

# THE SATURDAY READER.

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FIVE CENTS.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,

"THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."

TRANSLATED FOR THE "SATURDAY READER" FROM  
THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL.

## MOURN FOR THE HONOURED DEAD.

MOURN for the brave and noble

Who fell—as warriors fall;  
Mourn for the gallant hearted,  
Stout heroes each and all.  
Mourn for our dear dead brothers,  
Who bore the battle's brunt;  
And nobly died for duty—  
For freedom—at the front.

Mourn! mourn!—the stricken widow,  
Her sighs are sad and deep—  
The desolate bereaved ones,  
How can they choose but weep?  
The orphan—parent—sister—  
The dearer still and best—  
Are weeping for the heroes  
Who fell at Ridgeway's crest.

Mourn!—oh! my gallant brothers,  
Who sleep the warrior's sleep;  
Not these alone are weeping—  
Ten thousand mourners weep!  
The nation, in its sadness,  
Hath breathed a nation's sigh—  
It weeps its fallen heroes,  
Who died as heroes die.

Deck! deck! the graves with laurel,  
Where sleep the honoured dead;  
Teach infant lips the story  
Of those who fought and bled.  
Keep green their mem'ry ever  
Who bore the battle's brunt,  
And nobly died in harness,  
Like heroes—at the front.

Oh! land of noblest freedom,  
Of mountain—river—flood—  
Dear, aye more dear thy borders,  
Baptized in richest blood.  
Oh! may thy stalwart children,  
At duty's high behest,  
Strike, aye as struck the heroes  
Who fell at Ridgeway's crest.

Montreal, June 16th, 1866. GARDE.

## FENIANA.

A GENERATION has almost elapsed since the last freebooters were driven beyond the Canadian Frontier. In 1837 a band of idle and lawless propagandists on the other side of our borders, stimulated by our domestic troubles, and wishing at the same time to enjoy an elysium of plunder, and to subvert the institutions of the country,

flung themselves across the lines, with the object of wresting Canada from the mother country, and ultimately annexing us to the neighbouring Republic. They counted upon the assistance or active sympathy of our people; but the invaders were miserably disappointed, and the attempt cost the lives of many who were engaged in it, while those who managed to escape to American soil were greeted with scorn and contempt.

The Canada of 1866 differs from that of 1837 in possessing one of the best and freest governments of which the world can boast—a constitutional system which holds in just and admirable balance the principles which have been found to work best in a monarchy as well as in a democracy. But the Canada of 1866 is the counterpart, in one respect, of that in 1837—namely, that our territory has been violated, and the blood of our compatriots been spilled by armed bands who have their homes and procured their weapons in the United States.

It is a sad commentary, indeed, on the civilization of the nineteenth century, which boasts of having given to international law almost the sanctity of the Decalogue, that a great and peaceful people, living in friendly intercourse with a nation that prides itself on being the first in the race of modern progress, have no more security for their frontiers than if they were the neighbours of the King of Dahomey.

The men who have dared to invade this Province, and to bring upon an inoffensive people the unutterable horrors of war, aver that they come here to establish a basis of operations against England, their ultimate object being the liberation of Ireland. Now this is either a falsehood, or it is sheer madness. What! establish in Canada a basis of operations against England! It is like erecting a mortar battery at the bottom of the sea, for the purpose of throwing bomb-shells into the moon. But no matter what may be the real intention of the Fenian leaders in making this iniquitous onslaught, the results to the people of Canada must, in the very nature of things, be serious to the last degree, while the people of Ireland, for whom these men pretend to be making this invasion of our Province, will most probably have the effect of retarding those measures of improved legislation which the imperial government are anxious to bring forward.

If the Fenian leaders knew the history of Ireland as well as they know the art of duping their followers, they would be aware that appeals to arms, even in their own island, have never achieved either a satisfactory military or legislative result. And passing over the desperate conflicts—the nightmare horrors of Irish history—that leave their tracks of blood and fire in the records of every generation from Henry the Second to Queen Elizabeth, we cannot find that there was a permanent success secured to the people that had suffered so much and fought so well.

But, better days have long since dawned on Ireland; and the Roman Catholic stands before the law, the full equal of his Protestant fellow countrymen. The senate, the bar, the army, are open to him; and on the Irish Bench, at the present moment, the majority of the Judges are Roman Catholics. These advantages were not gained by arms, but by a more powerful engine than a host of a million of men—we mean moral force; and it was by this weapon that Daniel O'Connell conquered emancipation.

Those Irishmen, and there are few of them in British North America, who may be disposed to look with an angry eye on the past, should bury in eternal oblivion every feeling of bitterness. Let them pause for a moment, and reflect on

what Englishmen have suffered, in order to secure that liberty of which they are the common inheritors. Let them think on the struggles and sufferings of the noble band of patriots who rose up against the tyranny of Charles the First, and battled for free Parliaments, against unjust taxation, and against the horrible enormities of the Court of Star-Chamber. Let them think of such men as Hampden and Sir John Elliot, who sacrificed everything, even life, on the altar of constitutional government. Of Sir Harry Vane, the younger, the purest statesman who ever breathed, and whose name should be dear to every advocate of freedom of conscience, for having stood up for the fullest religious toleration to all men, at a time when diversity of belief from that of the ruling power was looked upon throughout Europe, and even among the Pilgrims in Massachusetts, as a crime against the State.

We think it is an excellent rule, as well in national matters, as in the experience of individuals, to let the "The dead past bury its dead." And we look with equal abhorrence on those who would, jackal-like, dig up the corpa of buried national hatred, or buried religious bigotry;—and the men who would engage in such acts, are neither more nor less than mental cannibals, and would be physical ones also, were it not for the accident of birth, and their contiguity to civilization. Now, not a little of the antipathy which the demagogue excites, owes its existence to the raking up of old national animosities. Such men, however, have no field in Canada. The Irishmen of this Province, like their race the world over, are sharp-witted, keen, intelligent, and know well they have everything to lose and nothing to gain by a change that would substitute any other flag for the one under which they prosper. The Irish people of Canada have every advantage they desire; and the wealth, position, and influence to which they have attained, prove they have not been slow to profit by their opportunities. Their loyalty is unquestioned; nay more, it has manifested itself on this emergency in a manner so spontaneous and so practical, as to contribute in no slight degree to the defence of the common country, and to the deep disappointment of our common enemies,—men who would seem to have no other creed than the villainous watchword of the Socialist—"Property is robbery"—*"La propriété c'est le vol."*

## MUSICAL.

M. Gounod, the composer of "*Faust*," "*Mirella*," "*La Reine de Saba*," and many other works, has just received his nomination as Membre de l'Institut in Paris, which now includes among its members for the musical department the following names: M.M. Auber, Carafa, Ambroise Thomas, Reber, Berlioz, and the newly appointed Charles Gounod. The nomination of M. Gounod has caused general satisfaction, and it is evident that he was the man who ought to have been chosen; for surely no living composer, not already of the Institute, enjoys such a well-deserved and world-wide reputation as he does. M. Felicien David, a well-known and much respected musician was his chief opponent, and stood well on the competitors' list, polling 16 votes, while his more successful confrère polled 19.

Joachim has settled in Hanover permanently, and thanks to royal intervention, has decided on accepting no more foreign engagements, however seductive they may prove.

Sivori is in Paris, and has given two brilliant concerts this season, with the eminent pianist, Herr Jaell.