

how many yards of sausage your rubicund Touton can swallow in a day, how much tobacco he can convert into smoke, and how many gallons of lager beer he can manage to put under his waistcoat. But are there no rivers on this continent equal to the Rhine in beauty? And if a traveller is in search of romantic ruins, can he not find them on this continent? Can he not find in Mexico and Central America the remains of a civilization that was coeval with that of Etruria?—dismantled temples and prostrate columns as grand as those of Karnak, as beautiful as those of Persepolis? And in these wrecks of ages long gone by, cannot the antiquarian and ethnologist find memorials of an architecture that was old and perfect a thousand years before the stones were hewn to build those dens of feudal robbers, the castles that frown down upon the well-praised Rhine?

Why should the people of this continent visit Europe if only for the purpose of that which is fair or sublime in nature? What can they see in the shrub of rivers to equal those of this continent, from the vast Mississippi, Father of Waters, and the mighty St. Lawrence, into which four inland oceans roll their contents, to the picturesque and placid Hudson, and the majestic Saguenay, sweeping along with that sullen grandeur that begets awe, and that deep tranquillity that betokens mysterious and incalculable power? Can Lakes Lemay or Windermere surpass in wild and witching beauty Lake Memphremagog, gleaming like a gem in its mountain setting, and sentinelled by forests which, in the early days of autumn, glow with as many colours as ever shone on the emblazoned canvas of the great Italian painters? Within a day's journey of many of our railway stations there are spots of sufficient loveliness to vie with any of the valleys of Switzerland or Andalusia; rivulets, beautiful as any that ever ran flashing down the Alps; cascades whose names have perished with the race of the red man, and which, unknown or uncared for by those who have supplanted the children of the forest, send their silvery music through the woods, on summer noons and summer nights, as if beseeching the wanderer to come and gaze upon them, or as if bewailing to the breeze the fate of those who once were wont to watch them and to love them well.

We must now draw to a close;—and have only to remark, in conclusion, that we who inhabit this continent have always within our reach everything that can make life enjoyable, as well as instructive; and if we reject that which is natural, and adapt ourselves, in our amusements and pastimes to that which is artificial and fashionable—Nature will eventually have her revenge; for mental and physical deterioration will surely overtake us—just as surely as punishment, sooner or later, is the inevitable consequence of crime.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. BAKER's interesting narrative of his recent African explorations in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyanza will shortly be published in London.

The translation of Homer is a feature of our times. Sir John Herschel—who published one book of an hexameter translation in the *Cornhill Magazine*—has completed the *Iliad*. The public are likely to have an opportunity of forming their opinion of it.

A PORTRAIT, said to be that of Shakespeare by a contemporary painter, is now in the possession of a Dr. Clay, of Manchester. The painting, which is twenty-four inches by twenty, has, it appears, been in the possession of one family for upwards of one hundred years. The face is thoughtful and slightly touched with melancholy, the eyes being remarkably expressive and pleasing.

It is understood that the Home Government are contemplating certain changes in the British Museum. Mr. Panizzi, the present Chief Librarian, will retire, and it is probable that the post will be offered to Sir Edmund Head. The

London Athenæum says: "Sir Edmund is a distinguished scholar, a Privy Councillor, and a man of wide experience. If the prize must go away from the Museum, it would not be easy to find a better chief."

Number 1 of the *Masonic Press*, a new journal devoted to Freemasonry, has just been published in London.—It is a "Monthly Journal, Review, and Chronicle" of the ancient Order and its kindred subjects. The editor is Bro. Matthew Cooke, M.P., and the publication "is said to appear" with the sanction and approval of "the Most Puissant Sovereign Grand Commander of the Ancient and Accepted Rite XXXIII., and the most Eminent and Supreme Grand Master of Masonic Knights Templar of England and Wales," &c. The object of issuing the *Masonic Press* is declared to be "the numerous abuses—accumulated more especially during the last half-century—which loudly call for redress, and these evils will be unflinchingly and persistently opposed until they or it cease to exist." We wish the new monthly every success.

A genuine Yarmouth author promises to teach the world, "How to Cook a Yarmouth Bloater One Hundred Different Ways," to which is added a "History of the Herring," also a few approved methods to cook sprats, scallop oysters, "schottel" eels, pick shrimps, and manago mussels." Were Yarmouth bloaters more easily obtainable in Canada, we should feel a greater interest in the author's promises.

Another old English library has been destroyed by fire. About a month since, Crewe Hall, in Cheshire, built by Sir Randle Crew, who had purchased the estates of the Falhursts, in the reign of James I., was burnt to the ground. The library was founded by Sir Randle, when Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. After he was displaced in 1626, for his disapprobation of the imprisonment of those gentlemen who refused the arbitrary loan proposed by the Court, Fuller said of him, "He discovered no more discontentment at his discharge than a weary traveller is offended at being told that he is arrived at his journey's end." It was also said of him, after he had built Crewe Hall, that he was the first to bring "the model of good building" into Cheshire. Most of the fine old paintings have been saved; but the books, comprising many rare works of the times of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., have all been destroyed. This makes the third or fourth old library that has been destroyed within the past few months.

A writer in the *Athenæum* suggests the following explanation of a difficulty in "Hamlet":—"The passage in 'Hamlet,' 'I know a hawk,' or, as corrected, 'I know a hawk from a heronshaw,' has greatly puzzled commentators. Is this not the true explanation? Among the ancient Egyptians the hawk signified the Etesian, or northerly wind (which in the beginning of summer, drives the vapour towards the south, and which, covering Ethiopia with dense clouds, there resolves them into rains, causing the Nile to swell), because that bird follows the direction of that wind (Job xxxix. 26). The heron, or heron, or heronshaw, signified the southerly wind, because it takes its flight from Ethiopia into Higher Egypt, following the course of the Nile as it retires within its banks, and living on the small worms hatched in the mud of the river. Hence the heads of these two birds may be seen surmounting the *canopi* used by the ancient Egyptians to indicate the rising and falling of the Nile respectively. Now Hamlet, though feigning madness, yet claims sufficient insanity to distinguish a hawk from a heronshaw when the wind is southerly, that is in the time of the migration of the latter to the north, and when the former is not to be seen. Shakespeare may have become acquainted with the habits of these migrating birds of Egypt through a translation of Plutarch, who gives a particular account of them, published in the middle of the sixteenth century, by Thomas North."

We have collections of many curious things—why not a collection of "Curious Advertisements?" *Aprpos* to this question we see it stated that for some time past a diligent reader in the British Museum library has been busy upon

a "History of Advertising." The following announcement, cut from a late Liverpool paper, although without the charm of age, has at least absurdity enough in it to recommend its insertion in the forthcoming work:—

DOWLING.—Duo. 22, at his mundane abode 25 Fore-street, off Exmouth-street, Birkenhead, the wife of Abraham John Dowling, preacher of the Gospel, lato an UN-SENTENCED prisoner in Chester Castle for preaching the Gospel, of a son and heir, by the mother's side (who is Elisabeth, third and youngest daughter) of the late Captain William Williams, of Liverpool and Dublin. Thanks be ascribed to the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, man's only Saviour! blessed be His most holy name, the suffering mother and son have been brought through the furnace and both doing well—bless the Lord; this child making the third arduous though at length happy delivery! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Amen and Amen." Who would believe in the sanity of the writer?

Among the forthcoming English publications we notice "Cast Away on the Auckland Isles," a narrative of the wreck of the *Grafton*, and of the escape of the crew, after twenty months' suffering, from the private journals of Capt. Thomas Musgrave, together with some account of the Aucklands; also an account of the Sea Lion and its habits (originally written in seals' blood, as were most of Capt. Musgrave's journals), edited by John J. Shillinglaw. Capt. Musgrave's singular adventures were recently noticed in an article in the *Times*, contributed by the Melbourne correspondent of that journal. They fairly entitled him to the name of "the Robinson Crusoe of the nineteenth century."

GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.*

LANDWARDS rolled the tidal waters
With a hoarse and angry roar,
'Neath their fury seemed to tremble
The steep and granite shore,
Landwards—seawards—round them flinging
Phosphorescent foam wreaths high,
Whilst above them sullen brooded
A black and starless sky.

In a dimly lighted chamber,
Wrapped in silence hushed and deep,
Lay a sick man slowly sinking
In death's last dreamless sleep;
And though now he was so quiet,
His had been a stirring life,
Battling—as the sailor's lot is—
With wind and water's strife.

Gently stole a friendly watcher
To the shrouded tranquil bed,
Where the sick man lay so silent
As if life itself were fled—
Gazing on the rigid features
That already death's hue wore,
Whispered soft he, "In a moment
Will the last sad scene be o'er."

Quickly spoke the dying sea-man,
With impatient angry sigh,
"Think you with the Tide incoming
That a sailor o'er can die?
Stand aside, and cease your watching,
For, I tell you, messmate, true,
When the tide is outwards going,
Why, I will go with it too."

Not another word was spoken
In that sad and dreary room,
Both untroubled and unbroken
Was its darkened solemn gloom:
But when sunbeams bright were gilding
Grey old ocean in its pride,
And the waves were outward rolling,
His soul went out with the tide.

Montreal, January, 1866.

Mrs. LEPROUX