

As to you, young gentleman," he continued, addressing himself to Harry, "we owe you a great debt; you must not let us forget it."

"May it please Your Excellency," replied Harry, "I have but done my duty, and seek no reward save that of serving my country, but if I can engage Your Excellency's clemency on behalf of my misguided brother who has been duped into joining the insurgents, you will confer a benefit on my unhappy mother and myself that I can never repay."

The Governor's brow darkened and his look grew stern.

"I promise nothing on such a behalf but my sympathy. It would be better for your brother to fly than to trust to clemency under such circumstances. I shall be glad to have your company, gentlemen, to the City Hall."

The party, greatly increased by aides-de-camp and others, now hastened to the City Hall, where the Governor proceeded at once to issue arms, give the alarm to the citizens, and take all those measures necessary to the occasion.

Whatever faults the Governor may have had, a want of prompt courage was not among them; he has even been accused of fool-hardiness on this occasion, having, as has been averred, sent away nearly all the regular troops in garrison. This was not, however, so. Sir John Colborne, commander-in-chief of the forces, had sent for the men, for it must not be forgotten that the lower province, too, was in a state of uproar and rebellion at this time, and Sir Francis Head judged that the loyal Canadian militia was a sufficient stand-by on any emergency that might arise in Upper Canada.

The events of the next few days are matters of history—the murder of Captain Moodie—the escape of the gallant Powell—the arrival of Col. McNab and the Men of Gore, and the general rising of the militia throughout the province in support of the Government.

On the seventh of December an attack on Montgomery's tavern was decided upon. The insurgents still lay there gathering forces from those distant parts of the back country where they had been able to promulgate their ideas most successfully.

Harry Hewit held a commission in the attacking party, and helped in the dislodgement and rout that followed. Among the last to leave the tavern was his brother. He saw him take the road leading north, mounted upon his good grey mare, Jessie. Hastening to the Governor, Harry begged to be allowed to follow, which Sir Francis granted, not omitting to thank Harry again for his services, but limiting his leave of absence, and ordering him to report at Government House at its expiration.

(To be continued.)

NAMES OF PLANTS.

The number of countries which have contributed their quota to the nomenclature of English plants is legion. Beginning with France we have the *dent de lion*—lion's tooth—whence we derive our dandelion. The flower-de-luce, again, which Mr. Dyer thinks was a name applied to the iris, comes to us through the French *fleur de Louis*—tradition asserting that this plant was worn as a device by King Louis VII. of France. Buckwheat is derived from the Dutch word *boekweit*, and adder's tongue from a word in the same language, *adderstong*. In like manner the name tulip is traceable to the word *thoulyban* in the Persian language—signifying a turban. So, too, our English word lilac is nothing more than an Anglicized form of another word in the Persian tongue, viz., *lilag*. A large number of plants owe their names to those by whom they were first discovered and introduced into other climes. The fuchsia stands indebted for its name to Leonard Fuchs, an eminent German botanist, and dahlia was so named in honour of a Swedish botanist named Dahl. A long list of plant names might be formed which bear what may be termed animal and bird prefixes—as, for example, horse beans, horse chesnuts, dog violets, and dog roses; cats' faces, a name applied to the plant known to botanical students as the *Viola tricolor*; cats' eyes, *veronica chamaedrys*; cats' tails, and catkins. The goose-grass is known to the country people in Northamptonshire as pig tail, and in Yorkshire a name given to the fruit of the *Crataegus oxyacantha* is bull-horns. Many plant names have been suggested by the feathered race, particularly goose tongue, cuckoo buds (mentioned by Shakespeare), cuckoo flowers, stock's bill, and crane's bill. One of the popular names of the arum is "parson in the pulpit," and a Devonshire term for the sweet *scabiosa* is "mournful widow." The campion is not unfrequently called "plum pudding," and in the neighbourhood of Torquay it is not unusual to hear fir cones spoken of as "oysters."—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.



CHERRYFIELD, NOV. 22, 1889.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Your merry-making Pastor has been feeling his way through a labyrinth of tears; but he stands at the cave's mouth in the sunshine. It is bright on the farther side. The experiences of two weeks and more past, which never did he dream of, have impressed your friend with the truth of the Laureate's affirmation,—

"We know not anything."

A most marvellous November breathes and blooms around us like another May. I look across the gleaming Narraguagus, and see the

"Good, gigantic smile o' the brown old earth
This Autumn evening! How he sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth."

The russet is greening tenderly along the banks and in the hollows, and the river is unspeakable in its peace and radiance. Just between me and the gray-mossed bole of that Acacia the midges are wearing a web of joyous tranquillity. How quick out of the warm moist bosom of earth her transient children spring! I contrast November as it is to-day with November as Hood saw it in the fog of London, or as he saw it, who sang,—

"November's chill blows loud wi' angry sough
The shortening winter day is near a close."

I suppose it is rather late in the day to be reading "Looking Backward," now that the "fad" is getting exhausted; but I have only just now completed it. It is a book of curious interest, and cleverly, though somewhat monotonously, written, and not with genius (I still contend for that word), as one can perceive, for instance, who reads a book by Stevenson, as I am doing, by way of contrast. But Bellamy's argument is in the main so reasonable, that one (who has no real estate, and never desired a "corner") can but wish it may not be hereafter catalogued with the Utopias, Arcadias, and

"Lost Atlantis of our youth."

Your correspondent has read a good deal of the poetry of sleep, but never felt the force and beauty thereof, until denied so much of it, of late. Long time ago one said:

"As I lay in my bed slepe full unmete
Was unto me,"

and I think I understand him now. And when I have witnessed the distressing effect of insomnia, when eyes beloved were straining into the darkness to get a glimpse of the soft, dream-sweet angel coming, when I have seen one precious in my sight early accepting what imperfect slumber morphia and choral furnish, and then afterwards the blessed, peaceful closing of unsullied lids to that luxury of sleep which is nature's anodyne and refreshment—her salve of healing, I gave my Amen! after the invocation,—

"Come blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health."

My dear Squire tells me that Hernewood has been afire. O my! that those forest nooks that richen our imagination since he sent us his picture of the fairy scene, should be in any part denuded, or blackened by the flames that so nearly devoured his home!

I find now and then a bit of adverse criticism on England's poetical lion—Browning. Some excellent judges can ill abide the amorphisms and obscurities of his more pretentious poems. Well, every one to his liking. If one may not affect "Sordello" and "The Ring and The Book," (and the liking for these works may doubtless be with the many an affection), yet he may none the less delight in such perennial poetic glories as "Evelyn Hope" and "Hervé Riel"; for it seems to me that, all reductions made and exceptions taken, there is still a clear residuum, more precious than can be found anywhere outside of Tennyson, and of more healthy vigour than can elsewhere be found in the

whole body of modern verse. What can be finer than his lines on the thrush, beginning—

"O to be in England,
Now that Spring-time's there!"

Or his reference to that illustrious wife, his heart's idol:

"O lyric love! half angel and half bird
And all a wonder, and a wild desire!"

Or would you read a truly noble poem, turn to his "Prospice," and exult in its soaring close:

"Then a joy,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou love of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

I am not sure but Gilbert Haven was nearly right when he said: "Whoever wishes to study poetry should read Browning."

The sonnet inclosed is the greeting of a friend,—a pleasant strain to which one could well listen after the passing of the tempest. What beside you find it would be immodest in me to commend.

PASTOR FELIX.

To ———.

I am with thee, though in this distant mart:
I joy with thee, that she thou hold'st so dear
Now lies so easy that the heavy fear
No longer with its burden bows thy heart.
I thank our God, whose servitor thou art,
That thou no longer through the bitter tear
In dark foreboding seest thy home appear
As in the shadow which no light can part.
Oh, my dear friend! thy vigils have been long,
And thou hast need of quiet and repose;
Now may'st thou sleep, and thus thy strength regain!
Rest thee awhile! and then in thy sweet song,
Which, as a brook in leafy summer, flows,
Make unto her thy bosom still more plain!

Lowell, Mass.

RALPH H. SHAW.

FINALE.

Thou comest, Death!

One saith, "Be not afraid!"

What! though glared eye and wildly-panting breath
Lie where thy wing is spread?

Yes! souls are breaking free,

Soon, soon to soar full high,

Where Hope fails not, nor Faith, and Charity

Can never die.

Pass we alone?

And art thou grimest foe

Of all things mortal, this sad earth upon?

"Nay; thou shalt go

Led by familiar hand;

And He, thou callest Lord,

Is my Lord also; Death may not withstand

Th' Eternal Word."

Thine aid be mine,—

For I shall triumph, now:

Show thy bright face, O messenger divine!

Unveil thy lofty brow!

Look! shadow-angel! lo!

A breaking light I see!—

One icy kiss of thine, then grant it so

I shall be free.

"The sweets I yield,

Of riper joys are given,"

Saith the fair shade: "The scents of many a field,

My garments hold; in Heaven:

Thou wilt I, wanderer, bring

To that divine abode

Where thou shalt look on Him who is thy King.

And see thy God."

What songs are these!—

Do chanting Seraphim,

With shapes that dazzle me, my senses seize?

Lo! now the world is dim!

Angel! I faint! Thy hand!

"'Tis here!" a soft voice saith . . .

Oh, light! Oh, bliss! O unveiled mystery!

. . . Lead on! . . . friend . . . Death!

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

One who is never busy can never enjoy rest; for it implies a relief from precious labour; and, if our whole time were spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work.

A man is his own best kingdom. But self-control, this truest and greatest monarchy, rarely comes by inheritance. Every one of us must conquer himself; and we may do so if we take conscience for our guide and general.—*Sir John Lubbock*.

OLD AGE. Old age has its privileges. It is a blessed thing to grow old and be respected and honoured and humoured. The very old and the very young are the light and the hope of the world. The dignity and wisdom of age and the innocence of childhood are the best features of life.