

friends of the Empire must rejoice at the promise of internal vital strength peeping out and asserting its renovating and preservative influence in society. The foolish and hackneyed simile of the youth and old age of nations as of individuals, has already run a long course of mischievous absurdity. It is founded on a fallacy that has its strength in men's imagination far more than in their reason. Is not the meaning generally attached to the terms of "an old nation" and "a young nation," really of the most shadowy and deceptive kind? What is a nation but a congeries of individuals, who are in every generation born young to a certainty? Let us not be misled by the mere sound of words. Such a thing as national decay has been too often witnessed to be denied as unreal. But in the decline and fall of a nation, the people, the masses that is, sink down in apathy and demoralization. We see the working men of England slowly but surely rising to social influence and political power. And by what means? By abandoning themselves to the frenzy of revolution and the madness of apes with torches in their hands over barrels of gunpowder? No, by none of these; but by dint of hard work and good conduct, and a determination to be men in deed as well as in name. Can power in the State be withheld from such men? Not long, we should judge. And is a nation of such men weak before foreigners? We trow not. Let the Volunteer Rifle movement, and the indubitable moral and social rise of the British Workman give the lie to such libellous sheets as the *New York Herald*, a journal which every other day or two repeats the wearisome fallacy that the nation is old and effete; while, to a certainty, the people themselves, the bone and sinew of the nation, are sound at heart, and giving proofs of vigorous internal health. Among the people, the signs now visible are certainly not those of a decline and fall, but rather those of rise and progress. More than upon any other one thing, do we build our hopes of the stability of the British Empire on the ascertained fact of the steadily improving moral qualities of the people. And right glad are we to avail ourselves of the strong and ably given testimony, on this particular point, of such an excellent authority as the *Conservative London Quarterly Review*.

THE ACACIA, a Volume of Poems, by HARRIET ANNIE: Hamilton; For sale at the Book Stores.

This is a very neat and well got up little volume; by an authoress already most favourably known to lovers of that rather scarce article so far, good Canadian poetry. All Harriet Annie's poetry reads pleasantly; and without those rough breaks and jolts, both in sound and in sense, which are so often the literary death of inferior compositions. And some poems of hers there are, which will bear reading over again and again; a very good test of poetic merit. The *Acacia* would make a very fitting Christmas or New Year's present for those who can appreciate good poetry; and the price, 50 cents, puts it almost within the reach of all.

#### THE TEMPERANCE MONUMENT, POINT LEVI.

The Temperance Monument, Point Levi, stands on an eminence near the Parish Church of St. Joseph; it commemorates a Temperance jubilee held by the inhabitants of that place. The Temperance movement among the French Canadians is unaccompanied by the ostentation that characterizes British teetotalism, there are no lodges, signs nor pass-words, no stately edifices wherein to speechify, its worshipful masters are the Parish Priests, its homes the simple hearts of the peasantry. One of the most striking objects in the Lower Canadian farm-house is a large black Temperance Cross hanging against the white-washed wall of the living room. The monument is constructed of wood, but is strongly built, and likely to last for many years to come—the column and part of the base is *sanded* to imitate sand stone. The cross and mouldings are gilt, and the entire structure is surrounded by a red railing and is connected with the road beneath by a flight of about one hundred steps.

The view from this place is very extensive and beautiful, embracing a space of about thirty miles of the most romantic of Canadian scenery, nor is it wanting in historical reminiscence. Gen. Wolfe erected a battery near this place much to the discomfort of the worthy inhabitants of "ye ancient and honorable city," but the chief source of notoriety with which it is connected, is the execution of a sentence of martial law during the administration of General Murray. One hundred years ago, (1763,) the bones of a murderess swung in irons from this very spot—her name was Josephine Corriveau,—her victims were two men, her husbands. How long the cage containing her remains terrified the poor farmers of Point Levi does not appear, but some years ago it was disinterred from the burial ground of the parish, it contained a thigh bone, and was purchased by Barnum and exhibited in Quebec. We believe that it may still be seen at his Museum in New York.

### Original Poetry.

#### A SIMPLE STORY.

BY ALICE PLACINE.

I am sitting in the moonlight  
At my little cottage door,  
And I gaze upon the waters bright,  
As the waves break on the shore,  
Then I hear familiar voices  
In the low dash of the sea,  
At their tones my soul rejoices  
For they bring the past to me.

I can think upon it calmly now,  
That past, so full of tears!  
And meet with an unruffled brow,  
The ghosts of by-gone years.  
Little think my gay young kindred  
While they laugh at old Aunt Jane,  
That her peaceful life had trials once  
So full of grief and pain.

We lived but for each other,  
I and my sister Clair,  
For the dying words of my mother  
Comfided her to my care.  
"Guard your younger sister, Jane,"  
Said her voice, so weak and mild,  
While with bitter sobs of pain  
She embraced her faithful child.

Our mother died, years fled away,  
My sister grew so fair,  
Heaven's sunbeams seemed to nestle  
In the curls of her golden hair!  
Our days sped calmly on their way,  
We had no trouble seen,  
Till I was twenty years of age,  
And Clair was just eighteen.

One day we had a letter  
From our mother's oldest friend,  
She asked us to come to the city  
A month or more to spend.  
My sister Clair refused to go,—  
I urged her to relent,  
But still she firmly answered, no;  
But, alas, for me! I went.

For a time I was strange and lonely.  
'Mid the merry party there;  
And of all the crowd, one only  
Seemed to read my care.  
He was the son of our hostess,  
And would kindly listen to me  
When I talked of my fair young sister,  
And our cottage by the sea.

We walked and rode together—  
He was always by my side—  
At last one day, one happy day,  
He asked me to be his bride!  
Need I say how much I loved him!  
Why, though years have passed away,  
The hot blood rushed to my pallid cheek  
When I heard his name to-day.

In the Autumn we were to marry,  
'T was just two months till then,  
Oh, how proud I was of Harry!  
I thought him the best of men.  
And when he would call me pretty  
I would cry with merry glee,  
"Wait till you see my sister!"  
Alas, alas, for me!

We went to our home together,  
To our cottage on the shore.  
It was calm, sweet summer weather,  
The sea had hushed its roar.  
With what joy I clasped dear Clair  
Close in my arms again,  
Presenting to him my sister  
With a pride that was free from pain.

From that hour he grew to love her!  
But though, alas! 't was plain,—  
Too late did I discover  
That truth so full of pain.  
I felt that my sister's manner  
Grew cold and strange to me;  
And I oft pondered upon it,  
Thinking what the cause might be.

'T was the close of a lovely day,  
The last we should spend at home;  
On the morn we were to marry,  
And then set out for home.  
My sister at the piano  
Was playing a sweet old air,  
Harry was standing by her,  
His arm upon her chair.

A heavy feeling of sadness  
Seemed to weigh upon my breast,—  
My soul was lost to gladness  
And was filled with wild unrest.  
I said, "Harry, I feel so restless,  
"I am going to walk by the sea;"  
"T is well," he replied, "I will join you soon,"  
Clair, play Von Werber's Waltz for me!

I slowly walked by the water,  
And gazed on the rippling tide.  
With thoughts of the happy morrow  
That would make me Harry's bride!  
At length I grew weary of waiting,  
And returned to my cottage again;  
But the sight that met my astonished eyes  
Seemed to burn into my brain!

On his knee before my sister,  
As he has often knelt to me,  
Was Harry, was my lover!  
Clair's face I could not see,  
One hand was on the piano  
Which sent forth a gentle tone—  
The other all unresistingly  
Was clasped in Harry's own!

In the distance the sparkling water  
And the harvest moon above,  
I, I was the only shadow  
In that picture of light and love!  
For I heard him say he had loved her  
Since that first, that fatal day,  
When the brightness of her beauty  
Drove all thoughts of me away.

And I stood by and listened  
As though I were turned to stone—  
With one hand upon my burning lips,  
To repress the bitter moan.  
Then I rushed back to the sandy shore,  
And knelt by the quiet sea,  
And prayed to my mother in heaven once more  
To look down in pity on me!

At length, when courage returned to my heart,  
I sought my dear sister Clair,  
When I took her hand I felt her start  
As I gazed on that face so fair.  
"Answer me, Clair, do you love this man?"  
"Nay, nay, you need not speak,  
"I read my answer in your eye,  
And on your burning cheek!"

"In Heaven's name be happy then,  
I yield his heart to you,  
And may your lives be free from pain—  
Such grief as I've gone through!  
To-morrow was my wedding day,  
(Peace, peace, unquiet heart!)  
To-morrow Clair shall be a bride!  
Then, sister dear, we part.

Can I tell you of that morrow,  
So full of tears and care,  
When with heart-breaking sorrow  
I bade adieu to Clair?  
For I thought we should be parted  
From each other ever more—  
And felt almost broken-hearted  
As their vessel left the shore.

Then months passed slowly on their way  
In my quiet lonely home,  
'Till with the faithful post one day  
Came a letter from distant Rome.  
It told me he, the loved one,  
Had died upon the sea,  
And my sister, with an orphan child,  
Was coming back to me.

She came, but ah! alas, how changed!  
No longer the blooming Clair,  
Her cheeks were wan and faded,  
Shreds of silver in her hair!  
With mingled joy and anguish  
She wept upon my breast,  
The wounded dove had flown once more  
To its old protecting nest!

And now we live together  
In this cottage by the sea;  
My little niece—Ah, here she comes  
To call me in to tea.  
"Ah ha! So I have found you!  
Mother thought that you were here,  
Why, what's that sparkling on your cheek?  
Oh, Aunt Jane! a tear?"

She takes me, wondering, by the hand  
To lead me to the door;  
And I turn to look at the moonlit waves  
As they break upon the shore—  
For to me there is always beauty  
In the calm and sparkling sea,  
It tells me of my duty—  
It speaks of Eternity!

A TUNNEL UNDER LAKE MICHIGAN. The people of Chicago are engaged in the discussion of an interesting plan of engineering—the construction of a tunnel under Lake Michigan, for the purpose of securing a supply of better water than they can get nearer to the shore. The proposed tunnel is to be two miles in length, extending from the shore directly under the lake, perpendicular to the shore. It is to be five feet clear in diameter, walled with brick and cement eight inches thick. The bottom of the shore end of the tunnel to be sixty-six feet below the level of the lake, and to descend at the rate of two feet per mile to the further end. There are to be four shafts opening from the tunnel to the world above—one on land, one in the lake at the further end, and two at intermediate points in the lake. These shafts in the lake are to consist of cast-iron cylinders, and to be protected by hollow pentagonal cribs. Bids for executing this tremendous work were opened last week. They ranged from \$239,548 to \$1,059,000. The contract had not yet been given out. It is to be completed in two years.

TRAVELLING IN A CIRCLE.—The Archbishop of Dublin tells us of a horseman, who, having lost his way, made a complete circuit; when the first round had been finished, seeing the marks of a horse's hoofs, and never dreaming that they were those of his own beast, he rejoiced and said,—  
'This at least shows me that I am in a beaten way,' and with the conclusion of every round the marks increased till he was certain he must be in some well frequented thoroughfare, and approaching a populous town, but he was all the while riding after his horse's tail, and deceived by the trag of his error.