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OF

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H. L. SPENCER, (ENYLLA ALLYNE), EDITOR.

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THE  
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*A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.*

VOL. IV. JULY, 1874. No. 1.

THE VALLEY OF THE PLATTE,  
OR  
NEBRASKA AND THE RIVER PLATTE.

BY GEO. J. FORBES, KOUCIBOUGUAC, N. B.

NO. I.

Some talk about the Indian—Our friend the trapper—"Snair"—Missouri bottom and Platte River—Swearing as a science—General description of the Platte—Hunting "on the other side" of the River—The Platte Valley nor the farmers' Paradise—A taste of the Sirocco.

THE Platte, or Nebraska, as many of our readers know—and there are many who don't know—is a tributary of the Missouri River, rising in the Rocky Mountains and flowing eastward; its general course varying but slightly from the parallels of latitude. Within a comparatively recent period the country drained by this large, though in many ways insignificant river, was as unknown as the interior of Africa. Up to the time of the discovery of gold in California, its riley and insipid waters were rarely beheld by other than the red man. The wild and savage Indian, and hardly less wild and savage trapper as far as appearance went, were the only denizens of these parts. To the former it was the only home he ever knew. From its grassy banks he sallied out on the plains to hunt the buffalo, antelope, etc. The former was in high favour, and his annual visits were regarded with intense interest. His stay was regulated by the feed, and this was the Indian's harvest. We might say that the buffalo made two yearly visits as he journeyed north and south each year.

thus crossing the territory inhabited by each band of Indians twice. This is the season of plenty, as the killing of this animal is comparatively easy. The Indian is naturally a gourmand, whatever novel writers may allege in regard to his temperate habits. He appears to live for eating alone, and can with great difficulty be induced to lay up a store against the time when the buffalo will be absent. He gets fat and aldermanic in shape, and will lie whole days in a lethargic state. When the game begins to get scarce he shakes off his lethargy and pursues it to the extreme limits of the hunting grounds owned and frequented by the tribe. Further than this he dare not go, as his neighbours would consider it a clear case of trespass, and after much smoking of bad tobacco, much speech-making, and an interchange of many grunts, each expressive of an unparalleled amount of crime on the part of the culprit, the sage warriors having worked themselves into a state of semi-madness by contemplating in every possible phase the enormity of his offence, would vary the programme by a prolonged torture of the prisoner, ending with a grand *Auto de fe*, of which he would form the principal attraction. This course of procedure causes the rights of property to be greatly respected amongst the red brethren, and tends greatly to simplify the labours of the legal Sachems of the various tribes. We do not pretend to say that this system has not its drawbacks. A knowledge of geography is, even in its most limited sense, unattainable under the circumstances. Each of the tribes can tell absolutely nothing of the country beyond what they occupy, or if they do it is vague and utterly unreliable. Their time is reckoned by sleeps, moons and snows, and their locations of mountains, rivers and lakes are about as definite as those laid down by a schoolboy in his first attempt at map-drawing. Its level and extensive plains are, to him, the choicest parts of the earth, and are also a type of the happy hunting grounds which he will hereafter enjoy. The pursuit of the antelope and buffalo is his highest source of enjoyment, and he naturally thinks that an Indian might be worse employed than chasing such game through the countless ages of eternity, and we think, if they had any choice in the matter, many white men might be found to agree with him.

These savage enjoyments are shared by the trapper, who, as far as these regions are concerned, will soon belong to the past. Except in feature, it is hard to distinguish him from his savage

compeer. clothing, any way on his is his del those of a In many trapper, a two. This also a gun with their inimical to all inter wars of th the case, h of the trib sanction, a elevation with pride in the ca jealous br on the ma worldly g broods ove sleep, and organized tioned, an for this— measures t hair has amongst t be at war one half in which t and havin many case from the him. He in the sav must perfo

compeer. The skins of different animals form his entire clothing, which is of the most fantastic cut. He cannot in any way be accused of using such a thing as scissors or comb on his head. The tonsorial art as practiced by the Indians is his delight. All these adornments, together with talons like those of a bird, give him an air that words wholly fail to depict. In many cases he takes up the vocation of trader as well as trapper, and in this case generally takes unto himself a squaw or two. This gives him dignity in the eyes of the Indians, and is also a guarantee that he considers his interests to be identified with theirs, and that he will not be concerned in any transaction inimical to the savage community in which he dwells. He is now to all intents and purposes a savage. He takes a leading part in the wars of the tribes, and if brave and fearless, and this is generally the case, he soon occupies a conspicuous place at the council board of the tribe. No important enterprise is entered on without his sanction, and should any of the dusky brethren be jealous of his elevation to stations from which they are debarred, he can point with pride to a string of scalps unequalled by the oldest warrior in the cantonment. This argument is unanswerable, so the jealous brother withdraws his insinuations and retires to ponder on the manner in which he may increase this most desirable of worldly goods—scalps. He sings of scalps in his merry moods, broods over scalps in his angry ones, and dreams over them in his sleep, and to supply the coveted article a foray on some tribe is organized among some of the hot-bloods of the tribe first mentioned, and a war thereby inaugurated. The insane desire evinced for this—by no means ornamental—article, and the retaliatory measures taken in consequence by the friends of the parties whose hair has been transplanted, is the cause of the continuous wars amongst the different tribes. A tribe of any note may be said to be at war with their kind or in difficulty with the whites at least one half of the time. This gives our trapper friend a wide field in which to display any generalship of which he may be possessed; and having by fighting acquired a certain position, he finds, in many cases, to his sorrow it may be, that he cannot withdraw from the conflict when his own colour and blood are opposed to him. He finds when too late that the suspicious element is strong in the savage breast, and to avoid the imputation of a traitor, he must perform feats of valour from which the sturdiest brave would

shrink. Worse than all he must eliminate any feelings of pity which he may have had for his kind, from his breast. He must preside at the torture of the white prisoners. He, above all others, must make no intercession in their behalf; he must not wince when the punishment is such that the bare thought of it is enough to make the flesh creep, as a keen and close inspection of his features by many covert foes would at once betray his sympathies. After enduring all this, he is generally cut off either secretly or by some charge trumped up by his many enemies, and being brought before the councils of the tribe he is unable to disprove the statements, and dies the death at which he has presided so often, we will hope with reluctance. To their honour be it said there are many of the fraternity who would scorn to join the redskin in any of his predatory or murderous excursions, and are always ready to warn the settlers of danger from such quarters, but with the exception of the Indian style of doing up the hair, they are none the less savage in appearance. We have been led away from the valley by the Indian and trapper, but as a sketch of it would be incomplete without them, we intend to return to them at some future time.

Ascending the Missouri as far as the 41st parallel of latitude, we notice to the left a huge opening in the dense and heavy timber which lines its banks. This we are told is the mouth of the Platte, the companion of our travels for many a weary mile. On either bank we see nothing but a seemingly interminable forest, and begin to feel discouraged at the prospect of a journey through such gloomy and impenetrable woods. The beauties of nature spread before us are utterly lost in contemplating the hardships and dangers of a lengthened journey through such a country. The spreading limbs of the huge trees are suggestive to our mind of wild cats, panthers and Indian devils, and we look with undefinable apprehension amongst the tall grass and dense underbrush through which we are forced to make our way, for deadly reptiles of unknown—and, therefore, more alarming—powers for evil. This is the home of the rattlesnake. Here he attains a length and roundness of form denoting the extreme of snake vigor. He is to the snake of less favoured localities as the tall and robust Kentuckian is to the inhabitant of the malarious shores of Lake Pontchartrain, or the reedy, sedgy shores of Barrataria. He is ever on the alert, and his note of warning, coming suddenly on the ear, has a power and force by which to perform difficult acro-

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batic feats not possessed by any other music. We can bear testimony to the fact that we have jumped further backward *from* a rattlesnake than we have since been able to attain by a forward movement under the most favourable circumstances—say in a public competition at some Caledonian Club meeting, with your dearly beloved as a spectator, and your envious neighbours ready to grin and rejoice over your defeat. He is, however, entitled to some respect, as he invariably gives us warning of his hostile intentions. This cannot be said in regard to the copper-head, cotton-mouth and many others, who are none the less deadly because they have not this musical appendage.

We enter this forest and proceed westward, keeping to the south side of the river, and a short distance from its banks—that is, when it follows a straight line. We have passed Omaha on our way up. The road is narrow and bad, the soil excellent, and the forest the most magnificent we have ever seen. The trees are perfect monsters—a diameter of four feet is quite common, and many are fully six feet. It must be borne in mind that none of these trees are of the evergreen species. From the ground to the highest branch they are covered with creeping ivy, which hangs in graceful festoons from every limb, giving the forest an appearance of richness and luxuriance impossible to be described. In many places the patriarchs of the forest stand out from the underbrush, and their tall and stately trunks give one an idea of living massiveness beyond any expectations which may have been formed. We have—at home—seen an odd tree of the pine species of nearly equal bulk, but this was an event, while here we have them in thousands. In many parts it is absolutely impenetrable. A living net of tangled brush and vines meet you on every side, into which, if you once enter, a loss of clothing, with a modicum of flesh and skin, may be safely counted on. We were not very desirous of exploring, but can, in this instance, speak feelingly on the subject. We are traversing what is known as the Missouri bottom, which is something akin to our interval lands, but a distance of ten miles brings us to the open prairie. We have now our first sight of the valley proper. On both sides of the river there is a strip of wood varying in width from a few yards to two or three hundred. Outside of this there is no timber whatever except where some small tributary enters it at long intervals. For from eight to ten miles on each side an expanse almost water

level meets the eye, and this is bounded by the rolling prairie which rises abruptly from the vale. The dividing line is known as the bluffs, rising from thirty to a hundred feet, and this elevation forms the base of the prairie. In some parts the bluffs almost meet the banks, and in others the river seems to have swerved from its course to return the compliment. The soil is of great depth and of the richest quality, but very hard to break in. The roots of the native grapes are of the toughest, requiring the well-directed efforts of three yoke of oxen to draw the plough. This turns a sod of eighteen to thirty inches in width, and about five inches in depth. After the sod rots it is harrowed, and the crop sown without any further preparation. An immense shear, working at an angle that makes it act as a saw, or nearly so, is the agent employed in cutting this ponderous sod. A large stock of energy, a voice equal to that of a town-crier, and an inexhaustible fund of oaths seem to be necessary to run an institution of this kind. We have known a goodly-sized craft to be worked in a gale with much less noise. How does it happen that swearing seems to be a necessary accompaniment to the driving of cattle? Are not the ordinary words of command in use, providing the ox is cared for as humanity would dictate, amply sufficient; or, is not the plain Anglo-Saxon energetic enough without the addition of vile expletives and oaths which make the flesh creep. This odious habit has assumed the proportions of a great evil in these parts. From the trapper and teamster it has spread among all classes. A man will swear at you in friendship and in anger; will introduce the subject of the weather with an oath, and enquire after the welfare of your family in a manner that will cause you intense alarm at their being the innocent source of so much wickedness. He clinches a text of scripture with an oath, with the same facility that he condemns an unruly steer; and the harmless lizard which crosses his path is saluted with a torrent of oaths, which we would fain hope was meant for the rattlesnake. Many seem to take a pride in inventing new and strange-sounding expletives, and will watch the effect of them with as keen solicitude as a physician does a dose administered in a desperate case, and which he knows will either kill or cure. Every bone and member of the body is successively condemned and blasted; every saint in the calendar is dragged in, in the most irrelevant manner, and strange and unheard of gods are called on in a manner which must be

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anything but soothing to their feelings. We are sorry to say that the ladies, in some instances, have not escaped the general contamination. We have heard words "rapped" out with a force which, coming on us unexpectedly, fairly made us jump from our seat. Being thrown off our guard, we believe we showed our surprise rather more plainly than good breeding would dictate, but were immediately set at our ease by being told we would soon "get used to it." The good lady treated us to a dissertation on the origin of the practice, with various reasons why it could not now be discontinued. She said that common words, when applied to anything beyond the commonest affairs of life, had now gone into disuse. That when a certain style of language became common it ceased to be profane, and in any case the English was insipid and wanted spicing up. By a judicious selection of oaths, variety was produced, and much gained in force. She had no doubt it sounded harsh to a stranger, but she had got used to it. We should mention that she belonged to some strange sect, who seemed to base all the tenets of their faith on the word "liberty;" and this is defined in a way that allows freedom from any restrictions of law, human or divine; at least, that was the way in which we understood the matter.

We think we should first say something in regard to the river which occupies the centre of this valley, and from which it takes its name. We have crossed it eleven hundred and fifty miles from where it enters the Missouri, and can speak advisedly in regard to its length. Some three hundred and fifty miles above, or from its mouth, it forks, when one is known as the North, and the other as the South Platte. The North Platte diverges considerably to the northward, and penetrates far into the Rocky Mountains. Only a few miles separate it from Green River, a branch of the Colorado, which flows into the Pacific. The principal emigrant trail to California follows this branch, and at its head is the south pass, by which the Rocky Mountains are crossed over. On, or by the head waters of the other branch, are the principal diggings of the Pike's Peak mining region. It is different from the North Platte, in not debouching from the mountains in one principal channel. Before meeting the level country the stream is nothing. For a considerable distance its course is parallel to the mountains, and by many small creeks it receives constant accessions to its waters. These brooks are fed by the melting

of the snow on the higher ranges; by the rains on the mountains, and by many rivulets which have their origin about the bases of the different minor ranges. On Cherry Creek, near where the city of Denver now stands, gold was first discovered. The principal tributaries of this river on which gold is to be found are Boulder and Clear Creeks. Farther south, Smoky Hill Fork, a tributary of the Kansas, and its numerous branches, are the scene of very extensive mining operations. On Clear Creek, and *its* branches, some forty miles from Denver, are to be found the mining towns known as Black Hawk, Mountain City, Central City, and Nevada. I should mention the fact that Denver is on the Platte, and about eighteen miles from the base of the mountains. There were at one time very rich surface diggings in the vicinity of these embryo cities, but they are now nearly worked out. The principal reliance is on the quartz lodes, and of these the number is legion. Many of them are rich, but owing to the combination of ores, are extremely hard and expensive to reduce. The name Clear Creek is now a misnomer, for water cannot possibly convey any more dirt and mud than this water with the pellucid name is doing. We well remember the time when we asked a rather rough-looking specimen of humanity, who owned a ranche (farm) on its banks, the name of this turgid and dirty stream, and received, as an answer, "Clear Creek." We looked at him with a critical eye to note if he was having a joke at our expense, but finding him serious, we asked the reason of bestowing such an unsuitable name on it. We were told what, by a little thought, we might easily have guessed, that the river was naturally as clear as its name implied; but the mining operations carried on at its head, including the washing and sluicing of the soil, the debris and dirt from a multitude of quartz mills, and all the nameless filth from many "cities," which were so situated that every particle was carried away, had polluted its waters. All these branches have a considerable descent, in many places aspiring to the dignity of small cataracts, and during the rainy season become tumultuous, roaring rivers, carrying the pigmy erections of man before them as so many straws. On arriving at the valley proper, everything becomes serene; like a lazy man, or one who has become tired by severe exertion, it stretches and spreads itself out in a composed and placid manner, determined to take all the comfort possible from its peaceable surroundings and bed, in every way favourable to

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repose. The youth who came foaming with impatience, and rushing with railroad speed from his mountain home, has now become a staid and demure man, content to jog through life at the rate of three miles an hour. When we have stated its uses to the miner we have given a catalogue of all its useful points, or nearly so. For commercial purposes it is totally useless. There is no such a thing as a channel in connection with it. Every part of the river is on terms of perfect equality; no monopolizing by one part of placid depths, while the other has to grind out its life and ruin its temper by constant contact with gritty sands and rocks of obstinate character. We are as likely to step into six feet of water close by the bank as we are anywhere between there and the other shore; but, on the other hand, we are just as likely not to meet with a depth over three to four feet. This, for a river which averages a half a mile in width for many hundreds of miles, is somewhat surprising. During my hunting excursions, after antelope and buffalo, I have had occasion to wade it where the width was in the neighborhood of a mile, and must say that what it lacked of the dangerous element was amply supplied by an uncertainty of footing savoring almost of the sublunary. We acquit the stream of malice aforethought, but cannot help thinking that, in rather many instances, it carried the joke too far. We think we mentioned the fact that the stream was muddy; and this quality, we all know, is not favorable to a proper inspection or examination in regard to depth and condition of bottom. This latter is quicksand without any admixture of clay, gravel or rock. Well, we enter the river and find the water shoal and of agreeable warmth. The month was June. We have our rifle on our shoulder and powder horn replenished to its utmost capacity in anticipation of a good day's sport, and the consequent destruction of much animal life in the shape of antelope and jackass rabbits. If we have to walk in water at all the depth could not be more to our taste. A uniform depth of a foot or thereabouts does not offer any serious impediment to a rapid forward movement. The feeling of uncertainty and insecurity which we first experienced has completely vanished, and we eagerly scan the opposite shore for any signs of game. We actually see antelope in large numbers and —. We are somewhat oblivious to what immediately followed. We had stepped into one of the many holes which are ever making or filling. A change of current causes a change of bottom, and

this appears to be done in the most capricious manner; not deducible from any known theory. An unexpected change from one to five feet of water is apt to produce a more than corresponding change of position; at least this was our experience. The gun and us parted company in the most unceremonious manner; we appeared to be going down, down, and the sand in our eyes, mouth and ears made the location into which chance had thrown us anything but a desirable one. We, at length, got out, man, gun and powder, utterly demoralized, and we would be glad to add, for the sake of human nature, that our companions had consoled and cheered us in our afflictions, but such was far from being the case. We determined henceforth to go round by the bridge, or hunt on the same side of the river on which we happened to be. This is about the character of the river. You cannot depend on finding a depth of water continue for even a mile. Shoals will intervene, or oftener still a sand bank, its upper part high and dry, presents itself before you. A river with a volume of water sufficient to float a man-of-war of medium size, and twelve hundred miles in length, is not navigable for a single mile by even a flat boat. This is, we think, unparalleled. Another fact in connection with it is, that not a single spring is to be found by or near its banks along the entire valley, at least we have never seen one, nor have we seen any one who had. This, however, is easily accounted for. Rains occur at long intervals, and are limited as regards quantity. As a matter of course, the great depth of dry soil soaks up and retains every drop of moisture. During, and after the rainy season, there may be some of an evanescent character. We thought we saw indications of such in some places.

Our opinion of this valley and the surrounding region differs slightly from that of the many Railroad Companies and speculators who have land to sell, as set forth per advertisement. We don't consider that it is an earthly paradise to the farmer, or any other man, and we will give our reasons therefor. In the first place, the price asked for the land is far too high. Uncle Sam sells this land to his children for a dollar and a quarter per acre, without regard to location. The speculator sells the same quality for from six to thirty dollars. He sets forth by flaming handbills, insinuating circulars and maps, in which distance is totally ignored, the almost heavenly climate, the soil groaning under its intolerable burden of products, the absence of trees and stumps of earth-loving tenden-

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cies, and its being in the immediate vicinity of every kind of institution, having for its object amusement or utility, under the heavens. We will see how far these representations may be relied on, and what are the consequences of their advancement. By the representations in regard to climate the settler is induced to pass the question of winter by as a matter of no consequence. The ordinary precautions against cold are not even thought of, but if this were all, experience would soon be his teacher. If the shed of a house which he had erected was not a sufficient protection against the cold he could replace it by one which would give the needed comfort. A capacious barn could easily be built to take the place of the open shed which he was told would be all that was required for his cattle. Here is just where the trouble comes in. The buildings first erected were the ones which entered into his calculations. His means are exhausted, his cattle die from exposure to the cold and chilling winds with even more certainty than they would under a gradual and increasing frost of much greater intensity. These winds have to be felt to form even a vague idea of their character. No quantity of woollen clothing seems to be of sufficient density to exclude them. The marrow seems to freeze even when great exertion is made to keep up the circulation, and, at rare intervals, this culminates in intense frost. We can imagine how soon animals exposed to it would perish, and the utter misery endured by the farmer and his family living in a dwelling only suited to a tropical climate. He now sees that the absence of timber which, in the shape of clear land, ready for the plough, formed one of the principal attractions, has its drawbacks. There is nothing to break the force of the wind which, under these circumstances, increases in power as it proceeds. Owing to the scarcity of timber, all kinds of lumber are high and have to be hauled a distance that, in many places, would be a virtual prohibition to their use.

Under these circumstances, he has no alternative but to return to the place from whence he came--his spirit crushed, his health broken, and his means gone. He is the victim of heartless deception. His credulity, and the force of circumstances over which he has no control, have been his ruin. He now finds out his true friends, and the sneering remarks of those who "knew he would be glad to come back," are felt with peculiar force because of his utter helplessness. The occasional view of his old, humble but

comfortable, house does not increase his sources of consolation, and we can only add that it will be well if, when he dies, the eulogium "poor but honest"—the highest which can be bestowed on man—can be pronounced over him. We would be only too glad to add that this is a suppositious case. We will, however, descend to something more tangible. We have shown that a high price is paid for land on account of its freedom from timber, and its immediate availableness for the purpose of cultivation in consequence. The troubles and hardships endured in reclaiming a farm from the forest is ever before the eyes of the pioneer, and we may remark that we think these are not easily magnified. As man is apt to go from one extreme to another, a consideration of the toil and privation, which the forest has caused him, is apt to make him overlook the fact that timber can be of some use. On taking possession of his new domain, the question is forced on his notice. The first thing which naturally suggests itself, is some place in which to live. To be sure, the gentlemanly agent to whom he paid the first instalment for his land, assured him that, except for the accommodations which a house offers, such a thing is not absolutely necessary. After the money was paid, it might be noticed that his opinion varied somewhat. To a man who was used to a house ("don't camp out for months like us western fellows, you know"), *some sort of a home* might be desirable. The natural consequence of a determination to build, is an enquiry as regards the price of lumber. It ought to have been the first. It costs at Plattsmouth or Omaha forty dollars per thousand superficial feet, and he can go there and get it, or pay to the dealer at hand from sixty to one hundred, according to distance. We can at once see by these prices, that without ample means, anything except the merest shell is out of the question. Those who move here, or in fact anywhere, do so to better their position, and are not the possessors of a superfluity of bankable funds. In the construction of barns or stables, boards are not used, for, as we shall see, the settler has other and more pressing use for them. Log walls and roofs, covered with "shakes" split from the trunk of the oak, hickory or cottonwood, are, for the most part, used, and on the score of economy, the accommodations are extremely limited. It is admitted that to a successful prosecution of farming, good fences are a prime necessity, and to secure these, at least on the American continent, timber must be both abundant and cheap. We have

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shown that it is neither, and it now remains to be shown how the crops are protected from animals—domestic and wild. The supply of native wood is hardly sufficient for domestic purposes, even with the greatest economy, so thoughts of log fences, or those formed from split logs, have to be abandoned. What then? Why, here is where the boards, which should have built his barn, are used. Split posts are sunk in the ground, and from two to three boards nailed thereon. This is only a make-shift, as the old saying goes. For keeping out the smaller animals, such as sheep and pigs, it is totally ineffective, and also larger ones, unless of the quietest character. We need hardly say that, under these circumstances, cross fences, for the sub-division of lands, are out of the question. A block of land, owned by a dozen, would be fenced in common, and the animals, necessarily limited in number on account of the scanty winter accommodations, are either herded or turned out on the boundless prairie; in this case, subject to loss by wild animals, or still more wild and brutish men. We will now suppose our agricultural friend to have gotten in a very considerable crop; such as he naturally expects will be sufficient to feed his family and satisfy any obligations which he may have incurred. We will exempt it from the periodical droughts which, when they do occur, destroy all vegetation, and animals, as a natural consequence, die of starvation. We will suppose it to be everything that could be desired, and harvested in good condition. Now comes something akin to the raid of the Sabeans on poor uncomplaining Job. The charge for threshing is out of all proportion to the price received for the grain, and four to five bushels of wheat is the ordinary cost of a day's labour at such a time. Now this grain has to be sent to New York to find a market, or sold at the prices of that city, less freight and charges. It takes four, and in many cases five, bushels to get one to market; the cost of every article which he consumes is greatly in advance of the prices of that city, so it requires no great effort of the imagination to predict on which side of the ledger the balance will lie, providing he has anything beyond incidental expenses to meet. There is no doubt that in a favorable season the soil is extraordinarily fertile, and this enables a man, who starts in a respectable manner, to make a comfortable living, but nothing more, while the man who has to complete the purchase of his farm is, in a few years, involved beyond all means of extrication. The road to heaven and to knowledge—in the

shape of churches and school-houses, which made such an attractive feature in the prospectus—has been found to exist only in the heated imagination of the writer—the blacksmith is, may be, yet unborn. About the mill there is something singular. It has never been discovered, although diligent search has been made, except by the man who wrote about it. I have heard it asserted that, if it meet him in the next world, his first sight will be his last. What is meant by this?

It will be seen by these remarks that we consider there are many places which offer superior inducements to the emigrant to what this valley does. We admit that the winters are much shorter than in many Provinces of the Dominion; that the snow-fall is exceedingly light, and the general average of frosty weather is much below what we have to endure. But, on the other hand, the chilling winds, bare and inhospitable plains, offering no resistance, and giving no shelter, are almost an offset. Then our surroundings are such that we can prepare for any amount of cold. The wood-pile has not to be husbanded and looked after with the same care as the flour barrel, nor do we calculate, by the hour, how a square foot of board may be saved. We can use lime, and plaster on good laths without making the cost approach the figure paid for wainscoting in the reign of the second Charles; and last, not least, we can, if we choose, have Nature's protection in the shape of the original forest, or we can secure an artificial one within a very few years. With an abundant supply of timber, and the latest improvements for manufacturing it; with plenty of lime at a moderate rate, and stone at every man's door, we can, with very little ready cash, bid Jack Frost defiance. We only wish that our brother in the flesh, who chooses the plains of Kansas and Nebraska for his home, could avail himself of these necessities to comfort in a rigorous climate.

We have now to consider a new feature of this anomalous valley. We will suppose ourselves to have arrived at Fort Kearney, some two hundred and fifty miles or thereabouts from the Missouri. That the supply of rain is on the scant side over the entire valley has already been noted, that is, during the growing season. It may now be said to almost cease, when, as a matter of course, if artificial means are not resorted to, all grains and vegetables wither before coming to maturity. The hardier grasses in the most favourable localities retain their verdure for the greater

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portion of the year, but beyond this, after the first of August, all is parched and barren as the surroundings of Sodom. The first requisite to a successful cultivation of these lands would be a sufficiency of water for the purposes of irrigation, but whether it would pay or not would be the question. We have seen the thing resorted to, as the means of reproducing, throughout Salt Lake valley and the entire State of Nevada, and conducted to a successful issue. To be sure, in the former place it meant irrigate or starve, and in the latter, seven to ten cents per pound on California prices, paid for freight, in favour of the producer. Then again, owing to a greater descent in the rivers, the water has not to be conveyed for so great a distance in the two places named as it would here. The Platte has only six inches fall to the mile, and with a bank from six to ten feet high, we can have some idea of the distance above a man's farm which the water would have to be led from the river. The only way in which it could be accomplished would be for the entire farming population to combine, and thus each would have only a fraction more than the ditch which crossed his own land to pay for; but after all this the constant supervision of one man is required to every thirty acres, or thereabouts. This, we can at once see, is a serious tax on the products of the soil, and some advantages, as an offset, will have to be secured, or the farming of such land abandoned. Should gold and other minerals be found in paying quantities throughout the Rocky Mountain region and the land be free to the occupant there, we think it might pay, but not under other circumstances. It is also subject to blighting hot winds and storms of sand, which put me in mind of an old-fashioned snow storm. A description of these may not be out of place. The time was the 24th June, the place on the South Platte, about fifty miles above Julesburg, at the junction of the two rivers. The previous night had been warm; the sun had risen with that fiery redness which betokens some extraordinary commotion of the atmosphere, and at nine, a. m. the heat was almost unbearable. About ten o'clock it began to blow, and this we thought would put an end to our troubles. One thing soon became evident, which was that by some means the cooling properties of this wind had been extracted. We had been used to consider a breeze of wind as the end of our troubles, when those troubles were caused by heat. The rays of the sun might be hot, but this had

never before, in our twenty years of experience, failed to detract from his fiery fierceness. No matter how hot the day might be, the wind possessed a coolness which was, if not invigorating, at least, extremely refreshing. The first thing which drew our attention was a certain luridness which skirted the horizon far off in the wake of the breeze. We were traversing the bluffs, from fifty to one hundred feet above the valley. The river had chosen to describe a semicircle. Being sufficiently versed in the functions of arcs, we had not considered it necessary to follow his devious path. From this elevation our vision would extend for one hundred miles or more. Owing to the absence of the smallest quantity of watery vapour, the air possessed a degree of transparency which must be realized to be believed. It produced the mirage of the desert with a fullness of detail not surpassed by any portion of Africa or Arabia. Of this we will have something to say in its proper place.

The valley is to our right and like a huge drain, as it is, is wholly hidden from our sight. We cannot even see the tops of the trees which, we may here remark, are getting limited to the smallest possible number, and, we are told, will soon cease altogether. The wind increases in force and temperature. By ten o'clock it contests every inch of advance with a pertinacity which we consider worthy of a better cause. Every advantage is taken. A moment's relaxation of your muscles, which are braced as if engaged in a pugilistic encounter, is succeeded by a backward movement which is proportioned to your forward one, as ten to one. It is by the utmost exertion that we can advance at all, but having neither grass or water we are obliged to proceed. We begin keenly to feel the want of the latter. The hazy red streaks which lined the horizon in advance of us has overspread the windward side of the sky and is rapidly borne down on us. It has a strange appearance. None of us have seen the like before, and many strange opinions are hazarded in regard to what it is. We are not long in doubt. The wind becomes charged with advanced particles of sand which prick the skin as so many needle points. These skirmishers are soon followed by the main body, which rushes onward with unexampled fierceness. We are choked, blinded and almost burned with a single blast. There is a lull, and a few minutes after we arrive at the Platte where we pitch our tent. We are none too soon. With energy, recruited by the short

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cessation, it rushes, charged with sand to its utmost capacity, upon us. The tent offers no protection. The gritty material comes under and through as if nothing intervened. We lay on the ground, our head enveloped in many folds of blanketing. We seemed to be burning and as near suffocating as a human being can be and live. At the expiration of fifteen minutes, which seemed an age to us, the whole thing abated as sudden as it arose, leaving behind many traces of its presence. Every part of our person is treated in a spirit of perfect impartiality. Our eyes, mouth, nose and ears, after repeated ablutions, show traces of the earthy material; our clothing is literally loaded with it; the innermost recess of our trunk has been visited, and we fancy we can see traces within the first casing of our watch. The things in our wagon, consisting of our clothing, grub and mining outfit are coated to the depth of half an inch. We cannot afford to condemn our flour, which in all fairness we might do, and as for our dried apples, we never use the article without, in our imagination, feeling the presence of sand. From our bacon we could wash the greater part, and in regard to the tea and sugar, gravitation settled the matter for us. The grass, it is evident to us, does not possess the attraction for our mules which it did in the morning. We do not wonder at this. The blades are laden in a manner that, in our opinion would cause profound dissatisfaction to an animal of even lower sensibilities than this proverbially stupid one. We can hear his teeth gritting in a manner that sets our own on edge. Visions of many dollars floating by and irrevocably lost, in the shape of sundry years added to the age of our, by no means, youthful mule, caused by the rapid wear of their enamel; this, as everybody knows, being the sign of increasing years, float before us. "What can't be cured must be endured;" so as we are a joint sharer in his troubles, the mule has our sympathy.

(To be continued.)

### SONNET!

WATCHED by the stars, the sleeping Mayflower lies  
 On craggy mountain slope—in bosky dell,  
 Beneath the red and yellow leaves that fell  
 Ere Autumn yielded to bleak Winter's reign;  
 But when, at Spring's approach, the tyrant flies,  
 Our Mayflower wakes, and buds and blooms again.

Queen of the forest—flower of flowers most sweet!  
 Delight and wonder of a thousand eyes!  
 Thou dost recall a day that flew too fleet—  
 A hope that perished in a sea of sighs!  
 We all have hoped for that which might not be,  
 But thou, sweet flower, forbiddest to despair:  
 After the Winter comes a Spring to thee—  
 And waves retire when storms to rage forbear.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

## NOTES OF A RUN THROUGH ITALY IN 1857.

BY JAMES WHITMAN, GUYSBOROUGH, N. S.

"Codum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

WE left London, Tuesday, March 17th, by the 4.30 p. m. train, being advised not to go by that of 12.50, as it would be *ten to one* if we caught it. It was dusk in those short English days when we arrived at Dover, but not sufficiently dark to prevent our recognizing an old familiar face, the owner of which was quartered with his regiment in the garrison there. Declining his invitation to the barracks, for we were tired, we went to the "Lord Warden" Hotel to dinner and to bed, which we quitted *au point du jour*, with the brightest anticipations of the journey before us.

The Castle and breakwater, forming a grand artificial harbor, are the two points of Dover; adding, perhaps, its chalky cliffs *en permanence*, and the fine turned ankles in the season, flitting swallow-like along the shingled beach. But in March it would take too long to wait to see the latter; so, at 11 a. m. of the day after arrival we took steamer for Calais, reached after a brilliant run of about two hours. Paying the porters, and a *douceur* to nungry custom officials, we were shortly *en route* for Paris.

Innumerable windmills, low, flat country, and the usual routine of a railway journey. At 10 p. m. we were dropped in the courtyard of the "Grand Hotel du Louvre," where every body spoke English more unaffectedly than they do in London. The land

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journey from Calais to the capital compares very unfavorably with that from Havre, by which route we had formerly arrived there.

It was but three years since we were in Paris before; but what a transfiguration! Our Grand Hotel—almost the whole street of the Louvre—is a creation since. We hardly recognize the place, and stroll out in search of our old *Pension*—*Rue de Ponthieu*, where we had the rudiments of the voluble and volatile accents of Gaul first driven into our un-Parisian tongue. We find the school almost unaltered: the same mat on the entrance within the *concierge*, under which our good old Professor used to place the night-key for the older and privileged scholars to get in with, after he and the younger pupils were abed. Returned to dinner at 5, and went to the *Bal Masqué* at the Grand Opera at midnight. Masked Balls are only to be seen in Paris—only at the Grand Opera. Our London experience in this line vanished like a dream, as the full blast of the gay and apparently discordant scene burst on our vision from an upper balcony. Such a scene defies description, we will not attempt it. A vague sense of transition to some other planet seizes one: one forgets the past—the future—himself—every thing. But no! memory is right on one point. This place—this vast area of space—is the Grand Opera! Yes. The floor put down, to-day perhaps, buries the old familiar stalls, but as quickly as the waltz and the fast feet keeping time, our eye turns to the very spot, near by in the *Loges*, where, when we last saw it, we witnessed one of the bloodiest suicides on record. It was in the middle of the representation of the last act of “The Prophet,” that a report like a cannon sounded above the clear, shrill notes of the contralto, while shrieks of women, stupefaction, amazement seized the house, and the shattered remains of a suicide fell heavily on the floor, within a few yards of where we sat. Placing a pistol, heavily charged, but without ball, in his mouth, he literally blew off the top of his skull; his brains flying around over the dresses of the ladies among whom he was seated. The performance was thus closed before the programme, and the house cleared by the police. A bare mention only of the fact, comprised in a few lines, was made by the journals the following day, from which it merely appeared the suicide had been a Colonel in the Prussian army. [The writer subsequently witnessed the assassination of Philip Barton Key, by Mr., now General Sickles, in the streets of Washington, in 1859, which, though terrible itself,

could hardly compare with the shocking sensations produced by the awful self-murder in the midst of so gay and beautiful a scene.]

But this is no place for reflection, and you feel so instantly; you are seized by half a dozen furies in dominoes, and whirled round out of their way—and your own. Stranger as you think you are, one of these black Demons knows you—speaks to you in your mother tongue, tells you when you left London, when you arrived in Paris; what you did last summer at Cremorne, and tantalizes you into a state of excitement with a knowledge of your name and history, that but for the Police around, you would tear her black calico to tatters, and unmask the visage of the supernatural enchantress. It's no use—as quick as lightning and she's off. Day breaks on us, still gazing stupefied and bewildered. Our companion whom we had long missed, comes up, seizes us by the arm, and suggests a bed, into which we tumble, remain three hours, up, and off for Lyons, though not without regrets at leaving Paris so soon. The day is soft, sky bright, scenery impressive, and our companion charming. "What a fool you were to try to pull off my domino," said he. "Your domino?" "Yes, I borrowed it!" "Borrowed the domino? ah, I see, but where the d—l did you borrow the voice?" Heaven lent him that, as I afterwards discovered, for he spoke like a native almost every language under the sun, and sometimes those above it, singing when he chose to, like an angel, or one of the Pope's choirsters. The train hurries us rapidly along, and "tired Nature's sweet restorer," unmindful of previous ingratitude, "steeps our senses in forgetfulness," till the screeching whistle brings them partially to the conviction that we are in Lyons, and we scramble out.

#### LYONS, 20th March.

Finding we shall be unable to catch the weekly steamer of the "Messageries Imperiales," leaving Marseilles for Civita Vecchia and Naples direct every Thursday at 10 p. m., we have decided to go by the *direct* weekly boat of the Sicilian line, leaving at 3 a. m. on Tuesday. This line is said to be nearly as good as the French, but the other, the Sardinian, is spoken of as inferior, and has not, as far as we can learn, any steamers leaving *direct* for Civita and Naples. Our present route gives us a day at Lyons and another at Marseilles, and to-day, with the aid of a guide and Murray, we have been striving to improve the time. Up at 6,

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and breakfasting, underway for the summit of *Fourvieres*, a high hill overtopping Lyons, from whence on a clear day the Alps and Mount Blanc can be seen. We were unfortunate in having a wet and rather foggy morning, such as the Cunard steamers almost always bring into Halifax harbor. What little we could see, however, gave us some impression of the magnificent prospect we would have upon a clearer day. To see Mount Blanc requires a southerly wind, clear as the weather may be otherwise; and *on dit*, the day on which it can be seen, is certain to be followed by rain, no barometer so invariably indicating the *looming future*. As it was, we could see the extent of the city lying some 500 feet below, and the mingling of the turbid waters of the Saone and Rhone at its southern base. The limits of the city have now extended beyond the boundaries of these rivers, and stretch far into the country; the population reaching three hundred thousand. Bradshaw says there are upwards of seven thousand Silk factories, employing twenty thousand looms. I regret we did not visit one of the factories, as we wrongly thought we should not have the time.

Our Hotel—*Hotel de l'Europe*—is near *La Place Bellecour*, and fronting the *Quai de La Saone*, which gives it the advantage of a fine prospect and an airy situation. Other objects of interest in Lyons are quite near it, and the whole place can easily be seen in a day. We went to the Cathedral (*de St. Jean*) a fine specimen of architecture, with some very rich antique windows. The *Palais de Justice*, a structure looking from the west bank of the *Saone*, presents a very handsome façade to the river, and reminds one very much of the Paris Bourse. A short walk, crossing the Saone by one of its numerous and beautiful bridges, brings you upon the square containing the *Hotel de Ville* and the Museum. On this square is also the site of the famous *Place de Terraux*, where Collot d'Herbois, the Revolutionary monster, decimated his victims, bound in gangs of sixties, with grape shot from cannon brought to bear upon the poor wretches, who were frightfully mangled and not often killed. It is said he murdered two thousand in this manner.

The Museum has a gallery of paintings, and a hall for the exhibition of the productions of native artists. The *Hotel de Ville* is externally a very fine building; internally we only visited the hall, where besides the general grand proportions of the place, the

visitor will be at once struck with the sight of two gigantic bronze statues emblematic of the Saone and the Rhone; the first in a male, the latter in a female embodiment. They are considered superior productions of art. There are other places here worthy of visiting, as *La Place de l'Eglise de Cordeliers*; *L'Eglise de St. Nizier*, the chapel in the *Brottaux*, at the end of *avenue des martyrs*; the Protestant Church, etc.; some of which we only saw, others we did not visit. The great object of the day was our visit to the Hospital, said to be the largest in France, and containing now over eighteen hundred patients. It is rich from gifts and bequests, and dispenses its charity to the unfortunate of all countries. We went through several of the compartments, two of them formed of four immense halls converging from a common centre, where is an altar, and where Mass is performed, so that the invalids, as they lie on their beds of suffering, can find occasional relief in the consoling offices of Religion. Two hundred sisters of charity are here in attendance on the sick, and as we passed through the rows of beds with their emaciated occupants in all forms and stages of disease, we saw these devoted women fulfilling the vows of their Religion with a disinterested tenderness which her sex alone can display. Of woman truly has the poet said,

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!"

Nowhere do her gentle virtues shine so clearly as when in attendance on the bed of sickness. Her delicate nature perceives and anticipates each want by a species of intuition; her soft hand soothes the pillow and bathes the burning temples, where other touches would give pain.

"She has a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity."

#### MARCH 22nd.

Left Lyons at 8 a. m. by rail for Marseilles. The ride is by the left bank of the Rhone, kept in sight till within seventeen miles of our destination, and the scenery throughout is of the most romantic description. With the Alps occasionally in view, continuous lines of vineyards, ever and anon some old castellated relic of feudal, and in some cases, of Roman times, the most ardent imagination finds food on the journey, if the stoppages for more

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substantial species of nutrition are insufficient. At Avignon, however, we have a chance of twenty minutes, and an appetite sharpened by the clear bracing air and continued ride of six hours, jumps at it eagerly. The *Buffet* is besieged with more than the voracity of sharks—it is prey and pay—the latter they know well how to make you do—the former you must look out for yourself. But this Avignon is a notable place in ecclesiastical history. That huge pile of buildings one sees far off to the right was for a long time the residence of the Popes. In 1307, the Pope who assumed the name of Clement V. removed to Avignon, and the great western schism, then so called in the church of Rome, began with his election, and lasted till the Council of Constance, during most of which time—nearly one hundred years—one set of Popes resided at Avignon. One of them, Benedict XII., was besieged here. Their habitation is now used as a barrack, and the fierce modern soldier of Gaul, as he buckles on his armor and goes forth to fight the battles of *la belle France* from his *Caserne* at Avignon, may experience a glow of holy ardor, fiercer than patriotism, in the thought that the sanctity of the habitation he has left still sheds its lingering influence around him. At Avignon too, the immortal Petrarch, who resided there several years, saw his no less immortal Laura, whose tomb most authorities agree upon being in the Franciscan Church—though this is a question of dispute. Not so in the matter of Petrarch's grave:

“There is a tomb in Arqua ;—rear'd in air,  
 Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose  
 The bones of Laura's lover ; here repair  
 Many familiar with his well-sung woes,  
 The pilgrims of his genius. He arose  
 To raise a language, and his land reclaim  
 From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes ;  
 Watering the tree which bears his lady's name  
 With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.”

But we must leave Laura and Petrarch, the Popes and Avignon, or we lose the train ; the very atmosphere of which suffices to dispel the little flight imagination had taken on such subjects. Forty miles an hour on a railway is no pace for a poet. His Pegasus with Medusa's blood, flying faster, must be above all material fear of collisions, and must soar high into the upper air, not grovel along a beaten track. But the country is interesting for dull material minds, and we look at it, with increasing earnest-

ness now too, for our pace quickens, and everything indicates a speedy approach to the waters of the blue Mediterranean, which one sights and keeps in view some twelve miles before arriving at Marseilles. The country is flatter and apparently more sterile than that which we passed through since morning. Large groves of Olive trees become frequent, and look very beautiful. We consult Murray; we are near the sea, and we almost hold our breath to see it. There it is! say all of us at once—my companion and I catch our little fingers together and wish. The Mediterranean! what pent up memories struggle thick and confuse any very distinct idea upon any one subject of remembrance we have about it. Egyptian, Phœnician, Grecian, Roman, Carthaginian, conglomerations, almost choke us; to say nothing of the stirring incidents of more modern times. All we can feel is a sort of mental rhapsody and a moisture in the eyes, and say "Well, and is that the Mediterranean? If Murray, and the guide books, and the locomotive and train are not all sadly out of place, it must be," and so after a little familiarity with the sight, we begin to apprehend it, and feel calmer in the apprehension. Say what you will, the first sight of a great sea, upon whose name history has set the seal of her most momentous records, brings up feelings of a very elaborate and interesting description. There it rolls the same as in ages past, as unconscious of the mighty deeds and memorable scenes of which it has been the insensible witness, as if but yesterday the "spirit of God had moved upon the face of the waters" and said, "let there be light."

"Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown."

We had, however, little time for romance about the sea, so shortly were we in Marseilles, where already a perceptible change of climate reminded us of our Southern latitude. We arrived at about 4. p. m., and it being Sunday the streets were thronged with pedestrians, as we drove through the city to our hotel—*Hotel de l'Europe*; said to be the best in the south of Europe, and indeed

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we found it so. A good bath, dinner at six, and a stroll along the streets glittering with gas, cafes and billiard saloons, and the day is out.

“Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.”

MARSEILLES, *March 23rd.*

Up at six, and took a short walk before breakfast. Marseilles is purely a commercial city, and has but little attraction for the mere traveller. In fact there is little else to be seen than the beautiful views which nature presents, that from the *Colline Napoleon*, a high hill to the south of the town, being by far the best. The *Port de la Joliette* is a fine harbor formed by a breakwater built outside of the natural harbor, both being filled with shipping. The *Joliette* is the rendezvous of the vast number of steamers which ply between all parts of Europe, and the Mediterranean, and Marseilles. The greatest number of foreign vessels now trading here are Austrian, then Greek, then Spanish and Italian. The Austrians bring vast quantities of timber for ship building; the Neapolitans wheat, fruit, etc.; and an immense trade is carried on in wheat and wool with the opposite coast of Africa. The mouth of the natural harbor is very narrow, reminding one of the entrance by sea to Havana, and it is in like manner protected by fortifications rising precipitously from the water's edge. Ascending the tower of *l'Hotel de la Tour* near the northern entrance, the view is delightful. But this quarter of the town fronting the new harbor is doomed; already the renovation is commencing; houses are toppling down like nine-pins, and others growing up with the rapidity—but let us hope with more than the longevity—of mushrooms. At the *Napoleonic presto*, the high land is like water finding its own level, and the position of our view from here will in a short time have dissolved into space.

Bought our tickets to-day for passage to Naples by the Sicilian line of steamers, only touching at *Civita Vecchia*, the seaport of Rome; leaving to-morrow (Tuesday) at daybreak and arriving at Naples on Thursday. The *Prado* is the fashionable drive of Marseilles, but it is so superlatively dusty that we can recommend everybody to leave it out of their programme, except after a heavy rain. Quite as—if not more—indispensable to having a passage ticket, is to have our passports *en regle*. This important docu-

ment one has — for any extended tour upon the continent — to get from Her Majesty's Foreign Secretary of State, and if intending to visit Austria, countersigned by the Minister of that Country in London. For France and Belgium a Consular countersign in London will suffice. But as the King of Naples was not then on diplomatic relations with Great Britain, there was no functionary in London to countersign for him. At the first port of arrival in France your passport is examined and viséd for at the place at which you disembark. So at Marseilles we must again show up before the Neapolitan Consul, to pay him for asking us impertinent questions, and permission to enter Naples, and as we shall touch at Civita Vecchia in the Papal States, and may wish to go on shore, we get the visa of the Consul for those countries too. So necessary is it that these papers should be correct, that no passage ticket is granted without your passport being left at the office of the agency of the steamer you depart in, and it is not given you again, till by the Captain, after you have left the port. In any extended travel through the different states of Europe, Italy especially, your passport book becomes a curiosity, almost as great in the way of signatures, seals, flourishes, and national arms, as the cost of obtaining them has been. All however now in this line seems to be serene; and in full possession as we trust of the open *sesame*, we put boldly forth, without any plots, treasons, or conspiracies in our brain against the kingdom we intend to visit. We go on board the steamer at 10 p. m.; as she leaves the quay at midnight, and the port at dawn. They have a rascally trick, as we find, on board of charging you a Napoleon for your bed, if you do not relish sleeping on a mattrass spread upon the lower cabin floor — besides the one hundred and eighty one francs you have paid for a first-class ticket. However, by blustering a little, we got a fine state-room on the deck, where we passed the night in a state of insensibility to passports and stewards, and chicanery of all descriptions; nor awoke till we found ourselves far out upon the bosom of the blue sea, the first prospect of which on shore inspired us with such pleasant emotions. Alas, how differently the same objects appear when viewed from different points. Now a nasty, short, quick motion took away all appetite for even other food than that of imagination. The bilious heaving of the wave is neither pleasant nor poetical. Byron's remedy was beefsteaks and porter, but Sicilians are utterly ignorant of the existence of

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both. Brandy and soda water is recommended, but the soda water without the brandy is far more efficacious—still best of all, Champagne. A pint of the latter restores our equilibrium, and even creates an appetite for breakfast, a meal, by the way, in the Sicilian or Italian mode, far more seductive to a feeble appetite at sea than the grosser form of a *dejeuner a l'Anglais*. The tables are decked with fruit and flowers; your vision is not appalled by the sight, nor your nostrils sickened by the discordant odors of fat, greasy animal matter, steaming in hot junks before you. There is meat in abundance, six or eight courses, but it is brought to you in delicate quantities, and not forced upon you, *nolens volens*. We skirt along the coast, near but without sight of, Toulon, the great naval station of France, though keeping the maritime Alps in view, whose bold relief and snow-clad summits recall Albert Smith and Mont Blanc. Evening of the same day brings us along the Corsican shore, from down whose lofty mountains, also covered with hivernian texture, the wind strikes shrill, and sharp, and piercing as a Highland bagpipe.

It always, so our Captain informs us, blows fresh off here, and we have it in all its freshness, till we round the light house on the point, and steering a more southerly course, under shelter of the land, get into smooth water and a mild temperature. The Island by which we now run, calls up, as the place of his birth, reminiscences of the great Napoleon. Were it lighter we could also see the Island of Elba, between which and Corsica we are steaming. It is, however, without much regret that we thus go by it, contented with the prospect of a pleasant night, and speedy arrival on Italian soil to-morrow; hopes fully realized, for when we awoke it was to find our craft riding smoothly at anchor under the frowning battlements of the Pope, and in the harbor of Civita Vecchia. We arrived at 6 a. m. and were to remain till afternoon.

Civita Vecchia is merely the seaport of Rome, and a disgusting seaport too—mud to your knees when it rains, and dustier than a storm on the desert of Sahara when it doesn't. Still these are the least of its evils. The inhabitants are the vilest set of extortioners unchanged. They cheat you from the moment you get into the boat which conveys you from the steamer to the shore, till you get out of the boat into the steamer again, or out of the hole itself. The place is small, the country round it unattractive, more so than Sambro Head. Thus our first impressions of Italy

were anything but pleasing—add to this, we came near being marched off to prison on account of some pretended defect in the passport for which we have already handsomely paid, but the secret of the trouble was in reality only a ruse to rob us of another fee. We swore at the brutes to their faces, with a vigor and terseness which only Anglo-Saxon phraseology can command. The prison in this place was formerly noted as the residence of the celebrated bandit Gasperoni, who differed from the other inhabitants of the town, only in the fact of his being *celebrated*, and enormous amounts were received by the Police, in the shape of fees for exhibiting him to the hordes of visitors crowding to see him. The rascal has been dead some time, but the legalized robbers in the Pope's uniform, still keep up the delusion, by exhibiting some less clever, and uglier villain as the original Gasperoni. Two o'clock soon comes round, out we steam to sea again, and with a wet, rough, and boisterous night, reach Naples in a fog, a little after daybreak, and it was well, with the care of luggage, torture of the Custom Houses, imposition of cabmen, and bother of our passports, that the weather was thick, for our attention was undistracted by the beauty of the scene, which on a clearer day would have been taken away from the concentration of mind necessary to combat so many obstacles to getting on shore, and safely off to a place of shelter.

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever.”

NAPLES, March 26th.

We had scarcely reached our hotel—*Vittoria*, named for our gracious queen—situated on the *Chiaja*, and fronting the *Villa Reale*, a celebrated promenade on the shores of the Bay, and in front of the Chiaja, when the sun rolled up the mist, and the panorama of beauty opened suddenly upon us. The Bay of Naples, in the shape of a crescent, is about twenty-five miles in diameter from the promontories of Miseno and Sorrento, on its northern and southern extremities; Vesuvius, like the grand tutelar divinity of the scene, rearing its bold slopes about mid-distance of the arch formed by the indenture of the shore between the two Capes. It is impossible to imagine a scene of greater beauty or enchantment, though many have contended that the proud site of Genoa equals it in every way. “See Naples and die,” has become a proverb.

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Next to the impressions of its natural beauty, what strikes you most is the joyous hilarity and vivacity of the people. Immediately in front of our hotel the waters of the Bay roll laughingly up on the smooth sandy beach, covered with artistic groups of fishermen and lazzaroni, chatting, laughing, singing, sleeping, scattered in all attitudes, but that of exertion. No one uses any exertion in Naples except in begging—at this profession they work hard, but so gracefully withal it is impossible to refuse. Strolling musicians, with every variety of instrumental accompaniments, sing comic lively airs, with a spirit and action that compels you to enjoy it, and before you are aware, you find yourself foremost of the crowd, splitting with laughter at Punchinello. The shower of the night preceding has given a cleanliness and freshness to everything which the brilliant sun clothes with living and warm beauty. We feel inclined to lie down upon the beach and gaze away the day—impressed more strongly than ever with the sentiment of Wordsworth :

“Nor less I deem that there are powers,  
Which of themselves our minds impress,  
That we can feel this mind of ours,  
In a wise passiveness.

Think you 'mid all the mighty sum,  
Of things forever speaking,  
That nothing of itself will come,  
But we must still be seeking?

Then ask not wherefore here alone,  
Conversing as I may,  
I sit upon this old grey stone,  
And dream my time away.”

We have decided to do the churches to-day. There are three hundred of them in Naples, and we have some work before us. We may possibly finish three, which our *valet de place* tells us will give us an idea of all. Our first visit is to the Church of *St. Francis* in the *Piazza Reale*, opposite the Palace of the King—King Bomba. It is in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome, and being our first vision of an Italian church, struck us with a beautiful surprise. We go next to the little chapel of *St. Mary of Piety*, the private property of a Neapolitan nobleman, remarkable for its exquisite beauty, and celebrated for several works of sculpture; the Dead Christ, by Sanmartino, and figures of Virtue and

Vice, by Conrodino. The Cathedral is large, but did not produce so striking an effect as we had anticipated. In a little chapel off the side of it is kept the congealed blood of *San Gennaro*, which on high religious occasions, by a miracle, is shown to the wondering crowd in a liquid state. We also went to the churches of *Gesu Nuovo* and the *St. Dominican*. But as we shall have to see so many objects of natural interest in the vicinity of Naples, and there will be so many superior specimens of ecclesiastical structures to be seen at Rome, we cut short our pious pilgrimage at noon; and turn our steps to the Museum, one of the principal objects of interest in Naples. The most disgusting thing in connection with the churches here are the hordes of filthy beggars, who beset you at every step on entering the consecrated structures. One would think they might be kept outside, but while your guide is pointing out the striking beauty of this painting, and of that carving, statuary, or tomb, those hideous objects surround you with an importunity which destroys all chance for admiration of anything. Naples is, in amount of population, the fifth city in Europe, some say the third or fourth; indeed, if the population of its suburbs are included, only London and Paris will outnumber it, as it would then count up some six or seven hundred thousand souls. Nearly two-thirds of the population are without any fixed or settled occupation, and among the lower classes there is much privation and want, notwithstanding the ease with which, in a soil and climate like this, all the necessities of humanity can be supplied. It is a melancholy spectacle presented by the contrast of the lavish gifts of nature, to the indigence and poverty of the people. Our guide, who appears to be a man of great intelligence, lays the blame upon the Government and the Church, who, for their own selfish objects, have demoralized the multitude, to keep in check the rising spirit of inquiry and desire for more political freedom among the industrious and middling classes.

All are familiar with the celebrated exposures of Mr. Gladstone relative to the infamous administration of justice towards political offenders in Naples. Mr. Gladstone visited Naples in 1850, and was better known as the advocate of conservatism, than for any tendency towards concession to public opinion or wishes. From curiosity he attended the trial of the celebrated Poerio, and witnessed with disgust the mockery of justice with which it was conducted. No cross-examination was allowed, and evidence taken

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which contradicted itself. This led him to enquiry, and he found there were upwards of thirty thousand political prisoners suffering the horrible incarceration and tortures of Neapolitan prisons. He addressed a letter to Lord Aberdeen, begging him to use his influence at the Neapolitan Court for some amelioration of these enormities, which was tried but without effect. His letter to Lord Aberdeen was then published in 1851, and Lord Palmerston, as Foreign Secretary, despatched a copy to each British representative at every Court in Europe, and lent all the moral weight of his high office and position to the exposure of the disgraceful barbarity which formed the system and constituted the existence of the Government of the King of Naples. No publication ever had such a sale in England, and the united voices of the whole British nation went up simultaneously to Heaven in one peal of indignant execration against the monster Ferdinand IV. King of Naples—this Nero of the Nineteenth century.

(To be continued.)

## REVERENT STILLNESS.

"Be still, and know that I am God."

### EVEN.

YEA, Lord! In all the stillness of despair  
 My hands are folded quiet, and my eyes,  
 Fixed on the earth, see naught of joyance where  
 Each leaf partakes the glory of the skies.  
 How still, O Lord! Thou, Thou alone dost know,  
 As, heeding not the knell of passing hours,  
 I sit, and hear, afar, the dark stream flow,  
 And from the night-wind catch the scent of dying flowers.

### MORN.

Yea, Lord! In listening stillness see me stand—  
 Longing, yet quiet, for a word from Thee,  
 As Thy dawn-angel lights upon the land,  
 And stoops to wake from sleep the moaning sea.  
 And, as it thrills at his swift finger's touch,  
 Then breaks in rippling song along the shore,—  
 Father of Light! I ask, Is it too much?  
 A little, on my way, from out Thy boundless store.

## EVEN.

Yea, Lord! Behold how very still I keep—  
 How quietly Thy love doth make me lie,  
 Watching, with eyes upturned, the changes sweet  
 Of passion and of peace in all Thy sky—  
 Knowing, at last, the wisdom kind and just  
 That lights and smooths my pathway up the hill—  
 Knowing, at last, "the living peace and trust  
 Of hands that hold each other kindly, and are still." T.

## UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

**A**MID the mighty tumult over the question of Common School Education, it may not be amiss to take a hasty glance at the subject of University Education. We do not propose to deal with the question historically, and tell our readers of the great schools of learning on the Continent of Europe and in England during the Middle Ages, and still later times, when illustrious teachers gathered around them hundreds—we had almost said thousands—of young men representing the different nationalities of Europe. Nor is it our purpose to discuss critically the internal economy of Collegiate discipline, and assign places in College curricula to classics and mathematics, physics and metaphysics. We have marked out for ourselves a much humbler task, though one, perhaps, just now, of much more practical importance. We propose to glance hastily and, of necessity, imperfectly at the present position of University education in the Maritime Provinces; and to offer some suggestions which, if acted on, might materially advance and stimulate the higher education among our people.

Any one acquainted with the facts must know that there is great room for improvement. There are at present in Nova Scotia five Colleges possessed of University powers, and three in New Brunswick.

In the order of seniority according to their respective Charters or Acts of Incorporation, under which they at present work, they are, Kings, Windsor, N. S.; Acadia, Wolfville, N. S.; St. Mary's, Halifax, N. S.; St. Francis Xavier, Antigonish, N. S.; Mount Allison, Sackville, N. B.; University of New Brunswick, Frederic-

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ton, N. B.; Dalhousie, Halifax, N. S.; and St. Joseph, Memramcook, N. B.

These Colleges are entirely distinct Corporations, having no connection the one with the other. They owe allegiance to no central authority. There is not necessarily uniformity of study. Each prescribes for itself what it deems a suitable course of training for degrees and honors. The same degrees from different Colleges do not necessarily represent equal advantage and equal scholarship. This state of affairs, we think, should be remedied, and as soon as possible. We do not think it is advisable to let matters "drift" in this way any longer. Our population is increasing, wealth is accumulating, and it is highly important that we should take active measures to place University education upon a comprehensive, permanent and elastic basis. We want a scheme which will include all the Colleges, without impairing their present usefulness and efficiency; and which will be so permanent and elastic that it will not only meet present requirements but also the increased requirements of far greater populations and augmented material wealth. Two courses present themselves for our consideration. The first is to denude all existing Colleges of University powers, reduce them to Theological Halls and preparatory Schools, and erect in their stead one central University, under State patronage, having the exclusive right of conferring degrees and controlling collegiate education. The second is to recognize existing Colleges in all their efficiency, to ask them to give up none of their powers except that of conferring degrees and prescribing courses of study, and to give the degree-conferring power to a central Corporation, whose duty it shall be to supervise University education throughout the Province or Provinces. The latter plan would be identical with that of the London University. These two propositions, we know, have many advocates among our people. The question is which, under all the circumstances, is the most practicable and feasible? We know that the idea of a grand, central University, with cloistered courts and majestic proportions, attracting by its rich endowments, illustrious Professors, and by its magic reputation, crowds of students, is well calculated to fire the imagination and arouse the zeal of the enthusiastic. For ourselves, we are bold to say that the second course we have suggested is the most practicable under existing circumstances. And we are not prepared to argue that it is not the most desirable

under any circumstances. In discussing this question, and in seeking after some plan to better our system, we must take things as we find them. The Colleges we have named are *de facto* in existence, exercising immunities and rights guaranteed to them under their charters. They are all denominational Colleges except the University of New Brunswick and perhaps Dalhousie, which is nominally a State College, though in reality controlled by the Presbyterians.

The chartered rights of the denominational Colleges cannot be interfered with, except by their own consent. These rights and privileges are guaranteed to them under the British North America Act. The Provincial Governments cannot deprive them of the right to confer degrees and exercise University Powers. It is therefore, almost certain that these Colleges would refuse the first proposition, while they might accept the second. The different denominations now rallying around their respective Colleges, would not do so around a mere State University. Much of the sympathy and generous support now accorded to existing Colleges would be withheld from a State College, on the ground that the public Treasury was amply sufficient to supply all demands. It would have a tendency to destroy all feelings of individual responsibility in the matter—a state of affairs very undesirable. But apart from all considerations of this kind, the repugnance of the different denominations to give up their Colleges, would render the first plan impracticable, if not impossible. The same objections could not apply to the second proposition. We would ask existing Colleges to hold their University Powers in abeyance, and to become affiliated with the University to be erected; to give up to this Corporation the power of conferring degrees, conducting examinations for matriculation or graduation, and prescribing the requisites for degrees and honors. A glance must suffice to shew the feasibility and desirability of this plan. The University would be non-teaching. So far, it would leave the affiliated Colleges undisturbed. They would require the same staff of instructors, and all the equipments as at present. The denominations responsible for their support would feel the same responsibility in their behalf, and wealthy men desiring to benefit their denomination, educationally, might have an additional inducement to give to the support of their College, in the fact, that it would then be brought into direct competition with all the

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others. We would also have a uniform course of study for the degrees, which would be of great advantage, by insuring a certain amount of discipline before graduation. It would place the Students of all the Colleges on an equal footing, and by the stimulus of competition before impartial examiners, would beget an eager, though generous rivalry to excel. Who is ignorant of the great interest and emulation to excel on the part of the boys who go up to the English Universities, from the High Schools of England, such as Winchester, Eton, and Rugby? The Head master and his assistants look upon it as a victory for themselves to send the greatest number of successful boys; while the students deem it a bright epoch in the history of their School, when one of their number outstrips all competitors in the University course. When the Rugby boys won laurels at the Universities the heart of Dr. Arnold was gladdened, and his letters were among the first to offer to his successful pupils congratulations and advice. The plan we propose would beget the same spirit of generous rivalry among our own Colleges. They would all send their students up before the same examiners to test the quality and quantity of the work performed. The students would stand on a footing of equality, because they would be examined in subjects contained in a common curriculum. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to see that under such circumstances the *students* of the various Colleges would *not* be the only competitors. Each Professor would necessarily feel a desire to send the medalist and prizeman in his department, and, in his efforts to attain that end, would inspire his students with an enthusiasm somewhat akin to that felt at Rugby under the rule of Dr. Arnold. In this way, it is quite probable, that there would be more enthusiasm and brisker competition than if the students were all brought together within the halls of a central teaching University. We have perused the Draft of a Bill chiefly embodying our views said to have been framed by the late lamented Hon. Wm. Garvie. It was that gentleman's intention, we believe, to have submitted it for the adoption of the Nova Scotia Legislature. It was modelled after the charter of the London University. The governing body was to consist of a Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and twenty-four Fellows, to be chosen from the various denominations and the governing bodies of the various Colleges in the Province. The Convocation, composed of all graduates in the

different Arts and Faculties, was empowered to nominate a certain number of the Fellows, and generally to discuss and recommend such improvements as it thought proper. This right of nominating to the Senate would place a certain amount of controlling power in the hands of the graduates; a plan eminently calculated to interest the Alumni in behalf of the University. The men who have been trained in an Institution can reasonably be supposed to know its needs and requirements. There are those, however, who oppose this plan of elevating and stimulating the higher education. They characterize it as a *paper* scheme, forgetting that in so doing they ignore the great success attending the London University, and the Queen's University, Ireland. Others think that under such a system the Examinations would present a difficulty. Experience is a sufficient answer to the objection. According to the Regulations of the London University, 1874, for Colleges outside of London the "Examinations are carried on simultaneously with the Examinations in London, under the supervision of Sub-Examiners appointed by the Senate. The answers of the Candidates at the Provincial Examinations are reviewed by the Examiners at the same time with the answers of the Candidates examined in London; and a list of the Candidates who have passed at each Provincial Examination is published at the time fixed by the Regulations, at the place where such Examination has been held." More than FORTY Colleges are affiliated with the London University. These represent all denominations, and are scattered throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies. The success of this scheme is evidenced in the growing prosperity of the University. Its degrees are eagerly sought after, and the ability with which its University powers are administered is beyond dispute. If such is a *paper* University, may our country soon be blessed with one of the same material. We do not pretend to any originality in advocating these views. Others before us have pressed this plan upon the consideration of the Maritime Provinces. This subject, as long ago as 1861, was ably advocated by some sincere friends of the higher education. In 1861 the Board of Governors and Trustees of the Mount Allison Academy, *unanimously* resolved that "in the opinion of the Board the establishment of a proper University Board—to be separate and independent of all teaching institutions, and to be the sole source of University Honors and Degrees in the Province,

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would prove of essential advantage to the cause of liberal education." The Board of Trustees referred the matter to the Wesleyan Conference, and after mature deliberation that body declared "that this Conference, fully concurring in the opinion that the establishment of a proper Provincial University—distinct from all teaching institutions, to be the sole source of University Honors and Degrees, upon the plan essentially of the London University in England, and the Queen's University in Ireland—would be of great and permanent advantage to the cause of liberal education, gladly complies with the request of the Board of Trustees of the Mount Allison Wesleyan Academy, and appoints the Rev. the President of the Conference, and the Rev. the Secretary of the same, with the Superintendent of the Fredericton circuit, to act with the Executive Committee of the Academy, as a joint Committee, to bring the matter under the notice and consideration of the Government and Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick, in such a way as shall seem best calculated to secure the establishment of such an institution." The Rev. H. Pickard, D. D., at that time Principal of the Male Academy at Sackville, strenuously exerted himself, with others, to secure the consummation of so desirable an end, before formally organizing the Mount Allison College under its Act of Incorporation. The attempt at that time failed in consequence of the very recent changes which had then taken place in connection with the College in Fredericton. We mention the facts to shew that the denomination owning and controlling the Educational Institutions at Sackville, was willing in 1861 to assist in building up a great central degree-conferring, non-teaching University. That denomination we believe is still willing to assist in maturing details to secure that object.

The degree emanating from a central authority, such as we would wish to see, would be more valuable than those emanating from one of the affiliated Colleges. A degree would, in that case, come from *all* the Colleges instead of one. It would be a certificate of proficiency from the entire "Republic of Letters" in the Province or Provinces. It would also bring the educated men of the country into close relations; they would have ample opportunities of understanding each other; and their interchange of ideas could not fail to advance the cause they had at heart. One feature of our plan is that its comprehensiveness and elasticity make it as applicable to a dozen Provinces as to one—to millions of a population as to

thousands—to “scores of Colleges” as to two or three. Schools in Law and Medicine could also be affiliated with such a central University. We see no reason why a good Law School could not be sustained in Halifax and Saint John. They are the great centres of our population, and such Schools would be of great assistance to Students at law, pursuing their regular studies. Such Schools would also afford great advantages to young business men in acquiring a knowledge of certain branches of commercial law. Surely we have legal gentlemen capable of occupying the chairs, and willing to give two or three hours a week to build up such Schools in our midst. It is not necessary that Nova Scotia and P. E. Island should join in this plan before inaugurating it. It can be worked out in New Brunswick perfectly and effectually; and provision can easily be made for enabling other Colleges to affiliate whenever they choose. The attendance at our Colleges should be much larger than it is. The yearly average attendance upon the Nova Scotia Colleges, including Mount Allison, from the year 1867 to 1871, both years inclusive, was a fraction over one hundred and thirty-one, giving nearly twenty-two of an average to each of the six Colleges. The number of properly matriculated Students attending the Arts’ departments of the different Colleges in the two Provinces, during the Academic year just closing, cannot much exceed two hundred. The average for the eight Colleges would be about twenty-five, certainly not over thirty. This body of Students is drawn from a population of not quite six hundred and seventy-four thousand. Or in other words, only one for about every three thousand two hundred and fifty of the population attend our Colleges.

We do not forget that some of our Students attend Colleges outside of the Provinces, but some come from abroad to make up the deficiency. We are safe in asserting, we think, that our College Students are not more than one for every three thousand of the population. Such an average only gives a representation of about fifteen in our Colleges from the city of Saint John and Portland. This is assuredly a very small number from such a centre of wealth and general intelligence. Something should be done to increase the desire for the higher education. If only one for every one thousand of our population attended our Colleges, we would have nearly three hundred Students in attendance upon Collegiate instruction—a number sufficient to test to the utmost

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the accommodation for the higher education in this Province. Such an average we do not think too large to look for, when we consider our wealth, the general diffusion of knowledge among all classes, and the increasing importance of the higher education. It may be much larger than in England, but our circumstances are far different. We have no paupers as a class, while England has her hundreds of thousands. The manner of bringing about this change now remains to be discussed. To accomplish the object there must be unanimity of sentiment and action among the Colleges and their supporters. A convention, properly constituted, would be the best mode of ascertaining the views of all the parties interested. Such a Convention might be held at some convenient time and place, during the present summer or coming autumn, so that if a plan were agreed upon, immediate legislation might be obtained to carry it into effect. We do not advise great haste in a matter of this kind. It involves the entire future of University Education in these Provinces, and requires temperate and well-considered action. Lord Eldon's favorite motto, "*sat cito, si sat bene*," should rather govern us in this matter, although we would not consider it "*sat cito*" to delay for many years. First agree upon the plan to be adopted, establish it by laying the foundations deep and firm, and a superstructure—a natural outgrowth—with graceful shafts, corinthian capitals, and fair proportions will quickly follow. We have above very imperfectly sketched the plan we propose for University reform—a plan admirably suited to the needs and circumstances of our country. We have endeavoured to show the entire feasibility of the scheme—the impulse it would give to the higher education by infusing life and generous rivalry into the work of the Colleges—the enhanced value of degrees—the benefits of a central authority prescribing the courses of study—its non-interference with vested rights, by leaving the Colleges intact—and its perfect adaptability to a sparse or dense population—many Colleges or few. Whether the various Colleges will continue to go on as at present, or avail themselves of a change that cannot fail to give them new life and vigour, is a question which can only be decided by themselves.

## THE STORM.

THE rain fell thick and fast,  
 The storm-cloud brooded low ;  
 The night wind rang with a sudden blast,  
 Like the sound of a coming foe.

The billows scattered foam,  
 The mountain waves were white ;  
 Ah ! for the ships that came sailing home  
 From distant seas that night !

God ! didst Thou hear the prayer  
 That rose from pallid lips ?  
 Christ ! as of old, didst Thou meet them there—  
 The wildly tossing ships ?

Thro' all that weary night,  
 Her white and trembling hand  
 Held in the casement a flickering light  
 To guide her Love to land.

The sun rose o'er the town,  
 And sparkled on the sea—  
 The Storm King flung his sceptre down,  
 And Peace reigned royally :

The song bird trilled a note,  
 And warbled wild and free ;  
*Two idle oars and an empty boat*  
*Went drifting out to sea !*

HALPITT STREET.

St. John, N. B.

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 JOSIAH GARTH.

BY DR. D. CLARK, PRINCETON, ONT.

CHAPTER V.

When Levi left the house, the night was very dark. A warm rain, for December, was falling in torrents, as it had been all the previous day. A few hundred yards brought him to the Humber river, not many miles from its mouth. He had crossed it in a

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canoe, which he had hidden in some bushes, but it was almost impossible for him to find the spot. His anxiety increased as the night wore on, still wandering in hopeless quest. The ripple of water, many feet above the usual flow, showed that floods were rushing to the lake. All at once arose a pitiful shriek, in the direction of the river, not far from the bank, followed by a splashing sound of some one in the water, struggling for life. The first impulse, in most persons, would have been to shout a response, but Levi was slow of speech, and not, in ordinary circumstances, quick of movement. On this occasion he never thought of attracting attention to succour, but knew that prompt action was required. He felt for the edge of the river with his hands, and found that the water was shallow. He commenced to wade towards the voice, which occasionally was heard above the roar of the waters. Unexpectedly, he found himself sinking in deep water, beyond his depth. The river had over-flown the summit of a steep bank, and he found his footing leave him, as he stepped over the edge. The current came with a sweep round this point, and before he could fairly realize his situation, he was being played with by the angry river as if he were a bubble or a cork. Being a good swimmer, he had no difficulty to keep his head above the water, and watch for chances of landing. Something came against him, with considerable violence, in an eddy, which at first, he imagined was a log floating with the stream. He seized it gladly, as a temporary support and resting-place. His surprise was considerable to find, by the feeling of it, that it was a canoe upset, and clinging to it was a human being, who, from his feeble moans, was evidently fast losing strength. Levi spoke encouragingly to his strange companion, but got no reply. He made several attempts to right the shallop, but in vain. The excitement, for a time, kept up the increased circulation, but he felt that cramps and numbness were threatening to supervene his exertions. His comrade had, for a considerable time, given few signs of vitality, besides a firm grip of the prow of the canoe. This hold might be that of death, and as no responses came from the continuous questionings, he was considering the propriety of casting off the corpse, and thus lightening the canoe, so that it could be turned. Onward they sped, and finally struck an elm tree, broadside on. This tree was upright in its native bed, and lofty as it was, the spreading top,

where it branched out, was on a level with the surface of the seething waters. The slender vessel began to roll—a moan came from the body—Levi laid hold of an outspreading bough with the one hand, and with the other dragged toward him his half-conscious comrade, as the canoe, partially relieved of its weight, shot past the tree, and was lost in the darkness. So far, both were secure from immediate danger, for a safe resting place was found in the bifurcations of the ample branches springing up closely together. Now that he had time to reflect, he began to chafe the hands, feet, chest and face of the unknown. The exercise warmed himself and brought a glow of heat to the cold body and extremities of the “limpsy” man. Lest he should fall off into the flood, boiling beneath, Levi tied him with his cravat securely to a branch, and after ineffectual efforts to make him speak, looked eagerly into the black and weeping heavens for the steel-grey dawn, with its certain succour. The tumultuous and angry waves were distinctly heard lapping round the trunk of the tree, as if smacking their watery lips in prospective delight and present glee, at the near approach of a feast of human victims. The “sough” of the wintry winds came like a dirge, or requiem, in mournful cadences from the distant woods, and whistled in the swaying branches with bitter shrillness, piercing to the very marrow through his saturated clothes. The hours seemed days, and yet no dawn. His comrade had his tongue loosed, and began to show signs of animation. He was evidently delirious. At one time he was giving commands to soldiers—“Stand at ease!” “Attention!” “Shoulder arms!” and such like terms were uttered. When Levi spoke, he made no reply; but in a guttural voice began to sing snatches of songs and hymns in a profane medley. “Old Dan Tucker” was mixed up with “Greenland’s Icy Mountains;” “Jump Jim Crow” got in brotherly nearness to “All Hail!” and “Home, sweet Home” was in parenthetical lines with “The Spacious Firmament” and “Auld Robin Gray.” Expostulation, entreaty and sharp enquiry had no effect upon him. So concentrated was he in his own mad imaginings, that he did not seem to have left to him the animal instinct of fear from danger; were it not for the constant watchfulness and care of his anxious rescuer, he would have many times toppled into the river. An alarming oscillation of the tree began, as if the roots were becoming detached; thus, a new source of danger threatened them. The ground was becoming softened by the water, and the mighty

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lever power of the rushing stream was telling on the body of this giant of the forest. He knew their doom would be sealed if the tree should be swept away. They could not be far from Lake Ontario, and could they cling to a revolving trunk, an hour at most would launch them upon its bosom, far from human ken, did they survive the ordeal. The green tree, with heavy roots, would be partially submerged, and could not, at best, afford a safe resting place. All these untoward circumstances in prospect were rushing through the mind of Levi swifter than ideas were wont to go through this channel before. He seemed to himself to have awoke to real thinking life, after a lethargic existence of years, and with death so near, living seemed dearer to him than ever. It is said a panorama of a drowning man's life will come up in sudden retrospect before his mind. One picture persistently thrust itself upon his attention, in which stood out in bold relief from the background—Molly, the spinning-wheel, the aged couple, the glowing hearth, and the cabin. He often thought that his brain was also losing its balance, for words, actions, hates, loves, passions and sensations, which had been forgotten, or thought to have been consigned to oblivion, sprang up from the abyss of the past as if by magic, and would not be spirited away.

Joyful sight! the grey dawn appeared. Pencils of light chased each other with fairy-feet. The affrighted and broken clouds were scudding before the Storm King, and old, genial, jolly-faced Sol was painting them with a silver lining, and waking up in nature everywhere the grand, wild anthems, and oratorios of animated creation. Even in extreme danger, admiration of the sublime and beautiful, is not lost, in the innate, and aesthetic receptive powers of man.

The roaring waters once seen, were not so dreaded as in darkness. They were in a large flat, with high banks, and covered with water like a lake. Rails, cakes of ice, logs, lumber, cordwood, and all sorts of *debris* were rushing past. The dark blue lake and the light blue sky were seen, in patches, in the distance, southward.

Hanging on the bough, and straining on his bonds to their utmost tension, with a mad, wild glare in his eyes, could be seen the stranger. He seemed young in years, and in spite of his dishevelled locks, blood begrimed face and hands and tattered clothing, he was fair to look upon. The tender hands showed he was not inured to toil, and the quality of his garments told of

affluence if not wealth. Still there was no recognition, and with difficulty he was kept upon his perch. No signs of succour from the shore could be seen, and so hidden were they, by the large boughs, as not easily to be observed. The sun rose, and in its feeble rays served to add to the weakness and stiffness of both, and although Levi did not feel hungry, yet he was faint with despair. The suggestion came up, "Why not plunge into the waters and end my misery?" That end was imminent, why not shorten the probation? No casuistry seemed to trouble him, in regard to suicide and its culpability. He would try to recollect, although in a fragmentary manner, incidents of shipwrecked mariners on ice-floes, dismantled hulks, icebergs, fragments of wrecks, and desolate coasts. Thus the mind would wander, and then fly back to the floods, the elm tree, himself, and despondency. These meanderings of mind were the precursors of delirium, ravings, and death. Levi felt this, and began to be indifferent to fate, and the future. A shout was heard by him, but so far away did it seem, that he was not sure of its direction, nor of its being more than a delusion of the brain. He looked first to one bank and then the other, but in vain. Another shout came over the waters, more distinct and from far up the river. It was from a boat coming down, and in it were a woman and man. As it drew near, he could scarcely believe his eyes, when he saw that it contained Molly and her Uncle, but so it was. I cannot help the fact, that there is an historical parallel, in a minor degree, between this scene of peril, to all concerned, and that of Grace Darling; nor does it comport with truth to "get up" a sensation, by asserting that the tree, and its occupants were swept away at the moment the brave rescuers drew near, and make a tragedy of "love's labour lost," for such was not the case. I have looked at the noble elm, in a green old age, A. D., July 10th, 1873, nodding its verdant foliage, in Gothic arches—"heaven's first temples," with whispering responses to the gentle influences of the evening zephyrs, filling the valley with pleasant monotonous. That is a fact, and nearly became blank poetry, which is seldom real now-a-days, but such frenzy needs a curb, and so I say *peccavi*, and shout "brakes on."

After several vain attempts to reach the tree and stem, the current, the beleaguered sufferers were snatched from a watery grave and landed far below where they "launched away." When they reached Molly's home the young men were nursed with the

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greatest care and solicitude. The stranger lay raving in brain fever, muttering all sorts of incoherent inanities. None in all the country round knew whence he came, whither he was going, who were his kindred, nor what was his name or home. Levi came to himself thoroughly, none the worse of wear and tear, after a rest, excellent commissary supplies, and a thorough thaw out. The baptism did him good in many ways. He felt thankful to a kind Providence for deliverance. His season of vegetative life had ended. The past seemed to his awakened consciousness like an opium-eater's dream; this was now succeeded by forming a high resolve to be an active man and a worthy citizen. How it came about I never knew, but Molly and he came to a mutual understanding of some sort, and terms of amity were signed and sealed by the high contracting parties, in the form prescribed by instinct from the days of Adam downwards, in unbroken succession. What the terms of capitulation were—how "the bugle sang truce"—who first threw out, over the parapets of the heart, the flag of surrender—whether both had a simultaneous challenge of "I dare you half way,"—or—that is all I know about it, and if I knew more I would likely have been sworn to secrecy. All the foregoing facts I got from the lips of Levi in strict confidence, and he added, with a sort of grim humour, that when he took a second start for Toronto, they parted at the door; then at the garden gate; afterwards at the near side of the treacherous river; finally, Molly ferried him over, after the exercise of considerable "moral suasion;" and here the curtain drops at the end of this melodramatic performance.

Quoth the reader: How did Molly and her uncle know about the accident; and how did it happen that they came so opportunely upon the scene? It was in this wise. After Levi left the house, she was in the chip-yard, presumably, ostensibly, and presumptively seeking fire-wood. I don't say—as a faithful historian—that, in sadness at the abrupt parting, the maiden, in the darkness, struck a classic attitude, indicative of commingled hope and despair, the zenith and nadir between which, like Mahomet's coffin, lovers are suspended by invisible but potent agencies; but I do assert that she stood in the rain so long that her flowing—if not graceful—homespun robes had imbibed moisture like a sponge, and she was not aware of it. Other sensations were crowding themselves upon her mind. The same cry Levi heard, she heard,

with the splashing, and moaning, and speaking. The conclusion was inevitable that her lover was the author of all these sounds, and was *in articulo mortis*. She did not think in these words, for they would have been Choctaw to her, but the emphatic Anglo-Saxon amounted to the same thing, viz: Levi was being drowned, and no one to help.

Then followed a rush into the house—a cry for help—a dragging, *nolens volens*, of her uncle by the arm to the river, without time for an explanation, until he thought the girl was “daft” (this act was not feminine, but decidedly imperative)—a mad rushing up and down the river bank in search of a boat, but none could be found until daylight, and then where it never was before (as is always provided in regard to all indispensables in cases of accident)—a weeping, and wailing, and wringing of hands, accompanied by a “double quick” on the wet and spongy bank through the weary hours of darkness. All such ways and manners, with others “too numerous to mention,” were included in the programme, “in such cases made and provided,” with a sort of paraphrased echo and *encore* from the roaring river and the howling tempest. Daylight had broke, and with it had come the hour for action. The compressed lips, nerve-strung muscles, dry eyes—which recently had been fountains—determined gait, and glowing face, told that a mind made up to dare, to do, and, if necessary, to die, was dangerous to trifle with. The uncle was about to remonstrate with her in attempting a search on the treacherous river, with its whirlpools, eddies and crushing ice-cakes. If the sounds were made by Levi, then must he have reached a place of safety, or was now beyond help; but he saw that argument would now be in vain. The determination and agony of that face were enough for him. They stepped into the boat in silence and pushed away, hoping against hope. Narrow escapes from crush and currents were many, and skilfully utilized “without note or comment.” The wide lake, and its furious, stormy bosom, were looming in sight, but, nothing daunted, they persevered in the search, he rowing and Molly steering with a paddle, at which she was an expert. The lost was found. She did not fall into her lover’s arms in a fainting fit when they reached a convenient spot, but, like a sensible woman, rolled up her sleeves, and in the old apparent hauteur showed in deeds what an active, determined, unconquerable spirit could elicit in the way of good nursing, excellent

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cooking and *fussless* vigilance. Tyndall may say what he likes about the fallacy of the doctrine of special Providence, but I am sure that God virtually said that night, "Molly Perkins, you are my instrument on this occasion. I have a work for Levi to do. He must be saved, and you shall save him." The world is full of such examples, "deny it who can." The fool and the philosopher may bury these "undesigned coincidents" in the sarcophagus of natural laws, yet these "are a law unto themselves."

## CHAPTER VI.

THE political excitement which had been in a state of fermentation for a number of years, culminated in the outbreak of 1837. A number of arbitrary measures, under the sanction of Sir Francis Bond Head, Governor General of Upper Canada, had added fuel to the flames. He had trampled upon the franchise rights of the people, and had ordered expulsion from the House of Assembly of several of that body who were personally obnoxious to him, and who had been legally elected as representatives. These overt acts were perpetrated on frivolous and vexatious pretences. He had surrounded himself with minions of his own selection as a Privy Council, who, under the cry of loyalty and British connection, had carried into effect the most extreme measures in defiance of constitutional law and practice. Such despotic measures, carried on systematically and continuously, drove an otherwise loyal people to desperation. William Lyon McKenzie became, by force of circumstances, the leader. He was a member of Parliament for York, and in spite of repeated elections had been expelled the House, on charges partly true, but mostly false, being surrounded by sufficiently colourable circumstances to give an excuse for tyrannical excesses. He was an honest man; forcible speaker; possessed of great energy; hot-headed and *uncurbable*. After his printing office had been sacked by a furious mob, strongly impressed that the work of demolition was praiseworthy and loyal, he knew that his life was in danger from his foes, and often had to be provided with an escort for protection; he very rashly and unadvisedly prepared to subvert the Government by force of arms. In midst of great provocations he still asserted his attachment to the British Crown, but after repeated visits to London with mammoth petitions asking for a redress of multiform grievances, he felt that the people might expect no succour from the Home

Office, which seemed to lend no willing ear to aught, but the messages and dispatches of the Governor General. The same "comedy of errors" was reenacted on a small scale, which worked the era of the American War of Independence. McKenzie allied himself with the rebels of Lower Canada under Papineau, and sought to obtain by revolt, what was denied by constitutional means. His error lay in not continuing lawful agitation, until redress was obtained, either by a change of Government in Britain, and consequently a new viceroy in Canada, or by the beneficial effect which always flows from persistent and reasonable agitation, discussion and petition. A short time would have brought it about, and doubtless without the arbitrament of arms. A headstrong Governor, more accustomed to military rule, than to the granting of civil rights and needful concessions, stung to madness a large portion of the community. Secret clubs were formed. Arms were collected. All the machinery of a formidable conspiracy was set in motion. The day for rising was appointed, and Toronto, the Seat of Government, was to be the chief point of attack. It was almost defenceless, with a magazine and several thousand muskets, without a single guard. Had energy, at the outset, been displayed by the rebels, the Seat of Government must have fallen into their hands. Vacillation, dissension, and lukewarmness, in the rebel camps, among the chiefs, demoralized the insurgent forces, which at best were only a partially organized and armed mob, needing only a skirmish to scatter it to the four winds. This uprising did good in one way, at least; it alarmed the Home Government, which sent out, as Governor, Lord Durham, a statesman of repute. The end of the ill-advised and futile struggle for Independence was the granting to the Colonies responsible Government, an inestimable boon, which brought with it contentment and loyalty. The foregoing scrap of Canadian history is necessary, in order to understand what follows.

On the 6th day of December, 1837, Levi was on his way to Toronto to join the loyal bands, called together to defend the Capital. On entering a bush about three miles from the city, he came upon a dilapidated individual, who was "roosting" upon a fallen log, smoking a clay pipe of sombre aspect. The careless, contented abandon of this solitary man was amusing. Near him lay a flint-lock musket, which seemed sufficiently rusty and battered to certify to its use at the battle of Quebec. A brown hat of sugar-loaf

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shape adorned a bald, shining and oily crown. Unclipped grey woollen clothes hung loosely on this anatomical specimen of humanity, and so rough was it, that a good handful of the nap could be procured anywhere by a chance grab. A red woollen scarf of ancient appearance was tied over the head and ears, and under the crowning pyramid. Two originally square patches of many colours flaunted their loose edges, from the knees to the ankles, now and then giving a peep at the serrated and capacious deficiencies of the original garment. Home made moccasins of buckskin, with strings of the same material, covered number "nines." Woollen white mitts, which were capacious enough to fit anybody, hung loosely round gigantic paws. The man's age might be anywhere between thirty-five and forty-five years. The thin lips—high cheek bones—shaggy eyebrows—distended nostrils—and fairly sized aural appendages, with the contour of the face, and angular body, pointed significantly to his Doric origin.

"Wha comes there?" said the sentinel, as he caught a sight of Levi through a clump of young pines. After saying that, he deliberately laid down his pipe and as coolly took up his gun, pointing its muzzle with deliberation and caution towards the tree-tops.

"A friend," said Levi, not knowing into whose hands he had fallen, nor what else to say.

"Weel, what's the counter word, my chap?"

"I don't know."

"Hoo the deil can you tell if ye're a frien' or no, if ye dinna ken that? Answer me."

"Who are you?" Levi said, trying to procure information and gain time by putting on an air of nonchalance.

"Alec Riach says to you, that's speerin', its nane o' your bisness, an' if ye dinna cum oot frae ahint that fixture in a Scotch minute, that is as lang as three English minutes, an' lat me see your bonny coontenance, I'll mak' daylight thro' ye, wi' roun' lead, saxteen to the poun'."

The muzzle of the gun came down from skyward, and as Levi could look down its black and dark canal, not knowing when its contents might be taking sudden and forcible possession of his *corpus*, he said:

"I've no countersign; I'm your prisoner."

"Throw up your arms, and lat me see if you've ony pistols, letters, papers, or dirks," said cautious Alec.

Levi did as commanded, and was thoroughly searched for evidences of hostility. He was then ordered to sit down on one end of the log, while his scare-crow guard got straddle of the other, facing him.

"Noo, sin' ye seem like a peaceful kind o' a chiel, I may say that I'm ane o' the pickets in the army o' Independence, an' ye're my prisoner. We've surrounded the ceety, and soon will boil doon in a sugar kettle, like kail-brose, the Sir Francis and a' yelpin' terriers at his heels. What's mair, we'll hae a Free Government, and no havers aboot lairds, lords, dookes, or muckle sirs for oor masters."

"But will we be any better off than we have been?" asked Levi.

"Better off! Can we be waur off? Tell me that. What wi' puttin' their heels on our necks,—sorrow tak' them—fillin' a' the offices wi' swarms o' locusts, that devoored oor substance—overlookin' the bane and seenew o' the country, the Government has given us not only rods but scorpions. The blood to be spilled, must be on their ain heads."

"Wouldn't it be better to agitate in the usual way, than to rebel and cause a needless loss of life," suggested the prisoner.

"Gin I thocht ye wis a Tory I'd br'ak yere hed just noo for yere impidence, for suggestin' sich a thing. Haven't we been doin' it for years, and the mair we wriggled in the Slough o' Despond, as Jock Bunyan waud say, the deeper we got, and the tighter wis oor bonds; till I said, an' we a' said 'by the clan Ronald, we'd ficht for the Queen—Gude be wi' her!—but no for her flunkies.' If she has a dirty besom to sweep wi', its no oor fault. We just say, 'beg your pardon, most Royal Madam, we'll no hurt you nor yours, but the broom is raisin' sich a stoor, we maun put it oot at the back door.' The thing is aye best dun' what's dun' weel. We're no gane to mend auld cloots, but make new claites oot o' new stuff. I mind once o' mending a pair o' breeks. Janet (that's my wife) gied awa' to a neebor's on a visit. When I wis sautin' the cooes, my trews a' scaled up the legs. As I had to gang to the market that day, I sat doon an' sewed them up, wi' an oot an' in, an' an in an' oot stitch, wi' the edge to the edge, as it looks flatter. They seemed a' richt till I wis coming doon the street, (I must confess nane the better for the whiskey in

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my hed,) when I heard something give, like the sail of a ship would do in a storm. I dropped my han's doon as quickly as I waud a het taty frae my mou', and soon found oot that my trews was fa'in' to bits, and me in the middle o' the street. I got in my fingers the end o' a threed that wis hangin' oot, an' pu'ed at it, thinkin' it might help to haud my claes thegither, but gude be here! it just ravelled oot like a stockin' leg a' the way doon to my shoon, and then I wis waur nór the Highlanders that ha'e only kilts. My cheeks got red as a burning divot, wi' shame. I gaed aboot like a hen wi' its head aff, only far waur. The mair I danced aboot, the mair the folk laughed, haudin' their sides, and openin' their mouths till I thought they'd split. I grew mair desperate than onnie daft loon, and gripped baith sides o' my troosers wi' a' my might and main, and turned my nose for sister Meg's hoose in the toon, as a sort o' harbour o' refuge. I held my head up, and my chin oot like a sodger; filled my cheeks weel wi' win; glowered at the blue lift, as if I saw the seven stars; and stepped canny, thinkin' I widna be noticed ony mair, by thae laughin' gouks: but, waes me! there comes the minister up the street afore me; an' there's the school just oot; and walkin' roun' the corner is the wag o' a doctor, that sees everything. Then, when they a' saw me in sich a sorry plight, they begun to laugh, and chuckle; and grin, and the bairns got roun' me, tuggin' at the fleein' clouts. I saw I couldna' hide, by hook nor crook, and so I lat go my fleein' signals of distress, that-gaed flutterin' in the win', and ran for the hoose. I seemed just like a bairn wi' a ghost after him; the farther I ran, the faster I ran, till I got to my sister's door, but here wis the licht brigade at my heels. I gaed a yell o' rage at my tormentors, and wi' a loup I landed in the middle o' the floor. Meg sat spinnin' wi' a sma' wheel ahint the door; but no seein' her, and bein' nearly blin' wi' rage, I sent her, reelin' to a corner o' the room, and her wheel like a totum, spinnin' in the ither. She gave a screech oot o' her ye could hear a mile, cryan wi' might and main 'murder.' In cam' the crood, expectin' to see what the Dominie ca's a 'tragedie.' Noo, the hoose hadna even a butt and ben, so I had no place to flee to but up the lum; I did what I never did afore sin' a loon, sad doon and grat wi' vexation. Speakin' aboot mortification, and anger, and rage, an' a dizen ither feelins a' mixed<sup>oo</sup> the gither, an' fightin' wi' ane anither, like diels in Pandemonium, and ye can ha'e a faint

conception o' my state o' sin and misery. Somebody wi' a friendly han' threw on me a blanket, and sent me a pair o' troosers. I couldna look ony body in the face for mony a lang day. In concloosion, as oor minister would say, Meg said, and Janet endorsed it, that I should never meddle wi' what I didna understan', for there never wis luck in it. The family compact is tryin' to sew up the claes on their awn nakedness, but rivin' and unravellin' their bad wark, when they dinna ken it. We'll tug at their political rags wi' pickes, swords, an' bagenotts, till there's no a shred o' coverin' for their evil deeds, and no hoose to run till."

(To be continued.)

### UNSPOKEN LOVE'S MUSING.

I met my love in the flushing morn,  
 When life was fair as a 'witching dream ;  
 Her smile, like the day-star, newly born,  
 Lit up my soul with its tender gleam—  
 I placed my love in my inmost heart,  
 And worshipp'd as even a devotee ;  
 And vowed my goddess should never part,  
 The light and hope of my soul from me !

Fair as a lily, my beauteous love,  
 With eyes as blue as the dome of heaven ;  
 Than she, not purer, are those above,  
 To whom the smiles of the Throne are given !  
 Oh, dear to the stricken with grief, the hand,  
 Which soothes the soul's dark agony ;  
 But dearer than touch, or tone, tho' bland,  
 Of else, was the look of my love to me !

And often we met, and the holy spell  
 She flung on my life flowed sweetly on ;  
 Not even a cloud upon me fell,  
 To hide from my soul, my fairest one !  
 Yet spoke I not, for the sacred chain,  
 Of silent love was around me cast ;  
 And thus I watched with a pleasant pain,  
 Thro' the hours and days that were fleeting fast !

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And thus we've met full many a time  
 And never a word of love's been spoken ;  
 Nor shall, 'till high in the starry clime,  
 I'll give my love, my love's first token !  
 What shall it be? Ah, at the Gate,  
 My soul enwrapt with a holier bliss,  
 Shall, reverent, bow to immortal Fate  
 And welcome her with a spirit-kiss !

Ottawa, May, 1874.

JAMES J. GAHAN.

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## TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

v.

OVER one hundred steamships were engaged running the blockade from Wilmington and Charleston to Nassau. Massa Captain's office was continually visited by the captains and officers of these vessels, much to his profit. Business, with us, assumed the latitude of an amplifying character. The city was crowded with Southern refugees, Yankee speculators, English agents and brokers, Spanish smugglers, Jews, Germans, and, in fact, a sprinkling of all nations. Negro labourers toiled incessantly at ships' cargoes. Cotton bales were piled in immense tiers along the moles. The blacks hastily devoured their *gumbo*, resuming work, while their songs floated merrily.

My life at this charming island was one of almost uninterrupted enjoyment. I arose from my bed every morning at five o'clock, and after sipping a mug of coffee, would light a "cheerful cigar" and leisurely stroll down to the public wharves; and sometimes I bathed in the crystal waters that kissed the stout sides of those fine stone piers. I always swam close in shore, in order to give a wide berth to the piratical sharks that are constantly cruising about Nassau harbour. At six o'clock the streets became suddenly alive, as it were, with pedestrians. Little scrubby Cuban horses and lazy mules moved along, hauling old rickety drays and market waggons, the drivers shouting angrily at their respective animals,

belabouring the half starved brutes, and vainly endeavouring to "get up" a race. Bahama horses are not fast; the most of them fast more than they wish to. They are fed on dry, scentless grass, or corn tops; they are strangers to oats. A darkey boy told me his horse could eat barrel-hoops. I think he was only joking, but I would not trust one of the quadrupeds with a grass door-mat under his nose—that is, if the mat was of any use. Men, women, and half-clad children passed up and down. Vile looking dogs—mangy, bald, and of villainous breeds—barked and frolicked about. Policemen of a stove-polish hue loitered here and there in a swaggering way. Black, tan and yellow officers of Her Majesty's customs strutted around with consequential mien and dignified gait. Strong, hardy wenches glided by, bearing on their woolly heads immense trays of fruit. Their melodious songs and cheerful gossip reminded the stranger that *theirs* was not a life of sadness. Occasionally, later in the morning, veiled damsels—proud of their white blood—gracefully rolled along in luxurious cabriolets. Others would softly trip over the marble-like by-way with such delicacy of step, that one would imagine that the ground over which they passed was paved with material liable to injury from the weight of their fairy-like feet.

Strongfellow and Donald were finally released from imprisonment, and in due course of time arrived at Nassau again. Poor Donald was almost penniless. I "put him in funds" and he departed for the South in the Steamship Valerie. Massa Captain now entered into a limited partnership with Strongfellow, under the style and firm of *Massa Captain & Strongfellow*. Success attended the concern. Consignments floated to them across the seas, consisting in large numbers of vessels, and cargoes of merchandise. My room-mates now, were Strongfellow, two Southern clerks and my dog Bonnie. Bonnie was a very circum-spect animal, and as mud is almost unknown in Nassau, he seldom left the mark of his feet on the well-waxed floors. Reader! for my own convenience, please allow me to dispose of this canine character of my story. He was stolen from me some months later in Jamaica, as many another good dog of mine has since been in St. John. It is now my settled dogma, that any person "who steals" dogs, will "pocket" any thing that excites his dishonest fancy, and not be a kleptomaniast either. I have no reference to bull-dogs here, for I would be pleased to see them all *withdrawn*,

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My hands were full, I may say, in collecting cash, and attending to business generally. As I have before stated, my time was entirely occupied among the shipping. I usually found the sea-captains about the ice-house. This building was a great resort for all classes. Arm-chairs stood in rows in its roomy vestibule or piazza. These seats were often occupied by English and American skippers. Here they "spun" yarns, and grumbled about mean owners. At times a "fancy fighting mate" was eulogized. Perhaps a "tasty cook," received honorable mention among them, yet this was of rare occurrence. Cool soda water flowed from the marble fountains of this establishment. Crowds of thirsty mortals were always to be found here. Little schooners were coming and going continually to and from the out islands. These crafts generally anchored off this ice-house, it being located by the sea. Many of them were scarcely forty feet in length, yet their decks would be often swarming with blacks of both sexes, and of all ages, coming I suppose to visit their friends, or perhaps on errands of business. I was, and am yet, puzzled to know how so many of these people ever found standing room on board, and they had sailed over the sea from fifty to three hundred miles. One of these vessels arrived, and approached a wharf for the purpose of landing passengers and fruit. The skipper of this packet wore a countenance of severity and importance. He had on a white shirt stiffly starched. His head was hatless, but well protected from the burning sun by a dense growth of closely curled wool. Pants of thin stuff hung loosely about his giraffe-like legs. No shoes encased his ample feet. He stood on the poop—tiller in hand—giving orders, thick and fast. The vessel was under full headway, the sails being just lowered.

"Look out dar," roared the captain, as the mole was rapidly neared. "Stand by to 'bey orders; heab dat line asho'—make fast—let go—haul in." The rope missed its mark. "Let go de anchor," screamed our skipper, manifesting great wrath.

"Der aint no ting bent on," answered the mate in a frightened manner.

"Neber you mind, sah; let go anyhow," urged the commander, furiously.

Away plunged the kedge, with no chain fast to it, and of course the craft grounded with a heavy lurch.



situation; the moisture from her "liquid orbs" fell like gentle drops from the darkened clouds. Then, as if the sudden voice of thunder had awoke to glory, she defended her insulted dignity with words similar to the following: "Go 'way hateful nigga; don't approach me dis big Monday morning; I no nanny-goat; you can't pull my hair; don't fetch disturbance to my uneasiness; I know you all, you one eye nigga; you fadder bad ole man; he too lazy to work for pork; he eat sappidilli. I know you ole fool mudder—she ole mischief woman; she make believe she no want noddén. People say to her, 'You wish mango, Mrs. Wooltop?' She say, 'No, my deah.' 'You want sugar-apple?' 'No, no, deah.' 'You want pine-apple?' 'No, deah.' 'You want salt fish?' 'No, I tank you; me plenty, plenty. Goramity good to me.' You mudder full ob foolishness; she say she want noddén, den she go tief ebberying; yes for true, she do."

"You call my mudder tief!" demands the enraged aggressor, assuming a pugilistic attitude, while the spunky Amazon rolls up her sleeves "man fashion." Here followed a war of words between both parties, and for a time they anathematized each other most venomously; but the heroine, becoming thoroughly exasperated, deals her adversary a stunning rap on his rubber-like pug, and lo! the fight begins. Her "plug-uglyship" handles her fists with all the dexterity of a Baltimore "Blood-tub." She strikes sure, but the "man's the man for a' that." The crowd around loudly cheers the vanquished *Bellona*, crying, "Go in, Ida; don't let dat boy quam 'bout you." I have witnessed negro men fighting in the Bahamas for an hour or more, with no other garment than Nature's robes. With them, after several "rounds," knives are always drawn. The combatants are then separated by the lookers on. I have frequently seen them slash each other fearfully, though, curious to relate, not dangerously, as these negroes mostly use a common table-knife or razor, neither of which, as every one knows, is convenient for stabbing purposes.

The houses in the West Indies have no chimneys. The cooking is done in a small stone kitchen, or wooden shed, standing apart from the main building, in the back-yard. The negro kitchen girl, or cook, presents a somewhat peculiar appearance, with her yellow or scarlet cotton handkerchief, folded or wound round her head in an artistic manner—or, to speak in nautical language, with all the tucks and turns of a well-tied lanyard knot. As a

rule, she is a jovial and loquacious creature. Should she be unmarried, the cook-house—or *casino*, as the Spanish call it—is the head-quarters of several of her cousins, as she is wont to style them, and they are of almost all ages and of both sexes. Should this “lady of colour” be married, “ten to one” but she is the mother of numerous children—variegated children—and as this maternal parent toils away, her husband lingers about, perhaps nursing the little ones, for he is, of course, a lazy fellow, and considers it superfluous for him to do any labour when his wife can earn a livelihood for the family. If the mistress or master of the house objects to the visits of her friends, she forthwith resigns her position, and in an outburst of darkey eloquence declares “dat she aint going to work for dem sort ob mean people dat grudge her acquaintance-body a little bite.” The lady or lord of the mansion is compelled to victual a whole family to obtain the services of one domestic. The West India negro is a natural born “sponger,” and a better natured loafer could not conveniently be found. Strangers visiting these islands generally consider the negroes impertinent and saucy, but a stay of several months among them banishes this impression. It is true these people are noted for “taking liberties,” but it is done in such a comical way that the stranger is compelled to smile rather than frown at their grinning audacity.

In bygone days of slavery, the Bahamas are said to have been carefully cultivated. The finest sea-island cotton was exported, but now the stately mansion has crumbled away. Relics of great walls remain. The fields that in days of yore were adorned by the cotton blossom, have become a waste, with here and there a miserable negro hut, standing almost hidden among banana and orange trees. The broad highways reported to have been well laid out and handsomely graded, are now but paths for the wild hog. Everything the eye rests upon, tells that industry is unknown. The inhabitants are divided into two classes, residents and wreckers. The latter are excellent sailors. They are familiar with every key, shoal, and channel of these thousand islands. Their vessels which consist of schooners and sloops are well and sometimes beautifully built, and are very numerous. The Bahama negro, as a rule, is of an athletic and powerful frame. Finer swimmers, perhaps do not exist, and on sea they are no strangers to danger. They are a courageous and bold people,

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exceedingly independent, and many among their numbers are well educated and extremely polite and refined. The population, including all the islands, is about thirty-five thousand; twenty-nine thousand being coloured. History says that when the Bahamas were first discovered, they were peopled by a numerous and happy race of Indians. About the year 1500 the Spaniards carried these poor and innocent creatures over to Hispaniola to work the mines, or act as divers in the pearl-fisheries of Cumana, and thus in fourteen years the whole race became entirely extinct. For about eighty years Nassau was a great rendezvous for pirates, but in 1783 it was ceded to the English, with its other islands. The weather during November and along to May is extremely pleasant, the thermometer in the shade, generally marking sixty to seventy degrees, the mid-day heat, tempered by constant breezes, and the evenings agreeably cool and delightful. From May to November, the thermometer ranges from seventy-five to eighty-five degrees, seldom rising above ninety degrees, but the streets which are white like limestone are very trying to the eyes.

In many places the waters of the West Indies are pellucid, the bottom being clearly visible. Fishermen moor their smacks or boats, for the purpose of fishing, on what they term "dark grounds." These localities are where the finny tribe feed. I frequently availed myself of the opportunity of "throwing a line." The *pescador* of these seas catch fish in this wise: the craft anchored, a conch is taken in each hand, and striking one against the other, the shells break or crumble in small fragments, and slowly sink, thus causing the scaly denizens to assemble and await the bait, like chickens patiently lingering for food. The bait consists of conch meat, which is very sweet; they ravenously seize this, and in many instances, when three or four men are engaged hauling in the beautiful victims, one of the crew is reserved with a light and slender lance or harpoon, to drive off the young, and sometimes old and vicious sharks, that continually steal about in their piratical course, awaiting a chance to lunch on a delicious *groupa* after it has been hooked. West India fishermen use great caution to avoid casting their lines on Copperas Banks. I have seen negroes temporarily blind from partaking of fish caught on or about these poisonous grounds. To my taste, the fresh fish of the Bahamas are finer than those of our Bay of Fundy (salmon excepted), and the natives cook them excellently, and

serve up with Spanish sauce and a golden lime. The people of the Bahamas are nicknamed "Conchs." I have seen walls of these shells hundreds of yards long, and four or five feet in height. They had been cast up from the sea during heavy gales, and were thus formed in one natural breast-work by the omnipotent hands of the Most High, and tinted white and red by Nature's artist. Were I a poet, I would sing of these islands a song of countless verses. The Bahamas produce Indian and Guinea corn, potatoes, yams, beans, peas, pine-apples, cotton, casada, pumpkins, oranges, limes and lemons. Dye and other woods are exported; also, sponges, pine-apples, oranges, etc., but the chief article of exportation is salt.

Massa Captain owned a schooner, which I shall name the *Tomboy*. This craft was of Bahama build, being coppered and copper fastened throughout. Her timbers consisted of a species of native mahogany, called horse-flesh or red-wood. Wishing to dispose of this vessel, he chartered her for Havana, and I was detailed to sail her to that port. Accordingly I assumed the command, and we left Nassau, propelled by a spanking breeze. The moon was just rising above the horizon, throwing a fantastic light over the trackless way. After passing gayly out of the harbour the chains were neatly stowed in the lockers, the anchors made secure in a seaman-like manner, and the decks cleared up. The running gear was coiled accurately on the belaying pins. The cheerful voices of the sailors rang merrily as they shouted a song over the fore and main halyards, for the sails were being sweated up to their utmost extent. Every thing on board of the *Tomboy* was made "Ship shape and Bristol fashion."

The wind is fair, and glittering stars  
Are twinkling clear and bright;  
The worlds above, like countless gems,  
Adorn the glorious night.

Our little barque rides gallantly,—  
Ha! mark the swelling sail;  
The billows roll and softly sigh,  
While sweetly sings the gale.

How pleasantly we glide away,—  
The shores are lost from view;  
We lightly float on sparkling seas,—  
Adieu, kind friends, adieu.

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Even at this late hour the loud clang of the supper-bell called me below. New Providence had disappeared. On the cabin table sat a tureen of well-seasoned turtle-stew. Now, as I write, I almost imagine that I can scent the savour of this delicious *estufa*. "Mock Turtle" is well and truly styled "Mock." The fourth day of our voyage found the *Tomboy* off the point de Matanzas. We were gently wafted along by a light breeze from the land, that brought with it the sweet and refreshing odours of orange blossoms from Cuba's fertile hills. An occasional squall warned me to be cautious in carrying sail. Men were kept stationed at the fore and main halyards in order to lower quickly the sails, should the fitful winds suddenly strike us. We entered the harbour of Havana (the finest in the world) an hour before sunset. In this I was in luck; no vessels are allowed to visit this haven of beauty after "his shining majesty" has retired for the night. I had visited Havana a few years previously. Its left entrance is commanded by a somewhat formidable looking fort called Moro Castle. This stone garrison, I may state, frowns down on all passers by with an eye of suspicion, like the searching glances of a stern father, watching his fair daughter, fearing that a bold fellow might steal his loved one away. The fortress of Punta stands on the right side of the harbour's mouth going in, looking up as it were to its master, old Moro, over the way. These fortifications bristle with cannon, and I have heard that the Spanish consider them capable of defence against a strong fleet, but I believe that half a dozen effective iron-clads could silence them without any very wonderful exertions. Havana is a showy city. The houses are painted quaintly. We had been boarded by a swarthy old pilot, who gave more orders and caused more hurly-burly than would have been necessary had he been guiding into port a ship of the line. Near the village of Casa Blanca, a short distance above Moro, was anchored a guardship. On the decks of this hulk (for such she was) were numerous marines and sailors. Their bugles sounded loudly and pleasantly, but the continuous rattle of their drums was monotonous in the extreme. The *Tomboy* was brought to anchor in about four fathoms of water, and after the sails were furled the jolly boat was hoisted out and shoved astern, ready for use on the following morning. A gun belched forth from Moro, its echoes resounding faintly from the distant suburbs of Salud. This cannon announced that the sun was down. The ship-

ping in the harbour quickly lowered their colours, and a Spanish flag-ship confirmed the report by firing a second gun. Her band then struck up a lovely air; but oh! it was "murdered" by the horrid rub-a-dub of their drums. Spanish drummers do not appear to keep time to the music. They pound away at random. This tune ended, a British frigate near by answered the challenge in fine old familiar style. A United States war-ship not far off also performed a very pretty overture. A French and Prussian frigate in the distance added *their* sweet notes in due course of time. The harbour of Havana is exceedingly spacious and picturesque. Bomb-boats continually move about carrying passengers to and fro at one dollar a head, and peddling shell-boxes, guava-jelly, cigars and *aquadiente* among the floating homes of the mariner. Another gun boomed from the flag-ship. This was the warning for all lights to be extinguished throughout the vessels in port. Immediately after, a hundred bells pealed cheerily from the forest of shipping. It was eight o'clock. Soon after this, harbour police rowed their *barca* about through the darkness with muffled oars. Their musket barrels shone plainly in the moonlight. The illustrious queen of night had just lifted her celestial face over the neighbouring heights of bastions and towers that rose conspicuously along the hills. Cathedral steeples, cupolas and housetops reflected her silvery rays, as if pleased to behold the smile of her benevolent countenance. Up, up, rose this crescent beauty. The noisome waters around glistened like a lake of crystal. Ships, battlements, buildings and all, are upside down, if I may say so. The glassy bosom of the harbour says so, but it is only the shadows after all. This picture is but a delusion. It is, like the pleasant hours of our lives, realized only to quickly disappear and vanish as the luminous aurora. Next morning I repaired on shore and entered my vessel, through the *aduana* or custom-house, which duty, in all ports, is a more or less tedious one. Having only a cargo of lumber—the proceeds of a Bahama wreck—I had no reason, or rather there was no inducement, to bribe the custom-house officer, who, to a certain extent, took charge of the *Tomboy* until the freight was discharged. He was disappointed, of course. Havana tide-waiters expect to be bribed fully as much as they expect to be victualled at the ship's expense. I sold the *Tomboy* to a Spanish cattle-dealer, who, as a matter of course, was also a smuggler. He made a

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droger of her, and the yellow flag of Spain soon fluttered from her main truck. I took lodgings at a hotel named the *Dominica*. I will not be sure that this was really the name of the house, as ten years have passed since I visited Cuba, and I write these travels entirely from memory, which *all* will allow is a treacherous diary. The charges were \$2.50 per day; accommodation, from two to twenty lodgers in a room; fare—fish, liver and hash, with abundance of sweet oil and garlic.

The public buildings of Havana are of stout masonry. The private dwellings are constructed of stone; at least, these within the city walls. A kind of breastworks, strong and high, form part of a circle, encompassing Havana proper. A moat or deep ditch extends outside of these fortifications following the walls. This trench I was told could be filled with water at short notice, thus separating a portion of the city from the suburbs, or country around and rendering it secure from a flank movement,—and so it might—from an attack of the *labriego* or peasants, but I presume that a few hundred, or perhaps a few thousand, skillfully directed shot and shell, thrown into Havana by good soldiers (not Spanish ones), would soon cause haughty Moro to droop her blood-stained flag over her time worn-ramparts. Outside of these walls are the suburbs. The Pasero—a wide avenue,—extends some distance through the gates into these environs. It is adorned by a vista of trees. The Pasero is the roadway where the fashionables may be found driving in their volantes every afternoon. A Cuban gentleman keeps a horse and carriage as a necessity. It is almost impossible for a foreigner to walk far in these tropics. The heat would not permit such exercise. Many Havana merchant "princes" drive "a coach and six." On my arrival in this city I had visited the *residencia* of one Francisco Palmo. He was quite a youth, and I had formed his acquaintance six years previously. As sailors say, we had been "shipmates" during a passage from Havana to New York in a Philadelphia barque. He, accompanied by his mother, were passengers, I holding the independent position of *supernumerary* on board. Francisco was delighted to meet me, and more particularly as we had formed quite a warm friendship, during the short voyage together. I had learned him many English words during this time, and for which services he presented me with a very formidable looking old *pimal* that he had sharpened most keenly by dint of daily practice on the cook's

grindstone. When the ship's "doctor" would make ready to decapitate fowls for the table, Francisco invariably saved him that trouble, by doing it himself with his knife—the old *pimal* he had given me. This sort of work he always performed with relish. His father was commander of a steamship that run as a passenger and freight boat between Havana and Spain. Mr. Palma Sr., was absent from home. Mrs. Palma received me kindly; she was a native of Baltimore. Francisco could speak some English, and I was piloted by this young creole throughout the town. We had a good time of course. We were both of about the same age. One afternoon he had his volante backed out of the front hall of his house, which apartment, if I am not mistaken, was used also as a dining room. A little bony horse was tackled to this long-shafted vehicle. The nag was then mounted by a big negro whose dress seemed to consist of great boots, huge straw hat, long dark coat trimmed with faded yellow lace, and a variety of buckles that ornamented his ugly person. Francisco and I sprang into this two-wheeled equipage, and away we rolled grandly. The horse was far ahead, the shafts being about sixteen feet long. The heels of the rider were adorned by spurs, and, betimes, his toes touched the ground, then his heels would draw up under the horse's sides, thus enabling the spurs to perform their allotted function. "How do you like?" said my *companionero*. "Good," I replied. "Smoke?" he resumed, offering me a lot of cigars. I thanked him with a *Si Señor*. We enjoyed a very delightful drive. What matter if we did jostle and jerk—toss—partly capsize—run against curb-stones, etc. The horse fairly flew, if I may be allowed latitude to so express myself. He galloped, sprang, skipped, lunged, plunged, and finally settled down into a "good square trot." We passed through the suburbs of Salud, Harcon, Guadalupe and Jesus Maria. The streets inside the walls are very crooked and narrow. We also visited the great old Cathedral, in which repose the ashes of Columbus; the amphitheatre for bull-fights; and many other public institutions, that were rather coarse in appearance but very firmly built. We returned to Francisco's house in good time for the evening cup of coffee.

(To be continued.)

Saint J

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## RE-UNITED.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY MARY BARRY.

Come to my arms,—no more can fate forbid thee,

Oh, I have waited for this joy so long!

I cannot see thee now, the tears have hid thee,

My heart is weak, but life and love are strong.

Co-equal still through all the coming ages,

Our love eternal as our life shall be;

Can any battling storm that o'er it rages,

Hold back the river from its home, the sea?

I know that death is coming,—swiftly, surely,

I feel his breath upon my forehead now,

He kisses coldly, but he kisses purely,

There is no hand like his to smooth the brow.

Nay, vex me not with talk of orange bowers,

My spirit pants for a diviner leaven,

Can any breeze that blows o'er earthly flowers,

Seem sweet to one who pines for airs of Heaven?

Can any trembling strain from harp or lyre,

Fall with one pulse of gladness on my ear?

I wait to catch the music of the choir

Tuned to a song that only angels hear.

I stand like one of old and gaze untired,

Upon the city which thou canst not see,

There is the home, the rest so long desired,

I go—I go—but I shall wait for thee.

Saint John, N. B.

## CANADIAN ARISTOCRACY.

BY I. ALLEN JACK, A. B.

“Strange it is, that our bloods  
Of colour, weight and heat, pour'd all together,  
Should quite confound distinction, yet stand off  
In differences so mighty.”—*Shakespeare.*

**A**MONG the problems affecting the destiny of the people of these Provinces is one of no small importance, which possesses special interest to all Canadians, and must have no

inconsiderable influence upon the fortunes of themselves and their children, but the discussion of which appears to have been shunned by our philosophers and critics. The problem is simply this: Who are now and who shall be hereafter the aristocrats, the recognized leaders of society, and embodiments of refinement of the Dominion? There are many amongst us who, without doubt, deny the existence of such a problem, who would feel surprised if a question were to be raised as to who are the ladies and gentlemen of Canada, and would say to the enquirer: "Seek no further, they are here; we are the salt of this portion of the earth, and we intend to leave our saline quality to our children." At the very outset of such an enquiry indeed, a remarkable number of little cliques, all laying claim to eminent social distinction, confront us; cliques as incongruous and, for that matter, as clamorous as the denizens of a bit of our northern shrubbery when the first breath of summer summons together the feathered travellers. We have referred to the apparent avoidance of this subject by writers who have probably touched upon almost every other theme connected with the interests of the country, and it is not difficult to discover the source of this avoidance. No one likes to hear of himself that he is not a gentleman, and, while he may entertain very strong opinions on the subject, a man hesitates, as much from the fear of consequences as from a sense of delicacy, to say that he is more of a gentleman than his neighbour or that his neighbour is not a gentleman at all. When, however, as is frequently the case, a daily paper announces that a certain entertainment was attended by the elite of the town or city, many persons curl their lips disdainfully, in the consciousness that they and their immediate friends were not present on the occasion in question, and sneer at the ignorance and impudence of the reporter. In a firm belief that the time is ripe for this purpose, we propose to investigate the claims of our would-be aristocrats: we confess a hankering to be amongst those who slide on thin ice, and even the most timorous feel a charm in running risks. In this matter perhaps there is no risk; we cannot think there is, for though a certain amount of social sensitiveness may exist among us, we believe that all sensible human beings are willing to analyze to some extent their true social position, and are at all events prepared to consider the claims of others who do not seek higher social distinction than themselves. To rightly understand the

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matter it will be necessary to refer to our political history, which forms the true key to our social conditions, and which, though slightly diversified in the different Provinces, possesses in the main the same leading features. To avoid prolixity however it may perhaps be better to draw special attention to the history of a single section of the country, the Province of New Brunswick. This Province was mainly peopled by loyalists from the American States at the close of the war for independence, and, as class distinctions at that period were well defined, the gentry among the new arrivals were selected without any opposition and even without remonstrance or murmur on the part of their recognized and consenting inferiors, to fill all the positions of importance and emolument in the colony. There was then but little difficulty in defining a gentleman, he was simply a gentleman in spite of himself, and could only divest himself of his acknowledged rank by glaring misconduct or the adoption of degrading tastes, while, as a rule, it was open to him even when degraded to rise again to his original rank. That was a period when a system of classification of human beings, almost Hindoo in character, prevailed even in America, which had not yet so far advanced in democratic ideas as to make a serious protest against the imported traditions and regulations of European society. The sons of professional men were thus trained to the professions of their fathers, while the sons of farmers, of tradesmen and of laborers looked forward to a station the same as their parents or but little in advance. It is true that now and then some comparatively low born genius would burst the trammels of class, and rise a peer among the highest in the land, but even in the olden days men rose from nothing to greatness, and the fact that a butcher's son became my Lord Cardinal and Chancellor of England in the time of Henry the VIII. does not prove that the higher ranks of that age were open to men of humble origin. With that well known tenacity of place which distinguishes all powerful parties, the gentlemen who were placed in the different official positions in the Province remained in office till taste induced them, or old age compelled them to resign, and frequently retire in favour of friends or relatives, while, in every instance where a vacancy occurred, it was promptly filled by a member of the dominant set. In like manner the same class almost monopolized the learned professions; lawyers were gentlemen not only by act of Parliament but by right of social position,

and the robe which covered the shoulders of the fathers was transferred with all its glory of long service to the son. So reverend gentlemen begat sons who in due time were inducted into the livings of their respective parents, and long-lived patients were physicked by Doctors of the same blood of two generations. In proof of these statements we may refer to the cases of a Chief Justice who was the son of a Judge; of two brother Judges; of two rectors, father and son, of a principal provincial parish, and to other instances which must occur to the minds of those at all conversant with the matter. Then again, regardless of the lessons which should be learned in this respect from the rich man's supper, where the guests were summoned from the very highways and hedges, religious belief was made a test for social distinction, and all or nearly all of the highest caste were members of the Church of England, while Dissenters, no matter what their claims might be to refinement and delicacy of feeling, were as a rule classed as vulgarians. As for teetotalism, which, indeed was then almost unborn, the man professing its principles would assuredly have gained a crown of martyrdom, among those who considered the use of wine as important and as necessary a sign of a gentleman, as possessing clean hands. Thus, in brief, we see the history of the origin and growth of a select class, who for a long time usurped the position of leaders of gentility, and defenders and originators of the canons of etiquette. Supplemented from time to time by reinforcements from the outer world, of those possessing satisfactory credentials, and especially by the military men stationed in the Colony, who as bachelors, or with their families, materially assisted in sustaining a lively social spirit, this class held its sway. It is not our present intention to wander from the subject, into the tempting pathway of biography; but it may not be amiss to state in passing, that the Blisses, the Putnams, the Peterses, the Chipmans and the Parkers, and many others of the old New Brunswick families produced members whose names rank high on the local roll of departed gentlemen. The rule of exclusiveness it is true was dominant, but many of the better families of the period possessed lively sympathies for their social inferiors who regarded them not only with respect but affection, and, even at the present day, scions of houses now almost extinct, are esteemed as much from a sense of respect for their names as for their own personal qualities. At length the

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struggle came; the dissenters, the higher tradesman, the shopkeepers, year by year increased in intellectual vigor and material wealth, their stake in the country was too large to be neglected, and it became necessary in their view, gradually enlarging in the light of modern liberalism, that they should be represented in the higher offices and should take a share in the Government of the Province. The old aristocracy fought bravely to the end, although at first scarcely able to believe in the strength or in the earnestness of the enemy, but the tide of battle was against them, and, although faithfully supported by the bulk of the farming and laboring classes, for radicals, communistic workmen, and trade unionists were then unknown, they were finally compelled to yield; the reins of power fell from their grasp and the ancient family compact was dissolved. It is probable that the liberal party at that time, absorbed in political speculations, scarcely foresaw the full effect of their triumph upon society; but, whether foreseen or not, the result was startling, and we think we may add for the time disastrous. The members of the old party, or at least, a large proportion, disgusted with the success of opponents towards whom they cherished feelings partaking somewhat of contempt, withdrew, to a large extent, from political life, and compelled to enter the arena of competitive labor, and deprived of the pecuniary advantages of political ascendancy, they sought for comfort in social exclusiveness, which, by force of circumstances, appeared greater than before. The sight of decayed gentility is always painful to sympathetic observers, but a gentleman with a thread-bare coat, an over-due bill, and a famished sensation in his interior is not without his temporary gleams of satisfaction. He may know for instance that the wealthy *parvenu*, though high in official station and not lacking in personal good qualities, is very anxious for an introduction to his house and that he, the gentleman, can refuse that introduction and can still continue to patronize him to whom this slight civility is not extended. Perhaps indeed these remarks are not applicable to the present time, and perhaps the same set of circumstances do not now exist, at least to any marked extent; but there can be no doubt whatever, that at the date of the overthrow of the old family compact the social and official aristocracy were utterly and most emphatically severed.

We do not wish to be understood as using the terms dissenter,

*parvenu*, or even vulgarian disparagingly towards those to whom they have been applied, nor do we wish to treat the principal question from a party point of view. Adverse sections of any community, however, will always use peculiar, not to say offensive, terms in speaking of each other, and although neutrals may deprecate the language employed and do not themselves intend to convey offensive ideas, they are still forced to use the terms in order to be clearly understood in argument.

In social, as well as in political revolutions, the combatants but seldom see each other's better points, and almost always over-estimate what they are pleased to consider their own peculiar claims and merits. Thus in the events to which we have referred the defensive party saw in their opponents a deficiency of culture, an undue regard for mere money, and a disrespect for the claims of birth; while those attacking recognized in their adversaries a haughty demeanour, a contempt for progressive manual and trade industry, and a bigoted reverence for blue blood. In truth, indeed, regarded from a point of view purely aristocratic, the liberal party was never without claims: amongst the ranks were men of lineage, some of whom fought for principle, others, perhaps influenced by desire to regain a position which their ancestors had lost by apathy, or from want of means to sustain a high social rank. The strongest and best attributes which each party possessed, however, were those which attracted the least attention, because their possessors held them as part of their natural organism, and because those lacking them, scarcely conscious of their want, could not or would not see the qualities in question in those of the other side. If, for instance, the members of a family have, for successive generations, been possessed of a respectable income unaffected by competition and not liable to any appreciable diminution, if, in other words, they have enjoyed a comfortable maintenance, for which they have not been compelled to labour to any considerable extent, they have possessed the means of cultivating refinement; aristocratic tastes are associated with the very china and silver which pass from father to son, and aristocratic associations are connected with pieces of furniture and ancient heirlooms. On the other hand, the man who has risen from nothing has few ties to bind him to the past, the willow patterned delf upon which his mother placed the codfish and potatoes too often recalls to his mind only a small stifling room, a hurried meal in

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working clothes, and a rush for the factory or shop; the cheap coloured print perhaps becomes a vulgar daub in the light of his brighter days, and in the rush-bottom chair he sees former stint and discomfort.

It is not difficult to perceive, however, that each form of experience produces useful qualities in humanity, and while our sympathies are attracted by the calm, collected manner of the gentleman by birth, who is at the same time jealous of his position, and careful not to assert his claim in such a way as to offend his neighbours; the fresh vitality and the progressive instincts of the self-made man cannot but arouse our admiration. In the one case we are brought in contact with culture if not refinement, easy demeanour in society, and unobtrusive but still unfaltering assumption of position; and in the other case we find ambition, energy, and, we may add, a comparatively correct estimate of the value of wealth and a thankful enjoyment of creature comforts. Before proceeding with our present line of reasoning we should properly notice events which have had a most important bearing upon society in the Provinces; we refer to the withdrawal of the military forces, at first only partial, but finally entire. Perhaps happily for the destinies of the Province we have never possessed a titled hereditary aristocracy. The Crown, it is true, in the dim past created Baronets of Nova Scotia, which at that time included New Brunswick, but these gentlemen, with perhaps a solitary exception, have always been absentees, and we may now consider their estates as hopelessly escheated. The British officers, however, may, we think, be considered, at least in the Colonies, a sort of peripatetic nobleman, although of an inferior kind, and it is certain that the class with which he associates is very materially strengthened in a social point of view. When, therefore, the members of the old family compact in New Brunswick were deprived of the rights, dignities and advantages of office, they still received support and sympathy from their military friends, and thus a coalition was formed, styled by itself the aristocracy, and generally recognized as such by outsiders. It is true that this special class had to encounter the protests and even the denunciations of many, some of whom were influenced by ignoble jealousy, others by a philosophical or, perhaps, half curious desire to investigate their claim; and, indeed, a disinterested spectator would have felt some difficulty to understand why some persons were excluded from and

others were admitted into the charmed circle. We have now, however, outside of Halifax, no scarlet-coated leaders of the ton, unless, indeed, we deem our officers of militia worthy to succeed the gentlemen of the regular service in this respect; and it would be unkind to criticise claims which will probably never be urged upon us again, even if we had ceased to remember the many favors and benefits which all sections of the community received from our old friends in the regiments, whose forms are possibly still fresh in the memories of a few of the girls they left behind them.

But even in the palmy days, when Mars, the Aristo, strolled, perhaps cigar in mouth, with the delighted daughters of a colonial don through the chief streets of the provincial town, a stranger to any one of the Provinces, the Maritime Provinces especially, would have been intensely puzzled at many things. He might, for instance, have discovered that the family of a judge, or of a crown officer had not the entree into the household of a clerk in a department; he might have met the somewhat *passee* daughter of a dealer, who himself sold fabrics by the yard behind the counter, repudiating acquaintanceship with the pretty and accomplished daughter of a wholesale merchant. In like manner, the families of men who had once driven trucks or even trudged about the country with packs upon their backs, sat upon the upper benches and would not deign to notice humbler folks, possessing simply modesty, good looks, accomplishments, or solid education. These indeed were somewhat exceptional cases, but being exceptional they were the more conspicuous, and although we know there were many jewels in the circle to which we have referred, the presence of bits of glass with tinsel backs cast suspicion on the genuineness of the whole display. Could our self-made men, or rather could their wives and children, but remember the true story of their rise in life, how many snubs would they avoid, how many feelings of contempt and envy would be quenched, how many friendships would be preserved and lastly how much assistance might they extend to rising merit. The social climber rarely does to others as he would be done by, and when, through sneers and rebuffs, he has forced his way to a chief seat, he rarely says to his old comrade, "Friend come up higher." But apart entirely from the patent incongruities, the weaknesses and false pretensions to which we have referred, as connected with a moribund or extinct class,

we contend that the class in question, as a whole, never properly discharged its duties, and never actually appreciated its responsibilities. It gave dancing parties and whist parties and dinners, it imported and consumed rare wines and delicacies, and it clad itself in fashionable garments; more than that, it really recognized the existence of art, and, when opportunities offered, listened to, but we fear we cannot say of all its members, appreciated good music.

In an age like this however, when the tribunal of public opinion is not only larger than in former days, but more disposed to question doubtful pretensions and to analyze uncertain qualities, we very properly refuse to recognize an aristocracy which is such chiefly in name, and which fails to place before us a social standard really and truly worthy of imitation. If a section of a community fails to confer any appreciable benefit upon the community, the section necessarily becomes isolated, it has no claim upon sympathy and it has no right to demand respect. We have an implicit belief in the desirability and even in the necessity of class distinctions, but we entirely repudiate the idea, which many express, in actions if not in words, that the duties of an aristocracy are to elevate its own members, and we dispute its right to keep only for itself refined and refining ideas and practices. "I maintain," says Hamerton in *The Intellectual Life*, "that it is right and wise in a nation to set before itself the highest attainable ideal of human life as the existence of the complete gentleman, and that an envious democracy, instead of rendering a service to itself, does exactly the contrary when it cannot endure and will not tolerate the presence of high spirited gentlemen in the state. There are things in this world that it is right to hate, that we are the better for hating with all our hearts; and one of the things that I hate most, and with most reason, is the narrow class spirit when it sets itself against the great interests of mankind. It is odious in the narrow-minded, pompous, selfish, pitiless aristocrat who thinks that the sons of the people were made by Almighty God to be his lacqueys and their daughters to be his mistresses;" but, he continues, "it is odious also, to the full as odious, in the narrow-minded, envious democrat who cannot bear to see any elegance of living, or grace of manner, or culture of mind above the range of his own capacity or his own purse." If then it is desirable that we in Canada should possess an aristocracy, and for our part we sincerely believe that its existence is

most desirable if, not actually essential, it behoves us to consider what materials we have for its formation, and by what means we may consolidate those materials, and reconcile the somewhat conflicting interests and divisions, so as to form one dominant class, which will be at the same time conservative of its best possessions and liberal towards outsiders seeking and deserving admission within its pale. In viewing the situation, however, it should be noted that the conditions of general society in Europe are, as a rule, entirely distinct from those which exist in the greater part of Canada or even North America, so that we are, to a large extent, deprived of the benefits of models adapted to our peculiar circumstances. The laws of entail, the existence of an hereditary aristocracy and of numerous vested interests in England, all serve to maintain and continue social divisions, and largely prevent the occurrence of problems which arise on this side of the water. Here an aspirant for social position has merely to battle with opposing sections of the community, and these sections have no vested interests, properly so called, and receive no support in their opposition from established law, and, at best, only a half-hearted support from popular opinion. Here, too, the individual, like the country itself, either progresses or retrogrades; nothing is fixed or stationary, and almost every family history makes an entirely new departure at the end of a very short period of time. Drive among our country roads and you will see deserted homesteads, whose former occupants hang out their signs as merchants and traders in the towns, while in the shops you will find the sons of professional men who, when alive, held high position, socially and politically, and were possessed of at least respectable competencies. Perhaps one of the greatest difficulties in the formation of an aristocracy, which meets us at the outset, is the disposition of a large class of persons whose claim to position rest entirely on their wealth, who possess little or no refinement, and who have never had educational advantages or who, perhaps, have never availed themselves of opportunities for acquiring education. It is too commonly considered that self-made business men, among the wealthy class, are alone deficient in education and refinement, but in reality this is not the case. Many young men, sons of opulent parents, who are sometimes most willing to give their children the full benefit of school and college, are too anxious to rush into active business life, and, at a very early age, take their seats

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behind the desk with perhaps only a half-perfected English education. Surely it is time that this state of things should be discouraged, and that we should begin to learn that the almighty dollar is not supreme, and that the faculty of appreciating good books, good music and good pictures gives more pleasure to a rational being than a big balance at the Bank.

We are not among those who sneer at men who have made themselves wealthy; it is true that among such men are those who are most disagreeably purse proud, and who, perched on costly carriages behind costly horses, look down contemptuously on trudging worth; yet many a wealthy plebeian, so called, dispenses hospitality in the true old British style, admires respectfully the easy triumphs of intellects which he cannot understand, and spends his hardly earned money for the public good.

But surely we may be pardoned if we call that man a snob who places money before intellect and refinement, and who either despises that education which he has never been able to acquire, or refuses to acquire it when he can; may his money perish with him, nature never intended him to be a gentleman, and society will never recognise his blatant claims to be one. Vainly may his wife don the most rustling silks and the heaviest satins, vainly may he build the handsomest dwelling, and sport the finest turnout in the town, and sit in the reserved seat or private box at the theatre, and in the highest pew in the church; after all he is only an unfortunate ape and the higher he climbs, the plainer he shows his tail.

It is needless to fully analyze the composition of our provincial society of the better order at the present time, a casual observer may see the ingredients in any of our towns. Wealthy self-made men, generally uneducated and scarcely ever possessing polish, but almost always intelligent as well as shrewd; professional men, some of whom have risen from the lower ranks of society, and as a rule possessing more cultivation than cash; descendants of provincial gentry, generally possessing refinement but rarely money and with no larger brains nor better education than their neighbours; government officials and heads of departments, with respectable salaries and address; mercantile men who are not self-made, who, however have cultivated their intellects and manners more by travel and observation than by the aid of books and who live in comfort; and wealthy mechanics and contractors of quick and

clear preception and with no contemptible knowledge of men and their modes.

Members from all these classes meet each other every day in business, and constant intercourse, not unfrequently, begets a mutual respect; but, socially they may have scarcely any thing in common and each individual takes his place in a circle which, despite the mathematicians, cuts but does not touch the circle of his neighbour. Thus in nearly all our larger communities, those who possess most wealth, most knowledge, most intelligence, most culture, are separated into little bands, each pursuing its own course and each deeming itself superior or equal to the surrounding divisions. We believe that this state of things can and should be cured. Canada is not sufficiently wealthy or populous, nor is she willing to permit a limited class, or a number of limited classes of exclusives, to arrogate to themselves the position of aristocrats, on the ground that they obey the code of Chesterfield and never carry parcels nor dine at one o'clock. Canada demands that her wealthy children should spend their money in developing her resources; that her men of culture and refinement should devote their knowledge and taste to the advancement of her educational interests and to the creation of a general love for the beautiful in art: she cannot suffer her sons and daughters to group themselves together in little companies either chinking their coins or rejoicing over the quarterings on their escutcheons, or thanking God that they eat with silver forks. Yes, we would have reform in society as well as in politics; we would break down the social barriers; we would let the wealthy uncultivated man of business rub shoulders in the social circle with the cultivated and refined, and the one would learn from the other to value intellect and to seek for better things than gold, and in return would teach the lesson that industry and enterprise deserve admiration and respect.

We would make our circle wide because we believe that it should contain the best from every class; we would, in short, convert our newly formed aristocracy into a co-operative association, but unlike other such associations in this respect, that its main object would be the good of the whole community, not merely the conservation of its own peculiar interests. We see every argument in favor of such an association, and believe that it is required by the country at the present time. One of the prevailing principles of the age in business, and in religious and moral progress and

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reform is that of concentration ; on every side we find laborers co-operative societies, trades unions, temperance lodges, conventions and synods, all pressing onward and all seeking union with kindred bodies.

We would not allow wealth alone to take the foremost rank in our system, because the untrained, uncultivated wealthy man is perhaps more liable than others to become a snob, and because we believe that few things have a more demoralizing effect upon the lower classes than the senseless extravagance and the absurd desire to make a show which are inseparably connected with what our neighbours call shoddy. On the other hand, we believe that gentlemen by birth are not sufficiently numerous or wealthy in Canada to form an aristocracy, even were we disposed to place them exclusively in such a position ; and we cannot think that education alone would enable its possessors to hold the first ranks, were they inclined to make the attempt, which they certainly are not. Some persons, indeed, pretend to claim for the professions a first position in society, but when we look around and see the numbers of touting, pettifogging lawyers and half educated physicians, regarding neither the rules of their respective professions nor the code of honor, we must classify this idea as painfully absurd. We think, however, that to our Cabinet ministers, to the members of our Parliament and to the heads of the Provincial administrations we can and should yield the position of leaders of society. They are not only theoretically, but at least, in many instances, actually representative men ; if they are not such it is the more obvious that the best sections of the community are either negligent of their own interests or else divided among themselves. The position of those who are classed as representative men, however, certainly entitles them to respect, and also gives them influence, and with their aid we believe that an aristocracy, based on the principles to which we have adverted, might be formed. We would wish, in short, to see in Canada a pure, active, intelligent, patriotic aristocracy, a class which would not despise the amenities of society, but which would take a nobler model than Lord Chesterfield ; we would wish to see an aristocracy frugal in domestic matters, and devoting its means to establishing and beautifying public parks and gardens and galleries of art ; a class of gentlemen aiding religious and moral reforms, and encouraging patriotism, learning and healthy enterprise, both by precept and example.

## Scrapiana.

PENNY WISE AND POUNDS FOOLISH.

THE particular year I cannot give, but it was some time during the "hot youth" of the present century, when George III. was almost the only King in Europe who could call his crown his own, that a rustic couple, designated John and Jenny Littlewit, who had just joined their hearts and fortunes in the holy bond of matrimony, settled in the good old town of ———, in the west of Scotland. Jock was an easy-osy, soft, good natured sort of a fellow, who was quite willing to leave the management of all his domestic arrangements to the superior judgment of his better half, providing he got his porridge made of a proper consistency, and served up at the proper hour. Jenny, on the other hand, was a pushing, bustling, go-ahead, good-hearted sort of a person, who scolded not unfrequently, but it was all for the good of Jock, who required to have something of the sort administered occasionally, so as to give life and energy to his movements, and serve as pins to tuck up his heavy eye-lids in the evenings, when Jenny was inclined to have a fireside conversation with her lord and master about the events of the day, and the prospects of the future. Previous to their marriage, both had been equally provident, and had succeeded in accumulating a considerable sum from their "weel hained penny fees." With this sum they now proposed to enter into the business of cow-feeding. Accordingly a few cows were procured and duly installed in a comfortable byre which was attached to the neat little cottage which they occupied. Jock likewise procured a horse and cart, with which he attended to outside business, while his industrious and thrifty partner attended to the interest of the dairy. Business crowded upon them, and as Jenny's milk was always thicker and sweeter than other people's, the demand for it generally exceeded her means of supply. Jock on the other hand, being good-natured, sober and accommodating, soon became a general favorite among the particular classes who required the services of a carter, and was consequently always kept busy. Thus things went on with them so swimmingly, that in the course of a few years, they became the proprietors of the cottage they occupied and a largely increased stock of cattle. Things were in this

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flourishing condition, when Jenny, while one day reviewing her crockery, unfortunately for all concerned, discovered that a *penny bowl* had by some means or other disappeared. A vigorous search for the missing article was immediately instituted, every hole and corner was searched, Jock and all others in or about the house were strictly interrogated on the matter, but all to no purpose; the bowl was gone, and nobody knew anything about it. Another search was resolved upon by the indomitable Jenny, and this time she went into it with such determination and spirit, that the dog and cat both found it advisable for the time being to make their presence scarce. Jock likewise on returning home from his work in the evening, either from having caught cold, or some other cause, was so much annoyed by a ringing in his ears, that he found it necessary to stuff these organs with a quantity of cotton wool, and remain for a couple of hours past his usual time in the stable fixing up matters. The bowl, however, was gone, irretrievably gone, and was in a short time forgotten by everybody about the house, with the solitary exception of Jenny, who neither could, nor would, bring her mind to the conclusion that it was lost. Now it so happened that a respectable, douce, elderly sort of a lady named Lucky Littlejohn, lived at a short distance from the establishment of the Littlewits. This old lady had for a long period been one of Jenny's best customers, and had likewise been instrumental in securing for her many others of equal respectability. Time passed on, and still the secret of the mysterious disappearance of the bowl remained unsolved. At length, however, while going her rounds one fine morning, pretty equally balanced between two well filled *cans*, what was Jenny's astonishment on reaching the house of "honest Mrs. Littlejohn" to see that old lady in the most bland manner imaginable, hold out for the receipt of her supply of milk, a white bowl, which had "a crack on the one side, a scab on the other," and a flaw somewhere else. Jenny was struck motionless, but her eye began to kindle. Mrs. Littlejohn looked unconscious, seemingly surprised at the manner of "the milk-woman." In a very short time Jenny's tongue found power to wag, when, looking at her customer, she ejaculated in a very expressive manner.

"Mrs. Littlejohn, I ha'e kent ye lang, an' I thocht I kent ye weel; but wiser folks than I ha'e been mista'en."

It was now Mrs. Littlejohn's turn to be astonished; she, however, kept cool, and simply asked what these words meant.

"They just mean this," replied Jenny, "that three months syne there was a bowl stolen out o' my house; and it was just like that ane, and that ane's just it."

Mrs. Littlejohn was a quiet, respectable woman, in rather well-to-do circumstances; one who would bear and forbear to a considerable extent; but such a charge, coming as it did so unexpectedly, and from one whom she had befriended so much, proved rather too severe a test for her equanimity; she therefore looked straight into the eyes of her accuser and said:—

"Mrs. Littlewit, to say that the charge you prefer against me is false, is quite unnecessary; but seeing that you have been pleased to make it, and seem to labour under the impression that I could be guilty of anything so utterly mean and contemptible, all intercourse between us from this time henceforth must cease; I have therefore simply to request or rather instruct you to wait upon me no more."

Jenny's temper and tongue were now fairly roused, and she quickly replied:

"Your fine talk may please yersel', but it doesna' replace my stolen bowl; and as for your dirty custom, I can live without it; and if the Lord spares me the use o' my tongue, I'll let the neighbors ken what ye are, and what ye hae done. Jenny Littlewit never was, nor ever will be the woman to allow anybody, although they do speak grammar and dictionary words, to steal her dishes, without letting the neighbourhood ken about it; sae tak ye that, my leddy, to clock ower."

Having said this much she lifted her cans and took her departure, in anything but an amiable state of mind. True to her promise, Jenny lost no time in giving to the gossips what she now firmly believed to be the delinquency "o' smooth-faced Mrs. Littlejohn;" and as that class of animals are always more easily impressed with evil than with good reports, the advertisement was soon complete, without the necessity of having recourse to the columns of a newspaper. Certain expressive side-glances, and whispered remarks, such as "wha wad hae thoct it o' her?" now began to salute the ears of the accused in all quarters, and like every other evil thing, the longer the original charge kept rolling in pollution, it naturally increased so much in magnitude that at

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the end Mrs. Littlejohn felt constrained to institute legal proceedings against Mrs. Littlewit for defamation of character. When Jenny was apprised of the suit which had been entered against her, so far from benefitting by the wise maxim of the poet, that

"It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee  
To taste the barrel,"

and prudently making an attempt to have the matter compromised, she buckled on her armour for defence, fully resolved to combat her enemy to the last issue. As for Jock, he had had no more to say in the matter than the sleek, well-fed kine, which stood ruminating in their comfortable byre, showing all the philosophical indifference imaginable, about which side was most likely to triumph in the coming litigation. It may not be easily accounted for, but, as a rule, it is not the less true and remarkable that women when once fairly pitted against each other, are more bitterly vindictive in their feelings than men, with, perhaps, the solitary exception of that particular class of christian philosophers designated clergymen. So these two old friends being now fairly aroused, mutually adopted for their motto that very brief but expressive sentence, the spirit of which inspired such feats of valour and endurance in the good old days when the walls of Derry were so severely tested; and which, even now, on certain occasions, causes bruised heads and bloody noses to be displayed as the natural personal decorations of that class of religious controversialists who carry their logic, in the shape of a good black-thorn, to fair and market. That ominous sentence is, NO SURRENDER. Such being the resolution of both belligerents, lawyers were, as a matter of course, employed on both sides, and proceedings which were to terminate in the utter ruin of one, or the other contending parties, were inaugurated. To give a detailed account of all the *outs* and *ins*, and *whys* and *wherefores* of the protracted litigation which ensued, would be worse than useless: suffice it, therefore, to say, that in this as in many other instances when "fat geese are to be had for the plucking," the legal gentlemen employed left no stone unturned, and omitted no legal trick or technicality, by which money could be conveyed from the pockets of their clients to their own; and the case by appeals, etc., etc., was postponed from week to week, and carried from court to court. Thus things had gone on for a series of months when a happy recollection awoke in the memory of Mrs.

Littlejohn, which had the effect of bringing the matter to a sudden but rather expensive and calamitous termination. It so happened that a considerable time before the disappearance of Jenny's bowl, a recruiting sergeant who was stationed in said town of——was billeted upon Mrs. Littlejohn, and being satisfied with the accommodations which that good old lady supplied, he continued to lodge with her till such time as he was recalled to his regiment. The sergeant, like many other Scotchmen, was rather partial to porridge and buttermilk for breakfast, and had been in the habit of having his milk served up in this same bowl, now under dispute, for such a length of time, that he familiarly called it *his bowl*. Unfortunately, however, for the losing party, he had now joined his regiment which was stationed somewhere in the South of England. Mrs. Littlejohn lost no time in making this circumstance known to her agent, who, in his turn, lost as little time in having this same sergeant summoned down to Scotland to give his evidence in the case, incurring the, at that time, no small expense of carriage, keep and pay, during his absence from the corps. The sergeant arrived, was taken into the court, duly sworn, and, alas! for the folly of poor, weak human nature, declared, to the great discomfiture of Jenny, that "if the bowl was white, was chipt on the lip, had a scab on the inside, and a crack in the bottom, it was, beyond all dispute, *his bowl*."

The dish was then produced, and was found to agree in every particular with the description he had given of it, and consequently, poor Jenny was cast, and found in all expenses, now amounting, including damages to something like £350 sterling. The results which now immediately followed, proved calamitous in the extreme to the Littlewits. Their house, cattle, horse, cart and all their house furniture, were levied upon by the officers of the law, and sold by public auction to pay the expenses of the legal pipers round whom they had for such length of time been dancing. Their ruin was complete, and all through the imprudent exercise of that most dangerous of all instruments an *unguarded tongue*. Jock was overtaken by disease a short time after this catastrophe, and after a lingering illness died, leaving poor unfortunate Jenny alone in the world, and reduced to the sad necessity of ekeing out a scanty livelihood in the capacity of a jobbing washerwoman, in which condition she continued during her period of "life's fitful dream."

If the above contains a moral, perhaps the reader will not be slow in discovering it.

W. M.

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## HAUNTED.

Tis haunted, enchanted,  
 This valley that leads to the sea!  
 Nor sunbeam nor moonbeam ere pierces  
 The gloom of the hemlocks and cedars  
 That shelter this desolate valley—  
 This valley that leads to the sea.

And wailings and sobbings and sighings  
 Go up from this desolate valley  
 When the moon lights the hill-tops around it,  
 Sadder far than the moans of the sea—  
 Go up from this desolate valley,  
 Where the darkness is darker and denser  
 Than the darkness that sometimes we dream of,  
 In the ghoul haunted caves of the sea.

And eyes with a light that is lurid  
 As the flames of a ship that is burning—  
 Of a soul-freighted ship that is burning  
 Far off on the ravenous sea,  
 Peer out from the shadows Titanic,  
 Peer out with grimaces Satanic;  
 And the shrieks of the lost fill the valley—  
 This valley that leads to the sea.

One dreams, dreams, dreams of the valley—  
 This valley that leads to the sea:  
 He threads its deep mazes at night,  
 And, waking, he shrieks with affright  
 At the horrible, horrible sight  
 That *again* he beholds in the valley—  
 This valley that leads to the sea.

H. L. S.

## FACES.

The Faces of the *Past*—The Faces of the *Present*—The Faces of the *Future*—I remember Faces seen long ago—Faces I saw in childhood—Faces I saw in youth—Faces I have seen more recently—And the Faces of the future gather around me as I write.

THE faces of the past are veiled in the mist of years. I see in the mist the faces of old acquaintances—merely acquaintances. I see in the mist the faces of many who came into my life and went out of it again without causing a joy or sorrow. Yes; these are in the mist—in clouds and shadows dimly seen; but standing far removed from doubt and darkness, beaming upon me with a clear and heavenly radiance, are the faces of my loved ones. The grave, noble face of my father; the patient, watchful face of my mother; the frank, generous face of my brother; the sweet, tender sister face; and the faces—the true, kind, loving faces—of true, kind, loving friends. Oh these faces, how closely, how distinctly seen are they! the dear faces of long ago; and down my own face

rolls the tear, and the heart cry is: "*faces* of childhood, stay, O stay!" But there comes no word, no sign that they see me as I see them. Not the slightest change of countenance tells me that they feel for me as they once did. No, *they* are not here, 'tis only their faces looking upon me with great, watchful, pitying eyes of love. These are the faces of the past which come to haunt my lonely hours—let me away to the faces of the present. The present, with its plain, bare faces of cold reality, rises before me. But these faces, how unlike the dear vanished faces of the past. In them I saw the genial expression of the soul, the kind glance of sympathy, the tender look of pity so near akin to love, and the look, to express which words are far too weak—the look of *true* friendship unsullied by selfishness. In these I see the calm, unruffled features, the quiet self-possession of the *now*, in every line of which I see written in clear, bold characters, THE PRESENT. I see the faces of friends who love me, the faces of enemies who hate me; but I look into them firmly, unflinchingly. I do not tremble, I do not shiver, "No voice nor sound betrays" the quiet, steady gaze as eye meets eye. We see them, we look *into* them without a thrill or heart-cry, (not so once), without a feeling of more than common indifference. We do not see faces as we did, or the faces of the present differ widely from the faces of the past. Are the faces on which I now gaze the same as those I used to look upon with such intensity of joy?

I remember a face I saw once, and again I saw that face. I saw it again and still again, until its every feature was engraven on my heart. I saw it in infancy—a little, pale, dark, thoughtful face. They said, "What a homely child!" They said, "What a weakly, delicate creature; why does it live?" I said, "A beautiful, soulful face, a strong, energetic frame, a spirit never to submit or yield. That child, my good friends, is to be a woman who will make this world wiser and better for her having lived in it. I see this written in her 'homely' face!"

I watch this child-face—it becomes a girl-face; and I hear no more the saying; "How homely!" but, "How beautiful!" I hear no longer the delicate constitution spoken of, but I see in that girl-face every mark of strength, health and vigor. I watch this girl-face, it becomes a woman-face; and I see the lines about the mouth deepen, the brows, once arched and beautiful, contract, in the arch beneath her brow a shadow, faint yet firmly settled; I

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see in the half nervous compression of the thin, pale lips a quiet determination; I see in every feature of this woman-face *change*; and I hear a voice which I think must pierce to the depths of her sweet soul,

“The sweetest soul that ever looked from human eyes,”

exclaiming:

“How changed you are! Your face is not the face it used to be. Where are the roses and the fulness and the mirth?”

Yes, yes, you are right, only be a little *softer*. Remember your own face is changed too, though perhaps in a different way. Could you have watched that face as I have, from infancy to womanhood, you could see that it is the same face, the same heart, the same soul. The change after all is not so very great, but yet it is enough. I do not wonder that you start. You see the chill, the fade, the blight; I see the patient, the tried and the true. Could we watch the faces all along life's journey, would we see so many changes? Could we see all the faces now looking up to Heaven; could we look down upon the million, million faces, as the gentle stars, the eyes of the angels, look upon them, and see all the changes that make the changed faces; see the many hands as they write those stern deep lines, that pluck the roses from the cheek, leaving in their place pale, drooping lilies, that pinch and draw and sharpen these poor faces, we would not shout in so clamorous a voice, “How changed!” but pass pityingly over the sad picture and look into our own faces to find the change.

With a sigh I turn away from the faces of the present to the faces of the future. O the faces of the future! how they crowd upon me. There are happy, cheerful faces; there are sad, care-worn faces; there are bright, hopeful faces; there are downcast, sorrowful faces; there are gay, contented faces; there are earnest, wistful faces; there are quiet, sober faces; there are eager, restless faces; there are peaceful, loving faces; there are dark, unquiet faces; there are noble, Godlike faces; there are fierce, fiendish faces. They smile upon me; they frown upon me; they laugh before me; they weep before me; they come near and press our faces tenderly; they draw back and away; they shrink from us. O the faces! the many faces of the future! They crowd upon us, they roll, they tumble, they heave and surge in billowy masses. Now they are in mists, then radiant in sunbeams. We lose sight

of them entirely for a moment, then we see them plainly as before, and then too quickly, O! a thousand times too quickly, they vanish and are gone, wrapped and enfolded in the "trailing garments" of the "misty future."

But up, over and away from the multitudinous faces of the past, present and future, shines clearly, radiantly, serenely the face of Him "who is, who was, and who is to come." The face of father, friend and brother, the face of Him who sticketh closer than a brother, beams upon me while I write, and I turn away from the faces of the past, the dear faces, the loved faces, the faces of my heart and soul. I turn away from the faces of the present, the cold indifferent faces, the faces of grief and anguish. I turn away from the strange mystical faces of the future, to this one face—the face of God.

CECIL.

## THE OAK.

Nearly twenty centuries ago  
 Since 'twas that the Roman, Varrus,  
 Put this field beneath the plough,  
 Combed and smoothed it with his harrows;  
 Then he took an acorn nut  
 Gathered from a mossy-cup,  
 Planted it, and then he shut  
 The acorn in the black soil up,  
 And prayed the gods that it might grow,—  
 Nearly twenty centuries,  
 Centuries ago.

First a shoot shot from the bed,  
 Then a sapling stout and tall,  
 Then its roof spread overhead,  
 Massive as the circus wall;  
 Till it grew a forest pride,  
 Till it filled the orchard land  
 With a gloom on every side,  
 And a rood on every hand  
 In its shadow lay below,—  
 That was many centuries,  
 Centuries ago.

Underneath its gnarled limbs  
 Armed battalia laid them down,  
 Fiercely chaunting battle hymns  
 To Thor-Odin's red renown;  
 Where had rung Hun's bugle tang  
 On its bough o'ershadowed banks  
 Camped the men of Charlemange,  
 And throughout their ranks the Franks  
 Heard the bull's-horn trumpet blow,—  
 That was many centuries,  
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Halted here, with Charles the King,  
 Navarre's and France's armed host,  
 Whose yell made the welkin ring  
 For *fleur de lis* and Holy Ghost;  
 Swore Black Bourbon, 'neath this dome,  
 To revenge the Church's ban,  
 Till in all the streets of Rome  
 Conduit-pipes with rich blood ran  
 Into the red Tiber's flow,—  
 Even that was centuries,  
 Centuries ago.

Here the hordes that o'er the scalps  
 Of the mountains climbed in arms,—  
 Even as avalanche of Alps  
 Crushes down upon the farms,  
 Or glacier, in an earthquake's shocks,  
 Bearing miles of loosened masses  
 Hurls the grey Titanic rocks,  
 So they through the mountain passes  
 Hurl'd upon the plains below,—  
 That was scarce a century,  
 Century ago.

Again, beneath the knotted limbs  
 Lightning-riven, century-grey,  
 Heavenward swelled the battle hymns,  
 Thrilled the blood with trumpet's bray,—  
 Camped around its giant girts,  
 With one voice in fierce hurra  
 Cried the men in scarlet shirts:  
 " *Eviva Italia unica!*  
 Garibaldi on the foe!"  
 That was in this century,  
 Not so long ago.

Glory to the sheltering oak!  
 Ivy wreath its giant stem,  
 Let the grey and aged folk  
 Bring their little ones with them,  
 And its leaves in wreaths entwine;  
 Let within its hollow trunk  
 Peasants quaff the home-grown wine,—  
 Three-times-three the toast be drunk:  
 " May it nevermore be so  
 As it was in centuries,  
 Centuries ago." HUNTER DUVAR.

#### A TRIP TO YECART LAKE, AFTER TROUT.

OUT of town we drove on the 1st day of June, directing our course along the Loch-Lomond road, and hastening towards Yecart Lake, a goodly sheet of water, that lies nestled in the lap of a pretty valley, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. Yecart's is near Quaco. Our eyes feasted on the verdant landscape, and forests that were robed in nature's spring dress. The

burnt-lands, smouldering and sending forth flames and pleasant odours, reminded us of our boyhood :

“The days when we with hearts as light as air,  
Frollicked among rippling brooks, and meadows green,—  
’Twas there we met bright faces, that now no more are seen,  
The river yet flows on, but where are they? Oh where!”

Having left town at seven o'clock, p. m., we arrived at Dan Linche's at the head of the lake, fourteen miles from St. John, quite late in the evening. At Dan's we “put the horse in,” and remained till four o'clock next morning. Again we rolled forward, having yet fourteen miles further to go, over rough roads and “dreadful hills.” The morning was decidedly cold, and the puddles on either side of the roadway, were scummed with ice, that would have been more in keeping with the chilly days of November. Nothing worthy of notice occurred as we jogged along. At about seven o'clock, we climbed the last hill. In the distance, curtained by a lifting fog lay Yecart Lake, the silvery surface of which was gently ruffled by a delightful breeze. Now and then a sudden squall from over the surrounding heights, would cause the waves to rise fitfully, and toss about, as if vexed at such ill-treatment from the hands of Him

“Who sings to sleep proud Kings,  
And fans the blushing cheeks of royal maidens fair:”

In another half hour we “drew up” at the farm house of Young Willie. He, as of yore, greeted us warmly, and our stomachs began to inquire for breakfast. *Wee Willie's guid wife*—who, by the way, is a neat and pleasing little body,—hurried up the cakes, and we were soon enjoying a bountiful repast, making overtures to boiled eggs, new butter, glorious coffee, snowy bread and rich milk. These good things, spread over a table-cloth white as linen, added delight to the hour, and, dear reader, we considered this food fit for the gods, but at this precise moment we preferred that their godships should dine somewhere else. At 10 o'clock we took boat for the fishing grounds. I do not know what are other fishermen's sensations as they begin to make ready for the slaughter of the “gaudy innocents,” but I must confess that I always have a feeling come over me on such occasions, while nervously preparing my rod and gear, as if I were about to commit some wondrous deed. After a considerable exercise at the oars, we at last found the trout region and here we anchored. My friend,

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who well knows how to handle a rod, makes several fine sportstman-like casts. How naturally his "Lanergan" fly skips the restless waters. Good! he has tripped up a fine fellow. Ha, ha! Now the glad time has come. Surge!—splash!—dive and strain. A few desperate leaps, a caper, a rush, and he is landed. A noble specimen he is, of about a pound weight, exquisitely spotted and handsomely formed. In capturing this "chap" I lost my landing-net overboard. It consisting in part of an iron frame quickly sunk. I was delighted as it went down, and would recommend all brother fishers to use none other than one of wooden construction. I have a sort of veneration for my old rods, fly-books and bait-boxes, but for this unfortunate article I shed no tears. It was too small in the scoop, and the iron was continually rotting the twine-work or net.

We found after a couple of hours patient "throwing," that the fly would not please their fastidious fancy entirely, so having a few "garden hackles" along, we held out this "wiggling" inducement to their delicate gaze. This deception took, with telling reality. In eighteen hours, we killed seventy-three trout, that weighed, after being disemboweled, forty-six pounds. Tackling up our horse; we started for home, *via* Quaco. This little town is built on a rising ground, immediately facing the sea coast and its harbour, if such it may be called, is unprotected by any breakwater. It is an open roadstead, and stretching eight miles off in the bay, lie dangerous ledges, that every navigator carefully shuns. Quaco contains some elegant dwellings; its roads are the finest I ever travelled over in New Brunswick. An immense beach and flat dyke lies between the ocean and the settlement, giving the place a somewhat romantic and peculiar appearance.

Quaco should be the "Long Branch" of our Province. No finer spot for sea bathing could be desired, and I should say that when the storm-king frowns o'er Fundy's broad gulf, the scenery from the town must be of a wild character, amounting almost to sublimity. Ships are built along this shore, or vast esplanade, and when ready for launching, show off to excellent advantage, looming up with grand effect for miles around, reminding fanciful men of the fabulous monsters of the Arabian Nights, those monsters, "huge and terrible," that made the seas boil and foam.

With few exceptions, the farms between Yecart lake and Quaco wear a weather bleached and forlorn appearance. Few ornamental trees shade the houses; few gardens grace their grounds. At the BEN LOMOND house we stopped and had a steaming beef-steak supper, and arrived home at eleven o'clock, on the night of the third. All St. John had heard of our success; the next day newspaper-men anxiously enquired as to the size and kind of our fish; we knew what they were "fishing" after. We soused the trout in vinegar,—they "go" much better that way, than among musty old news offices.

JAY BROOKS.

#### A CANOE-CRUISE IN THE CORAL SEA.

IF you can buy a canoe for two calico shirts, what will your annual expenses in Tahiti amount to? This was a mental problem I concluded to solve, and, having invested my two shirts, I began the solution in this wise: My slender little treasure lay with half its length on shore, and, being quite big enough for two, I looked about me, seeking some one to sit in the bows, for company and ballast.

Up and down the shady beach of Papeete I wandered, with this advertisement written all over my anxious face:—

"WANTED—A crew about ten years of age; of a mild disposition, and with no special fondness for human flesh; not particular as to sex! Apply immediately, at the new canoe, under the breadfruit-tree, Papeete, South Pacific."

Some young things were pitching French coppers so earnestly they didn't read my face; some were not seafaring, at that moment; while most of them evidently ate more than was good for them, which might result disastrously in a canoe-cruise, and I set my heart against them.

"Who is anxious to go to sea with me?" I bawled, returning through the crowds of young gamblers, all intently disinterested in everything but "pitch and toss." Not far away a group of wandering minstrels—such as make musical the shores of Tahiti—sat in the middle of the street, chanting. One youth played with considerable skill upon a joint of bamboo of the flute species, but breathed into from the nostrils, instead of the lips. Three or four minor notes were piped at uncertain intervals, playing an impromptu variation upon the air of the singers. Drawing near, the music was suspended; and I proposed shipping one of the melodious vagabonds, whereupon the entire chorus expressed a willingness to accompany me, in any capacity whatever, remarking, at the same time, that "they were a body bound, so to speak, by cords of harmony, and any proposal to disband them would, by it, be regarded as highly absurd." Then I led the solemn procession of volunteers to my canoe, and we regarded it in silence; it was

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something larger than a pea-pod, to be sure, but about the shape of one. After a moment of deliberation, during which a great throng of curious spectators had assembled, the orchestra declared itself in readiness to ship before the paddle for the trifling consideration of \$17. I knew the vague notion that money is money, call it dollar or dime, generally entertained by the innocent children of Nature; and dazzling the unaccustomed eyes of the flutist with a new two-franc piece, he immediately embarked.

The frail thing glided over the waves as though invisible currents were sweeping her into the hereafter; the shore seemed to recede, drawing the low, thatched houses into deeper shadow; other canoes skimmed over the sea, like great water-bugs, while the sun set beyond the sharp outlines of beautiful Morea, glorifying it and us.

There was a small islet not far away,—an islet as fair and fragrant as a bouquet,—looking, just then, like a mote in a sheet of flame. Thither I directed the reformed flutist, and then let myself relapse into the all-embracing quietness that succeeds nearly every vexation that flesh is heir to.

There was something soothing in the nature of my crew. He sat with his back to me,—a brown back, that glistened in the sun and arched itself, from time to time, cat-like, as though it was very good to be brown and bare and shiny. A round head topped his chubby shoulders, and was shaven from the neck to the crown, with a matted forelock of the blackness of darkness falling to the eyes and keeping the sun out of them. One ear was enlivened with a crescent of beaten gold, which decoration, having been won at "pitch and toss," will probably never again, in the course of human events, meet with its proper mate. On the whole, he looked just a little bit like a fan-tail pigeon with its wings plucked.

At this point my crew suddenly rose in the bows of the canoe, making several outlandish flourishes with his broad paddle. I was about to demand the occasion of his sudden insanity, when we began to grate over some crumbling substance that materially impeded our progress and suggested all sorts of disagreeable sensations,—such as knife-grinding in the next yard, saw-filing round the corner, etc. It was as though we were careering madly over a multitude of fine-tooth combs. With that caution which is inseparable from canoe-cruising in every part of the known world, I leaned over the side of my personal property and penetrated the bewildering depths of the coral sea.

Were we, I asked myself, suspended about two feet above a garden of variegated cauliflowers? Or were the elements waiting us over a minute winter-forest, whose fragile boughs were loaded with prismatic crystals?

The scene was constantly changing; now it seemed a disordered bed of roses,—pink, and white, and orange; presently we were floating in the air, looking down upon a thousand-domed mosque,

pale in the glamour of the Oriental moon; and then a wilderness of bowers presented itself,—bowers whose fixed leaves still seemed to quiver in the slight ripple of the sea,—blossoming for a moment in showers of buds, purple, and green, and gold, but fading almost as soon as born. Among the delicate anatomy of these frozen ferns our light canoe was crashing on its way. I saw the fragile structures overwhelmed with a single blow from the young savage, who stood erect, propelling us onward amid the general ruins. With my thumb and finger I annihilated the laborious monuments of centuries, and saw havoc and desolation in our wake.

There, in one of God's reef-walled and cliff-sheltered *aquaria*, we drifted, while the sky and sea were glowing with the final, triumphant gush of sunset radiance. Fefe at last broke the silence, with an interrogation: "Well, how you feel?" "Fefe," I replied, "I feel as though I were some good and faithful bee, sinking into a sphere of amber, for a sleep of a thousand years." Fefe gave a deep-mouthed and expressive grunt, as he laid his brown profile against the sunset sky, thereby displaying his solitary ear-ring to the best advantage, and with evident personal satisfaction. "And how do you feel, Fefe?" I asked. He was mum for a moment; arched his back like any wholesome animal when the sun had struck clean through it; ejaculated an ejaculation with his tongue and teeth that cannot possibly be spelled in English, and thereupon his nostril quivered spasmodically, and was only comforted by the immediate application of his nose-flute, through which dulcet organ he confessed his deep and otherwise unutterable joy. I blessed him for it, though there were but three notes, all told, and those minors and a trifle flat.

Fefe's impassioned soul having subsided, we both looked over to beautiful Morea, nine miles away. How her peaks shone like steel, and her valleys looked full of sleep.

It was just the hour that harmonizes everything in nature, and when there is no possible discord in all the universe. The fishes were baptizing themselves by immersion in space, and kept leaping into the air, like momentary inches of chain-lightning. Our islet swam before us, spiritualized,—suspended, as it were, above the sea,—ready at any moment to fade away. The waves had ceased beating upon the reef; the clear, low notes of a bell vibrating from the shore called us to prayer. Fefe knew it, and was ready,—so was I; and with bare heads and souls utterly at peace we gave our hearts to God—for the time being!

Then came the hum of voices and the rustle of renewed life. On we pressed toward our islet, under the increasing shadows of the dusk. A sloping beach received us; the young cocoa-palms embraced one another with fringed branches. Through green and endless corridors we saw the broad disk of the full moon hanging above the hill.

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Fefe at once choose a palm, and having ascended to its summit cast down its fruit. Descending, he planted a stake in the earth, and striking a nut against its sharpened top soon laid open the fibrous husk, with which a fire was kindled.

Taking two peeled nuts in his hands, he struck one against the other and laid open the skull of it,—a clear sort of scalping that aroused me to enthusiasm. There is one end of a cocoa-nut's skull as delicate as a baby's, and a well directed tap does the business; possibly the same result would follow with those of infants of the right age,—twins for instance. Fefe agrees with me in this theory, now first given to the public.

Then followed much talk, on many topics, over our tropical supper,—said supper consisting of sea-weed salad, patent self-stuffing banana-sausages, and cocoa-nut hash. We argued somewhat, also, but in South Pacific fashion,—which would surely spoil, if imported; I only remember, and will record, that Fefe regarded the nose-flute as a triumph of art, and considered himself no novice in musical science as applicable to nose-flutes, in a land where there is scarcely a nose without its particular flute, and many a flute is silent forever, because its special nose is laid among the dust.

Having eaten, I proposed sleeping on the spot, and continuing the cruise at dawn. "Why should we return to the world and its cares, when the sea invites us to its isles? Nature will feed us. In that blest land, clothing has not yet been discovered. Let us away!" I cried. At this juncture, voices came over the sea to us,—voices chanting like sirens upon the shore. Instinctively Fefe's nose-flute resumed its *tremolo*, and I knew the day was lost. "Come!" said the little rascal, as though he were captain and I the crew, and he dragged me toward the skiff. With terrific emphasis, I commanded him to desist. "Don't imagine," I said, "that this is a modern *Bounty*, and that it is your duty to rise up in mutiny for the sake of dramatic justice. Nature never repeats herself, therefore come back to camp!"

But he would n't come. I knew I should lose my canoe unless I followed, or should have to paddle back alone,—no easy task for one unaccustomed to it. So I moodily embarked with him; and having pushed off into deep water, he sounded a note of triumph that was greeted with shouts on shore, and I felt that my fate was sealed.

It had been my life-dream to bid adieu to the human family, with one or two exceptions; to sever every tie that bound me to anything under the sun; to live close to Nature, trusting her, and getting trusted by her.

I explained all this to the young "Kañack," who was in a complete state of insurrection, but failed to subdue him. Overhead the air was flooded with hazy moonlight; the sea looked like one immeasurable drop of quicksilver, and upon the summit of this

luminous sphere our shallop was mysteriously poised. A faint wind was breathing over the ocean; Fefe erected his paddle in the bows, placed against it a broad mat that constituted part of my outfit for that new life of which I was defrauded, and on we sped like a belated sea-bird seeking its mossy nest.

Beneath us slept the infinite creations of another world, gleaming from the dark bosom of the sea with an unearthly pallor, and seeming to reveal something of the forbidden mysteries that lie beyond the grave. "La Petite Pologne," whispered Fefe, as he arched his back for the last time, and stepped on shore at the foot of this singular rendezvous,—a narrow lane threading the groves of Papeete, bordered by wine-shops, bakeries, and a convent-wall, lit at night by smoky lanterns hanging motionless in the dead air of the town, and thronged from 7 p. m. till 10 p. m. by people from all quarters of the globe.

Fefe having resumed his profession as soon as his bare foot was on his native heath again, the minstrels moved in a hollow square through the centre of La Petite Pologne. They were rendering some Tahitian madrigal,—a three-part song, the solo, or first part, of which being got safely through with,—a single stanza,—it was repeated as a duo, and so re-repeated through simple addition with a gradually-increasing chorus; the nose-flute meantime getting delirious, and sounding its *finale* in an ecstasy prolonged to the point of strangulation, when the whole unceremoniously terminated, and everybody took a rest and a fresh start. During these performances, the audience was dense and demonstrative. Fefe was in his element, sitting with his best side to the public, and flaunting his ear-ring mightily. A dance followed: a dance always follows in that land of light hearts, and as one after another was ushered into the arena and gave his or her body to the interpretation of such songs as would startle Christian ears,—albeit there be some Christian hearts less tender, and Christian lips less true,—to my surprise, Fefe abandoned his piping and danced before me, and then came a flash of intuition,—rather late, it is true, but still useful as an explanatory supplement to my previous vexations. "Fefe!" I gasped (Fefe is the Tahitian for *Elephantiasis*), and my Fefe raised his or her skirts, and danced with a shocking leg. I really can't tell you *what* Fefe was. You never can tell by the name. He might have been a boy, or she might have been a girl, all the time. I don't know that it makes any particular difference to me what it was, but I cannot encourage elephantiasies in anything, and therefore I concluded my naval engagement with Fefe, and solemnly walked toward my chamber, scarcely a block off.

Gazelle-eyed damsels, with star-flowers dangling from their ears, obstructed the way. The *gendarmes* regarded me with an eye single to France and French principles. Mariners arrayed in the blue of their own sea and the white of their own breakers bore down upon us with more than belonged to them. Men of all

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colors went to and fro, like mad creatures; women followed; children careered hither and thither. Wild shouts rent the air; there was an intoxicating element that enveloped all things. The streets were by no means straight, though it could scarcely have been narrower; the waves staggered up the beach, and reeled back again; the moon leered at us, looking blear-eyed as she leaned against a cloud; and half-nude bodies lay here and there in dark corners, steeped to the toes in rum. Out of this human maelstrom, whose fatal tide was beginning to sweep me on with it, I made a plunge for my door-knob and caught it. Twenty besetting sins sought to follow me, covered with wreaths and fragrant with sandalwood oil; twenty besetting sins rather pleasant to have around one, because by no means as disagreeable as they should be. Fefe was there also, and I turned to address him a parting word,—a word calculated to do its work in a soil particularly mellow.

"Fefe," I said, "how can I help regarding it as a dispensation of Providence that your one leg is considerably bigger than your other? How can I expect you, with your assorted legs, to walk in that straight and narrow way wherein I have frequently found it inconvenient to walk myself, to say nothing of the symmetry of my own extremities? Therefore, adieu, child of the South, with your one ear-ring and your piano-forte leg; adieu—forever."

With that I closed my door upon the scene, and strove to bury myself in oblivion behind the white window-shade. In vain the shadow with the mustasche and goatee still pursued the shadow with the flowing locks that fled too slowly. Voices faint, though audible, indulged in allusions more or less profane, and with a success which would be considered highly improper in any latitude.

Thus sinking into an unquiet sleep, with a dream of canoe-cruising in a coral sea, whose pellucid waves sang sadly upon the remote shores of an ideal sphere, across the window loomed the gigantic shadow of some brown beauty, whose vast proportions suggested nothing more lovely than a new Sphinx, with a cabbage in either ear.—*South Sea Idyls.*

IN our strolls about town we find few places where an idle hour may be whiled away so pleasantly as at Notman's Photographic Rooms, Prince William St. Mr. Notman's peculiar but unobtrusive genius is felt the moment you cross his threshold, and surrounded by the *chef d'auvres* of the art which cover his tables and walls, you are at once at home. Mr. Notman's pictures are second to none produced in America, and tourists while temporarily sojourning in the city, make larger and larger demands for his services, as his fame extends towards the rising and setting sun. From the smallest card to the life-size portrait in oil, Mr. Notman produces results which are peculiarly satisfactory to his

patrons, and in copying from faded Ambrotypes and Daugerrotypes of deceased persons, his success has been such that this has become a branch of his business of no inconsiderable importance.

Strangers will enjoy a visit to Mr. Notman's Studio, and will be no less welcome as sight-seers than as patrons.

THE *Maritime Monthly* is grateful to the Press abroad for its encouraging and appreciative notice. We quote below from two of our most esteemed contemporaries.

"Conducted under the auspices of an association of gentlemen and edited by H. L. Spencer, Esq., the *Maritime Monthly* is not only most intelligently written, but is especially interesting, as it contains a special literature both novel and fresh in character descriptive of the locality from whence the Magazine emanates. If the extreme limit of Western America should find expression in the "Overland" from the Pacific Ocean, we are only too glad to have a balance from the uttermost Atlantic side in the *Maritime Monthly*. Among a variety of excellent matter we note the "Chronicles of Punch Bowl," in which the fortunes of Job Cobbiduck are told with a great deal of humour and force. Such descriptions, purely local, are admirable in character, and give a *cachet* of originality to the *Maritime Monthly* which make it most welcome. Already in its third volume, this Magazine seems as if its career would be a lasting one, and it is a most interesting feature of the good taste and literary ability of our friends in the good province of New Brunswick.—*Forest and Stream*, [New York.]

THE *Maritime Monthly Magazine* for June, contains a variety of excellent matter that cannot fail to interest every admirer of first class literature. We notice, with pleasure, that the publishers have elected to the editorial chair, H. L. Spencer, Esq., widely known as a writer over the *nom de plume* of "Enylla Allyne," and under his management the *Maritime Monthly* cannot but rank among the first class magazines of the world.—*Providence (R. I.) Sunday Dispatch*.

