

TWO BARKS.

I.
Gloriously rose the sun o'er the mountains,
Its brightness fell softly on land and on sea;
Sweet sang the birds, and the voice of Earth's fountains
Made music persuading all sorrow to flee.

II.
Far on the breast of the billowy ocean—
Whose waves gently basked in the beam of the day,—
Two barks have a-spoken—and each one is sailing
Unto the same haven, away, far away.

III.
Lightly together they sped towards the Westward,
For blue is the sky and untroubled the wave;—
Yet ere the day passed, there appeared in the Eastward,
A dark drifting cloud and the high blast did rave.

IV.
Soon raged the storm—the thunders were pealing—
The deep angry water, tossed, bellowed and tore;—
These barks on its bosom together lay reeling—
It seemed that the tempest would cease never more.

V.
Fearful that hour—but the clouds became broken,
There glimmered thro' its darkness one glad ray of light
Bright'ning the gloom with a lustre unspoken;
And soon the black volume had vanished from sight.

VI.
Onward and onward they flew towards the haven,
And entered its gates as the sun sank to rest;
Safely they sleep, but away in the Eastward
Other barks have set sail for that home in the West.

VII.
Like this our lives—we set out in the morning,
And meet on life's ocean some fond one, with whom
We brave all its dangers—the storm and tempest—
And finally sleep in life's haven—the tomb.

Quebec. ALOYSIUS C. GAHAN.

SCOTLAND AS IT ISN'T.

BY A SCOT ABROAD.

At the risk of being accused, Hibernian fashion, of laying another burden on Ireland's overburdened shoulders, I must, as a Scotchman, emphatically decline to allow her a monopoly of "wrongs." I do not refer to the legislative neglect which postpones our Parliamentary business till the small hours of the night, and compels the Lord Advocate—when he is fortunate enough to have a seat—to address half-empty and somnolent benches; nor have I at present to deal with the other material wrongs which we daily endure at the hands of the brutal Southron. There is another grievance—more sentimental, possibly, but none the less galling on that account—which the Scot has too long borne in silence, but which he may seize the opportunity of advancing while afflicted nationalities, from Dublin to Dulcigno, are receiving an unusual measure of attention. If, in pleading the cause of my country, I should occasionally seem Hamlet-like to speak daggers, I would impress upon the timid Englishman that we have no intention of using skiendhus, or even thistles. We are an orderly and law-abiding people; but we like fair play, and our present grievance is this. A considerable number of modern novelists and playwrights seem to have banded themselves together to shadow forth to the world Scotland as it isn't. It is true that, evilly entreated as we Scots are, our wounds have not the additional sting of being inflicted by our own brethren. Scott and Galt did not in their time, nor does Mr. Black in ours, think it necessary to work with a monstrous brush, or to employ unnaturally vivid colours in painting the land we live in and the people who live in that land. It is not so with the national novelist of the sister isle; and many Irishmen to this day are less anxious to insist upon Charles Lever's genius than to point out that his earlier stories must be taken as nothing but amusing caricatures of the life and manners they profess to describe.

If Scotsmen, however, have in general refrained from playing the traitor by lampooning their country, the work has been very effectually performed for them by others. It would be easy to compile a most interesting "Guide to Scotland as it Isn't and Never Was," from English shelves of avowed fiction and professed fact. The average English novelist, when he pays us the compliment laying his scene north of the Border, sits down to his work with the most refreshing indifference to the "unities" of manners, customs, and dialect. He is ignorant, and he is blissful in his ignorance. His descriptions are naked of any resemblance in reality, and he is not ashamed. He either considers that Scotland is so remote and unknown a country that his want of knowledge will never be discovered by his readers, or, as is more probable, it does not occur to him to trouble himself about the matter. The masters of fiction are tarred with the same brush as the journey-men and apprentices; and if Thackeray and Lytton held up a cracked mirror to Nature in this matter, it would be unreasonable to expect less illustrious *specula* to be without flaw. If an example be wanted it may be found in an author who deservedly occupies a front place in the literature of the day. One of Charles Reade's earliest novels was called "Christie Johnstone," the heroine being a Newhaven fisher-girl. Now, no Scotchwoman ever answered to the name of "Christie," "Kirsty," as a contraction for "Christina," we know, but not Christie. Christie's dialect and surroundings are about as appropriate as might have been expected from her name. Mr. Reade's latest effort in the same line occurs in the novellette called "A Hero and Martyr," which he

contributed a few years ago to a London newspaper. The story was a highly embellished account of certain passages in the life of a Glasgow weaver, and the *patois* put into the mouth of its somewhat tarnished hero would have sadly puzzled the poor old fellow had he been able to read it.

Coming to the smaller fry of fiction, we cannot expect them to be in this respect better than their betters. Thus we are not surprised when one lady novelist introduces us to the "churchwarden" of a Scotch parish, or when another describes "haggis and whiskey" as the every day diet of a Highland cottar. The former writer evidently thinks she puts herself all right in matters ecclesiastical by constantly talking of "the Kirk," in happy ignorance of the fact that the word is seldom seriously used nowadays by educated Scotchmen. Of the jargon put into the mouths of the churchwarden's constituents—the consumers of whiskey and haggis—what shall I say? There is generally a little of the dialect of various districts of Scotland, from Aberdeen to Ayrshire, with a great deal of some unknown *patois* which the ingenious inventor would do well to secure by patent or copyright. Psalmnazar invented a language; why should not Mrs. Fitzquill?

Less adventurous spirits do not risk their frail craft on the sea of dialect, but content themselves with sprinkling their pages, by way of national colouring, with such substantives as "tryst" and "gloaming," and with adjectives like "bonny," "braw," and "canny,"—the last being generally misused. A favourite device, too, is to introduce an occasional character as "Mac So-and-So of that ilk," not because he is Mac So-and-So of that ilk, but because the mysterious phrase "sounds well," and is supposed to apply to all Scotchmen indiscriminately.

The novelist, however, does not occupy his bad eminence alone. He has the society of his fellow-workers, the playwright, the actor, and the draughtsman. Nay, he frequently has a companion from what are generally considered less imaginative regions. When a London journalist—I speak with all due reverence—undertakes to enlighten his readers upon Scotland and the Scotch, he not seldom succeeds so completely that his articles not only impart information to his Southern readers, but are entire revelations to those in the North. Some years ago a famous review devoted a portion of its valuable space to describing the city of Glasgow, which was thrown into quite a state of excitement by the novel and startling information conveyed to its citizens. Scotland as it appears on the English stage is to the native an equally interesting revelation. Nomenclature, dialogue, and costume are alike happy surprises to the unsophisticated Caledonian in the pit. When the blind dramatist leads the blind actor it is small wonder that both fall into the ditch. There, have we not all witnessed the "grand Scotch ballet," in which a novel version of the Highland Fling is danced by a young lady attired in a white muslin skirt, a tartan scarf, and a plumed bonnet, and confidently believed to be a counterfeit presentment of the "bonny lassie" as she appears in the intervals of feeding her father's flocks on the Grampian hills?

The artist—the variety of him, at least, who used to draw landscapes for the defunct "albums," and who now illustrates guide-books and cheap editions of the poets—appear to take his idea of Scottish costume from the stage, or else from the wooden "Highlanders" that linger outside old-fashioned snuff-shops. Give him a Renfrewshire landscape or a street in Edinburgh to draw, and he will not be happy unless he places in the foreground at least one conventional "Scotchman"—a terrible figure in a scanty kilt, displaying a great deal of bare leg, and wearing one of those pieces of monstrous funeral headgear that still oppress our Highland regiments.

To us Scots it is nothing short of amazing that such ignorance of our country should prevail at this time of the day among those who are ready enough to laugh at the foreigner's blunders in dealing with English matters. The Continental novelist caught tripping on British ground is mercilessly ridiculed, and when a Parisian journalist talks about "Sir Dilke" or "Lord Gladstone" he subjects himself to a volley of sarcasm; but in many cases the satirist of foreign ignorance is himself ludicrously ignorant regarding a rather important division of his own country.

Without adopting an aggressively "national" tone Scotchmen may be permitted to growl a little under gross misrepresentation. This is a sort of representation which requires "adjustment" quite as much as the Parliamentary kind; and in the meantime "the Southron" is affectionately entreated to believe that we do not altogether live on haggis and whiskey; that we are sometimes known to smile on Sunday; that the kilt is as great a rarity in Princess street, Edinburgh, as it is in the Strand; and that we do not recognize our national poet as "Bobby" Burns.

BOGUS CERTIFICATES.

It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and pulled up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well-known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," in another column.

ODD PEOPLE.

Now "odd" people, whatever they are, are certainly not humbugs. Nor are they necessarily bad people—quite the contrary. Society, much as it dislikes them, is forced to allow this. Many men and women whom others stigmatise as "so very peculiar," are, the latter often confess, not worse, but much better than themselves; capable of acts of heroism which they know they would shrink from, and endurance which they would rather admire than imitate. But then they are such odd people! How? In what does their oddity consist? Generally, their detractors cannot exactly say. It most resolves itself into small things, certain peculiarities of manner or quaintness of dress, or an original way of looking at things, and a fearless fashion of judging them; independence of or indifference to the innumerable small nothings which make the sum of what the world considers everything worth living, worth dying for, but which these odd people do not consider of so much importance after all. Therefore the world is offended with them, and condemns them with a severity scarcely commensurate to their deserts. Especially in things most apparent outside—their manners and their clothing. As a general rule, any style of dress, whether an exaggeration of the fashion of the time or a divergence from it, which is so different from other people as to make them turn round and look at it, is a mistake. This sort of eccentricity I do not defend. But I do defend the right of every man and woman to dress himself and herself in their own way; that is, the way which they find most comfortable, suitable and tasteful, provided it is not glaringly obnoxious to the community at large. A gentleman who, hating the much-abused but still-enduring chimney-pot hat, persists in going through life with his noble brows shaded by a wide-awake; a lady who has manfully resisted deformity in the shape of tight stays and high-heeled boots, has held out successfully against hoop-petticoats and dresses tied up like umbrellas, who declined equally to smother her fresh young face under a coal-scuttle bonnet, or to bare her poor cheeks to sun and wind and critical observation by a small stringless hat, good neither for use nor ornament—such people may be set down as "odd;" but they are neither culpable nor contemptible. They do what they consider right and best for themselves; and what possible harm do they do to other people? Again, many are odd simply because they are independent. That weak gregariousness which is content to "follow the multitude to do evil" (or good, as it happens, and often the chances are pretty equal both ways) is not possible to them. They must think, speak, and act for themselves. And there is something in their natures which makes them a law unto themselves, without breaking any other rational laws. The bondage of conventionality—a stronghold and safeguard to feeble folk—is to them unnecessary and irksome. They mean to do the right, and do it, but they cannot submit to the trammels of mere convenience or expediency. Being quite clear of their own minds, and quite strong enough to carry out their own purposes, they prefer to do so, without troubling themselves very much about what others think of them. Having a much larger bump of self-esteem, or self-respect, than of love of approbation, outside opinion does not weigh with them as it does with weaker people, and they go calmly upon their way without knowing or asking what are their neighbours' feelings towards them. Therefore their neighbours, seeing actions but not motives, and being as ignorant of results, as they are of causes, often pronounce upon them the rashest judgments, denouncing the quiet indifference of true greatness as petty vanity, and the simplicity of a pure heart and single mind as affectation. Of necessity these "odd" people are rather solitary people. They may dwell in a crowd, and do their duty in a large family, but neither the crowd nor the family entirely understands, or has much sympathy with them; and they know it. They do not always feel it—that is, to the extent of keen suffering, for the very "oddity" makes them sufficient to themselves, and they have ceased to expect what they know they cannot get. Still, at one time probably they did expect it. That "pernickity" old maid, whom her nieces devoutly hope they may never resemble, may have been the "odd" one—but the thoughtful and earnest one—in a tribe of light-minded sisters, who danced and dressed, flirted and married, while she—who herself might possibly have wished to marry once upon a time—never did, but has lived her solitary, self-contained life from then till now, and will live it to the end. That man, who was once a gay young bachelor, and is now a grim old bachelor—not positively disagreeable, but very peculiar, with all sorts of queer notions of his own, may have been, though the world little guesses it, a thoroughly disappointed man; beginning life with a grand idea of ambition or philanthropy, striving hard to make himself, or to mend the world, or both, and finding that the task is something

"Like one who strives in little boat
To tug to him the ship adrift."

And so, though he has escaped being swamped, he at last gives up the vain struggle, folds his arms, and lets himself float mournfully on with the ebbing tide. Undoubtedly odd people have their consolations. In the first place, they are quite sure not to be weak people. Every one with a marked individuality has always this one great blessing—he can stand alone. In his

pleasures and his pains he is sufficient to himself, and if he does not get sympathy he can generally do without it. Also, "peculiar" people, though not attractive to the many, by the few who do love them are sure to be loved very deeply, as we are apt to love those who have strong salient points, and in whom there is a good deal to get over. And, even if unloved, they have generally great capacity of loving: a higher and, it may be, a safer thing. For affection that rests on another's love often leans on a broken reed; love which rests on itself is founded on a rock, and cannot move. The waves may lash, the winds may rave around it; and there it is, and there it will abide.

THE CAT.—The Egyptians are the first people among whom we find notices of the cat. It figures largely upon the monuments as a domestic pet, and was honoured when dead. Comical stories are told by Herodotus of the anxiety to save the cats when a house caught fire, and of the grief when one died. The cat seems to have served as a retriever in fowling expeditions, and even in fishing. It seems strange that no mention of the cat occurs in the Bible or in any Assyrian record. Professor Max Müller is quoted as saying that even in India it was but recently known as a domestic animal. Its Sanscrit name is *marjara*, from a root meaning "to clean," from the creature's habit of licking itself at its toilet. The cat's mousing habits were well known to the Romans, and even to the Etruscans, as shown by antique gems and even wall-paintings. The mouse-killer domesticated among the Greeks has been shown by Professor Rolleston to have been the white-breasted marten. Besides the cat, the Egyptians domesticated the ichneumon, popularly known as Pharaoh's rat, which is still to be seen in houses at Cairo.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Nov. 29.—The Porte is preparing a note on the Greek question.—The persecution of the Jews in Morocco still continues.—Abdurhaman, Amir of Cabul, is making overtures to Ayoub Khan.—Earthquake shocks have occurred in Scotland and the North of Ireland.—The expenses of the Boycott harvest expedition are estimated at £10,000.—Despatches from Afghanistan report preparations for evacuation of the Khyber.—The French Minister at Madrid has protested against the countenance given to the outbreak in Cashmere are more favourable, but the Maharajah is still pushing forward troops to suppress the rising.—The Ross-Trickett race resulted in a foul. After the race arrangements were made between Hanlan and Laycock for a match in six weeks, £500 a side.

TUESDAY, Nov. 30.—The health of the Emperor of Germany is rapidly improving.—Fresh bodies of troops are to be forwarded to Ireland without delay. New South Wales is about placing a large loan on the London market.—Hanlan and Laycock signed articles yesterday to race on the 17th of January.—The breaking of the ice on the River Volga yesterday did great damage to shipping.—The reported loss of the *Sinco* on Lake Huron is confirmed. Twelve of the crew were drowned.—M. de Lesseps says only the co-operation of England is necessary to make the Panama Canal a fact.—Callan, prosecuted for libelling Mr. A. M. Sullivan, has been found guilty; sentence deferred.—M. Rochefort is asking for contributions for a site for a monument to the Communists killed in 1871.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 1.—The presence of Russian troops on the Persian frontier, ostensibly to punish the Kurds, is looked upon with suspicion.—The reported murder of the commander and crew of H. M. schooner *Sand Fly*, at the Solomon Islands, in the South Pacific, is confirmed.—A writ of *Habeas Corpus* has been granted in the case of the Rev. Mr. Dale, in prison for contempt of court; and rules have been issued requiring the prosecution to prove the validity of the proceedings.—There are 30,000 paupers in the city of London.—The Czar has returned to St. Petersburg from Livadia.—An additional force of marines left Portsmouth yesterday for Dublin.

THURSDAY, Dec. 2.—The County of Leitrim has been proclaimed in a state of disturbance.—Brazil is increasing her defences in consequence of the extensive armaments of the Argentine Republic.—It is stated that the British Government intend to withdraw the troops from Afghanistan at an early day.—The allied fleet in Turkish waters is to be broken up immediately; the British vessels leave for Malta to-day.—The report of the Irish Land Commission will be issued in a fortnight. Testimony has been adduced from every county in Ireland.—The *Agence Russe* announces that Russia is thoroughly in accord with England in the course to be ultimately pursued in the Eastern question.

FRIDAY, Dec. 3.—The Albanian League has been dissolved.—The situation in Basutoland is unchanged.—General Roberts is to be presented with the freedom of the city of London.—Russian regiments are assisting the Persians to resist the incursions of the Kurds.—Parnell and his confederates have asked for a postponement of their trial until after Christmas.—Dunham & Son, of New York, the oldest piano manufacturers in the United States, have failed.—A regatta is to be held on the Tyne. Boyd, Elliott and Hawdon have already entered their names.—The French Chamber of Deputies sustained the Government in its foreign policy by a vote of 307 to 107.—The steamship *Deron*, at New York from Bristol, reports passing a burning vessel, judged to have been loaded with petroleum.—A dragon at Hallincolly and a police sergeant at Claremorris were half murdered yesterday. Minor outrages are said to be increasing throughout the country.

SATURDAY, Dec. 4.—Ross has challenged Laycock.—The allied fleet was disbanded yesterday.—The plague is reported to have broken out in Moscow.—Ross had an easy victory over Trickett on Saturday.—The Marquis of Ripon has been laid up with fever in Bombay.—Six hundred men are on strike on section B, Canada Pacific Railway.—The Porte is preparing a note to the Powers on the Greek question.—A Simla despatch says the Turcomans are plundering the northern districts of Afghanistan.—The International Military Commission have decided that Turkey is to retain San George.—Despatches from the Governor of Natal report the attack of the Keesibes by the Pondos.—H. R. H. Princess Louise paid her first visit to Her Majesty on Saturday since her return to England.—A great Land League demonstration was held at Waterford yesterday at which Mr. Parnell spoke. To-day he is to be presented with the freedom of the city.