

THE CONFIDANTE.

BY ALICE FITZGERALD.

A letter, Lucy? for me to read? Ah, tell-tale blusher, what secret now? I am but teasing. There, never heed, Nor blur with furrows that little brow. Yes, as I thought? 'Tis the old, old tale: He loves you; dreams of you night and day; With hope he brightens, with dread turns pale. Truths, dear sister, or babblings true. Love lives for ever, if heart-born—real; But fades like the roses I've now just clipped, When told by one who your peace would steal, Then fit to some blossom as honey-lipped. To you each word here is truth's own mint; To me, once cheated, there's room for doubt; You, a star, could give him your love sans stint— What? tears and trembling? a dawnlug pout? Well, darling, believe then, and cynic thought Shall fade away in your love's sweet sun; It is not worldly, nor fashion-taught; I would not darken now light begun. His words are manly; an honest ring Sounds in each sentence. Ah! Lucy, live Long in the love that can never wing, Whilst I—well, yes—I have yet to give.

(For the Favorite.)

A VOICE FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY O. S. PHELPS.

To the Editor of THE FAVORITE:

SIR,—Your excellent and now Canadian paper, THE FAVORITE, with its very proper maxim—"Canada for the Canadians, whether by birth or adoption,"—let us help each other if we aspire to be a Nation," attracts the attention and wins the admiration of all Canadians the world over, especially of your humble servant, at this Oregonian outpost of American civilization, where hundreds of Canadians now dwell. Bless THE FAVORITE, and make it the great voice of mind and thought, ideas and sentiment, language and learning, for the millions, and a power that shall be felt not only in your own now ocean-bound Dominion, but all around the earth! Go on, sir, and may Heaven bless you in this, your new undertaking. I, as an old Canadian, was very much pleased to-day as my eye caught the following paragraph, clipped from our Daily Oregonian: "Arrangements have been completed for the construction of the Canada Pacific Railroad, and a formal charter will be issued on the return of the Governor-General to Ottawa. A million dollars of the stock are ready to be subscribed. Book books will be opened in each Province." I consider this a momentous move in the right direction, and one that will not only connect the "wise men of the east" with us web-footed and Columbian of the west, but will bind us with iron bands, and cement, as with Parisian plaster, all the parts, viz., Atlanticites, Pacificites, Red Riverites and Rocky Mountainites together, and finally make you "Canadian Star" the brightest and the best amongst the fifty-six Colonial stars of Her Majesty's royal diadem, a land for the landless, a place for the poor, a home for the homeless, an asylum for all British sons of sorrow and daughters of distress; yes, and a perfect paradise, too, for one and for all, eagerly sought after, quickly hastened unto and permanently settled upon, by emigrant and adventurer, by capitalist and speculator, by craftsman and artisan, by mind and muscle! British Columbia, your Pacific province, as you are aware, now extends from the 49th parallel to the 55th north latitude. Its length is 490 miles, in a straight line, and its breadth varies from 250 to 400 miles. Its greatest length, taken from corner to corner, is 805 miles; its area is computed to be 200,000 square miles. Discovered first by that illustrious navigator, Sir Francis Drake, in the summer of 1579, and by him designated "New Albion;" afterwards by Capt. Vancouver, of the Royal Navy, in 1792, who named the principal of these archipelagos after himself, of which Victoria is the capital. From 1670 down to 1858, British Columbia was under the dominion of the Hudson's Bay Company, who annually gathered upon the fine furs of the fox, the bear, the sea-otter, the fisher, the martin, the beaver, the muskrat, the lynx, &c., &c., and shipped them to England in large quantities; when the discovery of gold on the beaches and bars of the Fraser River (like your great St. Lawrence) in the spring of 1858, hastened hither hundreds of humanity from all lands, which gave it, at the time, about as much notoriety abroad as California, for it was no less an imposition, as the old South Sea bubble, or the Mississippi scheme, or our Colorado diamond swindle, or any other of the latter-day celebrated hoaxes, too numerous to mention! Of the great "rush and gush" of July, 1858, the Times correspondent of San Francisco says: "None are too poor and none too rich to go; none too young and none too old to go, even the decrepit go. Many go with money, many go without; some to invest in real estate; some to see what may turn up; some out of curiosity; some to steal; and some, unquestionably, to die!" Millions of gold were examined then and there, which now lie in your safe, shine in your shop windows, and fill the pathetic exchequers of the old world, and

enough more is left in the bowels of Mother Earth there to wipe out Britain's national debt and pay off your Dominion one; yes, and build your great Pacific Railroad besides. But, like all excitement, that died away, as well as drove away the crowd, so that now Columbia contains not over a tenth of the British white population of your beautiful Montreal. She now needs the fostering hand and public care of your Ottawa Government to set her up a-going and in good running order. Well might your Government and officials, particularly my old friend Sir John A. Macdonald, take a live lesson from a live Yankee Promoter, and hurry up and help on the building of your great railroad across the continent, as well as the enlargement of the Welland Canal and the many other high-ways, water-ways, gateways and public improvements of the day, and to give Canada an "Excelsior" place and position amongst the commonwealths of earth, to which she is justly entitled. Emigration, too, should by him not be overlooked, but encouraged; for out of some half a million from Europe to these States this year, I see only a few thousands have settled down in Canada, out of which, too, some 40,000 have come here to dwell. These things ought not so to be, and would not, if your officials would only wake up. Canada to-day wants ten millions of people to occupy and to possess her broad acres and her wide domain. Yes, and these ten millions of souls are now famishing for food and freezing for fires in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, Douglas and other large cities of Britain, who only wait and want a live statesman with a plethoric purse to take them by the hand and say to them, "All aboard for Canada," Central and Western. Britain has the bodies and brains, while Canada has the land and the soil. Let some one then be found, whether statesman or salesman, nobleman or ignobleman, patriot or plebeian, who will set this emigration ball a-rolling, and you will see its most happy effects, as well as its mighty results. Had I the command of a few of Her Majesty's many ships, and but a tithe of Her Majesty's purse, I would at once order a score each to London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin and other maritime towns of the realm, and then publish by proclamation to one and to all, a free passage, a 160 acre homestead, a year's provisions, a good outfit, with a certainty, by God's blessing on their labors, of sure success and a good living, if not riches. Is there no good Samaritan in all the Imperial realm? Can there not be found one wealthy benefactor in either Britain or Canada who will ere long be induced to transplant those now fruitless thousands of Europe to these fruitful shores, where they may and will speedily become producers of bread, instead of idle consumers of wheat? Much land remains in Canada yet to be possessed. "All aboard," then, for this western world, where work and wages, labor and land, gold and grain, cash and cattle await all industry, with its independence. Again I say, "Tantum in Canada." Portland, Oregon, U. S. A., February 3, 1873.

For the Favorite.

"BUGGINS' MARE."

BY EMMA NAOMI CRAWFORD, OF PETERBORO, ONT.

Buggins was extremely proud of her, and she undoubtedly was, as his friend and confidant, Spunge, had remarked when advising her purchase, "a nice little beast." She was a bright sorrel in color, a fast trotter by nature, and by name "Two-Forty." As I have said, Buggins was very proud of her. She had won races for him, and celebrate which triumphs champagne suppers to her owner's entire acquaintance seemed some way indispensable, and sometimes lost them. She had ruined two of her three former owners,—the first a young farmer, with, perhaps, more spirit than discretion, her third birthday being celebrated by the execution of a mortgage on his property, and who speedily went to destruction in a racing cutter; the second, a widow lady of business habits, who bought her as a speculation, and sold her at a handsome profit to the third, a sporting barber, who never was known to pay any attention to business after her purchase, until one morning when, the sheriff having paid a not quite unexpected visit the day before, he was found with one of his long-Idle razors in his hand, and a corresponding gash in his throat. Naturally, after that pleasing occurrence, "Two-Forty" went up in sporting circles with a bound. The animal which could ruin two men in three years was a prize to be eagerly sought for by all young fellows of spirit. Every one wanted to see her. Chubb (the richest man in Cacklesford, a lawyer, and a judge of horse-flesh) said he would give the safest mortgage in his possession for her, she had a largely-attended reception every morning, the small boys betted largely as to her probable purchaser, the local poet wrote some stanzas in her honor, and finally, at her sale by auction, and after a brisk competition, Buggins became her owner, and should have been a happy man. But he wasn't. True, he had, figuratively speaking, snatched her from the very claws of Chubb, whom he hated; for did not Mr. Archer, Kitty's father,

approve highly of Chubb as a sutor for that bewitching dame, and as highly disapprove of him, Buggins, in the same position? True, his friends had spoken of him—particularly Spunge, who soon after borrowed ten dollars from him—as a "sharn fellow" and a "knowing rascal." But he was not happy. He bought a racing cutter, which was usually on loan, also a large sleigh, which was ditto. He occasionally was allowed by "Jim," the gentleman who cared for the precious animal, to take a seat in the vehicle under which she took exercise, and enjoyed himself immensely, or thought he did, which was very much the same thing. He paid her a daily visit, under the protection of "Jim," also, and, watched by him with a derisive smile, stroked her arched neck, and retreated swiftly towards the door, sometimes leaving a portion of his coat-collar between her strong white teeth, invariably followed by her dainty heels in close proximity to his head. Buggins had but two cares, the mare and Mr. Chubb, and which was the heavier and more carking it would have been difficult to decide. He was engaged (privately) to Kitty Archer, and Chubb wished to be (publicly). He was only well off, Chubb was rich. Mr. Archer spoke of Chubb as a "fellow who had some go in him," and of himself, Buggins, as "that sap-headed young fool, Buggins." Everything taken into consideration, this was a trying state of affairs. He spent hours daily in pondering over these unfortunate circumstances. He was really fond of Kitty, and Kitty said she was fond of him. Chubb paid Kitty every attention, escorted her everywhere, worshipped publicly and privately at her shrine, made her presents which, by reason of their richness, were seriously detrimental to the peace of mind of her dearest friends, and made himself agreeable to her father, who was about his own age, while Buggins could do little but gaze admiringly at her, write her frantic notes (which were, as a rule, intercepted by her father), and make himself gloomily conspicuous wherever they met. How he had found courage at any time to propose to her he could not tell, nor had he the least idea of how and when their rather unsatisfactory engagement might end. At last a crisis arrived. On New Year's Eve he sat alone in his apartment at Mrs. Smiler's residence, which combined a perfectly Spartan simplicity of arrangement with "the comforts of a real English home" (see advertisement). He was reading a letter, written on the regulation pink paper, and directed to "Charlemagne Buggins, Esq." His round blue eyes dilated with horror and astonishment as he read: "DEAR CHARLIE, "I'm just distracted. Only think! What horrid Chubb has proposed to me, and pa, the spiteful old tyrant, has accepted him! We are to be married in three weeks, and I'm sure I don't know what to do. I'm going to the picnic ball at Southbridge to-night, and as Chubb's away on business, pa gave me leave to go with the Harris girl. I'll be waiting at the corner next the old church at half-past seven, and you may bring a cutter there and drive me to Southbridge. I want to talk things over with you. "KITTY." "P.S.—I'll never marry Chubb." Buggins fell into profound thought, a very unusual circumstance with him, and for some time sat gazing absently into the fire. At length he rose, burned the note, and, putting on his overcoat, and slouching his cap guiltily over his eyes, departed from the roof of Smiler, and betook himself "down town." "You must be awfully clever, Charlie," said Miss Archer admiringly, "and I'm sure no one would think so to look at you." This candid speech was made as they flew, Buggins and she, along the quiet country road leading to Southbridge. They were seated in his racing cutter, and were drawn by "Two-Forty." "I had some trouble in getting the mare," said Buggins, glancing retrospectively at that animal, who was scolding along with a too-evident forgetfulness of the cutter and its occupants. "Jim wouldn't let me have her, so I had to give him a dollar and send him down town, and, as soon as he was gone, I got a boy who was hanging round to help me, and between us we got her harnessed, and here we are." "Two-Forty" was in high spirits, so lively, in fact, that at an early stage of their drive Buggins had seen the advisability of "giving her her head," and now, with the reins hanging in graceful festoons over the dash-board, they careered along, Buggins grasping the side of the cutter with one hand and Kitty with the other. Buggins was cheerful, exultant, with a proud consciousness of having outwitted the tyrant Archer. He had Kitty by his side, a marriage license in his pocket, and while Mr. Archer roared the evening paper, and thought of the absent Chubb, they were speeding towards the residence of his friend, the Rev. Thomas Jolly, at Southbridge, as fast as "Two-Forty" could take them. They didn't talk much, the pace was too rapid for that, but Charlie looked at Kitty in silent delight, and Kitty looked at Charlie, and drew comparisons between him and Chubb not to Chubb's advantage. About a mile further on, the couple were

church over which the Rev. Thomas ruled as pastor glittered in the moonlight, and Kitty said triumphantly: "Pa and Chubb will storm fearfully, but I'm not a bit frightened, for they can't unmarry us, can they, Charlie, though I'm not of age?" "Of course not!" said Charlie, "but—" Further remark was impossible. Found a curve in the road dashed a cutter drawn by a white horse, and driven by a fur-coated gentleman. "Two-Forty's" nerves were delicate, and the sudden appearance of this equipage rather disturbed her. She likewise was fond of a race. She took in the situation at a glance. There was a rival trotter to boot, a clear road to do it in, and a gentleman incapable of offering a successful resistance to her plans holding the reins. She paused, she snorted, she turned, and, with ears laid back, retraced her steps hastily. No low-bred white horse should pass "Two-Forty." Buggins tightened the reins, Miss Archer screamed, "Two-Forty" started at a maddening pace back to Cacklesford. Buggins shouted, Miss Archer wept, faster and faster went "Two-Forty," pursued by the white horse. On they went for about a mile. Every moment brought them nearer danger and Cacklesford, every moment brought them farther from the Rev. Thomas Jolly and happiness! Again "Two-Forty" saw something ahead, again she paused, only to start off with a bound, as she heard the bells jingling behind her. Buggins leant forward, trying to catch a glimpse of the approaching sleigh. It was a large double one, coming furiously on, and at the same moment he saw with horror that the road just ahead narrowed considerably, and that an immense drift on one side and a fence on the other made it almost an impossibility that they could pass. If he could only turn the mare, they might pass the pursuing cutter! He shouted frantically at "Two-Forty," and tugged at the reins. "Two-Forty" replied with her heels, injuring the dash-board beyond repair in so doing. The fur-coated gentleman, now about ten yards behind, shouted, "Hill take care there!" in a voice familiar to Buggins. It was too late. There was a crash, a snort from "Two-Forty," a shout from the occupant of the sleigh, a piercing scream from Kitty, and Buggins rose bodily in the air. He came down, however, with even more haste, and, unobtrusively entering the drift, was enabled to observe from its cool recesses the effect of the unexpected meeting upon the rest. On the road lay a confused mass of struggling horses, broken sleighs and gentlemen, and by the fence lay a smaller mass, very quiet, supposed by Buggins to be Kitty. The white horse was standing quietly by, while its master in a frenzied manner was rushing to and fro; and far away, on the road to Cacklesford, "Two-Forty" was careering along, apparently in the best health and spirits. "Is that Chubb?" shouted a voice from under the cutter. "Come and help me out, can't you?" "Why it's Archer!" cried he of the fur-coat, and dashed madly into the struggling heap, returning triumphantly, after a sharp tussle with the cutter, with Mr. Archer, very angry, very much shaken, and quite breathless. "Are you hurt, sir?" inquired the false-hearted Chubb anxiously, helping the horses to their feet, and very much excited. "No!" said Mr. Archer. "Is that the fool who ran into us by the fence there?" Chubb strolled leisurely towards the fence, and stooped to examine the heap. "It's a woman!" he exclaimed, and then, as he raised the heap in his arms, "Good heavens! it's Kitty!" "Kitty!" cried Mr. Archer. "Why she ran off with Buggins to be married, and I'm after them to stop it. It can't be Kitty!" But it was! She had faltered, and after ten minutes spent in rubbing her hands in snow, she opened her eyes, to find herself in her father's sleigh, that gentleman descending softly though profanely over Buggins, and Chubb turning the horses toward Cacklesford. Buggins trembled. Kitty was lost to him forever, and he would be left to extricate himself from the drift. Should he speak? Should he take help from the hand of Chubb? "Oh, pa!" exclaimed Kitty, as Mr. Archer tucked the robes carefully round her shivering little shoulders, "where's Charlie?" "I'm here!" cried Buggins feebly from the drift. "Oh, you are, are you?" cried Archer delightedly; "well, stay there, you sneaking young villain!" "I can't get out!" shouted Buggins, as Chubb, with a cheerful smile, cracked his whip encouragingly to the white horse, which immediately started. "Don't leave him there, pa!" cried Kitty tearfully. "Don't be a fool, Kitty!" responded the old gentleman, and then to Buggins, as the horses broke into a swift trot: "Next time you want to run off with a girl, don't confide in her father's stable-boy, even if he does help to harness your horse! Good-night!" And Buggins was left alone with his despair, the sleigh-bells jingling merrily in the distance, and the moon shining derisively down upon him. He never saw Kitty Archer again, but Mr. and Mrs. Chubb return from Europe next week, and life holds nothing for Buggins... And "Two-Forty" is a very nice little—cheep!