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**HOW THE CROZIERS CAME TO
CANADA.**

BY W. F. MUNRO, AUTHOR OF "BACKWOODS
LIFE," &c.

Dada was one of the long-legged Croziers of Balnadoodle. Raised on the Fermanagh limestone, like his father and grandfather before him, he was, on that account, perhaps, one of the tallest men in the north of Ireland, and one of the heaviest, too, for though never a fleshy man, he hardly ever weighed less than twenty stone. There was lime enough in Dada's enormous bones to have built an ordinary steeple. And yet he was far from being one of those masses of ossification, limited to uneasy motion in the hip joints, such as may often be seen on the tenth of the month stalking to Enniskillen Fair, in the rear of a mutinous pig.

I have often heard him say, that the year before he joined the police he walked from Enniskillen to Strabane and back in one day, and every day, for a week after, mowed an Irish acre of as heavy meadow as ever grew on the fattest holms of Fermanagh; and it was a frequent brag of Jinny McMullen, his old nurse, that she helped to roll a thirty stone sack full of wet malt from the barn floor "on to his broad back," which it was no trouble to him to carry outside and load a horse cart withal.

Dada was the fourth of seven sons nearly all of the same gigantic mould. Uncle Tom went to Canada when he was turned of thirty, but was one of those who did not succeed in that country—his "larnin," strange to say, was his undoing in Canada. "I'd been worth thousands and thousands, Jim, if I had never known the A. B. C." Uncle Tom often came to see us; indeed, when I tell you that he has crossed the Atlantic *fourteen* times, and fooled away years of his life "school teaching," you will be at no loss to account for his want of success in Canada. So for the paradox of learning being his undoing, it must be explained on the supposition, that having once got into the harness of common school teaching he wanted the energy to get out of it again. Poor old Tom! He has lived to see not a few of his relatives attain to plenty and even affluence in Canada; he lives a month with one and six weeks with another, but every two or three years the fit returns, and away home he goes to Balnadoodle to tell his old friends there that he would have been worth thousands and thousands if he had never known the A. B. C.

Uncle Kit was next to uncle Tom. In the golden days of old Bonny, when Irish farmers were growing rich, feeding cattle on illicit malt draff, Kit had the misfortune to quarrel with his father, and ran away to Canada. He was the first of the Croziers that crossed the Atlantic,

arriving at Quebec just in time to be included in the first draft of Militia made in view of the anticipated rupture between Great Britain and the United States. In June, 1812, war was declared, and it was seen that wilderness as Canada then was, and which many old country people in their miserable delusion still imagine to be, it was nevertheless a country in whose defence there were thousands willing to die.

Uncle Kit was one of the four hundred militia whom, along with three hundred regulars and double that number of Indians, the "Hero of Upper Canada" led from York to Amherstburg, and after chasing the Republican General, Hull, to Detroit, compelled him to surrender with 2,500 men. He was present at Queensston Heights on the 13th October, where the gallant Brock, leading on his brave six hundred of the 49th, fell mortally wounded.

In the campaign of the following year, Kit went back to Detroit again with Colonel afterwards General Proctor. After capturing the Yankee, Wilkinson, with 500 men, they remained in possession of the place until the month of September, when they were attacked by Harrison's mounted Kentucky riflemen and forced across the river. On being followed by the American army they retreated up the Thames. On the 5th October, the Yankees came up to them at Moravian Town, and in the battle which ensued the British to the number of 800, along with 500 Indian allies under the brave Tecumseth, were defeated.

After being engaged in the burning of the frontier towns of Lewiston, Black Rock and Buffalo which wound up this campaign, Kit was promoted to the rank of Captain, but almost immediately after, in some frolic on the Yankee side, had the misfortune to break one of his long legs. Poor Kit was in a bad fix—for six weeks he lay on his broad back in a log house in what was then the backwoods of Buffalo, an enemy's country; and had it not been for the tender assiduity of a certain little round-faced German girl, whose father found him in the woods helpless and starving, he never would have crossed the Niagara again. One

moon light night, however, with the help of crutches and a boat, he did cross it, in company with his little nurse too, who soon afterwards nursed his children, and became his faithful companion for full forty years.

Kit got well enough to fight one other regular battle, at least, that of Lundy's Lane in the campaign of 1814.

On the 25th July, General Riall advanced towards Chippewa where the American General Brown had retired with 5000 men. The two armies met at Lundy's Lane. After six hours hard fighting the Yankees fled in confusion to Fort Erie.

Brown's evacuation of this place on the 5th November, after dismantling the works, was the last scene of this eventful war, so honorable to the Canadians, but in which, the Americans, against the voice of the best men of their nation, suffered themselves to imitate a certain ancient custom of the "weasel, Scot," who, "the eagle, England, being in prey to her unguarded nest came sneaking."

After the treaty of Ghent, large tracts of land were distributed among the militia. Uncle Kit received four hundred acres as his share, and like a sensible man took his little German wife, and settled down at once. Two of his brothers came out to him, and there they are to this day, rich and respected.

Dada was of a different turn from the rest of his brothers—the very antithesis of uncle Tom, the Reuben of the family. He had a mass of what phrenologists call continuity, which, along with a vertical extension of six feet four inches (the normal height of the Croziers) a broad chest and deep bass voice, helped to determine him in the choice of the police as his proper sphere of action. And, no doubt, a man like him with a fixed idea, respectable talents, and more than ordinary presence, may live to carve out for himself, even in the police, a fair position, although I could count in this part of Canada at least twenty men, to state the fact with numerical exactness, who, in half the time my father gave to the police, and with nothing like his devotion, have risen to affluence and a much higher social position.

Dada was in no hurry taking to himself a wife. It was not until he wore the sword and sash of a head constable and had been stationed a considerable time in Dublin that he began to think of a matrimonial alliance.

One of Sir Eyre Coote's old sergeant-majors who had been many years in India, came home after completing his regular term of service, still a young man with a pension jingling in his pocket, and had the good luck to step into a quiet birth in the Custom House. The old soldier had an only daughter, not now in her teens, who had received a rather superior education. This Christana O'Dea was my mother, and the mother of my two sisters, Mary and Frances.

As mamma had some weakness about sending us to the national schools, I may say we had no teacher but herself—to this day I can write only an angular hand—yet when we came to Canada neither of my sisters had any difficulty in taking first-class common school certificates, which repaid, in some measure, both the teacher's pains and the pupils' diligence.

I was only a little boy when the old sergeant-major died, yet I remember him well. I mind an old blue cloak he used to go out and walk in, on which occasions I was his unfailing attendant, unless when, for some misdemeanor or another, I had been put in Coventry, as he called it.

For a whole week, sometimes even a fortnight, he would not so much as look at me, and during the continuance of the embargo my playthings in some mysterious manner all disappeared. His usual method of coming to terms was to watch an opportunity and tap at his room window with a small silver coin, which was held up as a reward for some task to be learned. I seldom slept till I had mastered that task; but dear old Grandfather! It was not for your silver coin.

We were stationed in a little town in Tipperary in the dreadful times of the famine. I have seen mother, with a drawn sword in her hand, keeping off the hungry crowds who came every day to our door, Dada being out night and day with his men. These times made mother a soldier, but the fatigue, wounds, and

exposure which fell to the share of the poor head constable brought on one rheumatic fever after another, till his tall lithe frame grew as knarled and warped as the heart of a rock-elm stick. He was compelled to retire on half pay.

Grandfather, who was now dead; had insured his life for a good few hundred pounds, and with this money, which in fact was another's dower, we all went home to the North. I suppose you would have gone to America. It was not mother's home, yet how soon she adapted herself to it, for it was to bring health back to her husband again. In a few months nobody could make finer butter, or get more for it in Enniskillen market; her calves, too, were said to be the best ever raised within twenty miles of Balnadoole. Dada recovered his health amazingly.

We had a Dublin cousin, Philip O'Dea, who came to see us the second year we were in the North—what a strange genius that cousin was! Poet, actor, phrenologist, mesmerist, chemist and electrician. He brought with him a galvanic battery of his own make. It had two little porous clay cups standing in two larger glass jars, with thin platina plates attached to strong zinc cylinders, and wrought with strong nitric acid in the clay cups, and dilute sulphuric in the glass jars. He rolled Dada in wet sheets and charged him with currents of electricity till the very rafters rang again with his shouts. To shouts of pain succeeded shouts of laughter, when Philip put away his battery to give us the "Newcastle Apothecary," "Lodgings for single gentlemen," or some comic reading from Shakspeare. These were fine times. We were fairly bewildered with our Dublin cousin. Alas! Philip could not stay with us all the time. I shall never forget the day I went with my sisters in the old car to Enniskillen to see him away in the Dublin coach. How he raved about the Mississippi and the Far West with its billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,—my future home, and the home of all unhappy Irishmen." He had caught his inspiration from Longfellow's "Evangeline," every line of which he had by heart, his conception

of a prairie home for himself being that of "Basil the Blacksmith." Alas! Poor Philip, it struck me even then "perhaps your fate like that of Gabriel Lajunesse, may be to *seek* and never *find*." For though the New England Poet's description of the West be truer to nature than that beautiful but fantastic description of the East by the Scotch poet, Campbell, where the early settlers (they must have had their chopping all done) "had nought to do but prune their autumn fruits or skim the light canoe," yet, O how false to human experience, poor Irish immigrant experience especially.

I mind seeing Mary's big brown eyes dilate to their utmost capacity when he changed from an American to an Irish rhapsodist.

"O, Erin! my country, thou isle of saints, so fruitful in men, so bright in genius, country of Berkeley and Toland, of Moore and O'Connell, land of bright thought and the rapid sword. Erin mavournin, Erin-go-bragh! Woe to the spoiler, if thou art to be as Babylon or Balbek!"

We returned a sorrowful party to Balnadoodle that night. Mary reading scraps of her cousin's "Evangeline," which he had bequeathed her. Oft was the wish expressed that Dada was well and could go to that glorious country. He had been in the south of Ireland more than twenty years, and did not take to the ways of the north nor to farming as he had anticipated. His own people had been very anxious to have him beside them again. They knew he had a little money, and probably on that account were more urgent in recommending his native air. To tell the truth, we were completely sold. Old grandfather Crozier shaved us outright. Shortly after cousin went away things began to look gloomy enough. Our funds were all invested. One misfortune came after another. I fell from a house and got my wrist fractured. Mamma took erysipelas and lay for six weeks, but to crown all, in one fearful night our whole establishment was burnt down. We lost everything: horses, stock, the crop of that year and all the farm implements.

Years before he left the place, Dada

had received a slight fracture in the skull in some scuffle he had been in, at a fair, and ever after, upon the least irritation he acted so strangely that we were afraid to go near him. He now went entirely out of his mind. Although the most affectionate and indulgent of parents, he now seemed to be possessed with the most furious hatred of his children. We often had to keep six men in the house night and day to hold him, or we should have been torn to pieces. At length we had to send him to the asylum. After seventeen months confinement, we brought him home again, a mass of skin and bone, and as helpless as an infant. We could now attend to him, and if ever a man had a devoted wife, and affectionate children, or ever deserved to have the like, that man was Stephen Crozier. He got weaker and weaker every day; at length, three months from the day we brought him home, he died.

It was on New Year's day we were burnt out, and while Dada was in the asylum we managed with some assistance to put in the crop of that year. It happened to be a good season, and people thought that as I was able to look after things in a sort of a way, we might be able to fight our way through. But mother had set her heart upon going to America—rather a daring scheme for a poor widow with two big, soft, unsophisticated daughters and a big raw boy of sixteen. But that cousin of ours could make us believe anything, and he said, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house and go unto the land which I will show thee."

He had now been nearly two years in the United States, and every mail brought long letters from the land of promise. The first of course was a detailed account of the passage. His was an early winter one; it had been one continuous storm from Liverpool to New York. "Pray that your voyage be not in the winter." The next letter was from Cincinnati, the "Queen city of the west." He had travelled through the heart of the State of Ohio from Sandusky on Lake Erie, through a country of vineyards and orchards and cornfields—the corn still

standing, in some places ten and twelve feet high. Of the lands that see the Atlantic wave their morn restore, it was the loveliest. But he had not yet seen the praries. His next letter, a mere scrap, informed us he had started for the west. It was the last word we heard of him for a whole twelvemonth. Had he forgotten us? Was he dead? At length, on the very day Dada died, we got a letter of which the following is an extract:—

"It rains and the wind is never weary. Yet I like it for it is not the uniform rule as with you in Ireland. I don't know any music sweeter than the patter of the rain on the shingles if it be not the patter of little feet on the floor, (he had been married about eighteen months or so). I have often gone to bed under the shingles two hours earlier to hear it, and slept far sooner than I wanted, "*imbre juvante*."

My little window in the gable of a slim wooden habitation looks out upon the prarie. At length my eyes have seen the land! Like the empire which Cyrus coveted, it stretches to where men cannot live for the heat, and to where they cannot live for the cold, it is as wide as east and west, a land flowing with milk and honey. O God, if I were an Arab and not a Celt, what a country this would be for me! And yet two million Celts have no other home; many of them are rich, so are the outcast Jews in the land of their oppressors, but I have yet to meet the Irish-born Celt, who can say, "here is my resting place, here I am happy." I speak not of that pariah host doomed to everlasting ignorance and crime in the dens of New York and Philadelphia, or of that pandemoniac crew damned to the decks and the holds of the Mississippi steamboats—O, God, that ever your poor Irish were doomed to see the Mississippi! Yet, alas! even a dearer race, for their sins, once wept for seventy years by the waters of Babylon, and now, for sins of still deeper dye, are living the very history of the two million homeless Irish of America. O, God, and patient Judea! O, Erin mavournin equal in fate, if not in renown, shall ever thy children, perfected by sufferings, again be gathered together unto thee?

For my part, dear aunt, I cannot, O, I cannot think of being swallowed up in this maelstrom of democracy. It is an institution altogether alien to the Celtic heart not yet utterly demoralized. It may be native to the Saxon, predestinated to *individual* freedom and open community with every type of human life, but for that race which like the ivy ever clings to what is ancient, which remains for ever the same while all is changing around it, it is no home at all any more than the wide empty walls of a Syrian caravansary."

Poor Philip! It was evident that a change had come over the spirit of his young dream.

When we were imbibing our ideas of the west from Longfellow, our cousin had imagined that it was only necessary to lay to heart the warning advice of Basil the blacksmith.

"Beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever."

Alas! the fever was in Philip's Irish heart, and neither the quintessence of Peruvian Bark nor a spider shut up in a nutshell, could ever do it any good.

An extract from another letter reads thus:—

"You think we are all sworn brothers in this boasted land of equality—why, aunt, they hate us here worse than they do in London and Liverpool. I will give you this one significant proof. In all this great Republic that I have seen, from New York to San Francisco, I never knew or heard of a man of Irish birth attain to the most paltry civic distinction, unless by bribery or a large majority of Irish votes. Make what you like out of that.

You say, 'the Irish must be content enough with the New World when they write home such glowing accounts of it, and when such numbers are crowding to it.'

The truth is, that to the poor, half-starved Irish immigrant it is a land of plenty, contrasted with the one he has left. It is new and wonderful, and he cannot help telling his friends, with more or less exaggeration, that it is so, even when something whispers to his heart, it is not the place for him.

The fact of such numbers crowding to America must not be laid altogether to the door of their circumstances at home. They are miserable at home because their friends are so happy here. An old woman came to me the other day with a letter, which she had got some other old woman to write for her. It was to her friends in the "ould counthray," and I was to address it. As she left it with me to mail for her, I took the liberty of reading it. Here, said I, is an illustration of one of the causes of Irish dissatisfaction. I am sorry I did not make a copy of it. 'An will yez niver com to Amiricay It's meself ud be the glad ould crather iv I seed yez agin we hiv fiv cows eight sheep and any quantity iv fowl and sich a purty counthray iv yez wud only sen me Mary Jane to take care iv me in me ould age.'

This same 'ould crather' was one of the poorest and meanest in the place. I don't think she could have raised five dollars to save her life. Her old man was working a small clearing on shares, and half the time sick with fever and ague.

I deliberately sat down and wrote this postscript,—'Good people, I have read what your friends have been telling you, and I think it my duty to warn you not to act upon what is here written. At the lowest calculation one half of it is not true. I have nothing against your people, but don't let them persuade you to come here if you can at all make a shift to live at home. They are as poor as you can possibly be and they are half the time sick with fever and ague.'

We all believed in cousin Philip, especially mother, who was of the same ardent temperament, and of course as easily influenced by what he said. But Philip could not persuade his aunt to remain in the north of Ireland. Come what may she would give the New World a trial in some one or other of its northern divisions.

What would Philip say about Canada, the British Siberia, as he used to call it? Go to! Let us see what it has to say for itself. There's the Croziers, they are rich, if old Tom is to be trusted. They have been there for fifty years or nearly—none of them but old Tom have ever thought of coming back to Ireland again.

"But we are not going to the Croziers, mamma."

"No Mary, I was going to say if they can live in Canada I can. We shall steer clear of the Croziers for certain.

The great question now with mamma was more of an aesthetic nature, certainly one not much debated by intending emigrants. It was this: "Is there any difference in the condition of the Canadian and American Irish? Is the Colonial Irishman the same denationalized being he is said to become in the great Republic. Or is Canada a home, in any sense capable of supplying the place of the dear land he can never cease to love and regret. Satisfy me on this head and my mind is made up. I care not what people have said about the climate, the agricultural resources of the country or its political condition—these are of trifling significance to me, compared with its capacity to satisfy a fundamental craving of the Irish heart.

"Mamma! Philip can tell us all about it."

"Philip knows nothing at all about it, Mary. Let me see, now, when I think, I have read somewhere that the greatest men in Canada have been of Irish birth, and Philip gives it as a triumphant proof of his assertion that we are not liked in the States, that no Irishman born ever gets into an office. Why, Mary, it stands to reason, it's all the same country. There is nothing to hinder an Irishman here from filling the highest place in the land, and what is to hinder him there?

"Well, mamma! you talk like the O'Donnoghue, or one of the French political women, as if the Crozier dynasty had some other mission into this world than merely to earn its daily bread. Do you think we shall have one hundred pounds, mamma, after paying our passage to Canada?" "Mary, it matters little what money I have; money could not let me see the future more plainly than I do. For myself, it matters little where I go, but I have my duty to perform to my children, my country, and my people, which as I happen to recognise I shall as certainly endeavor to discharge, God sohelping me."

"Spoken like an old Roman matron, mamma, I shall try and feel like you."

It was decided we should go to Canada.

For the Canadian Literary Journal.

MAN.—WHENCE IS HE ?

Conscious of present existence, but ignorant of his origin, man is ever curious to ascertain whence he has sprung. The old orthodox belief is, that as the last of many successive and independent acts of creation, the Almighty God called man into existence, already endowed with a complete bodily conformation and with all the mental and moral faculties peculiar to him.

The extensive pursuit of the study of nature during the last two centuries, and the consequent quickening of thought and speculation, have led to the advancement of theories, as different from the long cherished belief, as they are from one another, to explain the phenomenon of man's presence on the earth. The most important of these hypotheses point in the same general direction, viz.:—to the gradual development, from a single mass of organized matter, without distinct parts or functions, of all plants and animals, man being the latest and crowning result of the process. This direction is the natural one, when the notion of a creating and ever-present God has been once set aside; for man has never seen the *origin* of any species. All that has passed under his eye has been the mere reproduction, in the ordinary way, of one generation of plants or of animals from another of the same sort. And, apart from the work of an Omnipotent Creator, he can comprehend no other mode of procedure. Cut loose from the old anchor, which has held men so long, he drifts, at once, into the idea of a gradual mutation of being from a lower to a higher condition.

The English translation, in 1750, of M. de Maillet's "Telliamed," startled British scholars from their attitude of uninquiring belief in the Genesis account of creation. A glance at an extract from the contents of the work gives an idea of his crude notions:—"Origin of land animals. Their resemblance to fishes.—Easiness of their passage from water to air.—Sea calves.—Sea dogs.—Sea men. Wild men.—Men with tails.—Men without beards.—Men with one leg and one

hand.—The passage of men from the water unto the air." Such was the ignorance of even the learned of that day concerning things not familiar to all, that the book, for a time, produced a great sensation, and many embraced its absurd hypotheses.

In 1809, M. Lamarck's "Philosophy of Geology," a more scientific and correct representation of De Maillet's ideas, appeared. Its effect was manifested, in 1844, by the publication of "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," a book thorough, permeated with Lamarck's opinions. Darwin's "Origin of Species," Huxley's "Man's Place in Nature," Lyell's "Antiquity of Man," and Powell's "Philosophy of Creation," breathe the much of the same spirit as the "Vestiges," and contain a full exhibition and defence, with some variations and disagreements, of the now famous doctrine of the *transmutation and gradual upward development of species*.

According to these authors,—

"Nature is not an intelligence, nor the Deity, but a delegated power,—an order of things, instituted by the Supreme Being, and subject to certain fixed laws, which are the expression of His will. Nature proceeds gradually in all her operations, beginning by the formation of the most simple forms of life, and out of them elaborate the more compound, adding successively different systems of organs, and multiplying, more and more, their number and their energy; and thus not only is one species gradually changed into another, but GENERA and classes are themselves transformed."

So that all the forms, both of plants and animals, which are found in all the layers of the earth's crust, and which are at present in existence, are but a long series, which, cone-like, was at the beginning, a mere point, and has widened out in every direction, till it is what we find it to-day.

There are two phenomena which are mainly brought forward to explain and substantiate the hypothesis.

1. *Natural varieties*.—It is well known that varieties occur *within* the limits of species. The progeny, although essentially like their parents, may, in some cases, exhibit certain differences which are capable of transmission to their offspring; and so varieties are established. This, however, occurs most frequently

in cultivated plants and domesticated animals. It is asserted that it may extend even to the formation of *new species*.

2. *Natural selection*.—The result of "selection" among garden flowers and the domestic animals is well known. By carefully choosing individuals with certain desirable peculiarities, and reproducing from them, astonishing results are attained. For instance, the many varieties of grapes are all derived from a very few species; the numerous and beautiful sorts of pigeons are all supposed to be traceable to the original, the "stock dove." Left to themselves, the operation is of course slower. When an animal changes its place of abode, or when any unusual circumstances of temperature or such like occur, its nature is somewhat modified, and this change is transmitted to its offspring. A natural result of the excessive stress laid on this well known fact is Darwin's absurd explanation of the long neck of the giraffe. He supposed that, in a season of scarcity, an *accidental long-necked variety* had the advantage of the rest of the breed, in being able to reach the foliage of the high limbs of trees, and thus escaped the starvation to which the unfortunate short-necked ones fell victims; and in this way only one variety was left.

New organs are supposed also to have arisen from modifications of organs already existing by *tentative efforts*. For example, in the case of the giraffe, Lamarck supposes, that, being tempted by the leaves on boughs above their reach, they frequently endeavored to stretch themselves up to feed on them, and thus, in the course of several generations, by continued efforts the desired length of neck was attained.

With regard to the first statement, that the varieties above mentioned merge into new species, it is sufficient to say that no example of such a thing as actually occurring can be adduced. It is an ascertained fact that hybrids, which are simply the products of the union of two distinct species, are sterile and, consequently cannot propagate themselves.

It is fatal to "natural selection" that varieties produced by adventitious circumstances are less vigorous than the parent

stock, and nearly all exhibit what naturalists term an *atavism*, that is a tendency to return to the original form.

It is hard then to comprehend how such marvellous developments and transmutations could have been produced contrary to all the known modes of the operation of nature. In reading the records of geology we find each page filled with new characters. Creatures are discovered totally different from those which have gone before, and apparently not connected with them by any intermediate forms. If so connected, such forms must have once existed. What has become of them? How is it that none of them are preserved? The fallacy of this preposterous theory is evident from the impossibilities which it requires us to believe. If it be true, then there have been epochs of enormous length, of which we have no memorial or evidence; and in these epochs a process of transmutation was continually going on of which we have no proof, and which must have been directly contrary to the system which has been pursued in the ages that are known."

Unsatisfactory as this hypothesis is to explain the existence of the plants and the lower animals, it fails most signally of all, when applied to the question of man's origin and nature.

The subject of the resemblances and differences between man and the higher irrational creatures is inviting, and affords arguments against the Darwinian theory, but the limits of this paper forbid its discussion. It can be said, merely, that, in proportion as the physical structure and the mental phenomena of man are shewn to be *essentially* distinct from those of the monkey—his nearest relation—so much the more difficult will it become to conceive of the one being capable of production from the other, by any such process, as these theorists assume. If such changes could take place, they would be *retrograde*. The higher the type and the fuller the manifestation of reason in an animal, the feebler it is when first brought into the world and the longer it relies on parental assistance. The chicken rushes from the egg, and is able to pick up its own food from the very first. The human infant for many years is in absolute de-

ndance on others. Now the natural
 result of a progression upward would be,
 at each generation would be more liable
 to be destroyed, before being able to help
 themselves, than the preceding one. Add
 to this the fact, the more amply the in-
 tellectual faculties are developed, the
 weaker the instincts and the less acute
 the senses become, and that keen senses
 and strong instincts are absolutely neces-
 sary to preserve the wild heart of
 the forest alive, and it become evident,
 that this transmutation would be suicidal.
 If the race would soon cease to exist, or
 would revert to the original stock; and
 then, is it possible for the *human* to be
 evolved from the *brute* intellect? The
 materialists of the present day assert them-
 selves to be identical in kind, differing only in
 degree. It is an undecided question,
 whether or not some faculties and powers
 such as memory, reasoning, judgment, are
 common, to some extent, to both, but,
 that the mind of the brute has the power
 of abstraction and moral and religious
 sentiments cannot be entertained. If it
 does, it behooves the materialist to train
 the one of the lower animals, so that he
 will give a display, in some manner, of
 the presence of these faculties, if not by
 speech, at least by signs; for, if they
 possess them in common with us, there
 must be some medium through which we
 can recognize them in one another.
 By a strong collateral evidence of the
 truth of the transmutation theory, the
 progress and continued advance towards
 perfection throughout all time, the
 wonderful analogies and homologies,
 among the different classes of animated
 nature, and the geographical distribution
 of plants and animals, have been adduced.
 Explained, however, by the good old
 notion of an All Universal Everywhere
 governing Jehovah,—to whom the creat-
 or of a world or a diatom is one, as the
 Father and Preserver and Ruler of all
 things, these facts are thrice more mag-
 nificent. They point upward to a God,
 that same God of whose existence
 man's *consciousness infallibly assures*
 the transmutationists tell man that he
 has no way *different* from the animal
 or the plant, save in degree of develop-

ment; they give the lie to his conscious-
 ness and bring under bondage his nobler
 aspirations. They point to the *bygone*
 ages, and bid us look to the ape as the
 most distinguished of our ancestors, and
 to the snail as the founder of our family.
 We point to the *future*, and tell them of
 a destiny which "eye hath not seen, nor
 ear heard, nor hath entered into the head
 of man to conceive. We tell them of an
 inheritance divine, of a progress onward
 and upward through the ages of eternity,
 when this mortal shall put on immortality,
 sharing the favor and bearing the like-
 ness of Him, who is God over all, blessed
 for evermore."

F.

For the Canadian Literary Journal.

HUMBUG.

BY CANADENSIS.

Few persons will admit that they like
 to be deceived; and yet there are few
 persons who do not like it. The chances
 are that the reader of these lines is an un-
 mitigated admirer of humbug.—No; you
 will not confess as much; but the allega-
 tion is true nevertheless.—You love
 trickery, deception, imposture, even when
 perpetrated against yourself; and you
 show your admiration by encouraging
 them, whenever you get an opportunity.
 There is, too, that undefinable something
 which we call the Public, and you are an
 item in that something; so that when you
 are held as in a measure responsible for
 the follies thereof, it is vain to protest,
 unless you can show a much better reason
 than any you have heretofore given.

For there is nothing the public love so
 dearly as to be swindled by an impudent
 impostor. There is no object upon which
 it spends its money so lavishly as upon a
 thoroughly unscrupulous charlatan. It
 runs after him, swears by him, worships
 him, and very soon enriches him; while
 probably many honest men, and
 many valuable men are left on the
 wayside to die, with no other consolation
 than the thought that they may see from
 the far off land of spirits some future
 generation of mankind appropriating
 their thoughts, and hardly knowing the
 memory of the dead.

The man who can mystify with most unblushing impudence is the most likely to win rapid fame in society, and even if it be but temporary, it generally lasts long enough to leave some considerable mark of its past existence in the purse of the charlatan. And even as deception is worshipped, anything novel, and especially if it be also absurd or contrary to acknowledged laws, is sure to meet with numberless devotees and loud applause. Some day I may be disposed to attempt an answer to the question, why this infatuation for the absurd apparently increases with the alleged diffusion of education. But, in the mean while, I content myself with merely suggesting that, strange as it may seem, such is the case. We talk about the darkness, and ignorance of people who lived in ages long past. We ridicule their superstition; and, like good Christians, as of course we are, we award them a sneer of contemptuous pity for burning their witches, and inventing exorcisms against the devil. But which is the greater fool, he who going along an unknown path in a dark night, tumbles into a ditch; or he who in the broad light of day walks over a precipice to make himself a ridiculous mass of humanity, on the rocks below? The fact is the superstitions of old were an honest family and of worthy origin compared with the mockery and humbug of the present.

Let me draw a distinction here in favor of those clever artists in magic, who legitimately take our money because they honestly profess by slight of hand, or by mechanical ingenuity to deceive. When Love, the polyphonist, used to astonish his audiences in old Crosby Hall, by holding a conversation with a non-existent slater outside the roof, he justly won the approbation of his hearers, and earned his living honestly. Jacobs, Anderson, Stodare, and all the tribe of wizards are alike honest men. But, if Love, instead of coming before the public as a ventriloquist, had pronounced himself a spiritualist, and had converted the imaginary slater into a spiritual presence he would then have been entitled to a place among the class which I would consider. But I will not enter upon a region of controversy. I do not mean to discern the

question whether an impostor is or is not an honorable man. I assume that he is not. Others who think differently, may continue in the enjoyment of their opinion. That I, too, may be allowed to indulge in mine, will be sufficient for my present purpose.

An infatuation for the mysterious has probably existed at all times, but in different forms. At first it showed itself as reverence, next as awe, after that as admiration, and now at last as madness:—reverence, when the true spirit of prophecy was to be found among men; awe, when wickedness prayed upon ignorance; admiration, when wealth and folly first combined in the pursuit; and madness, when education and enlightenment prove no safeguard against ridiculous credulity. Thus, in the present day, it has assumed a totally different character from that which it once possessed. We see, too, as in other things, a fashion in the madness. Now a village bone setter starts from the tap-room into notoriety. Society follows him, fetes him, fees him, w'll nigh worships him; and quack doctors are all the rage. An universal cure for disease in every form is found. Now it is comprised in wet sheets and water gruel; anon the public faith gets pinned to gamboge pills; till every body says that brandy and salt is the nostrum to throw every other into oblivion. Then phrenology steps in, and soon mesmerism has its day. All society is feeling bumps and making passes, proclaiming character and staring at discs. This merges into spiritualism and table-turning. An obscene Yankee preacher sends forth from Brooklyn a blasphemous book about "Pneumatic" and "Apneumatic" theories, "Odyllism," "Rhabdomancy," and an "Universal medium;" and forthwith, American "society" profess a faith in the presence of spirits who need lessons in spelling and furniture, which can subvert the laws of God.

Then come forth the Brothers Davenport to exhibit their connections with the other world. They bring the orthodox showman and set a high value on their wondrous powers. The guineas fall in and the fiddles turn blue. Impossible things are done in the dark, and

noises supposed to be horrible, because alleged to be unearthly, usher in the barefaced lie. It is true, that the "brothers" did not have an uninterrupted course of success. Common sense once paid them a visit at Liverpool, smashed their cabinets, routed the spirits, broke the fiddles and made one of the most egregious impostures of the day collapse, but only in a locality. The deception which met its downfall in Britain still exists in America, and the public love for humbug reasserts itself. Still I should be sorry to affirm that there is not a good opening for a new sensation. Many are getting stale. Even Homceopathy needs a new polish. People are getting tired of it; and are seriously doubting whether, after all, the hundred thousand millionth of a drop of water will suffice to quench a thirsty soul, or impart new vigor to the blood. Moreover, the delusion, *per se* is not only stale but unprofitable, for its disciples have been forced to cease to look with scorn upon scientific medicine when serious ills have to be combatted, and a persistence in globules tends to a coroner's inquest.

The trickster generally swindles the society to which he makes his appeal. And it is to his advantage, in this consideration, that those who have the most means seem also to be endowed with the most credulity. If the impostor rely for support upon the middle or lower classes, he must not go beyond a bread pill or a fetid ointment; and even then he will find plenty of the wives and daughters of our yeomanry patronising him and his wares. But it pays better and wins more fame if he take a higher flight, confident that public credulity will increase in the direct ratio of his own impudence. Let him only have faith in society, and society will not deceive him.

Perhaps we may be justified in hoping that the present generation is much advanced when compared with its ancestors in the last century; for I opine it would shock the modern disciples of so-called public economy, if our legislators were seriously to contemplate the expenditure of a sum of money from the treasury to buy some private nostrums for curing everything, or a recipe for raising spirits

through "Odylic medic." But it is not much more than a hundred years since the British Government of that day paid liberally for a decoction of egg shells and snails. This, however, illustrates what I have written. Joanna Stevens was a shrewd woman in her generation. She aimed high, and certainly she did not miss her mark. She professed to have made a wonderful discovery, and her professions gained credit, not only among the lower classes, but in the best intelligence in the land. Such was the value of her cure, and such was the disinterestedness of her disposition, that she declared her willingness to sell her secret to the nation for just as much as would cover her own outlay; and the *Gentleman's Magazine* has placed on record how, under the auspices of Mr. Drummond, the Banker, a subscription was set on foot to make the purchase. Dukes and duchesses, bishops and barons, earls, viscounts, and baronets, representatives, indeed, of every branch of the aristocracy, rushed to the subscription list. But alas! all their efforts were not successful. The price was £5000, but although lords and earls, were striving for the secret, the people below them shook their heads and buttoned up their pockets. The consequence was an appeal to parliament, which met with so much success that a payment was actually made out of the public revenue, of something like £3,500 to cover the deficiency. Thus was the secret made public property, and zealous dupes had their curiosity satisfied, by learning that it consisted of a decoction of soap, swines cresses, and honey; pills of egg shells and snails, and a powder to match.

Joanna Stevens disappeared.

By a like influential support, "Crazy Sally" of Epsom, a drunken abettor in every beer house brawl, was snatched from the bar parlor to ride in her carriage, and to receive the homage and the gold of her aristocratic admirers. Gentility paid her, and the mob gave her cheers. But St. John Long's was a more palpable instance still of the infatuation of society, for an impudent, nay, even a criminal impostor. This fellow, like the generality of quacks was an illiterate adventurer; but undertook to compound

a liniment that should be endowed with sense,—and the world believed him. The liniment was represented as having the power of distinguishing between disease and health. The faithful had their bodies rubbed with it; if they passed unscathed through the ordeal they were pronounced healthy, but if it produced sores or irritation, disease was lurking in some hidden part, and more fees and physic were needed before the mischief could be eradicated. All the fashionable world went to be rubbed; and any mamma, who could not tick off those of her daughters whose backs had stood the test of John Long's friction was set down as a parent who had no regard for her offspring. St. John Long numbered among his devotees persons from all ranks of society, where guineas were not unknown, but his warmest admirers came from the wealthiest among the people, and when at last he stood in the dock at the Old Bailey to answer a charge of manslaughter, the nobility rallied round him, and the approaches to the court were blocked with carriages. Every influence that could be got was used in his favor; and so far successfully that the judge's impartiality gave way; and although a jury of sensible men without hesitation pronounced Long to be guilty of manslaughter, he was allowed to escape without imprisonment and he was driven from the court in a gentleman's carriage, amid the congratulations of the aristocracy.

And not without shame, should it be confessed, that similar influential support has ever been awarded to the most successful and the most impudent charlatans. Mantaccini professed to restore the dead to life; Graham adopted mesmerism and blasphemous addresses to the Creator; Cagliostro offered everlasting youth to all who would pay him; Hahnemann cured all diseases with the decillionth of a grain of a genuine drug; Ward Beecher raises spirits; and Davenport makes them play the fiddle; and all have alike received the recognition—nay, the protection, patronage, and encouragement of the very people whose education and position in society ought to have taught them better.

It is not easy to divine an explanation of this, I admit. It would almost seem to indicate that education does not destroy superstition, but only alters its character. We are apt to regard with pity those unsophisticated denizens of remote country places, who see ghosts in churchyards, and spirits of good or evil in black cats, while in the same generation the best in the land pin their faith to absurdities equally extravagant and far more wicked. Some will say that all is done in a spirit of liberation and fair play, that genius may not be smothered nor valuable discoveries kept unknown. But such an excuse comes with poor grace from the Anglo-saxon race, which once paid £3,500 from the public treasury for a dish of egg shells, and to this day has never adequately acknowledged the worth of Jenner nor honored the science of Liston. It comes with poor grace from the race which contributed thousands to Rarey for telling, as a profound secret, what had been known for generations past in most country villages in England. It comes with bad grace from those who too often leave their people to fall back upon foreign intelligence for that recognition of the talents which are most essential to human progress. It comes with poor grace from a section of mankind which if it do not worship the false aristocracy of wealth more than other sections, yet honors the true aristocracy of mind far less.

It is not much to our credit that we ignore merit for any coarser but more gainly attractions, but it is far less to our credit, that those who hold the highest places in society—deservedly or not, I do not say—are too often the most prone to follow after delusions, which common sense condemns as contrary to the fundamental laws of nature. It is futile to say that novelty's court investigation. If that principle were acted on more than it is, when the novelty promises to be useful, much good might follow, and much talent would be rewarded which now moulders in obscurity. But when the novelty has for its foundation, the most palpable absurdities; for a principle, antagonism to good laws; for a purpose, utter worthlessness; it is more than childish, it is criminal, to as-

sert that such a novelty ought to be seriously investigated. The money expended in pandering to imposture is money expended in a bad cause. The example set by those who do spend it, is an example fraught with evil to society, and is prejudicial to the truth. Even a craving after the sensational cannot justify it on the ground that it adds to the pleasure of the individual. Trickery and irreligion have nothing to vindicate them; and if a pampering education make excitement a necessity, the sooner it be made to assume a more practical form, the better. It is nothing short of an actual disgrace to society, that quackery of any and every kind should flourish amongst us as it does; that people, who are supposed to have the advantage of a "superior education" should so worship it, and when questioned, call it genius. Nor is it less surprising that persons having all the advantages of that intelligence, which mental culture is supposed to furnish, should be the dupes of dishonesty, and the disciples of every ignorant barefaced pretender, who starts his lie with sufficient boldness, and has the audacity to call it truth.

In the interests of society no less than in the interests of science and religion, it is time that an emphatic protest should be made on behalf of education, honesty, and progress against the too general love for humbug. Quackery costs the "civilized" world more than would suffice to double or treble the strides of science, more than would educate hundreds of thousands who now have no teaching; more than would clear the fever nests of large cities, and give to the poor, habitations fitted for christian people; more, too, than would go far towards the reformation of criminals and the suppression of crime. It is one of the most glaring inconsistencies of the age, that people who propound doctrines of social reform, who advance arguments for popular education, who are ever holding up—however justly—the Bible as the standard of truth, who condemn crime, who so fondly reiterate their individual competency to legislate for others, who patronize charities and sit in judgment on poverty and crime, who look with horror or disdain on the unfor-

nate and see no palliation for error, should be the most prominent to squander their means upon imposture, and set an evil example to their less favored neighbors. If intelligence and wealth were to withdraw their support, quackery must speedily perish of inanition; but while they lend it their countenance and aid, it will continue to thrive as a festering cancer on humanity, and to present the same unseemly picture that is every day before us, of impudent rascality being the best qualification for the easy attainment of wealth and consideration.

LIFE'S SHADOWS.

BY KATE PULLAR, HAMILTON.

All life lies hid amid such mystery,
Searchless and vast and deep as the unfathomed sea:
Careless or calm like it while all goes well;
But any time the mighty waves may swell,
The morn may find us smiling as the day,
And broken-hearted ere the evening grey.
Perhaps some hearts began this dying year
All joyously, that end it with a tear,
Watching the new year's dawning as it breaks
In that dull blank that sudden anguish makes,
Panting to pierce the voiceless mystery
Of that strange land we call eternity.
Sometimes to us there comes the dreary
thought
God sees our bitter griefs and careth not,
We think, had we the power, how we would
sweep
The pang from every heart—not one should
weep;
Yet for our souls His life-blood ebb'd away,
And still these floods of woe He does not stay
Upon us suddenly he lays some heavy cross—
Sickness or pining, care or worldly loss;
Or rends with death's sharp severing knife,
The cords that bind our hearts to love and life.
"Save our beloved ones" we wildly cry!
He loves them more than us and yet they die.
We know not—only He who looketh down,
O'er all the past and all the coming time—
Sees just the reason why such things should
be,
That seem to crush our hearts so fatally;
He only bids us read the mystery,
In the love-light of bleeding Calvary.

LOST IN EAGLE HILLS.

A TALE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Years ago I was a roving, adventurous man. I am a roving, adventurous man still; but my ardour has cooled somewhat since what I am about to narrate took place. At that time I was but two-and-twenty. I had been over a great deal of the known world, and a part of the unknown. I had been a traveller ever since my sixteenth year. Possessed of an ample fortune, and having no great love for school-going, I launched out into the world. During the six years that followed, my feet trod the shores of India, of China, and Japan; wandered over the desert sands of Arabia; bore my body amid the glories of Palestine and the ruins of ancient Egypt; passed over Continental Europe; travelled in Brazil, Peru, and Bolivia, South America; stood beside the majestic crater of Kiliman, and last, but by no means least, bore my enthusiastic frame over the wild, rugged, yet beautiful slopes of British America.

It was in the early part of the autumn, in the year 1854, that myself and comrade, Paul De Vere, reached Fort Garry in Canada. We were very enthusiastic. It was our intention to traverse the country that lay between us and the distant trading post on the Upper Saskatchewan—near which place some of our trapper friends were intending to make their rendezvous during the coming winter—on horseback. We knew the journey would be a pleasant one. We had made many a journey together before—journeys, too, double the distance of this one, and were very sanguine with regard to it. In expectation we saw the rolling prairies, the lovely verdure-crowned hills, and our spirits ran high. I am afraid we dreamed of following the red deer and the antelope, in the company of some experienced hunter. Be that as it may, I know the commandant at Fort Garry had some difficulty in detaining us at the fort the length of time he did—a week or more.

At last we set out. We had procured splendid steeds, and the services of two experienced Assiniboin Indian guides; and as we rode from the fort the cheers

of the soldiers, and the hearty "God be with you" of the commandant, followed us. It was a lovely morning, and the rays of the rising sun fell in golden radiance upon the dark, frowning barricade of the grand old fort and trading post.

The atmosphere was bracing and delightful. A journey of a thousand miles lay before us, and we trotted briskly forward. As it was yet quite early in the morning, all Nature seemed in her most joyful mood. The grass to our eyes never looked greener; the sky never looked more delightfully blue; the broad, pillowy prairie seemed broader and more billowy than ever; the birds sang their sweetest; the antelopes, as they bounded by, were full of life and activity.

For almost a month we journeyed thus, and were never molested, although we often met with bands of marauding Blackfeet. Our course led along the banks of beautiful rivers; over rugged, rock-strewn hills; over the grassy sward of sweeping prairies; through dense, dark forests, where it was difficult to proceed on horseback, until finally, at the end of a month's hard riding, we saw before us the glistening waters of the North Fork of the Saskatchewan and the picturesque camp of our friends.

We were at home at once. The friendly trappers welcomed us warmly, and we immediately made arrangements for remaining during the coming winter. The trapping season had not yet set in, and during the few weeks that followed our arrival we engaged in the equally interesting and exciting pleasures of the chase. Many a red deer ended his earthly career at the crack of our death rifles. More than one prowling grizzly bear came to an abrupt termination, as regards life and health, when he approached the vicinity of the mountain camp.

More than a month passed in this manner before the November snows covered the earth as with a winding sheet. It had been a month of enjoyment—keen, unalloyed enjoyment. Neither De Vere nor myself regretted our journey to this wild region. Pleasure had, as yet, been our portion. Neither one of us thought of what was to come—of the terrible scenes we were yet to pass through.

Well do I remember the day in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-four, in the month of November, when seven strong, hearty men, full of life and vigor, strode forth from the camp on the river-side, with rifles over their shoulders, for the purpose of making a hunting excursion to the Eagle Hills, that lay at the distance of ten or twelve miles from the camp. These seven men were De Vere, Peter Santon, Tom Danton, Paul Harlon, and Jim Logan, trappers, Red Plume my Assiniboin guide, and last, but, in his own estimation, by no means least, your humble servant.

There had been a slight fall of snow the night before, but it had been so slight as not to interfere with our excursion. The air was quite bracing, but not extremely cold; and we walked briskly forward over the frozen ground, toward the white, snow-covered hills that rose so grandly and majestically before us. We purposed remaining in the region of the hills for two or three days; but had brought provisions enough with us for only two meals, as we expected to shoot game enough to supply us. In fact, the expectation of finding game was what had lured us from camp. In case we should be disappointed we had the camp to fall back on; so with light and joyful hearts we proceeded on our way.

It was nearly noon when we reached the hills. By this time we were all pretty hungry, and the jerked venison and bear steaks we had brought with us proved quite agreeable and refreshing. We partook of lunch upon the bank of a frozen stream, after which operation we once more trudged forward. Our destination was a hut somewhere in this region, though precisely where no one in our party could determine. The hut had been built a summer or two previous by a hunter, who had afterwards explained to the trappers where to go to find it. He had given them general directions, and, anticipating no difficulty, we proceeded on our way.

Once or twice we came across foot-prints of deer and other animals. The hills were covered with snow, and the tracks were plainly visible. We passed along over frozen ground, crossed frozen

streams, crept cautiously along the edge of fearful precipices, and wandered in a labyrinth of hills and mountain crag, until the sun went down behind the western edge of the horizon, and darkness came upon the scene. No hut, or anything like a hut, could be seen. We had undoubtedly proceeded in the wrong direction, and nothing remained for us to do but retrace our steps.

At the suggestion of the worthy Peter Santon, we made our resting-place for the night beneath an overhanging crag, and thoroughly exhausted, we soon dropped asleep. In spite of my exhaustion, I was restless, and I waked up once or twice, and listened to the howling of the wind as it rushed through the valleys and among the lofty pines with a shrill piping sound, as of a child in pain. Towards morning I dropped in a sound nap, and slept until broad daylight. My comrades were up and doing before me, and had got out the jerked venison, and were prepared for the morning meal.

We did full justice to the venison, by devouring every scrap there was to be had; after which we shouldered our rifles and prepared to march. Peter Santon took the lead. It was our intention to reach camp as soon as possible. All our dreams of luting in the Eagle Hills had vanished. Once more we saw in anticipation the gleaming camp-fire on the camp of the Saskatchewan, and the cheerful traces of our friends. The snow was still falling. It was growing deeper.

For more than one hour we stumbled on. Now through an immense drift; now floundering in some concealed ravine; now clambering up hill and down. All traces of a path had vanished, but the resolute trapper pushed on. His courage had not as yet flagged. His countenance had not, as yet wavered. He was calm and collected as ever.

At length he reached the summit of a hill, up which we had resolutely clambered, and there paused. He cast his eyes downward. We were thousands of feet above the adjacent plain, and in a region of perpetual snow. We looked upon Peter Santon's face. It was hard and resolute, yet blanched to icy pallor. Great drops of beaded sweat stood upon

his forehead. His eyes gleamed intensely. The hard lines about his mouth grew still harder, and more fierce than ever.

He turned full towards us, and looked into our blanched, despairing faces. Well did we know the meaning of that glance. It spoke more than words could tell. It seemed to pierce our very hearts as with an icy rod. We looked around, but could see nothing. Everything was obscured. The snow was coming down in blinding sheets.

The meaning of the trapper's glance was clear. In plain English, we were lost!

What man can tell the agony of that moment? You may crowd a thousand years in one, and compress the agony of a thousand years in one, before you can have an adequate idea of what our feelings were. Well did we know what it meant to be lost in this labyrinth of hills and mountains. There was no hope of escape. Mountains piled upon mountains lifted their crests all about us. We could not see them through the swiftly-falling snow; but we knew too well they were there.

I need not dwell long on what followed. For three long days we wandered up and down through deep ravines and amid blinding snow-drifts. For three long days we never tasted food. The agony of starvation afflicted us. It was dreadful, harrowing, excruciating. It makes me shudder with horror when I think of that dreadful time, of those days spent in ceaseless wanderings. At night we would creep beneath some overhanging mountain crag, and try to sleep; but our sleep was harassed by dreams. We would dream we were sitting beside our friends at the camp-fire, and partaking of a luxurious feast. At times this would change, and gathering snow-drifts would be uppermost in our poor, half-crazed minds.

One by one, my comrades drooped and died. Paul Harlan went first. Storm-scarred hunter that he was, he could not endure this. He sank beneath the weight and woe; his suffering comrades closed his eyes, and buried him in an immense snow-drift. He had been the first to go. My friend De Vere came next. A violent

fever raged in his fiery veins; and I watched beside him, holding his hot hand in mine until he died: His death stunned my faculties for awhile. He had been my companion in my wanderings for many years. Many a joyful hour had we spent together; and now he had gone, never to return. I felt that his youthful spirit was with its maker; and I buried him, too, in a snow-drift, and left him.

It ceased snowing towards the evening of the third day. The white mantle, to the depth of three feet, covered the earth, and we no longer possessed strength to struggle through it. We laid our famished bodies down behind a sheltering, secluded cliff, and waited breathlessly for grim death. It had grown very cold. The sky was clear and bright, and no trace of a cloud was visible. The sun had disappeared behind the western hills, and the little warmth we had derived from this source was taken from us. The pale stars came out one by one in the clear sky, and looked down upon us, oh, how confidently—how protectingly! and we, poor, starving human beings, shivered and crept close together at every breath of wind. Overcome by exhaustion, in spite of the fearful cold, and the gnawings of hunger, I fell asleep.

I do not know what waked me in the morning. I only know that I opened my eyes suddenly, as one just waking from a dream would do, and looked about me. Everything was white. The snow covered all like a shroud. A dull, dead silence reigned all about me. It seemed as if all life had become extinct. The sight of even a ravenous wolf would have been a welcome one. But it was not to be. Nothing but hill upon hill, crag upon crag, met my gaze, as I looked around me.

This place was the very picture of desolation. Perhaps, under other circumstances, I might have admired its dull, silent grandeur; but when a man has fasted three days and nights he is not apt to be in a mood for admiring anything. I know I was not. The very desolation struck my heart like a chill. I was half-crazed. The gnawing at my vitals was fearful, terrible, agonizing. I threw myself upon the ground and shrieked in my agony. I was almost frenzied.

My comrades slept on, all but the Assiniboin. He got up slowly, and stood beside me. His presence calmed me somewhat; and I arose and walked to where my comrades were sleeping. I stooped down and shook each one separately; but no one of them moved. I shook them again. The Assiniboin came and assisted me. We touched their white faces with our chill hands. They were cold as ice. Red Plume and myself both looked into each other's faces. It was an awful moment. The three stark, stiff forms—stark and stiff in the rigidity of death—lay so calm and motionless before us. They were dead and out of their misery. Why were we spared? The question ran through my mind in an instant. It was easily answered. Both Red Plume and myself had lain close to the rock behind the others. Their bodies had sheltered us. They were gone, and we were left to suffer on.

We had no strength left to bury them; so we left them where they were, and staggered away from the spot. We could not stay there where those three dead men lay. Our strength was almost gone; but we made our way slowly. I think we had walked as much as an hour, when, as we rounded the corner of a rock, a joyful shout broke from the lips of the Assiniboin. I looked up into his face. He pointed his finger down the glen; and there, not one hundred yards from us, was a hut. Undoubtedly it was one we had searched for so long in vain. I could hardly control my feelings. A new hope sprang up in my breast, and, side by side with Red Plume, I walked until we reached the hut, and stood within its walls.

We took in at a glance the contents of the apartment. A keg of gunpowder stood in one corner, and a bunch of dried sticks in another. No food of any kind was visible. I had expected to find something with which to satisfy my gnawing hunger, but was doomed to disappointment. My heart sank like lead in my bosom, and I laid down on the cold, hard floor, and cried like a child.

The Assiniboin stood beside me for a moment, and then left the lodge. I said nothing to him; I knew what his inten-

tions were; his face spoke plainer than words would have done. He had gone to try and find his way from the hut to the prairie. The distance could not be great, but in his present exhausted condition I knew it would be exceedingly difficult. I had no hope. Even if he should succeed, there would remain ten weary miles between him and camp. No, he would fail. I would have hoped at almost any time, but this was too improbable—too impossible.

Hour after hour wore slowly on, and still the Assiniboin did not return. Every time the wind sounded outside I watched and listened for his footstep. Surely he would return—he would not leave me to die alone? Company even in death is sometimes desirable. It was so with me. I felt that Red Plume would not come back; and yet I watched and waited, in the vain hope that he might.

It was growing late; the shadows of evening were beginning to gather, and it was growing colder. I essayed to make a fire of the dried sticks that lay within the hut; but I was too weak—I could no longer raise my body from the floor. I gave up all hope. Here I must lay and wait for death.

A sound on the outside aroused me from my lethargy. Red Plume had come back to me. I looked towards the door in an agony of joy. I could hardly wait for him to reach it. The footsteps paused for an instant, but only for an instant. The next moment a dark form blocked up the doorway, and a dark, proud face, looked down upon me. It was not the Assiniboin. It was a strange Indian—one I had never seen before. I recognised the symbol of his tribe, however. He was a Piegan Blackfoot.

He noted everything at a glance, and immediately set to work. He produced some venison, and, after kindling a fire, proceeded to make a broth. I could hardly wait for him to finish—he worked so deliberately, it seemed to me. At length he took the broth, and with a wooden spoon he fed me. He gave me but a few spoonfuls, and this mite only increased my raging hunger.

After an interval he gave me a little more of the weak broth, and continued

doing so at intervals for hours. I was furious. The broth only increased my appetite, and I begged and coaxed and pleaded for meat; but the Blackfoot was inexorable. How I cursed that Indian! All my strength was spent in useless raving. He was firm as a rock; nothing could move him an inch. Hour after hour he worked and tended me as he would a child. When I grew a little stronger he made the broth a little stronger; and, finally, he ventured to give me a little meat, although the pieces were small and the distance between them was very great.

And so the time wore on. The next evening I was able to walk, and in company with my kind friend I set out for the fort. I leaned upon his arm, and he led me along carefully. We had nearly reached the prairie, when a dark object lying in the snow met my eye. A horrible thought flashed through my mind. The Indian led me to it, and I stooped down and gazed upon it. My worst fears were realized: the dark object was none other than the body of my friend and guide, Red Plume, the Assiniboin.

We buried him in a snow-drift, and left him, and proceeded on our way. The darkness of night had come over the earth when reached the camp by the river-side; but we walked boldly in and stood beside the camp-fire. You may imagine the surprise with which we were received. Explanations followed; and I, the last of the seven strong hunters who had left the camp a few days before, was necessitated to recount to the assembled trappers the sad fate of my six comrades.

Early next morning the Piegan Blackfoot prepared to leave. His home was in the Eagle Hills, and he was obliged to return. Many and valuable were the presents I offered him, but the only one he would accept was a rifle. Tears were in my eyes when I bade him good-bye. He turned as he was disappearing around the bend in the river, and waved his hand. I never saw him afterwards; but as long as I shall live, the memory of his dark, proud face, as it appeared when he first stood before me, will be engraven on my heart.

THE TWO NEIGHBOURS,
OR
REVENGE REPAID BY KINDNESS.

BY ROBERT RIDGWAY, TORONTO.

CHAPTER I.

Those tales of greatest value surely are,
Which, like biography, when true and just,
Investigate below the surface far;
Nor in profession or appearance trust.
(*Moral Tale.*)

Among those hills, forming portions of the great Pennine chain, crossing the north-eastern extremity of Cheshire, are many deep, secluded dells; so shut in on every side but one, and that often a circuitous opening, that the traveller on the adjoining heights will occasionally see the smoke of some farm house ascending apparently out of the earth, while a few steps taken in its direction will reveal to him a bosky dingle, or romantic clough, with its farm steads nestling beneath the brow of the hill on which he stands. In one of these dingles or cloughs there lived, forty years ago, two families, each of which held a little farm—one of fourteen and the other of twenty acres.

As farmers of this class could, with difficulty, maintain themselves from such small tracts of land, and more especially when situated among the higher hills, it was customary to fill up their spare time by handloom weaving, hatting, or, if among the heather proper, by broom making; for which articles a ready market could be found among the neighbouring villages and towns in the surrounding country.

The two families of which we write were near neighbours, their houses being only about one quarter of a mile apart, but so situated as to be out of sight from each other. The house at the clough was occupied and owned by a man, we will call Purdee. The house situated in the lower part of the dell was tenanted by a man called Crooksmith, or, as he was always called, "Crooks." Purdee had two sons and two daughters, children of whom any parents might be proud. His daughters were handsome; and, as the saying there was, "as good as handsome." Both his sons were stout, healthy, tall and powerful

men, who assisted their father to make brooms whenever their farm duties permitted them. Crooks, their neighbour, had four sons and two daughters, the whole of whom were weavers. Purdee was respected by all who knew him; and his two sons, like himself, were justly regarded as fine specimens of honest, hard-working yeomen of the humbler class; men always ready to assist their neighbours, and do a kindness if they were able. Simple and unostentatious in their habits of daily life, they endeavoured to live in peace and charity with everyone. This, however, is no easy matter to do, as the oldest of our books teaches us, and as the Purdees found by experience. Their neighbour, Crooks, was one of those men, difficult to agree with under any circumstances. He was generally considered to be honest, so far as regarded the payment of his lawful debts, and in some few cases he had discovered indications of a generous nature hidden under a thick, almost impenetrable, covering of selfishness.

He was known to be vindictive, quarrelsome, and ready to take offence at any trifle which his captious mind could construe into an injury or cause for quarrel. One of his common boasts was, that he would walk any night seven miles to revenge an injury, and from his well-known disposition it was readily believed that he would do this and more. This unhappy disposition ceased him to be hated and despised by some—feared, shunned, or pitied by others, according to their own tempers and views. One thing certain, he was loved and respected by none. He had come to that part of the country from a distance, and very little was known about him, although he had been there for several years. Owing to their somewhat isolated condition, the two families were brought more into contact and intercourse with each other than with their more distant neighbours; but this intercourse could never be considered familiar. Their habits and language were widely different from each other, and more especially was this manifest in their Sabbath life and observance. The Crooks were never seen at any church, while no weather prevented the attendance of the Purdees at their own chapel.

The Sunday was a special day at the Crooks for any kind of sport, or field-labour, if anything particular was to be done, such as haying or building up portions of wall which might have been thrown down during the week. The boundary or fence walls of these moor and hill farms are built of dry stone, and usually are six or more feet in height, as a necessary protection against sheep, which seem to possess an innate, determined propensity for wandering into forbidden places and pastures. This proclivity occasions the farmers no little trouble, for, by their repeated and persevering attempts to scale them, the best built walls will in time get loosened, and so breaches are occasioned. The violent storms of wind, too, which often sweep over those elevated enclosures, shake the walls to such a degree that they gradually lose their perpendicular and fall, or have to be taken down and rebuilt, as a precaution against injury to the cattle.

Sometimes, however, the mischievous, malicious hand of man occasions a breach, expressly to facilitate the trespass of beasts of pasture; thus forcibly illustrating that profound truth and beautiful simile of man's natural perversity, which stands as a rare gem among the rich settings and adornment of Isaiah's pastoral imagery. Occasionally Mr Purdee, on his way to chapel on the Sunday morning, would discover his neighbour at some kind of farm labour; but these were usually surprises, for Mr. Purdee had noticed that as soon as Crooks saw him coming down the lane, he would leave his work and walk away, generally to the house.

So, when opportunity offered, Mr. Purdee would kindly, but plainly, remonstrate against his violation of those sacred commands he had himself been taught to reverence and obey from childhood; but, both advice and invitation were, to all appearance, thrown away upon his intractable neighbour.

Many were the expedients he adopted at different times, to gain his confidence and win him over from his vicious life and the fearful moral influence of his pernicious training and example in his own family. Crooks' two eldest sons were full grown men, and like their father, were remarkably industrious; and so far as reciprocal

duties as neighbours were concerned, they seemed to take a pride in repaying to the full any assistance or act of kindness rendered to them.

Sometimes little quarrels or disputes had arisen about the trespassing of their own or other persons' cattle, and similar little grievances which will arise; but these differences had usually been settled without any difficulty, perhaps, owing to the pacific character and concession of Mr. Purdee, who preferred to suffer a little wrong sooner than live in a state of unpleasantness, say nothing of open hostility, which he justly feared would be the result of exacting opposition to his neighbour's views. Such had been their relations for several years, when a circumstance occurred which occasioned a serious disruption between the two families and a total cessation of all friendly intercourse.

One Sunday evening, on his return home from chapel, Mr. Purdee noticed two men crouched under the wall of a small meadow which lay in front of his house. The moon was nearly at the full, and he could distinguish sufficient of their dress and general appearance to justify him in suspecting them to be the two eldest sons of Crooks. He stood at the gate of the field a short time watching them, but, as they did not move, he went to the house. He had not been at home many minutes before his sons Samuel and David arrived, and he mentioned what he had seen. We may here premise that at this time there was a great deal of poaching practised all around the country. In fact, the poachers were so numerous, and their prosecution so vigorous, that, to "insure" themselves against emergencies, they actually, in some localities, established a "protective fund." It was usually considered a dangerous business to meddle, in the way of interference, with this class of game-stealers, and very few could be found to "peach" or inform against them. Mr. Purdee's sons suspected at once, from their father's description, that the two men were Dan and Ben Crooks, engaged in some poaching business, although up to this time they had never seen them actually engaged in that way. But, more to satisfy their curiosity in this respect than from any other motive, they quietly left the house by the back

door, and creeping along in the shadow of the high walls, arrived near the spot indicated in time to hear the squeak of a hare; and, carefully raising themselves above the level of the wall, saw Ben Crooks in the very act of taking up a hare, which had been snared in one of the square openings left in the walls for the passage of sheep when it is required to drive them from one pasture to another. These openings are usually closed by flagstones; but, by placing these awry, an aperture is left sufficient for the passage of hares and rabbits, and in these small apertures the snares are set for entrapping the game. The Purdees were looking over the wall in the rear of the poacher, and might have withdrawn without being seen by Ben or his brother, had not the sudden displacement of one of the cope-stones startled the poachers and disclosed to them the unpleasant fact that they were being watched. Now, predatory animals do not like to be detected in their acts of spoliation, and those of the man species are by no means exceptions to this rule.

Ben was not only disconcerted, but angry, and charged the Purdees with being spies and informers.

"We are neither spies nor informers," said David Purdee.

"What are you doing here then?" said Ben. "What business have you to be watching us?" "Why Ben" said Samuel Purdee, "you forget that this is our field and not yours. If you want to turn poachers, why don't you stay on your own farm? and more especially so on a Sunday night. I am not so particular about poaching as some folks are; but I would let it alone such a night as this, if it were perfectly lawful. But, anyhow, if you will poach stay on your own place to do it, and I'll guarantee we shall neither watch you nor inform about you." "And I'll say more," said David, "if you do what is right, nobody can inform against you." "All very nice talking," said a voice from the other side of the wall, and at the same moment Dan scrambled up to view. "You see we shall just do as we please, and when we please. As to our poaching in your fields, why, if you object we must go elsewhere; but I think, that comes of going so much to chapel. Nobody but chapel goes

ever object to a bit of poaching; and as to informing about it, where can you find anybody so beggarly mean as to inform of a fellow for a bit of sport?"

"Here," said a voice, and a man sprang upon the wall close beside the Purdees. The sudden appearance of the last comer startled all the young men, for not a sound had been heard until his sudden answer and movement revealed to them Wyatt, the most notable game-keeper in the country.

This man was hated and feared by all the poaching fraternity; and he knew it, and seemed to glory in the fact. Personally he seemed to be destitute of a perception of danger, although times and again he had received threatening letters, and many a scowl and growling menace, which plainly and unmistakably told him, that his life was in danger. Yet in the darkest night and the loneliest places he never hesitated. Many were the conflicts in which he had been personally engaged; but strange to say beyond a few trifling scratches and bruises, he had escaped unhurt. Some of the more superstitious, believed that he was aided by supernatural powers, and strange rumours were current which the simple-minded, credulous class swallowed with all accompanying exaggerations of strange sights, and sounds and the most marvellous performances, in which he had been the principal actor. No wonder that the soundless sudden appearance of such a man, at such a time, startled and disconcerted even the two Purdees. Surveying the two Crooks with a meaning malicious grin, he said—"Why Dan, you are quite philosophic on the subject of poaching; it will be quite a treat for the Squire to-morrow, to hear your liberal and enlightened views. If you persevere in your studies you will become quite celebrated; perhaps he made president of the "Game Stealer's Association;" you see I call things by the right name. I heard sometime ago that you were taking lessons in the art, but I did not know where you practiced. Very good idea coming here to Purdee's place. I did not think of watching here."

"Oh!" said Ben, "the Purdees told you." Just what I thought," said Dan, "I thought they had put him up to it as

soon as he made his appearance. But never mind, it will be our turn some day."

"No, no," said Wyatt, "the Purdees have never spoken to me about you or your poaching."

"No, nor any one else," said David. "We have seen tracks of poaching, now and then, but we never spoke about it to anybody."

"Oh," said Wyatt, "I want nobody to tell me. I get all my information another way."

Then turning to the Purdees he said, "I am sorry, lads, to have to ask you as witnesses."

"Could you not manage without us?" enquired Samuel.

"I can if the Crooks will come forward in a manly way, but if not why I must make them. Now Crooks if you will come down in the morning by ten o'clock. I'll go with you to the Squire; and we'll try to settle this business as easily as possible. "Mind no dodging." Without waiting for their answer, he leapt from the wall and strode rapidly away. Early next morning the elder Crooks was up at Purdees when he found father and sons in their workshop. At the first he spoke in something like his ordinary way, but his features were evidently working with suppressed passion. He made enquiries respecting the night before, which were answered in a straightforward manner. He next suggested a method by which the gamekeeper might be outwitted; but to this suggestion there was no response for some time.

Then he pressed them on the score of neighbourship—then upbraided them with want of sincerity, and finally losing temper, became quite violent in his language. At length Mr. Purdee laid down his work and said.

"Neighbour Crooks, I never quarrel with anybody, and you know it, well enough; but I will not permit either you, or any other person to abuse my boys; and I tell you plainly, that you must either speak in a becoming manner, or leave the shop." Samuel and David Purdee were astonished at their father's sternness of manner, but their astonishment did not equal that of Crooks; he was speechless; apparently at a loss to frame an answer;

and after standing for awhile, seemingly in a study, he suddenly left the workshop. The sons of Crooks Dan, and Ben appeared before the Squire, who, after soundly berating them, fined them moderately, but assured them that should they appear before them again, for a like offence, he should inflict the severest penalty. From this time all intercourse between the families was at an end.

In fact, the Crooks were rarely seen by any of their neighbours, but many surmises and conjectures were interchanged; still time passed and nothing unusual occurred, until one night as Mr. Purdee was returning home, rather late, he heard the munching of cattle in one of his fields where he knew they ought not to be, and could not have got, unless by man's agency.

Hurrying home for a lantern, the night being dark, he, with his sons, found the cows and sheep had been turned into the field and the gate shut upon them. This was the beginning of a series of annoyances, in one form or other, coming from a secret but suspected source.

"Spot," an old and valuable sheep-dog widely known, and esteemed, for his intelligence and unusual sagacity, came home dreadfully wounded; he could just crawl along to the brow of the hill, overlooking the house, where he was first noticed by one of Mr. Purdee's daughters. Poor Spot! He was carefully carried to the house, his wounds were bathed and dressed and after weeks of careful attention, he had so far recovered as to be able to walk around.

The farmers came for miles to see Spot, while he lay ill. Mr. Purdee, shook his head when enquiries were made; and the most he said was "they might have let Spot alone"; and so said everyone, who could sympathize with the patient dumb animal, which, with glistening eyes, watched the different members of the family and visitors, as though fully conscious of their thoughts as well as of their sympathy. Mr. Purdee waited as patiently as he could, for a solution of these attacks, from a concealed hand.

Walking out one evening in Autumn, with Spot along with him, they met Dan Crooks: from that evening Mr. Purdee

knew one enemy, and that one the wounder of Spot.

But this, the Purdees felt satisfied, would not be the last act of vindictive malice, and so it proved. The month of October was very stormy that year, and, on one of the roughest nights, the barns at the "Hall" were discovered on fire; the alarm bell was rung, and the servants, both male and female, did all they could but the destruction was complete. The "Squire" offered a large reward, but the criminals escaped detection; though suspicion pointed to the Crooks, and many recalled to mind, and repeated, the threats of both father and sons. None were more thoroughly satisfied of the guilt of the Crooks, than the Purdees; and this made them anxious, and unusually watchful, respecting both their property and personal safety.

The fifth of November was a dark windy night, and from the hills the bonfires in the villages, sending up their illuminations, could be seen, either directly or reflected in the sky, thus producing a singular combination of light and darkness, of brightness and gloom.

The firing of cannon, and the shouts of the boys, came up at intervals; and as Mr. Purdee stood watching and listening, his mind was much impressed with the scene; which not only recalled many such in which, when a youth he had been himself engaged, but the circumstances, and the particular event thus commemorated. The family went to bed somewhat later than usual, on account of the festive character of the night; and Mr. Purdee, after repeated attempts to calm his restless imagination, fell into a troubled sleep, in which Guy Fawkes, and Crooks his neighbour figured as the same individual; but as to this fact he was rather confused; with this was mixed up the stores of gunpowder and the burning of the Squire's barns. Next he was in court, and a trial was proceeding in which he was a witness, the officer was just on the point of putting him into the witness box, when he awakened with a start. The impression was so strong that he rubbed his eyes, and lay thinking; something scratched and pulled at the bed clothes, he put out his hand and found it was "Spot." This was so unusual an occurrence, for he had rarely

known him come up stairs into his room, that he at once got up, fully impressed that some extraordinary thing had happened or was about to happen. First patting the faithful old animal, he gently awakened his wife, and hastily explained what had taken place; telling her to keep perfectly quiet and on no account to strike a light, he next went to his sons' room and shaking them gently told them he was sure something was wrong, and asked them, as quickly and silently as possible, to get up and dress themselves.

To be continued.

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

IF there be one people more than another, by whom the import of the cheering salutations "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year" should be fully realized, it is the people of Canada. Peace and plenty reign in our midst; prosperity is manifest in every part of the Dominion; and, if such, a thing be possible, there is even a more sincere appreciation of those institutions, which our country possesses, and which our forefathers cherished, and for which in their day they manfully strove. Doubly should we *now* be thankful for all this: for, while we live and thrive under the sweet reign of peace, war, rapine and famine are laying waste the fairest places of the old world. To *la belle France*, her proud spirit humbled, her homes desecrated by the hands of an enemy, her people perishing by hunger and sword there is no "Happy New Year." Germany indeed wears the victor's laurels but "New Year" brings but poor consolation to those parents or sisters who view the "vacant chairs" doomed never to be filled by those they most cherished. And, while we must feel grateful that our country is so blessed, may we not forget the sorrows of those afflicted by war and famine; and, tendering our aid to alleviate in some small degree their present distresses, let us press for the speedy coming of that time that shall usher in the fulfilment of the promise which Christmas day recalls of "Peace on earth and good will towards men."

WE commend to the attention of our readers the article entitled "Man,—whence is he?" by F., as one that will well repay a careful perusal. The doctrine of "gradual development" as promulgated by Dr. Darwin, and upheld by Mr. Wallace, is there fairly stated as well as the *very* strong arguments against the theory. Transmutationists particularly will be interested to know that a new work entitled "On the Genesis of Species," profusely illustrated and from the pen of St. George Mivart F.R.S., will shortly appear in England.

THOSE of our city population who regard the country merely as a "good place" to spend pleasantly the "leisure hours" of Summer, or when the fields and orchards in Autumn abound in their choicest fruits, to enjoy these bounties in all their freshness and variety will be glad to know that it possesses still another attraction. Hear what a now happy father, who recently escaped from the associations and turmoils of the city says:—"It is a good thing to have children in the country. Children in the country are regular old-fashioned boys and girls, not pocket editions of men and women as they are in town. In the city there is no representation of our species in the tadpole state. The word "lad" has become obsolete. Fast young men and fast young women repudiate the existence of that respectable antique institution, childhood. It is different in the country. My eldest son does not call me "governor" but simply Father; and although in his ninth year, still treats his mother with some show of respect. Our next boy (turned seven) has prematurely given up smoking cigars; and our four-year-old is destitute of both affectation and dyspepsia. As for the present baby, his character is not yet fully developed, but having observed no symptoms of insipient depravity in him up to this time, we begin to believe the country is a good place for children.

"ANTIPODEAN REMINISCENCES."—The third paper under this caption will appear in the February number of the JOURNAL. Graph's easy and interesting style of narration, as he pictures his journey from Melbourne to the interior of Australia, has made him a favourite among our readers, who will be glad to know that his articles, beginning with the February number, will appear in each successive number until completed.

CONTEMPORARY PERIODICALS.

THE HOME MAGAZINE.—T. S. Arthurs & Son, Philadelphia:

The January Number of this excellent periodical is before us. The illustrations are profuse; while the literary selections are, as usual, excellent. We need only add that this journal, like almost every literary effort of T. S. Arthur, commends itself to all.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—Geo. E. Desbarats, Montreal:

The Christmas number of this publication is to hand, and presents a most creditable appearance. We are pleased to know that the publishers are rapidly increasing their circulation. Canada can now boast of an illustrated paper equal, if not superior, to the majority of foreign productions of a similar nature.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.—Orange, Judd & Co., New York:

This favourite agricultural periodical is to hand for January, fully equal to, if not superior, to previous issues.

By the same firm is published THE HEARTH AND HOME, one of the best family papers in America.

THE CANADA JOURNAL OF DENTAL SCIENCE.—W. G. Beers, L.D.S., C. S. Chittenden, L.S.D., Montreal and Hamilton:

We are in receipt of the last Number of this periodical, which presents a very creditable appearance. It ably deals with the various branches of the science in the interests of which it is published; and judging from the reputation of the editors in Canada, and the corresponding editors abroad, we feel assured that the journal is ably conducted. It especially commends itself to all dentists and physicians throughout Canada. \$2.00 per annum; published monthly.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN TEMPLAR.—Jas. A. Burchard, publisher; price, 30 cts.—We have received the January number of the above Journal, published in Peterboro', Ont. It advocates the interests of the Good Templars of Canada, and is well worthy their support.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Dr. Chantler," Detroit.—Your article entitled "The Sun," is accepted.

"The Home Brigade" is declined.

"Christmas" is declined. Were the poem much more meritorious than it is, we would not be warranted in inserting it, as it is entirely too lengthy for our columns.

Wm. Ewart, B.A.—"Ode to Modesty" is accepted.

John Jackman.—Your article is declined.

"Recollections of My Mother" is accepted.

Moses Jackson, Drummondville.—We have already on hand an article of a similar nature. As yours undoubtedly possesses considerable merit, we would advise you to send it to some of our temperance periodicals. "English Student" is accepted.

RUSTICA.—It was an omission on our part, not acknowledging the receipt of your poem, entitled "Thoughts on Byron." The size of the JOURNAL being so out of proportion to the number of articles received, we would not at present be justified in devoting so much of our space to poetry. While sensible of the merits of the second poem, the same reason might be urged for not inserting it; we shall, nevertheless, look over it carefully and reply in the February number.

NOTICE.—A few subscribers have not as yet paid their subscriptions. These will greatly oblige by remitting the amount to Messrs. Flint & Van Norman, Toronto.

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