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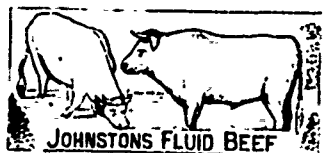
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in nearly all of the school books. Mr Sangster, however, has written some  
 very sweet verse; indeed, I might say that some of it is very musical. His  
 chief fault is his fluency.

I have in this brief paper addressed myself only to the chief ones among  
 those who have published their verse in book form. Canada has many  
 other singers of excellent promise; indeed I have one in mind whose work  
 is full of noble promise.

I am proud, as a Canadian, of the reception which has been given in  
 the United States to Mr. Roberts' latest book, "In Divers Tones." One of  
 the leading literary papers in New York has declared that it stands among  
 the best books of verse printed for the last twenty years in the English lan-  
 guage, and declares that it is an honor to our New World literature. The  
 other leading literary papers have likewise received it in terms of the highest  
 commendation.

## SKETCHES OF LIFE IN VENEZUELA.

BY HOWARD CLARK.

Cocorote is a charming hamlet situated at the foot of the mountains, a  
 league from San Felipe, one of the principal inland cities of Venezuela.  
 Below, and in front of it, stretch the Llanos, the great inland plains of  
 South America, affording pasturage to immense herds of cattle and horses,  
 while in its immediate vicinity and stretching up the mountains in its rear  
 are plantations of cacao and coffee, sugar cane and maize. Numerous clear  
 mountain streams supply unlimited means of irrigation, and the rich soil  
 yields in profusion not only tropical fruits and vegetables, but grapes,  
 apples, peaches and pears, that in their lusciousness and flavor rival the  
 products of the temperate zones. It is a land literally "flowing with milk  
 and honey," and when it is added that, owing to its elevation above the  
 sea, and to its being cut off by the mountains from the miasmatic-laden  
 winds of the lowlands near the coast, it enjoys an equable, healthy climate,  
 it might be imagined a veritable Garden of Eden. Still very few natives  
 of northern climes could have remained long contented in Cocorote.

The absence of congenial society, (that society which we all rail at and  
 abuse when we have it at command, and yet so long for when beyond our  
 reach), the difference in the manners and the customs of the people, the  
 peaceful monotony of existence, would soon pall on a vigorous nature, and  
 he would long for the strife and turmoil, even the bitter heart-burnings and  
 rebuffs, poverty and toil of what we are pleased to call more civilized life.

Cocorote had been founded by Don Pedro Lush, or, in plain English,  
 Peter Lush. Lush had come out from England as a young man in 1830 to  
 do the baking for the great Cobra Copper Company. The Cobra Company  
 soon came to an untimely end, but Lush remained in Venezuela, and, start-  
 ing a bakery in Puerto Cabello, in time amassed a large fortune. Since  
 Venezuela has become a so-called republic the Spanish title of Don has  
 become public property, and is generally applied to all wealthy citizens.  
 In this way, as plain Peter Lush accumulated money, he, by common con-  
 sent, became known as Don Pedro. Asthma had driven Don Pedro to seek  
 the rarefied air of the interior, and he had purchased a large tract of land  
 near San Felipe. Being possessed of a certain amount of dry humor he  
 named his estate Cocorote, which being Anglicized means old rubbish.  
 By his energy he soon brought the neglected coffee and cacao plantations  
 into a state of high cultivation, and, as he gave employment to numbers of  
 laborers, and opened a general store, quite a village had sprung up around  
 his establishment. In ten years he had doubled his fortune, had married a  
 beautiful Señorita (they are always beautiful—in fiction) and had been  
 blessed (it) with three children. Don Pedro at this time was a happy and  
 prosperous man, but one day he made a fatal mistake—he became a citizen  
 of Venezuela. For a time he found that it was a glorious thing to be a free  
 and independent citizen of the great republic of Venezuela. His aristoc-  
 ratic Spanish neighbors, who had previously looked down upon him as a  
 plebeian foreigner, began to take a deep interest in his welfare. They  
 flocked down upon him with their servants and horses, and did full justice  
 to his generous hospitality. They even expressed a willingness to borrow  
 his money and buy his goods on credit, but Don Pedro could not think of  
 trespassing on their politeness to this extent, and so his money remained  
 locked up and his goods in stock. Suddenly one of the revolutions for  
 which the country is famed broke out, and a band of gallant cavaliers hon-  
 ored Don Pedro with a visit. They were magnificently mounted; their  
 Mexican saddles and bridles were studded with gold and jewels; large sil-  
 ver spurs with cruel-looking rowels were strapped to their heels, and they  
 were dressed in uniforms enriched with a profusion of gold lace. Their  
 arrival should have made Don Pedro feel happy, but somehow it did not.  
 Don Raphael, the leader of the party, in whose veins ran the bluest of the  
 blue blood of Spain, quickly dismounted and embraced Don Pedro in true  
 Venezuelan fashion, calling him friend, brother and citizen. He then  
 explained that a grave crisis had arisen, in which it behooved all good citi-  
 zens to lend their aid in putting down anarchy and rebellion. Don Pedro  
 was too old to take the field, but it would delight his heart to know that he  
 could help the good cause along by furnishing the real sinews of war—i. e.  
 money. A loan of twenty-five thousand dollars was all that was needed,  
 and he knew that Don Pedro would feel honored in furnishing the amount.  
 An acknowledgment would be given, and the government would some day  
 repay the loan with heavy interest. Don Pedro mildly intimated that his  
 feelings of patriotism did not lead him so far as to wish to part with his  
 cash, but a whispered order from Don Raphael was suddenly followed by