

haps, the peculiar sensation of steaming that the rain and exercise combined produce. It is disagreeable, is it not?

That ride gave me a very good taste of the water-cure, and it was not a *bonne bouche*.

I jogged on, thankful to reach, as I thought, the L— road, and then putting the nag to a sharp canter, rode away for a mile or two.

In spite of sharp cantering, however, the road still refused to assume a familiar appearance, although from the distance I had come, I felt sure L— ought not to be far off.

I began to have misgivings concerning that short cut.

The road was undulating; just before me it rose considerably, so I determined to ride up to the highest part, and there try and make out the country.

This I did, but no signs of L— appeared. As I looked carefully around I caught sight of a small cottage, the only habitation visible, standing almost buried among the trees at the corner of a lane which led away from the road on my right.

"I may perhaps get some information as to where I am, at any rate," I thought; and with these hopes I pushed on down the road and soon reached the cottage.

A little green paling, enclosing a small garden, separated the dwelling from the path, and a large willow, standing in front, drooped its branches so thickly as to almost hide it from view.

As I came slowly along, before I could see or be seen by any one in the cottage, the sound of voices coming from an evidently open window attracted my attention.

I could not, at first, catch the words spoken, but a laugh, low, long, and merry, followed by a loud "No, no, Geoffrey—Geof!" startled me. I could have sworn that it was the laugh and voice of Margaret Owenson. I advanced, and bending down, tried to peep through the screen of willow branches into the house. All that I could see was a portion of a creamy-skinned arm leaning against the window-sill; but on that arm was a band of gold that I knew well, and as it was suddenly moved and a hand came in sight, clasping some baby-looking fingers, on that fair hand were rings, rings I knew well also.

(To be continued.)

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

A fresh soft wind, the meadows blowing over,
Brings tidings from the distant village bells;
And where the road leads through the purple clover,
The people follow as the summer swells.
The rural people, from quaint homesteads lonely,
And from the hamlets by the river side,
Simple of heart and life, and eager only
For comfort which the shallow codes deride.
The bright-haired children and the old man hoary,
The matron marked by care and household toil,
And ardent youth, just learning Life's sweet story,
With sunny eyes that fear not Time's despoil.
And of the harvest hither comes the sower,
Who watches, as he walks, the summer skies,
Foretells the wind, and prophesies the shower,
And dreads the hungry crow that past him flies.
Not theirs the cavil, or week speculation,
Which is not thought, although it tramples faith
Beneath the godless dust of drear Formation,
And claims for nature what she nowhere saith.
Wiser these hearts which, in a world of sorrow,
Their joys and blessings humbly count and scan,
Trusting their hopes in that unknown to-morrow,
Where each a part shall fill in one vast plan.
The story of the Cross is still unshaken,
Because its fullness satisfies their need;
Rather would they with Jesus be mistaken,
Were Fate so dark, than own the scoffer's creed.
Around their quiet homes the orchards flower,
The scented thorn o'erhangs the swinging gate,
And, all unconscious of his joyful dower,
Sweet-throated robin cheers his happy mate.
And in the twilight peace the neighbours cluster
Around some open hospitable door;
A weekly respite is the evening muster,
A fellowship that soothes care's daily store.
Down from the green hill pastures in the gloaming,
The small streams hasten musical and fleet,
(Unheard through busy day their voices roaming),
And over all the Sabbath rest falls sweet.
Montreal.

A. C. JENNINGS

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

It was not generally known, on this side of the water, that the poet Southey had a son living so far into the nineteenth century, and yet, it is only about a month ago that the Rev. Cuthbert Southey died at Askam, near Penrith. He was author of a life of his father, which, with letters, runs to six volumes.

The inexhaustibly kind Professor Roberts sends me two more poems, by Miss Sophie Almon, saying: "I hope they will meet with your approval. She is a girl of great promise, having a strong intellectual foundation on which to build. Moreover, she is very young and hath the saving grace of sound common sense. Given poetry, these added on should succeed, *n'est-ce pas?*"

How little the London capitalists and speculators knew what they were about when they offered the Grand Prior of the Carthusians the sum of £3,000,000 for a monopoly of the manufacture and sale of the Chartreuse *liqueur*. It needed not the intervention of Pope Leo, who did step in, nevertheless, on hearing of it, to induce the monastery keeping to themselves the secret and mystery of their divine elixir.

Julia Wedgwood, in an historic study, which she calls the "Moral Ideal," says that the Greek artistic ideal is utterly unmoral. Now, "unmoral" is one of your catchpenny words which mean nothing. Greek art, in all its phases, is not only not immoral or unmoral, but it is the highest ideal of mental and moral elevation. All the great philosophers, of ancient and modern times, admit that, and Goethe claims for it the source of all calm, serene and elevating inspiration.

The establishment of new historical societies is growing on apace. Besides the old institutions of Quebec, Halifax, Montreal and Winnipeg, there are the Lundy's Lane, Simcoe, Huntingdon and Chateaugay societies. The last of these, just heard from, is the Pioneer and Historical Society of the County of Wentworth, which was formed a couple of weeks ago, appointing a committee to draught a constitution and by-laws, with instructions to report on the first Thursday in February.

This is the first of the poems of Miss Almon:

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN,

RONDEAU.

It might have been so different a year
To what *has* been; the summer's guileless play
Not all a jest, comes back to me to-day
In added sweetness, and provokes a tear.
Strange pictures rise, pass on, and disappear,
Drawn from your tender words of yesterday,
When, looking in my eyes, in the old way,
You told me of your life, how passing dear;
It might have been:
Unless to dream, more useless to regret!
We might have lived and loved, nor lost the glow
Of Love's first sweet intensity;—to let
These foolish fancies die I strive,—and yet
I still must count it happiness to know
It might have been.

SOPHIE M. ALMON.

STONEWALL JACKSON AND HIS MEN.

In modern times no army ever made better use of its legs—not in retreat, but in continuous attack—than the "foot cavalry" of Stonewall Jackson in 1861 and 1862. The following description of the men by whose aid Stonewall Jackson drove three Federal armies, under Gens. Shields, Fremont and Banks—each of them stronger numerically and infinitely better armed and found than his own—out of the valley of Virginia, in 1861, was written from Stonewall Jackson's headquarters by an English eye-witness, who was accompanied by Lord, then Col. Wolseley: "As we advanced, the road was thickly crowded by the refluant sick and furloughed soldiers. Such gaunt, wan, bony, famished skeletons, many of them shoeless and hatless, almost all in rags, the flame of life burnt down to the socket, the eyes deep-sunken and lustreless, the hair matted and tangled like a wild beast's, it had never been my fortune to encounter before on earth. Suffering, hungry, thirsty and reduced as the poor fellows were, not one

fainthearted, timid, or complaining word issued from their lips." With men of this stamp Stonewall Jackson held the Valley of Virginia securely month after month, against armies collectively outnumbering his in the ratio of eight or ten to one, and with them he marched over hills and rivers, by night and by day, until no Federal General lay down to sleep without a misgiving that when tomorrow's dawn broke Stonewall Jackson might burst on his flank or centre and strike panic into the hearts of the invaders of Virginia. With them Stonewall Jackson descended with astonishing rapidity from the Blue Ridge and joined Gen. Lee before the Seven Days of battle around Richmond, in 1862, which ended in the total discomfiture of Gen. McClellan. How it will be asked, were Stonewall Jackson's "foot cavalry" equipped? Not in the same manner as the English infantry, on June 17, 1775, attacked the raw American levies posted on Bunker's Hill, near Boston, and carried their works, with tremendous loss to the assailants, who, according to Mr. Charles Ross, the biographer of Lord Cornwallis, "moved to the attack in heavy marching order, with three days' provisions in their knapsacks, and carried altogether a weight of 125 pounds." Bunker's Hill was fought on a fearfully hot day—the climax of the torrid summer of America—and the British regulars of those days wore the leather strap of neckcloth which, even in the temperate climate of England, no one would now regard otherwise than an instrument of torture. Very different was the equipment of Stonewall Jackson's men. A loose jacket, a soft and unbragous felt hat, a musket, seventy or eighty rounds of ball cartridge, a blanket rolled up and a tin water bottle—such was the preparation for battle, for skirmishing, for climbing hills and fording rivers with which the Virginians, North Carolinians, Georgians and Alabamians who constituted the "Stonewall Brigade" achieved wonders to which few parallels can be found in the history of war.

MILITIA NOTES.

French-speaking candidates for the Royal Military College will, in future examinations, be allowed to prepare the papers in French.

Lord Stanley has continued the customary Governor-General's grant of \$150 to the Dominion Artillery Association for the purpose of challenge cups.

Lieut. Scott Gray, son of Hon. Judge Gray, of British Columbia, who has for some time been attached to H. M. flagship "Triumph" on the Pacific Coast, has been gazetted Commander of H. M. S. "Forward," now on the North American station.

General Middleton has received Major Short's reply to the charges made against him by Col. Turnbull, and has arrived at a decision which, however, has not yet been communicated to the parties concerned. It is believed that a reprimand will be administered to both the officers for the disagreements which have taken place and toward which it is said both officers have contributed.

Another veteran on the loyal side in the troubles of 1837 has passed away at Sherbrooke. Mr. Andrew Young, aged 71 years, a native of Ayrshire, Scotland, died last week. He came to Canada in 1833 and served in the cavalry at St. Luc, near Montreal, during the rebellion of 1837-8. In 1845 he was married at Laprairie to Jane Fenton, who survives him. He came to Sherbrooke in 1870, where he entered the employment of the Grand Trunk.

Colonel Panet, Deputy Minister of Militia, has had advices from England stating that the authorities are extremely well satisfied with the military knowledge possessed by the graduates of the Royal Military College who received commissions last year. In consequence of this the graduates are absolved from entering upon certain initiatory studies which they would otherwise have been obliged to go through. Col. Panet's son is one of the graduates and holds a commission in the Royal Engineers.

Daniel Wilson died at Halifax Saturday before last, aged sixty. His father fought at Waterloo, and the son enlisted in the Royal Artillery, and afterward in the Eleventh Hussars. He was close beside Lord Lucan and Cardigan, heard the fatal order given and rode into the Valley of Death. His horse was disembowelled, but he seized another and continued the fight. The second was killed and Wilson himself wounded, but he managed to retreat with the other handful of heroes. He afterward served through the Indian Mutiny, and was present at Cawnpore and Lucknow, and took part in the thirteen other Indian engagements. After serving his time he came to Halifax and joined the Princess Louise Fusiliers militia, of which he was paymaster-sergeant at his death.