anew
The saying true—
"The soil is mother to the weeds,
But only step-dame to the flowers."

So in the mixed and mighty world,
From some continuous cause
A multitude go all astray,
And violate its laws;
While poverty and misery
Spring up on every side,
As if to choke the very path
Of gorgeous wealth and pride.
Since effort but in part succeeds
Against this bane of ours,
Well may we say,
From day to day—
"The soil is mother to the weeds,
But only step-dame to the flowers."

Among the countless worshippers
Of Heaven's supernal Lord,
What difference and intolerance,
Where all should well accord;
Some calmly, wisely, stand apart
From the unhallowed strife;
While some would shut their brother out
From the eternal life,
Since thus amid conflicting creeds
Insidious evil cowers,
Well may we sigh,
And inly cry—
"The soil is mother to the weeds,
But only step-dame to the flowers."

J. C. P.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letters should be brief, and written on one side of the paper only. Those intended for insertion should be addressed to the Editor, 162 St. James Street, Montreal; those on matters of business to the Manager, at the same address.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—There are surely many in Ontario who can give the distinct origin of the meaning of "Clear Grit." So far as my memory serves, it was first claimed as a title of high distinction by a party of political puritans, headed by that champion of popular rights, Peter Perry.

Perhaps they might be called Democratic Republicans, disposed to free their skirts from those they considered time-serving politicians, who were guiding the opponents of Conservatism. Mr. Perry was a miller, and probably the author of the phrase, which was intended to express the solid kernel of the grain, when all the chaff and rubbish was blown away—that is, "Clear Grit" in politics meant solidity and purity.

T. S. B.

Montreal, 10th Nov., 1879.

P.S.—Mr. Perry was a clear-headed, strong-minded M.P.P. I remember a hot argument at our Old Exchange Coffee House, where Upper Canada merchants then did greatly congregate. Mr. Perry had asserted that even mobs were always in the right, when he was brought up sharply by a pious Methodist, who asked, "What think you then of the mob that cried out, 'Crucify Him, crucify Him?'" There was a pause, and then Mr. Perry said solemnly, "What have I to say against that mob? Was not the crucifixion the result of that clamor, and without the crucifixion where would be the Doctrine of Atonement?" The discussion closed here.

THE SOLID SOUTH.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—I would ask the *Witness* to publish the following from the *New York World*, but it would so interfere with and upset its darling determination to prove the South always and unanswerably in the wrong, that its fate would probably be the waste-paper basket, or it would appear with some sneering remarks as to its truth. This consistent and fair-minded religious daily is sure to print every item which shows up the late slaveholders to disadvantage; but when stern facts prove them to be not entirely brutes to the blacks, its theory—that nothing good can come out of Nazareth—is overturned, and the stern facts do not appear in its columns.

"Alas for the rarity
Of christian charity!"

Respectfully, Mr. Editor,

"Via Media."

"Why did not Mr. Hayes explain, in his recent stump speeches, how the dreadful disorder at the South which he depicted failed to interfere with the unexampled crops harvested in that part of the country? The cotton crop of the South this year is half a million bales greater than ever before. Not so much tobacco by twelve million pounds did the South ever before gather in one year as in this; nor so much sugar by two hundred thousand hogsheads! How could all this be if labour had been demoralized or if the negro had been perpetually worried by the white race? Do men toil and accumulate wealth in a country in which the Government gives no protection, as Mr. Hayes pretends to believe and tries to make other people believe is the case in the "solid South"? Really, this stalwart rumpus about the South grows rather ridiculous when we confront it with economic facts! Cannot our Southern contemporaries explain this remarkable development of national production under the stimulus of the shot-gun?"

PRIZE QUESTIONS IN CANADIAN HISTORY.

84. What is the origin of the name Manitoba?

Ans.—According to Professor Bell, of the Geological Survey, as stated by him in a lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association of Montreal, the name *Manitoba* implies in the Indian language "the place of wonderful narrows," in reference to the much contracted width of the lake at its centre.—In *La Revue Canadienne*, Tome xii., No. 8, Aout. 1875, the following authority is given:—"Manitoba, corruption de *Manitou Apau*, ou *détroits surnaturels*."

In the Indian, the word is *Manitowaba*, which signifies "the strait"-waba—"of the spirit"-manito. *Manitoba Free Press*.

A corruption of *Manitow-apau*, signifying the Straits of the Manitow, from the Indians attributing the agitation of the waters to the presence of a spirit.—*Bishop Taché's North West*.

85. Who piloted the expedition against Quebec up the St. Lawrence in 1759?

Ans.—Captain Matthew Theodosius John (? Denis) de Vitre, an able French naval officer (at the time a prisoner of war); but whether under threats or from stimulus of reward is a disputed question.—See Garneau, p. 22.

Some pilots were also allured on board, near Bic, by the hoisting of French colours.

Ferland says it was Capt. Jacques Michel, formerly commander of one of De Caen's boats.

The celebrated James Cook (afterwards the renowned circumnavigator of the world) was with the expedition, and rendered valuable services in surveying the channel, taking soundings during the night, the buoys having been removed. Captain Cook conducted the