

UNDOWERED.

Thou hast not gold! Why, this is gold
All clustering round thy forehead white;
And were it weighed, and were it told,
I could not say its worth to-night.

Thou hast not wit! Why, what is this
Wherewith thou capturest many a wight
Who doth forget a tongue is his—
As I well-nigh forgot to-night!

Nor station! Well, ah, well! I own
Thou hast no place assured thee quite,
So now I raise thee to a throne;
Begin thy reign, my Queen, to-night.

A TRIP IN A PROPELLER

BY CLARE.

Few pleasanter ways of spending ten or twelve of summer's hottest days can be imagined, than to place oneself upon one of the propellers which leave Montreal weekly for the various western cities which have sprung up on the margin of the great lakes. All responsibility and worry are cast aside, the scenery varies continually and ennui is an impossibility, when one is constantly on the *qui vive* for some new place of interest.

Last summer, a party of friends left Montreal for Chicago, on the *Prussia*, one of the Merchants' line of propellers. Time was no object to any of the tourists. All that they wanted was to have a pleasant trip and to enjoy themselves. And, as the sequel proved, thoroughly did they attain their end. With plenty of Lakesides, a good field-glass for distant views, cool suits for the warmest days, and plenty of wraps for the freshening breezes and evening air, our travellers started from the wharf near the entrance of the Lachine Canal. Farewell to Montreal, this hot July day with the noisy catters, bally horses, rolling barrels, tarry odours and French-Canadian oburgations in the immediate vicinity; in the distance Mount Royal smiling and calm, and the massive new Cathedral's solemn pile showing out strangely distinct against the sky.

Westward hat on through the monotonous canal whose limpid depths, at some places cut out of solid limestone, we did not appreciate yet, not till we had seen the "dirty Welland" as the captain called the Upper Canadian water-link. Soon we entered upon the broad bosom of Lake St. Louis. The motion of our boat was remarkably gentle; one could write upon the saloon table without perceiving the slightest tremor. But not much writing did our tourists indulge in, except one or two conscientious ones who, having invested in bran new diaries and ornamental pencils, felt bound to record every incident *en chemin*, however trifling, and did so with fidelity, for at least the first twenty-four hours. We soon fell into the manners and customs rendered necessary by the regulations that prevail on board the *Prussia*. At first, horror was expressed by several when the early breakfast hour—half-past six—was announced. But early hours amid bracing air, and new scenes with pleasant fellow-passengers, proved to be far from so unpleasant a thing as we had feared they would turn out. The fare upon our boat was thoroughly good and wholesome, well cooked, and well served; and the kindness of every employee on board, from the gentlemanly captain to the men themselves, who were always eager to warn us of any approaching view, or help us in any way to see and enjoy all in our trip, is one of the pleasantest recollections of the journey.

The Thousand Islands, with a waning moon shining down upon their fantastic tree-clothed shapes, the silver water threading between them, here and there a light from camp or cottage glittering on their dusky bosoms, was a scene which charmed us beyond measure as we gazed spell-bound from the hurricane deck. "I wish we had happened to come upon them by daylight," some one remarked. But they could not have looked more beautiful by day. Next morning we stopped for some time at Kingston, with its frowning forts guarding the entrance to Lake Ontario; upon whose glassy, greenish expanse we presently sailed. St. Catharines was our next stopping place, and for a whole day we deserted our ship, and left her to thread her way along the Welland Canal while we visited Niagara, which is easily reached, as carriages are always in readiness to convey propeller passengers at very reasonable rates to the Falls and back to wherever their boat has wended its way during their absence. We had a glorious day and several hours' stay at the side of that wondrous sight that man has stood and marvelled at, since the first day that one of our dusky predecessors gazed awe-struck and silent at the "Thunder of Waters."

The drive lies through pleasant country scenery and rich farming land and was a change and enjoyable. We returned dusty and heated however, glad of our tea, and to spend the cool, pleasant evening in our favourite resort, the hurricane deck. We pushed on very fast, it was Saturday and the captain did not wish to spend Sunday in the Welland—as we should have been forced to do had we not reached Lake Erie before midnight. On we went through the narrow winding Welland, now through undulating fields of yellowing corn, now through green pastures with scornful cattle, too well-used to passing boats to vouchsafe the *Prussia* more than a cursory glance, or contemptuous whisk of the tail, while she never so loudly at an approaching village. As night rises calm and cool the late-rising moon not yet having taken its

place on high, it is a pretty sight to enter one of these quiet little stopping places. The coloured lights, red or blue, which mark them have a very picturesque effect in the distance; the shouts and noises which greet our advent making the steamer seem a demon of unrest, changing all quietness and calm into turbulence at its approach. Narrowly we missed passing our Sunday in the Welland only making good our entrance into Lake Erie at a quarter to twelve.

Our Sunday was a most orthodoxly spent one. A fiercely burning sun shone pitilessly down on the slightly-rippled world of waters; only on the hurricane deck could the gentle breeze that prevailed, be felt, and the captain caused a sail to be arranged in whose friendly shadow we sat and read till Cleveland coming into view eclipsed all books for the time being. "A little gem of a city," one of the passengers enthusiastically termed it, and it well deserves the epithet, every street seeming prettier than its neighbour. Euclid Avenue, named so, no doubt, by some mathematical genius, deserves a prettier and more romantic appellation, with its double row of trees on either side and well-kept houses; and the business part of the city has equally handsome and neatly kept streets.

The next place we stopped at was a "wooding-place"—a wild, backwood-looking hamlet with piles of fragrant-smelling, clean-looking wood heaped up at the wharf. One of the men informed us that the engine requires a cord of wood an hour, fancy how quickly the forests of Canada must be becoming transformed into carbon. Every long line of black smoke must represent some giant of the forest gone forever after years of patient growing, ripening and perfection to find its doom at the hands of the stoker, fulfilling its end by speeding us a few miles on our way. We wandered around the woods and found any amount of flowers, a few belated strawberries, and raspberries in abundance; and were recalled by the warning whistle of the *Prussia*, hoping that another such wooding-place would turn up ere we reached Chicago.

Next day we came to Detroit and Windsor and "did" each of them in the four hours we had at our disposal. Detroit is a handsome city, busy, noisy, and cheerful, with Dutch names frequent on its signs, and armies of boot-blacks; opposite, Windsor seems a slow, shabby, stagnant place in comparison. Between ply ferry boats leaving every three minutes; while we were watching the many busy craft shooting here and there, we saw those boats that carry the trains, crossing with their ponderous and important burdens. We went northward after this, and experienced a difference of temperature very distinctly after being on Lake Huron a few hours.

Next day a fresh breeze made shawls become the height of fashion, while fans were abandoned and more than one hat was sent to join the many hundreds that are yearly sacrificed to the winds of the lakes. Lakes Huron and Michigan are a deeper and more intense blue than are Ontario and Erie. One is struck, when out of sight of land, by the solitude and quietness that prevail on these fresh water oceans. It is difficult indeed to believe, gazing around at the apparently illimitable expanse of restlessly heaving waves, that one is not "far on the deep blue sea." For all that meets the eye in our surroundings one might be on the broad Atlantic traveling toward the ancient respectable cities of Orient instead of speeding on to not yet fifty years old Chicago.

Milwaukee was our next stopping place. We were told several times over by every one who mentioned Milwaukee that "it was famed for the excellence of its lager beer," and in spite of the fact that this is not recorded in any geography extant, we have no doubt that Milwaukee deserves the proud pre-eminence in this respect, though inexperience in such matters prevented our tasting anything unusual in the beverage which the "gallant captain" kindly sent to the ladies as a specimen of Milwaukee's *chef d'œuvre*. We pressed onward to Chicago after leaving Milwaukee, and it was nightfall when we reached our destination. Up through the Chicago river we rapidly dexterously, threading our way among schooners, barges, and steamers, looking wonderingly up the immensely long vistas of brilliantly-lighted streets, on either side, the hum of the great city, throbbing as it is with life, sounding strange to our ears, accustomed to the deep silence that broods on the surface of the lakes. Thus we arrived at last, safe at our journey's end, sorry to leave our fellow-passengers, the kind, attentive captain and the good ship upon which we have spent so many pleasant hours.

DAIRYING IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

Over the United States, especially over the Western ones, Canada has the immense agricultural advantage of a summer rainfall, which prevents the land from being parched and scorched with excessive heat and drought. Wheat will ripen at latitude 58 degrees, and barley at 65 degrees, which is from three to four hundred miles north of the Orkneys and Shetlands; but this occurs only in the northwest of Canada, for in the northeast, in the direction of Hudson's Bay, the Arctic currents that sweep down the coast of Labrador lower the temperature, and push further south the limits of grains and grasses. But wherever wheat and barley will ripen, in a climate whose summer rainfall

can be depended on, there is a good prospect for grasses and roots and green crops generally; and though the winters are severe, making the wintering of live stock an arduous duty, they begin and leave off again with a regularity which enables the farmer to make nicer calculations than he can think of doing in the British islands; and as the frosts are keen, and last as a rule for a considerable period, the ground is mellowed and pulverized to a degree which greatly lessens the work of preparing it for the seed, while the gradual melting of the snow in spring gives to the soil a supply of moisture which is of great service to the newly germinated seeds.

Over a considerable portion of the United States west of St. Louis—west, that is, of the 98th meridian—the summer rainfall is altogether insufficient for the needs of vegetation. During four or five months of the year, and they the most important agricultural months, grasses cannot flourish, and roots and green crops are out of the question, so that the vast district west of Illinois, reaching to the Pacific, is not adapted to dairying, and never can be, unless vast forests are planted to increase the rainfall, and irrigation works on a vast scale are carried out wherever water for the purpose may be had. All this tells against the expansion of American dairying to the almost unlimited extent which would otherwise have been possible; and Canada promises at no distant period of the world's history to become almost as great a stock-raising and dairying country as its neighbour, the United States—pursuits for which its soil, climate, and general characteristics appear to be eminently suitable. The soil and climate of Canada, in fact, throughout a vast area, are favourable to the growth of many useful pasture and forage grasses, and the country in general is well watered, while both the land and labour are cheaper, and taxation lighter than in the United States.—*Professor Sheldon.*

TRIAL BY JURY.

BY JOHN C. DODGE.

Trial by jury proves the existence of a free government; it is the exercise by the people of one branch of supreme power. When we say it founds or upholds it, we put the effect for the cause. But suppose its value for the conservation of liberty in the past were admitted, it does not follow that it is needed now for the like purpose. Officials are powerless beyond constitutional limits. Judges by the tenure of office are beyond the influence of executive power, and generally of the ballot-box. The end now to be sought is that the law, as the expressed will of the people, should be everywhere and always supreme and uniform in its administration.

And so we come to this vital question: Is justice according to fixed rules of law more likely to be attained by our present system, or by one in which both fact and law are settled by the court without the intervention of a jury?

In cases in which we may assume that jurors would have no bias, it is obvious that they are greatly liable to error from the want of proper qualification for the work they are to do. It was found in the beginning that the world's work could not be done without special preparation for special duties. Our neighbour may be a great man, but we do not call upon him to set a broken limb unless he has had the training of a surgeon. Much as we may esteem our physician, we do not ask his advice when a claim is set up to the estate we inherited and supposed our own. We never go to our shoemaker for a coat, nor to our tailor for boots. In our late war, we sometimes, when smarting under defeat, talked wildly about military genius and West Point machines; but in the end the value of military education was splendidly vindicated, while the civilians, who early in the war, by political influence or otherwise, obtained independent commands in the army, for the most part failed miserably, involving the country in vast loss and suffering. The average jurymen is unaccustomed to continuous thought. He has never learned by practice to weigh and compare evidence, nor to judge of the truthfulness of witnesses. In protracted trials it is impossible for him to carry the testimony in his memory, or to aid his memory effectively by notes. At the close of the testimony the court instructs him in the law applicable to the case, and then it becomes his duty to make up his verdict by applying as best he may legal principles often imperfectly understood to testimony imperfectly remembered. We should not set a man to cultivate a farm or make a shoe without practical acquaintance with his work. We should expect nothing from him but failure, if his preparation had been only a lecture or a course of lectures. And yet we set jurors to the performance of the most responsible and difficult of all duties, with such preparation and aid only as they can receive from the arguments of the lawyers and the charge of the court.

Again, the jurymen is impressed into the service. Often he brings with him the cares of the business from which he was taken; and if anxiety about the harvesting, the notes must be paid before the banks close, or the conduct of the boy who thinks "epsom salts means oxalic acid" distracts his attention, he will console himself by the reflection that his responsibility is shared by eleven others.

On the other hand, the judge brings to the work a mind disciplined by years of study, followed by years of study and practice. His knowledge of law enables him to see what facts

are to be proved, and on which of the parties rests the burden of proving them, and so, as each witness delivers his testimony, to appreciate its probative value. Practice has taught him to read witnesses. For him not words only, but manner, the tone, the gesture, the countenance, have force and meaning. He is not likely to be misled. He has opportunity to take full notes, if need be, and afterwards to revise and compare the statements of witnesses. The duties of his office are his work. His attention is not distracted by outside cares.

So much for the relative capacity of judge and jury to administer justice.—*July Atlantic.*

GHOSTS OF THE PAST.

BY NED P. MAH.

As it is known only to the actors how many slips occur upon the stage unnoticed by the audience which continues to applaud *en bon enfant*; so it is patent only to a man himself, he believes, how much of his luck in life he has thrown away. "If I had to live over again," he cries, "how differently I would act." And yet, at the time, the course he pursued was the result, perhaps, of cool reflection and long consideration, and he did honestly for the best according to his lights. Again, at other times, there was little space for thought, and action was forced on him by what seemed the iron hand of fate, or two courses seemed to him so equally balanced in value that, like Bolshi throwing up his button with Sophie on one side and Siberia on the other, the merest chance decided him.

Yet it is not, we opine, in the cases where two roads opened before him of which he chose one that the stings of remorse and self-reproach embitter his after life most acutely; but where, through some sense of unworthiness or cowardice, or want of self-reliance he has failed to act at all. What is done cannot be undone, and though some men's lives are consumed in vainly endeavouring to repair one fatal error, yet most of us try to make the best of the couch we have made even if it be a hard one. But what might have been done and was not; there is a vista in which a fertile imagination may paint a lost paradise, the contemplation of which may fill the soul with the anguish of the damned.

And when, in hours of twilight meditation we sit in judgment on ourselves, or when, in those sudden moments of solitude occurring in the lulls of a busy life, the ghosts of the past rise unbidden and cry *Raca*: we are constrained to own that the sum of our experiences is crass ignorance and the end of all our wisdom is but the acknowledgment of our folly; the only flattering uncton we can lay to our souls is that while we fully realize the unsatisfactory result of our actions as we review them, yet we cannot tell if we had decided on a contrary course it might not have turned out less happily still; and, while humbly acknowledging that he might have done better, the philosopher will thank his stars that things are no worse. And when the ghosts of the past arise, the healthy intellect will utilize them merely as warnings for the future, and not allow the empty phantoms to surround a bright existence with a superstitious gloom.

HUMOROUS.

June steps on, all clad in roses;
'Tis morn'. And every bud uncloses:
Just you feel how cold my nose is.

Daisies, violets, spring to meet her,
Lilies, nodding welcomes, greet her:
Only see how cold my feet are.

O'er the meads the pearly dew
Sparkles in the sunlight new;
Where is that other overshoe?

The am'rous sun, with ardor bold,
Advances fast, to seize and hold—
Aitschee! I've got an awful cold.

The dew, that still before him dies,
And seeth! from off the plain arises—
This is a dreadful pack of lies.

The lark, while from the neighbouring bill
There calls the plaintive whip-poor-will
Where did you put my umbrella!

'Tis noon: hushed is the heavenly choir:
Dan Phoebe drives his team no higher,
Has Bridget fixed that furnace fire!

'Tis eve: the sun had sought the west,
And sunk in golden waves to rest.
I want my dannel undervest.

'Tis night: beneath the starry light
I'll wander, while the moon her bright—
You shan't stir out this house this night.

In our infancy we cut our teeth: in our old age our teeth cut us.

'Tis hard to part from those we love,—and sometime it is even more difficult to get away from those we don't love.

A NATIVE of the Green Isle was pressed by the collector of a water company for payment of the water rate; to which modest request he returned the following answer: "Sure I pay tin shillings a year for wather, and many's the day it's off for a whole wake."

DEATH.—As death is the total change of life, every change is the death of some part. Sickness is the death of health; sleeping, of waking; sorrow, of joy; impatience, of quiet; youth, of infancy; age, of youth. All things which follow time, and even time at last, must die.

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