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PERSONAL SKETCHES ; OR, REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC  
MEN IN CANADA.

It is frequently our misfortune to view able and influential public men from their weak side, and to indulge when it suits our humour, in a sneer or laugh at what we consider their failings or their faults. Those among us who have attained distinction by any one, or all, of the three modes of attainment sanctioned by the proverb, had no very long search after persons to applaud and flatter them, and to confess the truth there was no lack of satirists and libellers, politics being our chief, if not our only road to fame. We do our best to make the journey as uncomfortable as possible, and when the traveller congratulates himself and anticipates rest and comfort for his remaining days, he finds his velvet covered couch pretty well strewn with thorns and cowhage, and these pleasant irritants cling to him through life. How many noble minds have given way under this constant irritation, this cruel laceration, destroying domestic peace, and rendering this earth a wilderness of woe to them.

Minerva when she ensconces herself either in a printing office or a jury box is very often prone to forget her decency, cut up strange pranks and convert these Palladia of British Freedom into very naughty instruments for very naughty purposes. No allusion is here intended to the publications of the Minerva press in which sentimental young ladies and gentlemen so much rejoiced about thirty years ago.

Lord Sydenham, who most decidedly was not by any means thin skinned, having more than once run the gauntlet of the English Press and stood the brunt of HB'S cauterizing pencil, declared that, for the life of him, he could not conceive what definition a Canadian Editor, if writing a dictionary, would give to the term "Freedom of the Press;" His Lordship was fully enlightened on this

point by Mr. Manners in the columns of the Cobourg Star; to mark his appreciation of which His Excellency the Governor General struck the name of the proprietor of the paper from the list of magistrates.

Substituting the word "libel" for "treason" a good many of our friends might adopt the language of Horne Tooke—who on being asked by a friend how much treason a man could write without being in danger of criminal prosecution. "I really cannot tell," replied the witty political parson, "but I am trying to find out." Perhaps the greater number of us are reduced to the same necessity as Tooke, who when examined before a committee of the House of Lords thus explained his position:—

*Chairman*—Pray Mr. Tooke what may your income be?

*Tooke*—One hundred and fifty pounds, my Lord.

*C.*—And your expenditure must far exceed it?

*T.*—Yes, my Lord, that generally reaches £3000.

*C.*—May I ask you how you provide the difference?

*T.*—Why, my Lord, I mortgage my brains for it.

*C.*—Dear me! Well I never should have thought of that?

*T.*—Possibly not, my Lord!

Is it not true that the *very strong* language used in many of our journals arises from the fact that satire in its mild and gentlemanly form is not sufficiently understood among us? and so in place of taking a delicate fine edged scalpel to eradicate some festering spot, we are forced to have recourse to the rusty saw or jagged billhook; besides, does there not exist throughout Canada a prurient taste for personal vituperation?

Look to the debates in parliament, statesmanship is frequently lost sight of and objurgation and invective are called in to supply its place; the reporters of course, acting as mediums, communicate to their respective journals the *strong* points as they tell for or against the side on which they are employed. Place before you any two of the leading journals on opposite sides and endeavour to reconcile their accounts of one night's debate and you will, at once, understand why our Canadian politics are such a mystery at home, and really, misapprehension thus induced has, on more than one occasion, been on the verge of producing very serious consequences—the militia business for instance.

But there is a far more serious charge and one which very nearly touches the task the writer is about to undertake—it is the habit of mixing up personal matter with what should be purely political argumentation, it is a constant reacting of the battle between Messius and Sarmentus till the spectators become disgusted with the scene and as they turn from the arena ask, 'Are those really the gentlemen entrusted with legislating, for such a country as Canada?'

Many of our readers well recollect the occasion when an Honourable Member told the House that they, *i. e.*, his fellow members, put him in



mind of a well whipped pack of spaniels;\* while, not to be outdone in the style complimentary, another Honourable Member declared that the ministry were steeped to the lips in corruption.†

A very highly esteemed friend was solicited to allow himself to be put in nomination as a candidate at an approaching election; he had wealth, station and talent, more than sufficient to qualify him for the post, but he declined, nor could any persuasion or argument induce him to alter his determination, but his reply was so truthful and so pertinent that it should be kept constantly before every one who aspires to political honours. "I am quite willing," said he, "to make any sacrifice that will benefit our cause; draw on me for any amount you may require; as a party man I am prepared to take my share of all the responsibility of the party with which I act, but I neither can nor will subject myself and my family to the abuse and personal slanders which enter so largely into your political contests, more particularly during elections." Was he not right? our political system offers no inducement to independent men to enter the arena—the hope of judgeships may tempt ambitious lawyers to brave the fight—but few of our leading merchants or agriculturists venture on the task, hence our chief commercial cities are generally represented by lawyers, and hence too our tariff is constantly being changed—in other countries trade regulations endure for years—here since the union we have had about thirteen alterations. Does not the mode of warfare to which allusion has been made, deter many of our best and most independent men from occupying their proper position.

With a political society constituted as ours is, dare any man tell the whole truth? many in Canada have had experience enough to convince them that such a procedure is most detrimental to the prospects of any one who indulges in so old fashioned a custom.

The tone of the leaders of the political parties in England is in a great degree regulated not by the newspaper press so much as by the magazines, which reflect the opinions of each because in them the articles are written with a total absence of the style vituperative and with that care which gives them weight and power, and it might come within the legitimate range of the contributors to the *British American Magazine* at least to endeavour to remedy the evil of which all complain, and induce a better and more kindly method of supporting our own political opinions than by abusing those who hold the contrary. In all other pursuits men get on very well without having it constantly dinned in their ears that their next door neighbour is a cheat, a corruptionist or a renegade.

To break our thread for a moment—Sir James Stuart cross examining an Irishman, asked him a question a second time—"You

\* The Hon. Francis Hincks.

† The Hon. John A.



asked me that before," said Pat. "Oh!" quoth the attorney general, "it is a habit I have." "And a very bad habit it is," rejoined he of the Emerald Isle, "no honest man ever had it, so I'de advise you to give it up as quickly as you can."

Another great advantage in the English press is that the editor is not necessarily the writer, he is thus able to bring a calm and unbiased judgement to review the writings of others, he has no self pride to gratify no self wrongs to avenge.

Reader, do you recollect the anecdote given by Southey in "The Doctor," of David Wilkie and the monk of the Escorial? "Here have I sat," said the Monk, "for threescore years, looking at that picture; my seniors my contemporaries and even my juniors have passed away, and it remains unchanged, till I really begin to think that they are the realities and we but the shadows." The memory of a great man is the shadow he casts upon posterity.

There is now published in England a valuable little book entitled "Who is Who?" would not an adaptation thereof to Canada prove useful; even though we have upon our book-shelves Mr. Morgan's "Lives of Celebrated Canadians," from which it appears that almost every man worthy of note or remembrance rejoices in some military title—he was either a Colonel, Major, or Captain, the only exception, thus far, being confined to the Church and a few members of the Bar.

Many people, wrapt up in the superiority of their own intellect, despise anything approaching to a jest, and imagine that wisdom should be communicated in as dull, dry and didactic a manner as their own senseless sermonacles are usually delivered in. In spite of those gentlemen two anecdotes, not worth much in themselves but very suggestive, may illustrate the above.

In the highest of the pro-American love fever which invaded this Province shortly after the execution of the Reciprocity treaty, a grand ball was given in Toronto, to some gentlemen from Buffalo, in return for a similar compliment paid to some of our magnates. There was of course a great supply of military men, among whom one particularly attracted attention, he was a colonel and as such was introduced to several ladies. At the end of one of the dances, wishing to do the polite to his partner, "*selon la règle*," he entered into conversation, and assured her that should she require any shoes or patent leather gaiters, she should have the very best and at cheapest rate by sending an order to his boot and shoe store, No. —, in — street; at the same time handing her a business card.

The other was of much the same kind. An American visiting Quebec entered his name with some high military title attached; Lord Durham, anxious to display his pomp and pride, invited him to dinner; the pure



republican was dazzled with gold plate, the gorgeous liquor—the grandeur of the Bashaw who ruled the feast, and no doubt not a little by the almost endless varieties of wines and viands, and to prove his appreciation of the attention he had received—he of course did not reckon the honour as of any count—left in the hands of His Excellency John George, Earl of Durham, Her Majesty's High Commissioner and Representative, a very neatly printed card announcing that at his ready-made clothes ware-house, in New York, gentlemen might be supplied with suits at less than cost price.

We have had in Upper Canada many judges of great learning and uprightness, many talented and honest lawyers, many physicians of great skill and philanthropy, many private individuals of acknowledged worth; but we have not had any great national benefactors, whose names will live apart from their public positions; beyond the immediate circle of their friends their names are lost almost as soon as the gates of the cemetery have closed upon their remains. We have no means of perpetuating our gratitude for public services, we eschew hereditary rank, 'tis adverse to the spirit of the age, we yield everything to the utilitarian doctrine, which deadens every finer feeling and makes the dollar monarch of us all. That is the ultimate reward for which we all contend, we stop not a moment to consider what name we shall hand down to our posterity—it overrides the country like the car of a Juggernaut and thousands fling themselves beneath its wheels.

In this respect, if in no other, Lower Canada teaches us a lesson; ages will pass away and still the names of many of her merchants will be cherished and beloved. There we find the enterprize of a private country gentleman building, at his own expense, a rail-road of some thirteen miles for the public benefit—it needed not the compliment of giving his name to a county to ennoble the memory of the Honourable Barthelemy Joliette.

Visit Montreal, when will the name of McGill cease to be associated with her literary, or Richardson with her charitable institutions; the one endows a University, the other builds a Hospital! When will the Molsons be forgotten? Not content with spending a large sum on the erection of a Church, they complete the scheme of McGill by stepping nobly forward to finish the University buildings. Nor are these solitary examples. The generosity of many of the French gentlemen, in munificent subscriptions to public works, has often attracted public observation, but in their case we must remember that three great objects on which liberality is most apt to exhibit itself have been fully provided for by the Churches, Colleges, and Hospitals which Lower Canada inherits from the generosity of the French monarchs, with which donations the noblest names in France are associated; of noble men and noble women who abandoned the lurements of ease, elegance, and refinement, braving the dangers of an

unknown and inhospitable land, to aid in the spread of civilization and religion. We can well understand the feelings with which the Lower Canadians cling to the preservation of their language, their religion and their laws, how they cherish historic recollections, bound up as it were in their very existence by the noblest sentiments which nature has implanted in the heart of man. It may be popular and fashionable to underrate and abuse them, but if we weigh the matter fairly and dispassionately we will find much to admire and imitate.

We should not forget the noble gift made a short time ago by a gentleman of Quebec of a sum sufficient to found a college. In Upper Canada what have our wealthiest men done—we have not one public building which owes its origin to private beneficence or apart from speculative objects, and with no one public institution is the name of an individual permanently connected, like those of fond recollection in Lower Canada.

At the risk of being thought too diffuse in this semi-preface semi-disertation, it is deemed best to be thus explicit, that no misunderstanding may arise as to the tone of these sketches. It is hoped, that they will be able to correct some misapprehensions, and to incite our young men to emulate those who have added to their country's honour or their country's good, and the task now undertaken, will be performed without causing one pang to a relative or friend, or overstepping the bounds of justice and moderation.

#### MR. ANDREW STUART.

Among the men whom Canada has reason to honour, few are worthy of a higher place than the brothers Sir James and Andrew Stuart.

The two brothers were different in almost every essential characteristic. The massive figure of Sir James was a type of his intellect, crushing and overwhelming, while the light and elastic figure of Andrew well fitted his elegant and discursive method of reasoning, ever ready with his armoury of wit to turn the shafts of an opponent. Keen in debate and of no mean oratory. As a scholar he was more general than profound, had a ready power of application, which is often more serviceable than great classical knowledge. He was thoroughly devoted to Canada, particularly his own section of it, which, during his parliamentary career, he served with faithfulness and integrity, and an absence of self now seldom witnessed.

Mr. Stuart took a great interest in the Indians, among whom he ranked as a chief, under some unpronounceable name, although full of meaning. Edmund Kean when in Quebec quite won his heart by soliciting his good offices in obtaining a like honour, and was invested with great ceremony by the chiefs Paul and Etienne, at Lorette: and although the



investiture was not quite as magnificent or as expensive as that of a knight of the garter, it was not unaccompanied by those orgies in which the great actor so much delighted, and of which the recollection still lives in the hearts of the old Indians who even now recount the vivacious powers of "the little man with the bright eyes."

As a lawyer, Mr. Stuart, though not equal to his brother, was highly esteemed at the bar, his partner being the Hon. Henry Black, now judge of the Court of Admiralty. It is to be regretted that he left no work behind him worthy of his talents and his name, for judging from his reports to Parliament, he was capable of much in that line. In 1828, Mr. Stuart as Government Commissioner and Lieut. Baddely, R.E., went up the Saugenay to the lake St. John, and there met Mr. Joseph Bouchette, who had ascended the St. Maurice, crossed over to the head waters of the Batiscan, and descended that river to St. John's lake.

Of this expedition an able report was published in 1829; and it was on this long inland journey that one of the parties made the wonderful discovery of a quicksilver mine, a first and accidental edition of the Oshawa coal mine discovery. It was after this wise:—an instrument carried by the leading party got broken, and the quicksilver fell in the crevice of a rock, the remaining fragments were put out of sight either by accident or for a joke. The party following discovered the precious metal, and forthwith their fortunes were made, notes and bearings were strictly taken; but, alas! the phantom dissolved, and in place of making a fortune they made a good deal of fun.

One admirable trait in the character of Mr. Stuart was the alacrity with which he served his friends, and to it we owe one of the best guide-books published in Canada, "The Picture of Quebec and its environs," by Alfred Hawkins. Between Mr. Stuart and Mr. Hawkins, an extensive wine merchant, an enthusiastic Englishman, and by-the-way a brother chief of the Lorette tribe, a strict friendship had grown up, and between them they planned the guide, to which the subject of this sketch contributed largely, as he also did to a paper called *The Star*, printed by a man of the name of Chase.

Mr. Stuart was an active member of the Quebec Historical Society, which numbered in its ranks the cleverest men at that day in Canada, and he contributed several valuable papers to its periodical publication, he also wrote some tracts on constitutional law which were highly prized.

Of the part which Mr. Stuart took in the troublous politics of the day it is unnecessary to write here, or to make any allusions to those contests which caused so much of irritation and estrangement; those who are curious in such matters may consult M. Garneau on one side and Mr. Christie on the other, it is quite sufficient to state here that no man was ever more honest, more honourable, or more consistent, and it

is not the least praise which is justly his due, that in such times as those in which he lived, he never gave cause of personal offence, nor descended to those methods of party warfare, but now too common even among our most prominent politicians. Respected by society, beloved by all who enjoyed his intimate acquaintance, his loss was deeply felt, and Mr. Solicitor-General Stuart sank to the tomb, leaving a blank which as yet has not been filled.

SIR JAMES STUART, BART.

Mr. Stuart won our hearts by his genial manners, his truthful *bon-homme* and his sparkling, delightful conversation. Sir James, his elder brother, commanded our admiration by the solidity of his talent, the precision of his judgment, and his inflexible integrity. There was one prominent trait in his character which all must have admired. He never shrank from announcing and defending his position, but like Doctor Johnson he was too apt to undervalue the opinions of others, and this failing often led him astray. To him the latter part of the motto which he had adopted on being created a Baronet—“*justitia, propositi que tenax*”—was peculiarly applicable. His mind was a store of rare-legal knowledge free from pedantry, yet his dogmas were sometimes advanced in a manner that galled rather than convinced his opponents. In his speeches either in the House of Assembly or in the Courts of Law he seldom, if ever, condescended to step out of his path to search for adventitious graces or the lighter ornaments of wit. He was always massive and often carried his antipathies too far—even his jests were ponderous. With him wit was a mere implement to prolong the torture of his victim; his maxim generally, was to crush at once and for ever.

Sir James' political tenets would scarcely have suited the present times: and yet in his day few men in Canada exercised a greater influence in conducting the present position of affairs. In looking at parties, his view was bounded by the geographical limits of Lower Canada. Like most others, he fancied that the Upper Province might be considered as purely British; and he labored for the union as the only means of conquering an antagonistic principle.

When the question of a union of the Provinces arose, in 1821-22, there were few in Upper Canada who favored the idea—its trade was limited, its population sparse, its power as nothing compared with that of the great rival in which fancy pictured it would be absorbed. Should any union take place our leading men thought it should be a federal union of the British North American Provinces, a federalization which would then have been formed without any cohesive bond or much common interest to unite the parts. With such a union the terms of capitulation were not worth the sacrifice each section would have been called upon to make; and Sir James must



have felt proud when he was called upon by Lord Sydenham, in 1839, to journey from Quebec to Toronto, in the midst of a Canadian winter, to lend his aid in framing a Union Bill, by which strict justice should be done to both. He had previously given his opinions in the chamber of the special Council, and had left that chamber in disgust, but not before he had passed many acts of great importance; among others, the introduction into Lower Canada of a measure for the registration of titles to real estate, previous to which it was rather dangerous to purchase property.

People of the present day will scarcely believe that a deliberate parliamentary charge was made against Mr. Stuart for the *tone* in which he addressed the electors of the borough of William Henry, and that strong condemnatory resolutions were passed thereon by very large majorities.

Sir James Stuart succeeded Mr. Uniacke as Attorney General for Lower Canada, in 1822, although his regular appointment did not take place for two years afterwards.

In 1831 he was suspended by Lord Aylmer, which suspension was confirmed by Lord Goderich; an apology was made for this by Lord Stanley, and an offer made him of the Chief Justiceship of Newfoundland. This said office of Chief Justice of the fog clad island appears to have been in those days a favorite salve for political bruises gained in our Canadian squabbles, as in 1833 we find it bestowed on Mr. Henry John Boulton as a reparation for injuries received at the hands of the same Lord Goderich, or Glenelg as he was then called,—Sir James, however, declined.

This removal by Lord Aylmer led to a bitter correspondence, culminating in Sir James sending a formal challenge to his Lordship, which, to use the elegant phraseology of the prize ring, fixed the fight to come off as soon as his Lordship should have doffed the attributes of royalty. Lord Aylmer declined the proffered honour, and laid the correspondence before the Imperial Government, who administered a pretty sharp rebuff to Sir James, which, however, made little impression on that gentleman, as it failed to make him a bit more subservient to the governmental authority.

In 1838 Mr. Sewell resigned the Chief Justiceship of Lower Canada which he had held since 1808, and the post was immediately offered to and accepted by Sir James. In communicating his selection to the Home Government, Lord Durham pays a high compliment to "the capacious understanding, sound knowledge, and vigorous decision of Mr. Stuart," which encomium was fully sustained by the resolutions passed at the meeting of the Bars of Quebec and Montreal, held on the occasion of his death in 1853.

In 1840 Mr. Stuart was created a Baronet of the United Kingdom in consideration of his eminent public services.

The father of these celebrated brothers was the Rev. John Stuart, for many years clergyman of the Episcopal Church at Fort Hunter, in the State of New York (where Sir James was born), who afterwards removed to Kingston, the birth place of Andrew.

In considering the character of Sir James Stuart it will not be deemed either unjust or ungenerous, when it is stated that he had little control over his temper; if his feelings were strong the language in which he expressed them was often a little stronger. The present Commissioner of Customs (Mr. Bouchette,) then a very young man and just called to the bar, was once under examination; Mr. Stuart after the custom of Lawyers sought to entangle him, but met the clever and well merited rebuke: "It ill becomes you, Sir, eminent in your profession, nay, at its very head, to seek, by such means, to embarrass a witness, such proceedings are beneath your station, your talents, and your dignity." In a war of that kind Mr. B. was no mean antagonist.

On another occasion Mr. Attorney General had under manipulation a genuine Irishman, a most unwilling witness, who sought by every means to foil his opponent and give his own version of the story. The contest was of some duration, and Pat was being driven from point to point, when in an unlucky moment the Counsel asked, whether he had not seen the prisoner kick the deceased with his foot? Pat's countenance brightened, he cast one glance of triumph at his friend in the dock and another at the lawyer, and then with a knowing leer exclaimed, "Aisy, misther, aisy; did you ever see one man kick another with his fist?" Pat's great labour was achieved, for what jury with a broad laugh upon their faces could condemn a man to death.

#### MR. JUSTICE HAGERMAN.

Christopher Alexander Hagerman was born on the shores of the Bay of Quinté, and in very early life gave proof of that energy and self-reliance which marked his after career. The principles of loyalty had been instilled into his mind not more by his own immediate family than by the associations of his youth.

Along the shores of that beautiful bay were a number of United Empire Loyalist families who for their allegiance to the British Crown had suffered much, and who in their migration to and settlement in this country had undergone privations which to us appear as almost insurmountable. They were bound together by bonds of more than common affection—that bond which is knit by a community of suffering. Their loyalty was not of place, position, or circumstance—it was something



really chivalrous, and which we at the present day can scarcely understand; it lived in their heart of hearts; it was their one moving, living principle, giving tone to all their thoughts, and guiding all their actions. There never was a sovereign who more fully enjoyed the love and admiration of her subjects than Queen Victoria, and yet there is a wide difference between the loyalty of the present day and that which actuated our ancestors. A writer on phrenology describing the bump of veneration, says he can best illustrate it by the feeling with which the old Tories regarded their sovereign.

Brought up in a society where such feelings prevailed, young Hagerman's mind naturally received a bias which no after circumstance could soften. To his very last moments he was an enthusiast; it swayed his political doctrines and his private life; it was seen in all his actions, and read in all his speeches and writings. If it somewhat narrowed his ideas it stood the Province in good stead, when he with a few others were called upon to stem the torrent of innovation.

In very early life he had, as it were, a foreshadowing of the height to which he should ultimately reach. "Let me once get my foot in the stirrup," said he to one of his intimate companions now one of the most highly esteemed gentlemen in the Province, "and you will soon see me in the saddle." His words were prophetic, and he well kept his promise.

Mr. Hagerman adopted the law as his profession and commenced his practice in Kingston, at which port he was soon appointed collector of customs in succession to Mr. Justice Sherwood—for in those times the practice of the law was not deemed incompatible with the tenure of civil offices. His rise was rapid, and when Mr. Willis was removed from the Bench Mr. Hagerman was appointed to fulfil his place. On the appointment of Mr. J. B. Macaulay to the vacant judgeship, Mr. Hagerman resumed his practice, and was engaged in most of the great trials of the day. In 1828 or 1829, on the retirement of Chief Justice Campbell, Mr. Robinson, the Attorney-General, stepped into his place; he was succeeded by Mr. H. J. Boulton, while Mr. Hagerman received the Solicitor-Generalship. It were disagreeable and profitless to follow the disputes which in those days filled the halls of the legislature, the courts of justice, and the columns of the press with the most bitter and unjustifiable slanders, libels, and vituperations. No public man escaped the contagion, and both sides in politics stretched their powers to the utmost. Many of the actors in those scenes have passed away, and it violates no feeling of justice to draw the curtain and let them remain in oblivion.

The part which Mr. Hagerman took in those debates will be easily gathered from our introductory remarks. He systematically opposed every thing emanating from the liberal party, and his opposition was unswerving. He had, like Hannibal, registered his hatred at the altar,

and his hatred of everything approaching to radicalism was intense. His talent as a debater, his eloquence, and his knowledge of constitutional law, rendered him an opponent to be dreaded. During the debates on the expulsion of Mr. McKenzie, his knowledge of parliamentary law more than once prevented the House from stultifying itself, and more especially his tact, apparent in the wording of the various resolutions which he proposed.

Immediately on his expulsion, Mr. McKenzie went to England, and bringing the influence of Mr. Hume and Mr. O'Connell to bear upon the then Colonial Secretary, Lord Goderich, that nobleman forwarded a dispatch to Sir John Colborne in which the doctrine of Responsible Government was foreshadowed, and the reiterated expulsion of Mr. McKenzie reprobated. This dispatch was accompanied by the voluminous evidence of the expelled member. This dispatch and its accompanying documents fell like a thunderbolt upon the House, which discussed at great length the propriety of sending it back. The first decision was not to allow it to be placed on the Journals. During these debates both the Solicitor and Attorney General spoke strongly, and the latter boldly advanced the doctrine that the law officers of the Crown were, as members of parliament, free to act even in opposition to the Imperial authority. This doctrine Lord Goderich repudiated, and advised His Majesty to dismiss the law officers, which determination was communicated by a dispatch bearing date March 6, 1833.

We can well recollect the ferment this dismissal caused throughout the country. Meetings were held in several places at which the conduct of Lord G. was very much lauded, and resolutions were passed condemnatory of the Family Compact—a term which was then becoming a watchword for party differences.

It was during the excitement consequent on this state of affairs that Mr. Gurnet used in the columns of the *Courier* an expression which laid him open to severe animadversion:—"If this constant interference by Colonial Secretaries with our rights continues, we must soon cast about in our minds' eye for a new state of political existence."

This dispatch of Lord Goderich did great mischief, because it was within a few months completely contradicted. His successor in office saw that wounded self-pride had more to do in the matter than constitutional law. It is difficult to conceive on what principle his Lordship acted, for in less than three months after he had summarily and without a moment's notice dismissed Messrs. Boulton and Hagerman we find him giving his entire concurrence to the appointment of the former to the Chief Justiceship of Newfoundland, and the restoration of the latter to the office he had held.

Mr. Jameson was appointed Attorney-General in the room of Mr.



Boulton, and many thought (among others Mr. McKenzie) that Mr. Rolph would take the place of Mr. Hagerman; but the advent of Mr. Stanley, now Earl of Derby, prevented such a plan from being carried out, and Mr. H. resumed his office.\* From his restoration to the Union, Mr. Hagerman conducted the whole criminal business of the Province; as Crown officer he was indefatigable in the discharge of his duties, and without pressing his prerogatives or his privileges he conducted the prosecutions on behalf of the Crown with great good temper and moderation, but yet with perseverance and inflexibility, tempered with mercy and forbearance. The times are long past, and his best friends regret the part he took in the execution of Lount and Matthews. We may differ as to our opinions on these matters, but certainly if death were the recognized punishment for high treason they earned their fate; and it is only by looking at subsequent events that their execution can be condemned. A more merciful man than Sir George Arthur never lived.

When Mr. Thomson arrived in Canada the majority of the House of Assembly, led by Mr. Hagerman, was adverse to the Union, and it was only at the very last moment that the wily statesman succeeded in overcoming the scruples of the Attorney-General, and his vote stands recorded for the third reading of the resolutions on which the Union was founded. With that vote his political life ended. He shortly after went upon the Bench, Mr. Justice Sherwood retiring on a pension. As a judge, Mr. Hagerman was upright, honest, and independent; but he shone conspicuously on the Crown side.

As an orator, Mr. H. was nervous and impressive rather than elegant and classic; but none could hear him speak without being struck with the fine manly tone of his sentiments, and even when he had concluded you wanted a continuation. There was something peculiarly attractive in his voice and manner, and his extemporaneous speeches were always the best, when excited by attack or lashed into passion by the attacks of puny opponents. His whole appearance was noble, and the torrent of his eloquence was overwhelming. One of his best speeches was delivered at a meeting of the Church of England Association which was held during an Assize at Cobourg, at which he was accidentally present.

His motto was "Fear God—Honour the King." Both he did. The Church had no truer advocate or firmer friend; the State had no more strenuous upholder. Prejudice may have led him astray, but it was the prejudice of an honest heart.

In private life he was very much esteemed, and of this the best proof is that the friends of his early youth were the friends of his fading years;

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\* On Mr. Jameson's appointment as Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Hagerman became Attorney General, being replaced in the Solicitor Generalship by Mr. Draper.

and that they who as children had sympathized with his boyish troubles shed tears of heartfelt sorrow over his grave.

In person Mr. Hagerman was beyond the average strong and firmly built, his face indicative of great good humour and latent wit, which he often called into play; he was full of anecdote, and possessed remarkable conversational powers.

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## CLAIRE MEADOWSWEET,

### OR SELF-RELIANCE.

It has been said that Mr. Mortimer fell desperately in love with Miss Meadowsweet. Being a very frank and open-hearted young man, he made no secret of his passion. He was a barrister in good practice in a western town and had come to Cedarslie to pass a few days with the Lennoxes, to whom he was distantly connected.

"I have always admired Claire's person as much as her character," said my aunt. "I think her face is strikingly noble, good and true, and it surprised me less than most people when I heard of Mr. Mortimer's admiration. I respected him for it, for I knew there must be innate good in his own mind when he unhesitatingly chose her from amongst the many prettier and more showy girls who surrounded him that night."

He lingered in Cedarslie for more than a week, and chance seemed to favor his hopes, for Claire and he often met. Mrs. Lennox gave a little party for him the night before he left, and invited Mrs. Meadowsweet, her husband and step-daughter; and it was when walking home with the latter in the moonlight, that Mr. Mortimer took courage to speak of his love. I think it must have been very sweet to Claire to find herself beloved by him. Since her father's marriage her life had been very anxious, troubled and solitary. Without withdrawing from her former friends, she had gradually ceased confidential intercourse with them. Of the cares and anxieties that engrossed her time and thoughts, she could speak to no one, and so they had been shut up in her own bosom, there to trouble and perplex her existence.

It was said that she had remonstrated with her father, but without effect. He was infatuated by his wife, and could deny her nothing, though his own judgment must have told him that her present course, if persisted in, must result in ruin. It was also said by ill-natured



persons, that from the moment when her husband had informed her of Claire's interference, Mrs. Meadowsweet had conceived a deep and deadly but secret hatred of her step-daughter, and that Claire's life was made miserable by a thousand little covert persecutions, and her father's mind poisoned against her. Rumor also, so busy with the affairs of others, had it that Mrs. Meadowsweet, when Mrs. Levisson, had been deeply in love with this identical Mr. Mortimer, who was now suing for her step-daughter's hand, and that he, though aware of her preference had failed to reciprocate it in the slightest degree. Through Mrs. Lennox, his confidante in the matter, it crept out that the letter addressed by Mr. Mortimer to Mr. Meadowsweet, requesting permission to address his daughter, was answered by a summary refusal, though Claire herself was not indifferent to her lover.

No objection on the score of family, character, or means, was, or could be adduced, and the young man was in despair at this discourteous and unlooked for answer to his application. Some further correspondence passed between the parties, and then Mr. Mortimer again appeared in Cedarslie to urge his suit in person.

For a long time his efforts were without success. Mr. Meadowsweet, although he would assign no reason for his dislike, remained obstinately opposed to the match; but finally, as it was said, through the entreaties of his wife, who pleaded for the lovers with tears in her beautiful eyes, was induced to yield a reluctant consent.

When it became known that Mrs. Meadowsweet's intervention had brought about the lovers' happiness, every one concurred in praising her good nature and kindness of heart. It must have been a slander, they said, to say she was not friendly to Claire. Here was a very good proof to the contrary, for Claire's marriage would be a great loss to the house, and her step-mother would have to exert herself more than she now did—Claire had hitherto taken all the trouble off her hands.

"I began to think myself," continued my aunt, "that I was unjust in my suspicions of Mrs. Meadowsweet. Her manner to Mr. Mortimer was quite maternal, and she seemed absolutely to dote upon her *dearest darling Claire*; but an incident that occurred one night revived all my old distrust, and left on my mind an impresssion which could not be effaced. They were spending the evening at my house, Mr. and Mrs. Meadowsweet and Claire and Mr. Mortimer. It was some time after the latter's engagement. Mr. Mortimer had taken a run down to consult with Claire about the house he had begun to build for her reception. They were standing partly in the recess of a window, and I suppose he thought they were unobserved, for he took her hand in his and kissed it. Mrs. Meadowsweet had been singing to my accompaniment; at that moment the song ceased, and as we both turned to leave

the piano, we saw Mr. Mortimer's action. I shall never forget the look of hatred and malignity that passed over her face. It was so sudden that I had barely time to notice it when it was gone; but there it was unmistakably. Her eyes were blue, large, tender and melting. In that moment their expression—their very color changed. Three short words may best describe them as they then looked—the *evil eye*. I thought of it again and again—the disagreeable recollection haunted me. The cold deadly glitter of that glance I can never forget.

Mr. Mortimer was at no loss for means, so the new house was not long in building. The autumn succeeding his first visit to Cedarslie it was finished, and he pleaded hard that his marriage with Claire might take place before the new year. But here again he was obliged to encounter opposition. Mr. Meadowsweet positively refused his consent; and this time, not even the entreaties of his wife, who again came forward as the lovers' friend, could induce him to change his mind. There was no good cause for delay, and Mr. Mortimer was very justly hurt and irritated by the inexplicable conduct of his future father in law.

So it went on for two whole years—Mr. Meadowsweet permitting the engagement, but refusing to consent to the marriage, or to give any explanation of his extraordinary opposition.

And now people began to suspect there was underhand work going on, that a secret influence was being exerted against the happiness of Mr. Mortimer and Claire; and I need scarcely say where suspicion pointed. In spite of Mrs. Meadowsweet's fair seeming there were some who distrusted her professions, and believed her more the enemy than the friend of her step-daughter.

"I think," said my aunt, "Mr. Mortimer's love must have been deep and true to stand the test to which it was subjected. Nothing could be more unsatisfactory and trying than the uncertainty in which he was kept; but his constancy never wavered, his faith in Claire was unshaken,"—"Dear Claire," he said, in conversation with Mrs. Lennox, "I would wait a life-time for her if I thought I should win her at the last. It is for her sake that I feel this unaccountable behaviour of her father the most—it tries her so; though she complains very little." It must have tried Claire cruelly; and as time rolled on, and still her father refused to settle any day for her marriage, or even to hear it spoken of, she grew paler and thinner, and kept more than ever to herself.

"Whenever I saw her," said aunt Agnes, "except during Mr. Mortimer's visits when she brightened for the time, I thought of an expression I once read of, applied to Carlyle—*heavy laden*. The writer said it was the only term that could describe his look; and I think it might have been used as truly for her."



Two years had passed in this way when Mr. Mortimer came from his western home to pay one of his frequent visits to Claire. The Lennox family always saw a great deal of him when he was in Cedarslie, and he was in the habit of speaking quite freely to them of his affairs; but on this occasion he exhibited unusual reticence, although it was evident that he was not so happy as formerly. His frank and open brow was clouded, his manner moody and depressed, and when Mrs. Lennox with friendly solicitude attempted to learn the cause of the sudden change he met her inquiries with sullen reserve. Discouraged and hurt at first she ceased to trouble him, but loving him almost as a son, and taking the warmest interest in his welfare, she could not see him unhappy without making one more effort to convince him of her sympathy.

This time she was successful. Concealment of his feelings was a thing unnatural to Mr. Mortimer, and touched by her kindness, his forced reserve gave way, and he poured into her sympathising ears the whole tale of his secret wretchedness.

“ Claire did not love him—he had discovered it now. There had been some mistake from the first. The long delay for which he had blamed her father was in accordance with her own wishes. He supposed she had accepted him out of pity, or prudence, perhaps. He was very wretched—no one could tell what agony this discovery caused him. He loved her so fondly, even yet; he had believed her so true. He would not blame her—he would never hear a harsh word said of her. Whatever she had done she must have thought it for the best. Perhaps she gave him as much love as was in her nature. But he had been so happy in the belief in her affection. It was all over now; he could never be happy again.”

He seemed so hopelessly impressed with the conviction of Claire's indifference that Mrs. Lennox supposed he must have had the assurance of it from her own lips, and was surprised when told that no explanation had taken place between them, and that Miss Meadowsweet was still ignorant of her lover's suspicion.

The interference of a third party in a lover's difference is at best but a doubtful expedient. Mrs. Lennox was an impulsive and truly kind-hearted woman, devoted to her friends, but not perhaps the wisest or most discreet confidante that they could have chosen. She took such a bright and cheering view of the case, that hope, hitherto almost dead in Mr. Mortimer's breast, began to revive, and he willingly consented to her seeking an interview with Claire, and setting matters right.

All important, confident of success, and delighted at being the instrument to effect a complete reconciliation, she set out for Mr. Meadowsweet's house.

Impatiently Mr. Mortimer awaited her return. At length she came.

The result of her mission resolved itself into a single sentence. He was dismissed.

Such a talk as it made in Cedarslie. Every one had a different version of the story. Two facts alone were agreed upon by all. The engagement was broken off, and Mr. Mortimer had left in the cars, looking like a man whose every hope in life had vanished. One short week succeeding his departure another and more shocking event concentrated to a painful degree the interest that had centred in Mr. Meadowsweet's household. The master of the house, returning from an evening stroll with his wife had fallen on his own door-step in a fit, and was taken up only to linger in unconsciousness until the following morning, when he expired.

From that day to the present hour the support of herself and her step-mother had devolved exclusively upon Claire. Hers was a daring and unusual step for a young lady. Something must be done for the future, if they would not starve. Every dollar of Mr. Meadowsweet's savings was spent. Had he lived a few weeks longer the crash would have come. Even his salary was overdrawn to an alarming amount.

Claire had a sale of the horses, the carriage, the most expensive articles of the furniture; she paid every cent that was due, left her step-mother in possession of the house, and went down to M——, on *business*.

She was absent several weeks, and when she returned she brought with her a camera, and while the whole town was wondering and talking, set up in business as a photographer.

"It is just two years," concluded aunt Agnes, "since her father's death, and already she is beginning to make quite a little fortune. Her pictures are excellent. While she was in M—— she took lessons from N——; and having a natural taste for the art, and being determined to excel, she has become quite a proficient—but we will go there some day, and you shall judge for yourself."

And has Mr. Mortimer never seen her since? I asked eagerly.

"Never! He came to Cedarslie the moment he heard of Mr. Meadowsweet's death; had an interview with Mrs. Meadowsweet, but left without seeing Claire—she refused to appear to him.

"I am convinced," said aunt Agnes, "that Mrs. Meadowsweet has from first to last been the secret cause of all the difficulty between her step-daughter and Mr. Mortimer. I have no proof of it that would be thought convincing; but, for myself, I am as firmly persuaded of the fact as if it were established by incontrovertible evidence. I have known Claire Meadowsweet all her life, and she is not a girl to act falsely, capriciously, or ungenerously, as some say."

For two or three days it rained incessantly. When the sun began to shine out again, aunt Agnes and I set off for a walk. We intended to



visit Miss Meadowsweet's photograph gallery, but the door was closed, and a large painted board on the outside informed us that the proprietor was "out."

On returning home we found that she and her step-mother had called in our absence.

The visit was duly returned. We went late purposely, for during the brightest part of the day, Miss Meadowsweet took her pictures, and was rarely visible except on business.

The servant who opened the door showed us into a prettily furnished parlor, where Mrs. Meadowsweet was seated, engaged in cutting the leaves of the last number of Madame Demorest's *Mirror of Fashions*. She rose to receive us with a sweetly languid smile. Her widow's dress was of fine French merino, nearly covered with crape. It was fastened at the throat by a single diamond set in jet, and a ring to match the broach, sparkled on her finger, above two plain gold circlets. She was really a very pretty and elegant woman; exceedingly fair, and with a pink and girlish bloom on her cheeks. Her little widow's cap of French cambric was decidedly becoming, and harmonized well with the shining bands of yellow hair gathered away under it.

Presently Claire came in. I was prepared to like her, and did so. I thought that even in one short visit I saw enough to convince me that she did indeed possess those sterling qualities of mind and heart for which aunt Agnes had given her credit.

Often during my stay in Cedarslie, I spent an hour in the photograph gallery. I employed Miss Meadowsweet to take my *carte de visite*, and when I sent it home my friends pronounced it a perfect master-piece. There was indeed a singular clearness, beauty, and fidelity about her pictures, and the ease of her attitudes and grace of her drapery was inimitable.

The Summer had passed away, and I was still lingering in Cedarslie. Aunt Agnes would not part with me. It was late in the Autumn. We were returning from the house of a poor sick woman, to whom we had been bringing some trifling delicacy. We were alone—it was dark—but Cedarslie was a quiet town, and there was nothing to fear.

Suddenly a violent storm which had long been gathering, but which we had thought less near, broke over us with terrific force and fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind raged so fearfully that we could scarcely hear each other's voice.

We hurried on, and in the blinding darkness had almost struck against two persons in advance of us, going in the same direction. They must have been totally absorbed, for they never heeded us although we were close upon their footsteps.

The woman—one seemed to be a woman from the glimpse we caught

of her in a sudden flash of lightning—was speaking. What she said the storm prevented our hearing; but the voice of her companion—a man's voice—rang out in passionate entreaty above the shrieking of the wind, the driving of the rain. "Only say so yourself, Claire; only tell me that it was false, and I will believe your simple word against the asseverations of the whole world."

We reached our own gate as he ceased speaking. Aunt Agnes pressed my arm in silence, and we passed noiselessly in, while they went on without ever having noticed us.

In a few days all Cedarslie was in a flutter. Mr. Mortimer had been there; had seen Claire, had remained with her a whole day, and then gone off with a face as beaming, and a manner as joyous as if he had just been left a large fortune.

The Lennoxes were out of town. "It was positively provoking—if Mrs. Lennox had been at home we should have heard all about it in no time."

Several of the Cedarslie people had travelled with Mr. Mortimer short distances along the line that morning, but to their numerous overtures he had been hopelessly obtuse. He had chatted, and laughed, and whistled, and sung, and altogether conducted himself like a man in exuberant spirits; but the secret of his happiness he had kept to himself. Nor was Claire any more communicative. I forgot to mention that Mrs. Meadowsweet was absent on a visit to some friends in the Lower Province, and when people made a point of calling upon Claire, and endeavouring to find out how far she was responsible for Mr. Mortimer's sudden elation, her inveterate reserve baffled their most determined efforts.

I returned home at Christmas. Aunt Agnes had promised to correspond with me regularly, and to let me know how Miss Meadowsweet's affair went on. To my utter amazement one morning on looking over the paper I saw the announcement of Mrs. Meadowsweet's marriage. Her third husband was a Captain R—, of the —th, then stationed in Montreal; and a letter from aunt Agnes by the next mail informed me that the happy pair were to sail for England in the first steamer.

Someway it did not surprise me very much when a few months later I received the wedding-cards of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mortimer, and heard from aunt Agnes the elucidation of the mystery of their suspended courtship.

Mrs. Meadowsweet had never forgiven Mr. Mortimer for his rejection of her love, nor Claire for winning what she had failed to obtain. Her pretended espousal of the lovers' cause was assumed to hide a deadly and inveterate hostility to them and to their happiness. While affecting to plead for them with Mr. Meadowsweet, she had in reality induced his opposition, and it was her subtilly instilled insinuations which had sown



in Mr. Mortimer's mind the seeds of those fatal suspicions that had resulted in his long estrangement from Claire.

Had Claire consented to see him, even after Mrs. Lennox's unfortunate interference, much after trouble might have been prevented; but proud, honourable and reserved, she revolted from the idea of seeming to wish to retain the affection of a man who could once doubt her; and the engagement was broken off.

But that stormy walk in the Autumn night had set all right again, and the ensuing Spring witnessed the closing of the photograph gallery, and the removal of its happy proprietor with her no less happy husband to her western home.

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## THE DARK DAYS OF CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN the year 1785, several so called "dark days" occurred in Canada, and excited much apprehension among the ignorant and speculation among the learned. Lower Canada only was peopled by civilised man at that time, so that we have no account of the "dark days" in Upper Canada.

It is recorded in the Quebec Gazette of October 20th, 1785, that on Sunday, October 16th, 1785, it was so dark soon after ten in the morning that printing from ordinary type could not be read. The phenomena are described with some degree of minuteness by Chief Justice Sewell.

"On October 9th, 1785, a short period of obscurity occurred at Quebec about four in the afternoon, and during its continuance the sky in the north-east quarter of the heavens exhibited a luminous appearance upon the line of the horizon of a yellow tinge. On the 15th there was a repetition of the same phenomena at a little earlier hour, with violent gusts of wind, lightning, thunder, and rain accompanied as on the 9th. The morning of October 16th was perfectly calm, and there was a thick fog. Towards nine o'clock a light air from the north-east sprang up, which increased rapidly. The fog by ten o'clock was entirely dissipated; black clouds were then seen rapidly advancing from the north-east, and in half an hour print could not be read. The darkness lasted for about ten minutes. At twelve, a second period of obscurity took place; then

a third, and a fourth, and fifth, at intervals : at half past four it was dark as midnight."

Four distinct accounts of similar phenomena are recorded by Chief Justice Sewell\* as occurring on July 3rd, 1814. One from the pen of an officer of the Royal Engineers, supposed to be Captain Payne, taken from Tulloch's *Philosophical Magazine*, describes the appearances at the Bay of Seven Islands above Anticosti on July 2nd and 3rd. A second describes what occurred on the 2nd at Cape Chat, from observations made by some officers who were on board the transport "Sir William Heathcott," which lay the whole of the day at anchor in the river St. Lawrence at that point. The third contains some additional observations respecting the appearances on July 2nd, made on that same day in another ship, which also lay off Cape Chat. And the last relates to the phenomena which were observed by the Chief Justice himself upon the banks of Newfoundland.

On July 3rd, twenty miles from the Bay of Seven Islands, the clouds appeared to be coming rapidly from the northward; the atmosphere was thick and hazy, and at night the darkness excessive. About 9 P.M. a sort of dust or ashes commenced falling, and continued during the night; towards the morning the whole atmosphere appeared red and fiery to a wonderful degree, and the moon, then at the full, not visible; the appearance through the cabin windows and crystal lights singular in the extreme, as if surrounded by a mass of fire; the sea sparkling much, and in a manner not usual in these latitudes. On the following day the sea was found to be covered with ashes, the wind having died away to a dead calm early in the morning.

A bucket of water taken up appeared as black as writing ink; the ashes from the quantity which had fallen "*appeared as if those of burnt wood.*"

On July 4th, the ashes were still observed to be falling in small quantity. "The ashes collected on deck appeared to be those of burnt wood, but darker and more heavy than the ashes of a tobacco pipe."

The narrative of the officers who were on board the transport "Sir William Heathcott" states that on July 2nd, 1814, there was a heavy fall of ashes and sand. The wind blew gently from the north shore of the St. Lawrence. The third account states that on July 2nd, when off Cape Chat, for three days previously some ashes and smoke had been observed, but on the second no symptoms of burnt wood were seen; but at 2.30 P.M. of that day the sun was obscured, and a total darkness set in, which continued until about sunset.

The Chief Justice's own observations were as follow: "July, 1814—

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\* "A Few Notes on the Dark Days of Canada." By the Honourable Chief Justice Sewell, President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.



Sunday—A most extraordinary day. In the morning dark thick weather, and fog of a deep yellow colour, which increased in density and colour until four o'clock, P.M., at which hour the cabin was entirely dark, and we dined by candle-light; the binnacle also was lighted shortly after."

The relative positions of the different observers at the time when the phenomena described in the preceding paragraphs occurred, shew that the northerly wind which blew on July 2nd carried clouds of ashes, sand, smoke and vapour across the river St. Lawrence, in a line from the Bay of Seven Islands, to Cape Chat, and then by the westerly wind which set in on the night of July 2nd across the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the island of Newfoundland to the great banks, and on July 3rd enveloped the vessel in which the Chief Justice was sailing in the same obscurity in which the other ships off the Canada coast were shrouded on the preceding day.

Chief Justice Sewell attributes these phenomena to volcanic action rather than to an extensive conflagration. He says: "As to the conflagration of a forest. The facts of which we are in possession do not appear to warrant a belief that such can be the cause. It seems impossible to suppose that the conflagration of a forest could have produced a mass of smoke so dense and so extensive as to overspread, as it did in October, 1785, the surface of a territory exceeding certainly 300 miles in length, and probably 200 miles in breadth, and producing at its utmost longitudinal extremity, and at mid-day, the obscurity of the darkest night. And as the whole of the cause of this obscurity proceeded, apparently, from the Labrador country, where forest trees are few in number, stunted in size, and spread in isolated patches over a general surface of rock, it is the more improbable."

The Chief Justice inclines to the view, that the phenomena of the "Dark Days of Canada" are to be attributed to an active volcano in the Labrador Peninsula, and he draws attention to the coincidence in the narratives of the different observers quoted, and those which are mentioned by Charlevoix in his description of the earthquake in 1663:—"A Tadousac," says Charlevoix, "Il pleut de la cendre pendant six heures"—tom. i. p. 367; also on page 336, he adds, "Une poussière qui s'éleva fut prise pour une fumée et fit craindre un embrasement universel."

Tadousac was situated at the mouth of the Saugenay River. The Chief Justice also states that among the Indian tribes on the north shore of the St. Lawrence a traditional belief of the existence of a volcano in the Labrador country is said to prevail.

In his journal of a voyage in the country of the Papinàchois, a Montagnais tribe on Lake Manicouagan in 1664, Henry Nouvel, a Jesuit missionary, states that on May 11 he arrived at a river which the Indians

called Kouakueou, and saw the effect of the earthquake on the rivers, the water which flowed in them being quite yellow, and preserving this colour until they mingled with the St. Lawrence. The same effect was noticed on Bersamits River, and the Indians dare not venture on them in their canoes.

He also relates that the earthquake had such a powerful effect upon an Indian conjuror named Ouiskoupi, that he renounced his craft and gave up his medicines to the missionary, who burnt them.\*

Lieutenant Ingall, who explored the country between the St. Maurice and the Saugenay in 1828, states that the opinion very generally prevails, borne out by tradition, that an active volcano is somewhere in existence among the mountains south-east of the Saugenay, but, he adds, it wants the confirmation of ocular proof, for not one of the Indians who traverse those regions in search of game have ever seen the slightest appearance of fire issuing from the earth, nor did Lieutenant Ingall hear of any scoriæ or vitrified rock having been discovered in the country.† Without doubt the coast between Cape Tourmente and Malbay is frequently troubled with shocks of earthquakes, but whether these shocks are occasioned by the working of some neighbouring volcano is a matter of mere speculation. Nor does the appearance of the land bear evidence of there having ever existed a volcano to the south of the River Saugenay, as from the well-known fertility of decomposed lava we should find a very different soil from that hitherto discovered. If a volcano is at the present period in a state of active operation, I should be much more inclined to suppose it seated among the unexplored mountains of Labrador, to the north-east of the Saugenay or the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

In October 1785 the obscurity extended so as to comprehend on one side Frederickton, New Brunswick, and on the other Montreal. A ship, the "Adamant," was on the morning of October 16th off the end of the island of Anticosti. There it was then clear weather; but towards the west the ship's company saw a heavy black cloud, and by twelve on the same day had sailed into it, and very shortly afterwards found themselves in darkness.

In 1828 Captain F. H. Baddely, R.E., was engaged by the Canadian government in exploring the Saugenay country, and in his Report, which was published at the time, he states that Malbay or Murray Bay, on the St. Lawrence, 90 miles below Quebec, has long been remarkable for the frequency of earthquakes.

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\* Relation des Jesuits.

† Remarks on the Country lying between the Rivers St. Maurice and Saugenay, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. By Lieutenant Ingall, 15th Regiment. Transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Quebec, 1830. Vol. II.



Shocks are most frequent in January or February; they occur about nine or ten times a year. "It is not," says Captain Baddely, "perhaps generally known that there exists highly respectable evidence of a volcanic eruption having happened somewhere in the rear of St. Paul's Bay, not far from Murray Bay. No one, we think, will feel disposed to doubt the fact after perusing the following account of it, with which, through the politeness of Messrs. Gagnon and Chaperon, we have been furnished. It is the former gentleman who writes:

"In the place of a journal, which happens to be lost, receive the following:—

"*Tuesday, December 6, 1791.*—At St. Paul's Bay, and at other neighbouring places, at about a quarter after seven, a severe earthquake was felt; the whole night was disturbed by small ones repeated at intervals, and by a sudden shaking running towards the east. The shocks were felt for forty-one days, from two (shocks) to five a day. On Monday, December 5th, the shocks were fully one-third weaker than those of the 3rd; the others were only small ones, or rumbling noises, the weather being always gloomy. Before the night of the 26th, 27th, I had not yet remarked any eruption or thick smoke, at times curling into a flame. The temperature at a quarter after seven in the evening was  $11^{\circ}$  above zero by the thermometer of Reaumur (plus  $56^{\circ}.7$  of Fahrenheit); the next morning the heat had risen to  $21^{\circ}$  (plus  $79\frac{1}{4}$  of Fahrenheit). Two mountains near my dwelling at some  $40^{\circ}$  north-west have a valley between them, so that you may see beyond them. It is by this valley or passage that I saw a continual eruption, mixed with smoke and flame, which appeared very plain on the horizon, at other times struggling among themselves, as if too oppressed in their issue. I have remarked several times that this eruption is always followed by shocks of earthquakes the same day, and when it fails a dark and *yellowish* day follows. When the earthquake arises you can predict that it is going to be so much the nearer as this agitated smoke struggles to get out. Some persons to whom I had shown these preparations of the earthquake, warned me in their turn that in a moment the earth would shake. And the effect confirms it. Finally, on this night of the 26th, 27th, a most beautiful spectacle was produced. The whole atmosphere was in flames and agitated, one's face suffered from the heat, the weather was very calm, the eruption continued the whole night with flames. The certain approach of the earthquake is known when, by the passage between the mountains, you see a cloud, or smoke, quiet or agitated, and on the left and right the horizon is perfectly clear."

"A fall of ashes covering the snow in 1791 was also within the recollection of many of the inhabitants of St. Paul's Bay.

The following list of earthquakes which have occurred in Canada is from the Catalogue prepared by Mr. Mallet for the British Association.\*

Year.	Month.	Remarks.
1663	February 5 . . .	Very violent (see page ).
1665	" 24 . . .	Tadousac and Murray Bay, violent.
"	October 15 . . .	Violent.
1672	March and April †	
1732	September 5	
1744	May 16 . . .	Quebec.
1755	October . . .	Unusual rise and fall of the water of L. Ontario.
1791	December . . .	Severe shocks at St. Paul's Bay.
1796	February . . .	A violent shock.
1816	September 9 . . .	A severe shock at Montreal.
"	" 16 . . .	A second shock, less violent.
1818	October 11 . . .	Felt near Quebec.
1819	August 15 . . .	At St. Andrew's.
"	November 10 . . .	At Montreal, slight, followed by an awful storm with rain—impregnated with matter like soot.
1821	February . . .	At Quebec, a slight shock.
1823	May 30 . . .	On shore of Lake Erie.
1828	August 20	
1831	July 14 . . .	At Murray Bay, Beauport, &c. Walls and chimneys thrown down at the former place.
1833	March and April . . .	Severe shocks at Murray Bay.
1840	September 10 . . .	At Hamilton.
1841	Spring . . .	Said to have been felt at Quebec.
1842	November 8 and 9 . . .	Montreal, Three Rivers, &c.
1844	" " . . .	Montreal.
1847	" " . . .	"
1856	May 1 . . .	At Ottawa and its vicinity.
1857	October . . .	In the Upper Province.
1858	January 15 . . .	At Niagara.
"	May 10 . . .	At Richmond, slight.
1859	" . . .	At Metis (Lower St. Lawrence).
1860	October 17 . . .	Very violent at the River Ouelle, and other places in the Lower St. Lawrence; chimneys were thrown down, and walls damaged.
1861	July 12 . . .	Violent at Ottawa, throwing down chimneys.

The number of earthquakes which have visited Canada since its discovery by Europeans has been at least twenty-nine, † but it is highly

\* Quoted in Notes on the Earthquake of October, 1860. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.G.S.

† This earthquake was observed by Père François de Crepieul, in the country north of Tadousac, and is recorded by him in a letter dated June 2, 1672. The Père says that it was the continuation of the terrible earthquake of 1662, "which has not since ceased in this quarter of the north, although it is felt but little and at intervals."—*Relation de la Nouvelle France en l'Année 1672.*

‡ Notes on the Earthquake of October 1860.



probable that this enumeration falls far short of the actual occurrences of this phenomenon. Respecting the fire mountain of the Nasquapees north of Lake Manicouagan, about 200 miles from the coast, too little is known to assert positively that it is an active volcano. The name is suggestive although it is probable that, from the long intercourse between many families of this people and the fur traders, such a remarkable feature of the country would have been known to them.

Lake Manicouagan was visited by a Jesuit missionary in 1664, but although he mentions the earthquakes, he does not mention the fire mountain.

Assuming that there existed in the great peninsula of Labrador no other combustible material besides the stunted trees, there would be good ground for attributing the 'Dark Days of Canada' to some other agency than that of burning vegetable matter; but when we reflect that the country is almost everywhere covered with a thick coat of lichens and mosses where these have not been burnt, and that they are even better adapted, when dry, to burn with extraordinary rapidity and afford during their combustion a greater cloud of smoke than forest trees, it will be apparent that the precise element for producing the phenomena of smoke and ashes existed in the Labrador Peninsula to a remarkable degree. Dry caribou moss burns with wonderful rapidity, as we found to our cost; it also emits dense volumes of smoke, and leaves behind a great quantity of ash and charcoal. There is no reason to suppose that the table-land of the Labrador Peninsula was covered with forest centuries ago, for the missionary before mentioned, Henri Nouvel, states that an Oumamiois chief told him that in the country north of Lake Manicouagan the trees were very small, and there was no birch bark to make canoes. The whole of the burnt country near the table-land through which I passed in 1861 is still covered with this charcoal and ashes, where sand forms the substratum: from the rocks they have been washed away by rains, but on the sandy flats they form still a black cake. The occurrence of sulphur in the ashes, as described by the writer in the *Quebec Gazette* of October 27th, 1785, is problematical.

After having witnessed the combustion of caribou moss on a large scale, and the appearance of the burnt country on the borders of the great table-land of Labrador, I am inclined to the opinion that the 'Dark Days of Canada' were the result of a vast conflagration in the interior of the Labrador Peninsula, and that the materials which assisted most in feeding the fires were the lichens and mosses which grow in such rich and extraordinary luxuriance and beauty in that desolate country. The astonishing speed with which fire runs through the moss has been described by several writers, and there is no valid reason why a fire should not stretch from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of St. Lawrence in a few days,

as far as the combustible nature of the fuel is concerned ; but its progress is arrested by the presence of lakes, many and broad, and the swamps by which many of them are terminated. A broad sheet of flame stretching for many miles across is at once divided by a lake, and as these lakes often occur one after another for many miles, the fires are broken and become local in their effects, except in certain cases when the direction of the wind changes in such a manner as to distribute them more wildly. A fire in the Labrador Peninsula, where the trees are few and far between, very much resembles a fire in the prairies ; but owing to the extraordinary dryness of the caribou moss it spreads with much greater rapidity. It would be impossible to escape from an approaching sheet of flame in Labrador by speed. The only plan is to scrape the moss from a few square yards, which is done with the utmost ease, as it adheres to the rock or soil very loosely, and then to lie down upon the bare earth. The smoke arising from a fire made by this material is very penetrating. The air is filled with fine dust arising from the ashes ; and on sandy plains, where the lichens and mosses are deep, and other varieties besides the caribou lichens exist in abundance, the charcoal that remains behind covers the soil with a uniform mantle of black. If a volcanic eruption had taken place since the time when Canada was discovered, it is probable that the early missionaries, the *Couriers des Bois*, the fur traders, or the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, would have recorded the phenomena or learnt the fact from Indians. Still it must be acknowledged that the term 'fire mountains,' common among the Nasquapee Indians, taken in connection with the earthquakes which have visited the region of the Lower St. Lawrence from time to time, and the testimony of Monsieur Gagnon, is quite sufficient to turn attention to the probability of such an occurrence having taken place in recent times and the possibility of its renewal.

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## A LEGEND OF SHERWOOD FOREST.\*

BY MRS. CAROLINE CONNON.

Would this were our native valley—would it were the barren moor,  
 And yon stream, the silver Derwent, rippling on its pebbly shore.  
 Three times hath the red sun setting seen us toiling on our way,  
 Urging on our steeds so jaded—scarce an hour to rest or pray.  
 Three long days upon the threshold of the palace waited there,  
 Heard them flout our northern accent, held their taunts as empty air :  
 Once within that stately chamber in the presence of the King,  
 Kneeling gave the secret token—gave the missive and the ring ;  
 Then across that face so saintly, flashed a gleam of Kingly pride,  
 Then again, those long white fingers clasped the volume laid aside :  
 And he sigh'd ' Ah what avails me,' smitten by the hand of heaven,  
 Like the flower untimely blighted—like the green bough thunder riven :  
 Well t'was, Launcelot, thy falcons gained us audience of the queen,  
 Gave a semblance to our story, glad we left the courtly scene.  
 Beneath my corselet lies the missive wrapt in silk so pure and fair,  
 Should I fall, then to our master must thou, boy, the token bear :  
 Weary am I, worn and weary through the watches of the night,  
 Sighs the wind so wild and eerie, long delays the morning light ;  
 Years of toil and years of trouble, years of weary turmoil vain,  
 Fighting for an empty bubble, age of penury and pain.  
 Oh that my lifework now were ended, so the evening of my days,  
 Spent in penance, might gain pardon—turning from these evil ways.

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\* During the wars of the Roses, a certain nobleman having matter of mighty import to communicate, much affecting the cause of King Henry, did from his seat in a northern county, dispatch two trusty and well approved serving men, who, under pretext of presenting merlins of rare breed and training, gained access to the Royal presence. Returning joyously from the completion of their undertaking, while yet within a day's journey of their destination, traversing the forest of Sherwood in the darkness of night, thus it befell them. The younger of the twain, one Launcelot, a falconer, elated with the prospect of praise and reward at the hands of his master, did indulge in wild and vain discourse, with songs of wine, women, forest craft, and such toys, and deriding the wise and pious counsel and example of his companion, drew upon himself a rare and terrible punishment. Either the foul fiend himself or one of his wicked imps, invited by the light spirit of the youth, did assume the guise of the Earl's daughter, a virtuous and comely damsel, who, unknown to him, had suddenly been called away from this troublous life—imposing upon eyes blinded by vanitie, so was he, Launcelot, lured on to his destruction. How the powers of darkness might assume the form of purity and innocense I know not, but even so it came to pass, and this strange and dolorous mischance was attested by his comrade and the holy priest who received his dying confession.

Then out and spoke young Launcelot, his voice rang on the wind,  
 What ails thee good old Hubert, what works in thee this mind?  
 'Tis true the night is murky and loud the wild winds roar,  
 But oft for pleasure only have we brav'd the like before.  
 I love the fierce wild clashing of the branches overhead,  
 It sounds like the free waves dashing on the coast where I was bred;  
 Oh, a bold life hath the rover who dwelleth on the sea,  
 But the life of the merrie falconer, it better pleaseth me :  
 I laugh at both care and sorrow—I sing to my hawk and hound,  
 No thought have I of the morrow, to break on my slumber so sound.  
 There's Alice and Maud and Marie, damsels blithe and gay,  
 I jest with them, but my homage is for the Lady May :  
 Oh, I love my gentle lady, to me her beauty bright—  
 Beams like a holy presence from the realms of peace and light ;  
 I would lay me down in the church yard, unshriven would I die,  
 To win but one accent tender—one glance of that soft blue eye.  
 Oh, hist thee, hist thee, Launcelot—hark, ever on the gale,  
 Sounds that are strange and terrible come floating down the vale ;  
 Come comrade, patter an Ave ere we enter this dark wood,  
 I like not yon eerie clamour, it bodeth us no good.—  
 Would we could reach the chapel, beside the holy well,  
 And pray with the good old hermit, and rest till the matin bell.  
 Then laughed aloud young Launcelot—loud and long laughed he,  
 Oh the drowsy prayers of a priestling have little charm for me ;  
 I love my share of the wassail—I love my share of the fray,  
 And I love to chase the red deer in the bracken far away ;  
 But the sound of the church bell ringing, to me hath nought of cheer,  
 And I only am thinking of heaven when my lady draweth near.  
 Whispering an Ave, onward old Hubert presseth then,  
 And peers through the wild night ever as they near the darksome glen ;  
 He pressed to his heart the missive the proud Earl yearned to see,  
 And with tightened rein and calmed brain rode on right fearlessly.  
 Ho for the merrie greenwood in the sweet spring morn,  
 And ho for the bonnie greenwood when sounds the hunters horn ;  
 The forest in all weathers, be they foul or fair,  
 I'd rather be there, a huntsman, than belted knight elsewhere.  
 So rode young Launcelot gaily, with many an idle lay,  
 His thoughts were half of his merlins and half of the Lady May.  
 Sadly the night wind ever came sighing down the vale,  
 Laden with weird-wild laughter, and now with a weird-wild wail ;  
 And the pale cold moon uprising cast shadows vague and dim,  
 And low through the forest floateth a funereal hymn.  
 Then draws his rein, old Hubert—ho, see'st thou nothing there,



Is it a fleeting moonbeam or spirit of the air?  
 Take heed, take heed, young Launcelot, strange stories oft are told,  
 Of the dread weir wolf that, in woman's guise, haunteth the wood and  
 wold.

Now hist thee sullen greybeard, beneath yon spreading tree,  
 Affrighted at our presence, trembling standeth she;  
 Her hair like a cloud is falling over her garments white,  
 Dost hear how low she weepeth and mourns her doleful plight?  
 Oh lady, fair and gentle, why in the forest lone,  
 At the witching hour of midnight utterest thou thy moan?  
 Then stepped forth the lady into the moonlight wan,  
 Oh, her face it was the fairest e'er met the gaze of man.  
 Stranger thou speakest soothly, I am the Lady May,  
 By foul mischance deserted and robb'd at close of day:  
 I sought the shrine of St. Hilda, with offerings rich and rare,  
 And would fain with the holy abness have rested in quiet there;  
 When, lo, as we entered the forest a band of robbers fell,  
 Scattered my recreant vassals, I fled to this bosky dell.  
 Then out spake stout old Hubert, 'tis not the Lady May,  
 By the holy rood I swear it, and by these locks so grey;  
 She was born on the field of battle and in her bitter strait,  
 My wife stood by my lady—I waited at the gate;—  
 At the gate of that cot so lowly, and to the proud Earl bore,  
 The heavy, heavy tidings that my lady was no more.  
 Ah me, the bitter anguish—ah me, the bitter pain,  
 Such tears once shed, thank Heaven, can ne'er be shed again.  
 I loved my wife's sweet nursling; children ne'er had we,  
 For years the great Earl's daughter prattled at our knee;  
 Oft she comes to our humble dwelling on the heath so still and lone,  
 My heart warms aye when I see her—but now 'tis cold as stone.  
 With a gesture, high and scornful, turneth she away,  
 And on her cheek the crimson breaks like the dawn of day;  
 Heed not you churlish dotard, but listen thou to me,  
 And gold and thanks, young falconer, shall showered be on thee:  
 If through this dreary forest and o'er the dreary plain,  
 Thou'lt lead me to my father, e'er the sun shall set again.  
 E'er the morrow sun sets, lady, within thy stately bower,  
 Thou shalt tell to thy wondering maidens the perils of this hour;  
 But not for gold or guerdon, oh, lady, let it be,  
 My one sweet thought that ever I have served thee.  
 Then lightly to the saddle springs the maiden fair,  
 The wind wove her raven ringlets among his yellow hair;  
 With a look of doubt and sorrow, old Hubert lingering stood,

When wildly his good steed snorted and plunged in the darkling wood.  
Slowly, slowly dies the day ; the requiem of the Lady May  
Is chanted sadly, solemnly ;  
Old Hubert nears the narrow glen, hears the death bell tolling then,  
Hears the tale from awe struck men.  
Full of life at morning time, dead and cold e'er vesper chime,  
Perished in her youth's sweet prime ;  
Oh, lady, gentle lady sweet, I fain would lay me at thy feet,  
And death for thee would gladly greet.  
Then rideth to the postern gate, with form erect and eye elate,  
Ho, ho, I am of high estate ;  
Yestreen she plighted troth with me, she loves me tho' of high degree,  
Ah, whither did my true love flee ?  
Resting in the forest grey breathed her love, the Lady May,  
But left me ere the dawn of day.  
Then up and spake an aged friar, a holy man was he,  
Dead in her chamber lay she nights and mornings three ;  
I pray'd by her couch at sunset—pale as the new fallen snow,  
Was the cold corse of the lady whose love thou vauntest now.  
She died—the blessed angels bore her soul on high,  
All that of her is mortal doth in the church yard lie ;  
Three drops of holy water he sprinkleth on his brow,  
And from the soul of Launcelot falls the glamour now.  
Oh lost and sinful, father, in the midnight wan and pale,  
Came the semblance of my lady and I believed her tale :  
Oh, shrive me, for in anguish my life is waning fast,  
Oh, shrive me for the death throes are coming thick and fast ;  
Pray'd the priest, and by him Hubert clasped his dying hand,  
And round them gazed and marvelled, a sad and sorrowing band.  
And the stout Earl cold and stately heard the tale so wild,  
God help thee, crazed young falconer, well didst thou serve my child ;  
Then died he, wild young Launcelot, his laughter gay and free,  
Gladdens, no more, the leisure of Maude and bright Marie.  
In his lone and quiet dwelling and by his widowed hearth,  
Hubert in prayer and fasting hath scarce one thought of earth :  
Of the night in the lonesome forest, of that vision false and fair,  
He hath told to the holy father, but silence holds elsewhere.



## THORNHAUGH.

## A DIARY.

April 15th.—Lady Knollys arrived to-day on a visit, unexpectedly I believe, at least I had heard no mention made of her coming. They have never said much about her, and I expected to find her a somewhat insignificant personage, but was most agreeably surprised. She talked to me during the evening with perfect kindness and affability, drawing me out of the shyness in which a stranger's presence had made me wrap myself, until I forgot she was a stranger, and conversed with her with more pleasure than I have felt in conversation for a long time. In this house the range of subjects is very limited. Mrs. Knollys speaks of little but the family pedigree and her projects for her children; the General is wholly taken up with his farms; and though Fanny talks enough for two there is little substance indeed in what she says. So an evening in which I enjoyed an hour of intellectual converse was a treat to me. There was also to me an inexpressible charm in Lady Knollys' manner; perhaps because in some indescribable way it reminded me of some one I once knew and admired: the same mixture of gravity and cheerfulness which used to please me so much. She has been handsome I should think, but she suffers much from ill health which has left deep traces on her features. I could not help contrasting the resigned way in which she spoke of having endured years of suffering, with Mrs. Knollys' complaints and repinings at evils almost imaginary. . . . Lady Knollys did me the honor of hoping she should see much of me during her stay; and as I departed with the children I heard her say, "You are fortunate in your governess, Anna, she is a sweet looking girl, and her mind seems intelligent and her heart good."

I went into the village to-day to post a letter which I had delayed writing until too late for the letter-bag from the house. I asked Fanny to accompany me, thinking a walk might be of service to her as she has seemed dull and out of spirits for two or three days; but she pleaded a head-ache and declined, asking me, however, to call at Mrs. Holloway's with a message that she would go there to-morrow. Anne detained me, so that I was later in coming home than I had intended, and to shorten the way I took a path that I had never traversed before, leading through a thick secluded shrubbery of evergreens. Midway in the path I picked up a glove which I knew to be Fanny's; for a moment I thought she must have dropped it two days before, when she was last out, until I per-

ceived lying *under* it, as I took it up, a few snow-drops and wood anemones twisted together quite fresh and unfaded. On my return to the house I went at once to the room where I had left Fanny, but she was not there, and I waited some time before she came in; she had on her hat and shawl and held some snow drops in her hand.

"Are you better, Fanny?" I asked as she entered. She looked very pale and her eyes showed signs of recent tears.

"No, I am no better," she said throwing herself on the sofa. "My head ached so much after you left me that I went to the garden to try if sitting in the air would do me any good."

"And have you been sitting in the garden ever since I went out?"

"In the garden and grounds," she replied, and she blushed slightly.

"I think you are very imprudent indeed," I said with emphasis. "Is this your glove?" and I held out to her the one I had found in the shrubbery. One of her hands was bare.

She colored scarlet as she took it. "Where did you find it? I dropped one the last time I came from the village."

I took no notice of the falsehood she evidently intended to imply. Her manner to me has been quite different, and there has been no more confidence between us since the unfortunate night I spoke to her about her cousin and made her so angry, a fortnight ago. She has been for the past week unlike herself; out of spirits and fretful, and pettish by turns. I suppose she and her lover have had a quarrel, and that this is the reason both of his absence and her change of temper. Also, I have gathered from the conversation that her cousin Everard is expected home in June, so that dread of his arrival may be added to her other sources of disquiet. Poor Fanny!

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April 17th.—The secret is out. Mr. Morley called to-day, and announced the fact of his removal from R——. The lamentations of the children were loud, and the General and Mrs. Knollys expressed more regret than they might have done were they less blind than they have seemed to be to what I have seen so plainly. It had been uncertain for a week, he said, whether they were to go or not, and therefore he had not mentioned it before, (except to one person, I thought,) but the matter was settled now and they were to leave, and be replaced by the —— on the 20th. "So soon!" The children begged he would come for another game of romps with them, and the General said he ought to go for one more ride with Fanny, as now that Bob had gone back to Cambridge, (I have not mentioned that interesting fact: Easter fell early and he departed immediately after,) she had no one to ride with.



but her old father. He hesitated and said he was afraid he had not another hour that he could spare to come over, but at last promised that he would come to-morrow afternoon if he could by any means get away, and so took his departure. I noticed that the last words he said were to Fanny, in a low tone unheard by the rest. I wonder what the next scene will be.

I have progressed very favourably in my acquaintance with Lady Knollys. She loves music with the same ardor that I do, and is herself no mean performer. She sings with taste, though her voice is not fine; and to-day, after Mr. Morley was gone, and Mrs. Knollys asleep on the sofa, she and I enjoyed together a musical afternoon. She seemed to enjoy the rapid execution of some of those brilliant fashionable *morceaux* which I am obliged, for my reputation sake as a player, to keep at my fingers ends; but her chief sympathy and delight is with my favourite old composers, to whose soul-filling strains she will listen by the hour together. She talked to me to-day about her son, describing him with a mother's fondness, and no doubt a mother's partiality, but the portrait was a very pleasing one. "I am sure you would like Everard, Miss Norton, you and he would suit each other in many ways. He inherits my love for music and has a taste for painting, all his own; and in intellect also you would find him not to fail. He is not like a Knollys." She seemed to forget she was talking to the governess, and addressed me like a familiar friend. "They are all more remarkable for goodness of heart than for brilliance of mind, but my son has both."

I smiled, so did she. "I know you think this a mother's foolish partiality, but when you know my son you will confess that it is but simple truth. My dear Everard! how glad I shall be to see him again!"

With what tenderness she lingered over the name! She seems devotedly fond of him. . . . I shall be sorry when she leaves Thornhaugh, and she can stay but a week. It must be some mystical attraction that has made her take notice of me, it has made me too happy; I am afraid I shall miss her much.

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April 20th.—Poor Fanny! I begin to-day as I left off two days ago, and say "Poor Fanny!" My heart aches for her, and yet what can I do to help or comfort her? Ah me! I know too well the vanity of all attempts to comfort such heart sickness.

Tuesday the 18th was a day of ceaseless rain, so that Mr. Morley was unable to come from R——, even if he had time. It did not improve Fanny's spirits, and in the evening she seemed to be trying (in vain) to hide her agitation, of course laying the blame on a headache. About

nine o'clock she asked me to come for a few turns on the balcony, the rain having ceased, and a few stars appearing through the breaks in the clouds. I could not refuse, partly because I pitied her and partly because I was glad of such a proof of returning regard for me, though I warned her that the stone floor would be damp and the night air far from wholesome. She overcame all objections, wrapt herself in a large shawl and we issued forth into the spring night together; it had been a warm rain and a south wind, so that the atmosphere felt heavy and soft as summer, and for some time we enjoyed the silence and solitude as we sauntered up and down. Fanny talked but little, for her, and I tried to make up for her unusual taciturnity by being unwontedly loquacious and giving her anecdotes of my school life and my residence at Rome. She seemed to take some interest in what I told her (it was but little) of my early life, and said suddenly, when I made some chance allusion to a carriage, "Then you were not always a governess?"

"No indeed, Fanny. Until three years ago I had very little idea that it would ever be necessary for me to support myself."

"How strange! Perhaps I might have to do so some day. How was it that you——I beg your pardon, I was rude to ask that."

"Not at all, dear. The story is soon told; it is a simple one and not uncommon. My father was a merchant, rich both in this world's goods and in probity and uprightness; but he became security for one whom he believed he could trust, and in whom he was deceived. His ruin involved that of my father who might perhaps have struggled against the one misfortune, but several other heavy losses came upon him at the same time and he sank under them. He gave up all he possessed and paid every claim upon him, leaving himself almost destitute. For some little time he endeavoured to fill a situation, but his health failed, and we were told that a warmer climate was his only hope, so we went to Rome, and there we remained until——. When I began to think what was to become of me, I found that I had just forty pounds in the world; very few relations, and no friends, for those I once had had forgotten me whom they had not seen for three years. I came to England, lived for three months with an old aunt of my father's, resolved on being a governess, and here I am."

"You are a brave girl," said Fanny pressing the arm she leaned on. "I would have died I am sure."

"No, you would not. If you ever have trials of your own you will find you have strength given you to bear them."

She seemed about to say something, but altered her mind, and slightly shivering turned to re-enter the house, saying the night had turned cold, when her foot slipped on one of the damp stones and she screamed and fell.



“What is the matter, Fanny?” said I in great alarm, as I stooped to raise her.

“Oh, not much. I’ve sprained my ankle I think—it will be all right in a minute.” But five minutes passed and so far from being all right, the pain increased and I insisted on trying to raise her. It was, however, beyond my strength, and she suggested my calling Phoebe. “Don’t tell mamma, it is nothing really, but it hurts me a good deal just now; you had better call Phoebe and perhaps you will help her to take me to my own room. I don’t want to alarm mamma.”

With Phoebe’s assistance she managed to reach the sofa in her own room, but she was in great pain. I did all I could for her, but we were at last obliged to apply to Mrs. Knollys for a lotion for the ankle and betray the secret Fanny wished to keep. Of course she fretted and complained, and blamed every one while professing to blame no one, worrying herself and every one else. Poor Fanny bore the pain with great courage, but she could not conceal that she suffered very much though she persisted in declaring it nothing, that she should be quite well to-morrow, and entirely refused all offers of sitting up with her or of medical advice.

I feared that they all under-rated the injury, and it was with some foreboding that I left her for the night.

Yesterday morning proved the truth of my fears. Fanny, after a restless night, was in a high fever, her foot much swollen, and she was forced to confess her total inability to put it to the ground. She showed the greatest vexation and impatience of the confinement that it must entail upon her; much more than seemed comprehensible, as the doctor, for whom they sent, assured her it would only be for a few days. “Did you ever find, Grace, how things always happen at the wrong time?” she said to me. “A week sooner or later I would not have minded this a bit, but just now I would have given one of my hands to save my foot.”

I wondered whether she intended me to guess all that I implied from this speech, and when I went to sit with her for an hour in the middle of the day tried to draw her into confidential talk. I failed entirely; she evidently wished me away, made rambling replies, and at last proposed that Phoebe should come and read to her. I offered to do so but she declined giving me the trouble and said she was used to Phoebe. So I left her and the maid was summoned instead.

The children’s after dinner holiday was not yet over, and before recommending the studies I was sitting at the school-room window which overlooks part of the grounds and the evergreen thicket, through which runs the nearest, but a gloomy and little traversed road, to the village. It was not ten minutes after I had quitted Fanny that I saw the girl Phoebe come from the back of the house and take the path towards this copse. A suspicion of the truth instantly flashed across me. I remembered the

low words spoken by Mr. Morley to Fanny two days before; I recollected the glove and flowers I had so recently found in that copse myself; Fanny's vexation at being unable to leave the house, and her anxiety that the servant should read to her in order to get rid of me. How long the reading had lasted was evident, and I felt convinced that Phoebe was on her way to the cypress grove with either a letter or message from her mistress to Mr. Morley, who would there be awaiting Fanny's arrival.

I was deeply pained at this proof of her duplicity, and uncertain how I ought to act. To allow it to go on longer and do nothing would, I felt, be wrong towards both Fanny and her parents; and yet to betray the poor girl whom I really pitied as well as blamed—to force myself on her confidence or play the spy upon her actions and then turn informer, was a course so repugnant to my feelings that I could not resolve on pursuing it. Undecided as to how I meant to act afterwards I put on bonnet and shawl, and seeing that the children were occupied with their own amusements, I followed Phoebe to the grove.

I had lost some time, so that before I could overtake her she had, as I expected, been joined by Mr. Morley, and the two were in conversation together when I came in sight of them. To guard against surprise, probably, they stood in a part of the path where there was no turn for some distance on either side of them, so that I paused on seeing them, some way off and quite out of hearing of what was said. It was, however, no part of my intention to play the eaves dropper, and I waited patiently till I saw Mr. Morley write on, and tear out, a leaf of his pocket book and give it to the girl with a tap on the cheek and a kiss, which she seemed not unwilling to receive. I was surprised at such a mark of levity on his part but did not wonder at the girl's forwardness; I have always considered her very pert and presuming, and was not sorry to have acquired some check over her.

When I saw them separate I walked slowly on and waited for Phoebe at the last turn in the copse before the path opens out on the lower lawn. She started visibly when she saw me on turning the corner, but recovering herself she courtesied and was passing on when I spoke to her.

"I thought you went to your mistress, Phoebe." I said.

"Miss Knollys sent me out on a message." She was surprised into the truth.

"Yes, you have a letter for her. Give it to me, I will take it to her."

"I was told to give it into her own hands," said the girl.

"I believe I am as trustworthy a messenger as you," I replied, "and I desire you will give the letter to me."

"Begging your pardon, Miss Norton, I must keep possession of what I have in charge until I deliver it to the rightful owner."

She spoke very insolently. I felt angry and changed my plan.



"Phoebe," I said very quietly, what do you suppose would become of either your place or your character if others knew what I know of your meeting a gentleman alone, and receiving from him kisses and money?" I was not sure of the last, but I saw by her blush and the sudden paleness which followed it that I was right.

"I did not go on my own business," was the reply.

"You would find it difficult to prove that, even supposing you endeavoured to exculpate yourself by compromising your mistress. I suspect my word would be taken as soon as your's."

"You will not make me lose my place, Miss Norton?" she said very humbly. "It would ruin me."

I followed up the advantage I had gained. "It depends on yourself. I should be sorry to do you so serious an injury, and if you give me what I demand of you I will not make known what I am acquainted with, so long as you take care there shall be no repetition of it. Give me the letter now."

She drew it from her pocket, but hesitated as she held it out. "You will tell Miss Knollys how you took it from me ma'am?"

"Yes, that is but justice to you as a messenger," I replied, and taking the letter I hastened on to the house. I could not go at once to Fanny's room as the children were waiting for me, but having set them again to their studies I sought the invalid.

She started up eagerly when I opened the door but sank back again with a disappointed look. "I thought it was Phoebe," she said languidly.

"Perhaps I shall do as well," was all I said, and without further preface I gave her the letter. To describe her confusion would be impossible. She blushed scarlet, then paled, and finally opened wide her blue eyes and looked earnestly in my face. I drew a chair near the sofa and sat down taking one of her hands in mine.

Dear Fanny do not think me very intrusive, or be very angry with me. Believe me I love you and would not give you pain for the world, but I cannot see you following a course at once wrong and foolish without trying to persuade you to alter it, and save you from consequences which can be but sorrow to yourself and every one else."

"What is there either wrong or foolish in my loving Charlie?"

"Nothing, dear, if you could do so openly, but by the concealment you think it necessary to practise, you show that you consider it to be wrong."

She made no reply, but twisted the note in her fingers into different shapes.

"Will you not consider me your friend, Fanny dear?"

"That depends upon you. If you are kind to me and will not betray

me —. Yes, you shall be my friend, I want a friend. I would have told you before but I did not think it right to make you the *confidante* of what you must keep from Papa and Mamma. Now you have found it out I must trust to your honor. You will keep my secret will you not?"

I did not reply at once and she added, "You know why I am forced to have a secret, don't you?"

"Yes, your mother told me."

"She told you that I was engaged to Everard, I suppose."

"Yes, and that it was approved by all parties."

"Except those most concerned! I declare it *is* shameful! Oh, don't shake your head at me, I'm in earnest and have good reason. Now I'll tell you the whole story and you shall see whether you think me much to blame. I used to visit a good deal at Caddismere, that's uncle Everard's place, and I used to like my cousin, as I told you. He got into a habit of calling me his little wife when I was a child, (he is a good deal older than I, he must be six or seven and twenty now,) and then I did not mind, but when I grew older I did not like it and asked him to leave it off. This was what we quarrelled about as I told you we did; he called me his "little wife" and I grew angry, he laughed and made me more angry, then he said it was settled I was to be his wife in reality some day, and that as I was so pretty he was quite content, and that made me most angry, and he laughed all the time and talked as if I were a child, and I past fifteen! Was it not hard?"

"Indeed, my dear, I hope you will not think me very unfeeling if I say that it will require a greater grievance than this to move my sympathy. At present I see nothing but a quarrel which might have been very easily adjusted."

"I did not see Everard again before he went abroad, that is more than two years ago, when I was not quite seventeen. I forgot all about him, and I was looking forward to the time when I should be presented and come out into society; I know I am pretty, (you can't wonder at that when I am told it so often,) and I expected to be admired and to enjoy myself very much. My birthday is in June, and last April, just a year ago, I asked Mamma when we should go to London, taking for granted we were to go for the season, like other people, and that as I should soon be eighteen she would not wait for the actual day to come. And what do you think I was told? That I was not to go into society at all—that I was to consider myself engaged to Everard—that it had all been settled long before—that Everard was willing—willing! only imagine!—that uncle and aunt Everard approved—that it was a better match than I might ever have the chance of again—that I owed it as a duty to my sisters—and goodness knows what besides. I was very angry at being disposed of without my own consent; but it was more at losing my sum-



mer's pleasure than anything else I believe, for I remembered that Everard was good looking and good natured, I knew he was much richer than Papa, and I thought it would be very nice to be Lady Knollys some day. Well we were here at Thornhaugh all last summer, while I heard of other girls of my age, whom I knew, going to court, going abroad and visiting in the country, to say nothing of the season in town. I was dreadfully provoked about it, but I soon forgot all that. Last October Charlie came to R——, and I then found how wretched I was, for I loved him. Now don't you think I am to be pitied? Engaged to a person I never cared for and have not seen for more than three years, and loving Charlie so dearly?"

"I think you are," said I. It was impossible to help smiling at her childish feelings and her manner of expressing them; the mixture of sentiment and frivolity, of vanity and what she called love. "I think you are—but I do not yet see that your case is hopeless. Do your father and mother know how averse you are to marrying your cousin Everard?"

"They knew it at first, but lately I have not said anything about him for fear they should discover about Charlie."

"Take my advice, dear, and tell them all. They will not sacrifice you. When they find you love one cousin and not the other they will not thwart your wishes."

"Yes they would. You don't know Mamma, when once she makes up her mind to a thing it is done, and Papa always goes with her. Besides Everard has riches and rank, and Charlie neither, (though he is just as much my cousin,) and those are everything with Mamma. No it would be no use. And then again it is not only they, Everard is to be considered."

I was glad to find she thought of that. "I should not think he would hold you to a contract made as you tell me this was, and one so disagreeable to you. Besides he may have changed his mind. If he has been away so long, and you were but fifteen when he last saw you, he may not think the same of you now."

It was a rude speech and I saw it wounded her vanity, but after a moment's pause she said, "I am sure I wish he would hate me! And now, Gracie dear, say you will keep my secret."

"Yes, on condition you will have no more secret communication with your cousin Charlie."

She looked at me in wonder. "How can I? he is gone."

I wondered now at the simplicity which ignored the post office. "When your cousin Knollys arrives, dear, if he presses his suit then you can say how much you dislike it, if he has any generosity he will not urge it, and I prophesy all will be right yet."

"You talk very coolly—it is easy for you—you were never in love."

"You are wrong, Fanny, I did love once as deeply as any one."

"Oh, do tell me about it, please."

"It is but little to tell, but you shall hear it to show that I can sympathize with you. It happened at Rome; I met him first in the gallery where I used to go to copy the old masters; we were at work for some time on the same picture and so became acquainted, then he was introduced to my father; we liked each other, the liking grew into love. Oh, how I did love him. We were engaged; he was an artist but had a small income independently, so my father made no opposition, for we were poor enough then, and were soon to have been married; when one day we quarrelled—it was about a mere trifle, so slight I should be ashamed to tell you; but perhaps you know or perhaps you do *not*, how soon, in lovers quarrels, a molehill will become a mountain."

"I *have* quarrelled with Charlie, but I always begged his pardon and made it up."

"Always do so, dear, and you will avoid the rock I split on. I would not ask pardon; I was proud and thought myself in the right, and we had some bitter words, and at last I said, perhaps we had better break off our engagement rather than marry to disagree. He left me with a look of deep pain; the moment he was gone I would have recalled the words, but I was too proud to call him back; the next morning he sent me a note, saying he had been suddenly obliged to leave Rome for three weeks. This brought me to my senses; he must have been deeply wounded to have left me for so long a time without one farewell word. I hope you may never feel the repentance that I did, or shed such bitter tears over past pride and anger. One week after my father died suddenly—I cannot speak of that time—I waited for Mal—— for him to come home, three weeks, four, five, he did not come. I did not know where he was, and could not write to him. I could not stay alone in Rome, and I came to England, leaving a letter for him, to say where I had gone; that if he could forgive me I should hear from him, but that I believed I had offended him past pardon, and if so he need only be silent to let me know that all was over between us.

"Oh, how could you write such a letter as that! I would have told him how sorry I was, and asked him to come and comfort me in my grief."

"Yes, but I could not. I felt so, but I could not write it, and should probably not have spoken it. You do not know what it is to feel that you *must* do and say the exact contrary to what your heart yearns for, but I—— Well, Fanny, he took me at my word. From that hour I have never heard of or from him, and never shall. Now do you think I am happier than you?"

"Far less so if you love him still, and if you feel as I should."



"I do love him as well, better than I ever did, and I know that it is through my own wicked pride we are parted for ever. And he loved me so well!——," and for once my composure gave way, I sobbed aloud despising myself for the weakness.

"You may meet him again, Gracie dear."

"What if I did?" said I recovering myself. "He did not forgive me; he is nothing to me now."

"You are too proud still, Grace. I could never feel like you."

I hope not, my dear, for your own happiness. You and Charlie are a sensible pair without any flights of pride or passion. I feel a conviction that all will go right with you, and you will be happy."

"Well, I will try to think so. And suppose I prophesy the same for you?"

I shook my head. Where is the hope for me? But I am glad I have won poor Fanny's confidence and given her some comfort. She is but a child; it is folly to suppose that parents and cousin will conspire to force her into a marriage she detests, for no sufficient reason. Her beauty cannot fail to secure her a good match if they do not permit her to marry Charlie, and I dare say she would soon forget him in the gaieties and flatteries of a London season. Heigh-ho! I am growing very cynical! What a difference there is between eighteen and twenty-three!

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## HOLIDAY MUSINGS OF A WORKER.

BY MRS. HOLIWELL.

### NO. II.—THE LOVE OF READING.

A GOOD book is often the only substitute for good company. We can count on our fingers such of our friends as are in the true sense conversable, up to the mark; that is a little above our level, but only demanding a hearty effort to raise ourselves to an equality; probably the majority of them will be out of reach, or engrossed in business, or harassed with care; and then, rather than permit the shallow, and the common place to occupy their seat, and monopolise our time, we stretch out a hand to our book-case, and invite a favourite author to talk with us. Some wise man has spoken of the four walls of his library containing the world—Past and Present—where he can at any moment enjoy the society of philosophers and kings; a society free from the failings of more mu-

table ones, where familiarity increases respect, and where no guest intrudes uninvited. An original writer remarks on the fact, that we never feel our company above us, princes, priests, and sages, are not too grand, too pious, or too wise for us to walk beside them in happy fellowship; they are our friends and compeers, we never dream of being removed to a more elevated sphere than that to which we are accustomed, it is quite natural for us to have such associates, and we feel prepared to speak and act with appropriate dignity.

What matters the rudeness of the roof that shelters us, the pine table on which we lean, the mean light that reveals the charmed page, if we are in spirit dwelling in palaces, beside thrones, holding high converse with power, and feeling in our exaltation of spirit, superior to the paltry distinctions of a petty world. We hold loosely by splendour, and feel it no effort to do the grandest deeds; for in following our noble heroes we unconsciously identify ourselves with them. We are by turns Columbus, Cortez, Nunez; scorning danger, overcoming human weakness, thirsting for conquest and discovery, revelling in all things beautiful and new. Anon we stride the battle-field, a Henry of Navarre, a Napoleon or a Wellington, and then, when weary of success and conflict, we retire to the studios of art, and live over again the life dramas of Titian, Michael Angelo, or the humbler sphered Canova. When Charles V. presents the pencil the great painter is said to have dropped in his presence, we are equal to the position, no embarrassment nor exultation disturbs the dignity of our manner; and when we follow the artist's skilful pen as seated in a lonely tavern he sketches a human hand for a poor youth, conscious, as he puts his signature in the corner, of the value that would be set upon it, the kind action seems the spontaneous impulse of our hearts, nothing could occur more natural or more simple. The young girl rich in the glorious beauty of her spring, sitting in her rose covered casement with a witching volume in her hand, no longer regrets her narrow sphere; if she has no suitor but honest William, the miller's son, and no better opportunity for exhibiting her Sunday bonnet than the village church, she now treads Elysium courted by knights and princes, all true lovers, and faithful from Sardanapalus to Malcolm Graeme, or from Romeo to the latest hero in the latest novel. The homely compliments of her rustic lover are forgotten while she is wooed in such sort as this,

"I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far  
As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise."

The child whose cheeks are yet wet with tears shed for some youthful sorrow, forgets his troubles as he hangs entranced over the *Arabian*



*Nights, or Robinson Crusoe*; the schoolmaster's frown for ill gotten tasks, the jeers of his comrades for a home made coat, the sharp refusal from an overtaxed mother of some small favour, a playfellow to tea maybe, or permission to keep a dog,—all these and many more are forgotten as he seats himself on the magic square of carpet and sails through the air whither his young fancy dictates. Even when the book is closed the delusion continues, he walks in the lonely woods with a shadowy man Friday by his side, choosing a site for his habitation, or shooting imaginary birds for his supper.

The physician and the minister, depressed with the constant contemplation of scenes of suffering and grief, gladly cheer their worn nerves with a laughter loving author, on the same principle that people who have lived long enough in the world to be acquainted with anxiety and sorrow, prefer comedy to tragedy. The worried mother at last freed from her daily cares with her nurslings asleep and out of mischief, draws her chair towards the pleasant fire, and prepares for enjoyment. As she reads a serene smile succeeds the anxious expression; her heart had been a little sore about some childish errors, her temper a little irritated by some childish naughtiness, but soon the disagreeables of the day are buried in Lethe, the sweet fountain of love made momentarily muddy by the deep draught of the care freighted vessel, regains its crystal purity as the lightened bark skims the surface, and she retires to take a last peep at the curly heads pillowed on snow, murmuring with the poet:—

“There be three little maidens; three loving maidens;  
 Three bonny maidens mine,  
 Three precious jewels are set in life's crown,  
 On prayer-lifted brows to shine.  
 Six starry eyes, all love luminous,  
 Look out of our heaven so tender;  
 Since the honey-moon, glowing and glorious,  
 Arose in its ripening splendour.”

Perhaps some good housekeeper may suggest that the mother's evening hours had better be spent in mending or making. Short sighted counsellors! Is not one joyful bound of a heart now reconciled to life, one upward hope, one awakened thought, better, far better than a seam more or less accomplished? The sewing must be done, and will be done, all the better and quicker the next day for remembering, that the mind requires food, as well as the body, and in the long run those can keep up best in the race who pause occasionally to gaze at the sky. The routine of endless work hardens and degrades unless alternated with intellectual and spiritual recreation; those moments are not lost that are snatched

from the mill and the counting-house, the office, and the work-basket, to enjoy the poet's beautiful invitation:—

“Come worship Beauty in the forest temple, dim and hush,  
Where stands Magnificence dreaming! and God burneth in the bush;  
Or where the old hills worship with their silence for a psalm,  
Or Ocean's weary heart doth keep the Sabbath of its calm.  
Come let us worship Beauty with the knightly faith of old,  
Oh! chivalry of labour toiling for the age of gold!”

Of all ways of spending our leisure moments reading is the most easily available and the cheapest. Music is charming, but demands study and hard work to reward its disciple. Music can be *listened* to, as a recreation, but scarcely practised unless by a master hand; when we are really fatigued and prostrated with mental labour, it can be no resting process to extract concord from a soul at discord through sheer physical weakness, it requires too much exertion and energy at a time when every nerve is exhausted. Gardening is the favourite resource of many, but then the walking and standing about during the day must have been limited or the inclination is averse to bodily toil, there are many circumstances too, that preclude this occupation, residence in a town where ground is scant and unfit for cultivation being the most common. Of course there are manifold ways of passing time innocently and agreeably; out of door sports should always take the lead with those engaged in mental pursuits, but there are frequent hours in all lives when no amusement is so near or so convenient as reading. Other recreations are like holidays, too costly and inaccessible for ordinary use, but the man who loves reading is independent of the thousand *contretemps* of life; if the weather prevent him from enjoying some previously arranged pic-nic or boating excursion, an hour spent in Astoria or with Livingstone will amply repay him for his personal deprivation of adventure; giving the widest range to his imagination he could scarcely hope to realize the faintest approach to such exciting perils as he there meets with. The young hunter unavoidably deprived of his accustomed sport indemnifies himself with Dick Turpin's Ride on Black Bess, or a chapter on the Cavalry Charge at Balaklava. The belle compelled from some untoward event to absent herself from the brilliant ball-room, consoles herself with Mrs. Gore, or Lady Blessington, and benefits by the exchange, inasmuch as vapid nothings gain, since they cannot lose, by passing through talented mediums.

We have spoken of reading only as an amusement; let us contemplate it in the light of a consoler. Many are the weary hours of waiting and watching that a book has wiled away. Many the dark days of suffering and feebleness, when the weak hands could scarcely support the silent



companion that alone could wave the magic wand of forgetfulness. The tension of many overtaxed brains has been loosed with a soothing well written fiction, and many aching hearts have found momentary relief with a sympathising author.

As a missionary of civilisation and refinement, its power is potent; no matter how humble the roof, if books are scattered about, there is reasonable hope of finding conversible companions. It is to a reflecting mind a beautiful sight to see on the table of some backwoods' farm a few well thumbed volumes of good authors, a stray copy of Longfellow or Tennyson doing its daily work of improving the taste of the inmates, to whose influence perhaps the family are indebted for the picturesque grove, the creeper trimmed porch, or the flower garden. The semi-weekly news is there carefully studied, and as carefully filed for future reference, the town's man scanning half a dozen dailies in a reading-room can scarcely be expected to remember as much as the lonely farmer with his limited allowance of news and amusements. The humblest cottage where books are to be found is seldom the abode of drunkenness and vice, the loftiest mansion where they are not, breathes a shallow and commonplace atmosphere detected at once by the well cultivated.

The aims and events of ordinary life are not generally so elevating and singular as to produce a naturally lofty tone of conversation, or suggest subjects of beneficial reflection. Picture a grown family in affluent or easy circumstances, without sufficient duties to occupy their time and thoughts, living without reading, that is regular, choice, social reading, merely a glance at the papers and a chapter or two in the Bible on Sundays. To what must the conversation of such families be reduced? What their aspirations? Since they cannot speak of the deeds of past generations, they will gossip abundantly of the present; since they cannot discuss the opinions of others, they will tenaciously maintain their own, narrowed from want of knowledge, on paltry matters.—How small a sphere the largest circle of acquaintances presents compared to the world beyond! The literary, artistic, scientific, political and social world, not to speak of Nature and her wonders, of whom thousands of immortal minds live and die in ignorance. Those who do not read can have no interest in these things, for them there is no grand music echoing through the corridors of the past, no godlike voices among nations startling the apathy of grovelling souls, kindling the divine spark in work enslaved man; no connecting links of progress, no harmonious whole! They are cut off from sympathy with the greatest and best minds of their age, and of all ages; for them history consists of a compilation of facts, poetry is merely rhyme, science, dry bones, and art restricted to *cartes de visite*.

We may hear half a dozen lectures a year, a sermon every Sunday, and

converse with a great man once in our lives ; but daily are we privileged to enjoy intimate communion with the most exalted intellects we are capable of appreciating ; our own tastes alone need decide the style of our society, and in reading as in life the old axiom holds good, "Show me the company you keep and I will tell you what you are." Noble and pure souls choose congenial mates, and in the fellowship of books we receive only the best part of men, their frailties and errors are blotted out, and we endeavour to make ourselves worthy of their intimacy.

Next to moral and religious instruction the most valuable habit we can form in our children is a love of reading. Not a promiscuous, devouring of books which, except in very rare cases, is a pernicious indulgence, but a systematic moderate use of them, followed *invariably* by free discussion in which the youngest should be encouraged to join. Much might be said concerning the choice of reading, and a few words will perhaps not be considered altogether irrelevant. No end of good advice has been given at all seasons, and from all quarters to young men with regard to their course of reading, but few have condescended to prescribe for young women. Are they so intellectually inferior that they cannot be expected to like anything beyond a novel ? or is their influence so unimportant that it signifies little to society what they read ? A long list of brilliant names in various departments of literature and art proves the fallacy of the first supposition, and daily experience refutes the last ; let young women look to it then that they do not bring upon their sex undeserved satire from their indolent mental habits and excessive love of amusement. We must not read with no better motive than to be amused, it is as easy to implant a desire for improvement and instruction as a mere craving for excitement, if the practice is commenced sufficiently early, and children when carefully educated will readily become as interested in science even, if simplified to their capacities, as in Fairy Tales. Far be it from us to banish light reading altogether, dear to our heart are the stories of tournament and troubadour, the poet's dream, and romancer's witching spell ; but let these charming fancies and flowers of literature wait on the graver steps of their severer companions, else the mind that feeds on sunshine and honey only, will be unfitted for healthful and bracing exercise.

History would ably fill the place of too many novels, and, after a short acquaintanceship would prove the more thrilling of the two. Who that has lingered over the page of Prescott in his graphic and exquisite histories of Cortez and Pizarro would acknowledge the story to be less exciting than any of Cooper's or even Irving's, sorcerer as he may be ? Who that has read with the enthusiasm of youth Lamartine's "Histoire des Girondins," would compare the volume with the best French novel yet written, or who, transformed into a very Greek by the genius of the author, would exchange Bulwer's "Athens," for the most successful of his works



of fiction? History is a veiled goddess, she only displays her lovely features to her faithful worshippers, to strangers she wears a forbidding mask, inscribed with dates and unpronounceable names, but she possesses a liberal heart, and pours forth her precious treasures at the prayer of the thoughtful student, enriching the memory, improving the judgment, and enlarging the mind. To a student of history, no better volume could be recommended than Dr. Arnold's Lectures on Modern History, a book that teaches not only what to learn, but how to learn it; when we think of the numerous countries that possess histories worth knowing, we are apt to shrink discouraged at the magnitude of the task, but we may inquire in the words of a popular Scotch writer, "Is it absolutely necessary for everybody to know everything?" we think not, but a little good knowledge well learnt and made our own, really elevates the character both moral and mental.

Poetry is too much neglected as a fire-side reading, the fugitive pieces met with in news papers, and the few poems committed at school frequently compose the poetic stock in trade of people not considered illiterate. And so degenerate becomes the taste, and paralysed the mental powers by long subsistence on trashy and exciting food that Shakespeare himself is only read for the sake of the story contained in each play, and the POETRY is hurried over unappreciated, in fact unapprehended. Spenser, Milton, Goldsmith, and others equally worthy of perusal are sealed books to many who devour with avidity Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon. One of the great advantages of choice reading is the much less time it consumes: one hour spent over a modern novel makes but little progress, the same period judiciously devoted to a good book leaves a gem in memory's casket that will shine on the brow when beauty shall have faded. Speaking figuratively we "spend our money for that which is not bread," when we waste eyesight and time over bad reading; twenty or thirty years hence these flimsy productions will be forgotten, and the old names that will yet adorn the libraries of the polished scholar, will be strangers to us, presenting a cold and unapproachable aspect, for it is difficult to make friends in age, even with a new style of reading.

Not to speak of the superior pabulum to be derived from the Quarterlies and Magazines what valuable information is contained in ordinary news papers, that by women particularly is passed over. The leading article is rarely read, seldom the foreign news, unless a domestic event of interest is going on in some royal house, and yet surely the state of the nation of which we form a part, the characters and doings of our first men, the facts that occur among other peoples soon to become history, should interest every intelligent mind, one bit of knowledge leads to another, a gathering and classifying process is unconsciously carried on by the brain, one thing illustrates another, one piece of information is a com-

mentary on another; inferences follow, opinions are formed, and instead of a blank in the world of intellect, we find minds thus almost unwittingly moulded into fair and generous proportions.

A well directed course of reading steadily pursued for years, in those hours that are squandered by the heedless pleasure seeker, compensates for many unavoidable deprivations. It is not everybody whose circumstances will permit to travel and enrich his memory with visible communication with the classic spots of European fame; and much as can be said in favor of travel, more still can be said in favor of that pursuit which in a measure renders a man who has never been out of his native province an equal to the accomplished tourist.

It is no use to go away from home for information unless we take enough intelligence and cultivation with us to benefit by it. Some learn as much from conversation with a traveller as if they too had trod the same road, and we have all met stupid people without a word to say for themselves, who had enjoyed advantages for which we would have given half we possessed, who had sailed up the Rhine without being made captive to the witchery of German song, who had seen no Undines in the blue waves, no goblins in the ruined castles, no sacred spot of birth or burial, of bard or painter, in city or hamlet; who had stood within St. Peter's without awe and worship, worship of the sublime and the beautiful, who had walked the streets of Florence and Athens with passive enjoyment and vacant minds. For them Constantinople had no antique memories, Venice no mystery of Doge and Council, Prussia was no monument to the genius of a Frederick, or St. Petersburg to a Peter. They might gaze from the same spot where Sappho took the fatal leap, or where Corinne tuned her harp, but no echo of their song would revisit their ears. The Hellespont was not gauged by eyes curious to test a Leander's or a Byron's skill. No, these are the privileges of the readers, and although their appreciation would be keen could they see with their bodily eyes some of the scenery where history's dramas have been played, they can still quietly enjoy more than the monied ignoramus.

The value of many things in common eyes is just so much as they will bring, and reading with such people is counted as lost time. Some wise man has said, "Cultivate the beautiful, the useful will cultivate itself," men are not worse men of business, more careless as husbands or fathers, less efficient in practical life for possessing refined tastes, nor are women of cultivated minds ordinarily inferior to their more ignorant sisters in the daily duties of their sphere. From such proclivities emanate more enduring virtues, as the people's poet before quoted, so beautifully expresses:—

"Come let us worship Beauty: she hath subtle power to start  
Heroic word and deed out-flashing from the humblest heart,



Great feelings will gush unawares, and freshly as the first  
 Rich Rainbow that up-startled Heaven in tearful splendor burst.  
 O blessed are her lineaments, and wondrous are her ways,  
 To re-picture God's own likeness in the faded human face!  
 Our bliss shall richly overbrim like sunset in the west,  
 And we shall dream immortal dreams, and banquet with the Blest:  
 Then let us worship Beauty with the knightly faith of old,  
 O chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of Gold!"

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OUR ANGLO-SAXON TONGUE.

BY DAVID TUCKER, M.D., B.A.

There is a little isle afar,  
 Whose iron heart and rim of rock,  
 Long time have spurned the strokes of war,  
 Long time have spurned the ocean's shock.

It is the cradle of a race;  
 It is the cradle of a tongue,  
 Not dissonant, nor void of grace,  
 But plain, expressive, clear and strong.

And with the tongue the race accords:  
 Like Vikings of the olden time,  
 Fearless and great, in deeds and words,  
 It ranges every sea and clime.

Yet softer tongues there be for those  
 Who flatteries lisp in gilded bowers;  
 In luxury and dull repose,  
 Or dalliance, wasting noble powers.

But thou, O Saxon tongue! art made  
 For men of toil and men of might,  
 Who by no dastard thoughts are swayed,  
 Nor fear to battle for the right.

By snowy hills and frozen streams,  
 From the dark forests of the North;  
 The old familiar glory gleams,  
 The old familiar sounds come forth.

By Ganges' and by Plata's flood,  
By Tartar fort and Arab tent;  
Far South—far East—by stream and wood;  
On Island and on continent.

Where sunbeams dazzle all the year,  
And shadows from the palms are flung,  
Still ring thy numbers, broad and clear,  
O grand and conquering Saxon tongue!

Young nations springing into birth,  
The scions of a mighty line,  
Have spread thy music through the earth,  
Till East, West, North, and South are thine!

Go forth, thou noble Saxon tongue!  
Where'er thy nervous accents fall,  
Tyrants shall yet to earth be flung,  
And fetters from the bondsman fall!

Thou art the tongue that Freedom loves,  
To shape her creed—to frame her laws;  
Thou art the tongue that Truth approves,  
To champion her eternal cause.

In thee as wont, O Saxon tongue!  
By isles and rivers far away,  
May heavenly songs be ever sung,  
Thou herald of a brighter day.

TORONTO, 1863.

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## THE CITED CURATE,

BY MISS MURRAY.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Early in August I was again at Grey Court. The Rocksley living was not yet vacant, and it seemed to me that Eardley had not yet made up his mind whether he would accept it or not when it was. He spoke of going to Italy with Evelyn and Sir Francis the following summer, and, leaving his companions there, proceeding alone to Greece, Turkey, and Egypt; and sometimes he talked jestingly of establishing an empire among the Arabs which should rival Mohammed's. To the first part of this project Evelyn listened with delight, but that which involved her separation from Eardley was never mentioned without making her lip quiver and her cheek turn pale.

Sir Francis was now in England, but Eardley, Evelyn and I were seated comfortably in a pleasant little sitting-room which was always called Evelyn's, on the second evening after my arrival, enjoying the blaze of a light wood fire, for the day had been cold and rainy. We were seated snugly at a table drawn close to the fire; Evelyn was busy with some pretty fancy-work, some delicate piece of embroidery, and I was making a sketch for her from Tennyson's Talking Oak—Olive resting under the babbling tree, when

——— "tired out with play  
She sank her head upon her arm,  
And at his feet she lay."

Eardley was greedily devouring Carlyle's last volume. Johnson with the tea-tray interrupted our enjoyment, and as he laid it on the table, he told Eardley that there was a boy in the kitchen who wished to speak to him.

"May he come here, Evelyn?" said Eardley, unwillingly looking up from his book. "I am in no humour for stirring just now. Let the boy come here, Johnson."

In a minute or two, Johnson ushered into the room a ragged bare-footed urchin, apparently thirteen or fourteen years old, with a lithe active figure, and a wild mass of tangled hair, half covering his features, which as well as they could be seen, appeared sharp and small, with a keen and wily expression. He made his salutation by pulling a lock of

his hair, and bobbing his head, and stopped at the door; gazing round with a strange sort of penetrating inquisitive glance which was elf-like in malice and wildness.

"Come nearer, my boy," said Eardley, "what's your name, and what can I do for you?"

"My name's Barny Flynn, please your honour, and its my mother, sir, sent me to ask you to come and see old Isaac Edge, for he's very bad to-night, and she's afraid he won't hold out till morning."

"Is your mother Isaac's daughter?" asked Eardley.

"Yes, sir. She was married to Peter Flynn that lives up at Lochran."

"Why, Eardley, you could not go so far to-night," exclaimed Evelyn; "it is eight o'clock now," and as she spoke the little French clock on the chimney-piece told the hour.

"Oh, but, my lady, the old man's not so far away as Lochran; he's at his own house at Dunboy, just a mile beyond Black Church. My mother said Mr. Temple knew the place."

"Dear Eardley," whispered Evelyn, leaning over his shoulder, "I shall be miserable if you go into those wild mountains at such an hour alone."

"Are you sure old Isaac is as bad as you say?" asked Eardley turning from Evelyn's entreating face to the boy.

"Yes, sir, he's as bad as he can be, and he's in great trouble of mind, and my mother wanted to get him Father Roche, but he said it was you he wanted, and he couldn't die easy if he didn't see you."

I could not help marvelling at the boy's glib tongue, and the little embarrassment he showed at what I concluded was his first introduction to "refined society." Many a rich *parvenu* might have envied his coolness.

"I must go, Evelyn," said Eardley, rising.

"Don't, don't!" she pleaded earnestly, holding his arm, "I cannot bear you to go—and it is such a bad night."

"No, my lady," said the boy, "it's fine now; it stopped raining an hour ago, and the stars is coming out brighter than them candles."

Still Evelyn urged her husband not to go till morning, but he only laughed at her fears. This old Isaac Edge was an Englishman. He had been a soldier, and had first come to the neighbourhood with a military detachment. He had fallen in love with a pretty Catholic girl, the daughter of a farmer, who, moved by his daughter's entreaties, had at last given his consent to her marriage with her heretic suitor, purchased his discharge, and given them a house and some land. At first they had lived happily and prosperously, but by degrees religious dissensions crept in. All the children adapted their mother's faith as soon



as they grew old enough to have an opinion on the matter, though Isaac used every means, even violence, to keep them Protestants. His wife enraged at the harshness with which he treated his children, sold everything she could contrive to take off the farm that she might give them the money, all of them, as they grew up having either been turned out of doors by their father, or having ran away to escape his severity. She had been some time dead, but before her death she had reduced her husband almost to beggary, and now in his poverty and old age, his children refused to assist him except on condition of his abjuring the creed which he had formerly tried to force upon them; but he held to the faith of his fathers with true Saxon firmness, and building a little hut on the borders of a turf bog bought an ass and a creel, and supported himself by hawking turf to the neighbouring town. The old man was rather a favourite with Eardley, and though he would have obeyed a summons of such a nature from any one, perhaps he went more willingly to Isaac than he might have gone to another.

"Well, if you must go, let Johnson go with you and take a bottle of wine," said Evelyn, "it may do the poor man good.

"Nonsense, Evelyn, how can you be so silly," said Eardley sharply what use would Johnson be? Don't you know I hate unnecessary attendance. But the wine is a good thought; let it be got and the boy shall take it."

Compassionating Evelyn's uneasiness I offered to go with Eardley, but he rejected my company as promptly as he had refused the attendance of Johnson. His horse was soon brought to the door, the wine given to the boy, who received it with a grin of delight that I often afterwards recalled, and Evelyn and I watched their departure from one of the windows of the hall, Eardley's horse going off at a smart trot, and the boy running beside him.

When we returned to the parlor, I was struck with Evelyn's paleness, and the anxious expression of her face. "I know it is very foolish," she said, "but I cannot see him going towards those horrid mountains even in broad day without terror; I cannot forget what a narrow escape he had from those dreadful Whiteboys a year ago."

"Yes, but you know the ringleaders were all taken at that time, and sentenced to transportation, and the neighbourhood has been perfectly safe and quiet ever since."

"Yes, I know they say so, and I suppose there is no danger," she said, "but I wish Eardley was not so utterly fearless. However I must try and banish my silly fancies. Will you have some tea, or shall we wait for Eardley?"

"Oh, let us wait for him," I answered, easily reading her wishes,

"and in the meantime give me your opinion of my sketch. Try if you cannot suggest some improvements."

As if she drew a sort of confidence in Eardley's speedy return from the mere act of waiting tea Evelyn's fears seemed partially to vanish, and I continued to keep her interested in the drawing for some time; then I persuaded her to try some new music which Sir Francis had sent her the day before, and did my very utmost to amuse her, and make the time seem short; still every time the soft strokes of the little French clock told the quarters, she looked anxiously and restlessly towards the door, and when at last a horse's footsteps were heard coming up the avenue her sudden start of joy and eager exclamation, "Here he is at last! How long he has been!" showed how much anxiety she had felt.

"He must have gone into the yard," she said, after a short pause during which the sounds had ceased, and yet Eardley did not make his appearance.

Just then Johnson entered. "Shan't I bring in the tea now, ma'am," he said, "it's very late."

"Wasn't that Mr. Temple?" she asked quickly.

"Oh! no, ma'am, it was only a horse that got loose."

Poor Evelyn's countenance fell, and to hide her disappointment she turned to stir the fire. Johnson seized the opportunity to make a sign to me to follow him unseen by his mistress, and then went hastily out. Saying to Evelyn that I would go out of doors and try if I could hear any sounds of Eardley's return, I hurried after Johnson, certain from his look and manner that something was wrong.

"Rolf has come home by himself, sir," he said the moment he saw me—"them devils of Whiteboys have murdered Mr. Temple!"

"Send one of the men to Constable Owens instantly," I said; "order him to take a party to—what is the cursed place called? Dunboy. Where's Rolf now?"

"William has taken him to the stables, sir—he seems very nervous and frightened, but there's no mark of any hurt on him."

"Let him be saddled and brought to the little gate. This has been some deep laid plot."

"Yes, sir, that it has. I didn't like that little chap's impudence. But those Irish are all so cunning and so treacherous," said the Englishman.

"Hurry off the man to Constable Owens, and let William make haste," I said. "I'll be back directly."

Returning to the parlor, I found Evelyn standing at a window which she had opened, anxiously watching and listening for him whom my sinking heart told me she was too likely never to see again alive. Her



pale and anxious looks as she turned towards me, and her sad voice as she said, "No sign yet?"—filled me with pity, but I nerved myself not to let her see my agitation and alarm. Why should she suffer the tortures of a still worse suspense than she was now enduring.

"It is such a lovely night," I said, "that I have taken it into my head to go to meet Eardley. The old man may detain him longer than he expected, and it will relieve your anxiety to know that I am with him."

"Oh! it will indeed," she exclaimed eagerly, "I am so glad you are going, and I wish you would take one of the grooms with you."

"And will you go to bed as soon as I am gone? You will get quite ill if you sit here alone."

"Do you think I could go to bed till I saw Eardley safe?" she asked with a mournful smile.

"Well then, promise me to take a book, and not to give way to foolish fears?"

"Are they foolish?" she asked, with a look that nearly upset my self-command.

"I hope I shall soon prove to you that they are," was all I could say, and hurrying away, I got to the door just as the groom came up with Rolf.

"Is Frank gone for the police?"

"Yes," sir.

"Perhaps this is not so bad after all," said I. "Mr. Temple may have been thrown from his horse, or Rolf may have ran away from Edge's house."

A gloomy shake of the head from the groom discountenanced this faint hope. "Mr. Temple, though a minister, was as good a rider as ever backed a horse, and Rolf as good a beast. It couldn't be that. And Rolf was used to stand quiet just wherever he was bid—he would not run away."

"At all events, Johnson, say nothing of this to Mrs. Temple till I come back, and take care that the women servants don't frighten her."

"You may depend on me, sir," said Johnson.

"Do you saddle the sorrel mare, and come after me," I said to the groom, a stout young Englishman, (nearly all the servants at Grey Court were English), and then I set off at my horse's speed.

It never occurred to me till I was far on my road that in going to Dunboy I had to pass the ruins of Black Church where Kate Redmond was buried, but when the thought suddenly struck me, it came accompanied by a thrill of superstitious dread that chilled my blood, and when I passed Eardley's church standing lonely and grey in the full light of an August moon, in the midst of the desolate moor, the frenzied cita-

tion which I had heard the hapless girl utter to her faithless lover within its walls, wakened as if by some mysterious spell, seemed echoing in my ear.

I felt again the shuddering horror that had oppressed me when the wild words that seemed so alien to the gentle and loving nature of poor Kate came pouring from her lips, like the dark inspirations of Cassandra, and it seemed to me again as it had seemed at the time that some power beyond and against her will had compelled them. Following the path which not many months before I had traversed with Eardley, I hastened on, and soon the dark ruins rose at my left hand. Ominous in my eyes was the dark shadow the walls cast on the moonlit sward, and weird-like the yellow rays that poured out through the broken windows—ghostly eyes, fringed and half choked up with ferns and grass. Turning away my head I urged Rolf on, but just as we came into the shadow which at a distance I had thought so threatening, he swerved aside and stopped with a sudden jerk that nearly threw me from the saddle. No exertion of whip or spur, no caresses, no encouragement could make him move a step farther; he either plunged and kicked violently, or stood as if rooted to the spot, though trembling all over. I even got down and tried to lead him past the dreaded place, but I could not get him a single inch onward. Throwing the bridle over some stones, the remains of a wall, I went a few steps towards the ruins determined to find out what it was that had so much alarmed the horse. I had not gone more than a couple of yards when something glistening in the grass caught my eye, and going up to it, I found it was Eardley's riding whip, its silver mounting's catching the moonlight. Still nearer the ruins I found his hat, and close beside Kate Redmond's grave, Eardley himself was lying, still and silent. I knelt down beside him, took hold of his hand and raising his head on my arm, called him by his name again and again, but he was for ever insensible to voice or touch. He was quite dead. Under his thick, clustering curls, just above the temple, I found a mass of clotted blood, where a bullet had entered the brain. He looked as if he had died without a struggle or a pang, and under the light of that full orb'd moon his still, calm face and perfect features looked more beautiful than any face I ever saw before or since. My tears fell fast as I gazed, and I marvelled over that mysterious destiny which had bestowed on him such energy of soul, such strength of will, such power and force of intellect and character, all to be warped and turned from their true aims and ends by a selfish and worldly ambition. Then I remembered my belief that every thing did not end here; that death only opened the gate to another life, and that those who on earth have wandered from the right way, wakening in another



sphere of being, with cleared vision, and purified desires, may find it there, and follow it to a heaven of immortal peace and joy.

I had not much time to indulge my grief, William, the groom, having come up, and finding Rolf standing by the road, followed me to the ruins, and on seeing poor Eardley's dead body broke out into exclamations of horror which effectually roused me. With his assistance I placed the body on Rolf who had so often borne it when full of life, spirit, and energy, and we retraced our steps to Grey Court;—my own sorrow, for the time, put aside in my pity for Evelyn. How I was to tell her the dreadful tidings I did not know, but she spared me the task, for unable to bear the suspense of waiting in stillness and inaction within the house, she had left it unknown to the servants and walked down the avenue in hopes of meeting her husband. I did not see her till she was close beside me, and then one glance at the pale blood-stained head I was supporting as I walked beside the horse which William was leading, told her all, and with a shriek which for months after seemed sounding in my ears, she fell on the road. When she was roused from her swoon it was not to consciousness; a brain fever rendered her insensible to every thing for weeks, but during all that time she never ceased calling in delirious ravings on Eardley's name, except when exhaustion brought a stupor that seemed like that of death.

It appeared that old Edge was neither dying nor ill, and that the boy who had brought the message to Eardley that fatal night was not his grandson; nor did he seem to be known to any one in the neighbourhood. It was evidently a plan concerted to bring Eardley into the power of his murderers, who I felt certain was Freney; though it was found impossible to make any of the country people confess that they had seen or heard any thing of him for many months. In spite of every exertion on the part of the magistrates and police, and the very large reward offered for information by Sir Francis, nothing more on the subject was ever discovered. Freney, with his young accomplice had probably come from some distant county to take that revenge, which, no doubt, he deemed a sacred duty to the memory of Kate Redmond; a revenge which seemed to have been only delayed till it could be executed in a manner that might attest the solemnity he attached to the deed. What became of him it is needless to conjecture, but, as far as I know, he was never seen or heard of again.

Evelyn recovered from the fever that had attacked her, but her health remained long delicate, and fearing consumption for her, her father took her to the sweet South which she had once dreamt of visiting with Eardley. Here she met Lord Cassils, improved in many respects since she had last seen him, but still retaining his old love for her. Her heart, though so tender and loving, was not strong or deep enough to

live long on a memory or a hope, and so after some time, she rewarded his constant affection by returning it, and they were married. I saw her not long since, a happy and beloved wife and mother, far happier I have no doubt than under any circumstances, she could ever have been with Eardley Temple.

Eardley was buried in the vault of the Denzil family in the church on the lonely moor. He lies beneath velvet and gilding, and sculptured marble, and not very far from thence, with only the blue dome of heaven above and fresh grass greening her grave, Kate Redmond sleeps without a stone to mark the spot. Not long ago I visited the ruins of Black Church and sat for a while under the thorn tree that shadows her lonely grave. Though winter was scarcely yet over, there were signs of spring all around,—in the sweet air, in the budding boughs, and freshly springing grass. The turf on her grave was thick and soft as velvet, and the ivy—beautiful immortal—had crept down from the old walls, and was twining its glossy wreaths over the little mound. The robin sang above my head, and the stream murmured softly as it flowed gently by. Every thing breathed of present rest and peace, and inspired the hope of a brighter joy hereafter; and as from where I sat, I caught a glimpse of the tall spire of Eardley's church, beneath which his fiery heart now lay so still and quiet, I smiled, not altogether sadly at the thought that in death he was not wholly divided from her who in life had so much loved him. And more brightly, as I went away, I smiled

——— "To think God's greatness  
Flows around our incompleteness;  
Round our restlessness, it is rest!"

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## THE ACCUSER AND THE ACCUSED.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

“ONE of the most terrible instances of dishonesty I ever knew,” said a lady friend to me, some forty years ago, “happened in my own family,” or rather, I should say, in one of its relative branches. You were staying last summer at Westcliff; did you hear Dr. Leatrim preach?”

Yes; my friends resided about a mile from the parsonage, and were constant in their attendance. He was one of the principal attractions of the place—one of the most eloquent men I ever heard in the pulpit.”

“Did you ever meet him in company?”

“Never. I was told that he never went into society, and lived quite a solitary life; that some great domestic calamity had weaned him entirely from the world; that his visits were confined to the poor of his parish, or to those who stood in need of his spiritual advice; that since the death of his wife and only son he had never been seen to smile. To tell you the truth, I scarcely expected to hear sermons so full of heavenly benevolence and love breathed from the lips of such an austere and melancholy looking man.”

“Ah! poor George!” sighed my friend, “he has had sorrows and trials enough to sour his temper and break his heart! He was not always the gentle, earnest Christian, you now see him, but a stern, uncompromising Calvinist of the old school, who looked upon all other sects who opposed his particular dogmas as enemies to the true faith. A strict disciplinarian, he suffered nothing to interfere with his religious duties, and he exercised a despotic sway in the church and in his family. He married, early in life, my father’s only sister, and made her an excellent husband; and if a certain degree of fear mingled with her love, it originated in the deep reverence she felt for his character.”

“He was turned of forty when the Earl of B——, who was a near relation, conferred upon him the living of Westcliff. The last incumbent had been a kind, easy going old man, who loved his rubber of whist and a social chat with his neighbours over a glass of punch, and left them to take care of their souls in the best manner they could—considering that he well earned his seven hundred per annum by preaching a dull plethoric moral discourse once a week, christening all the infants, marrying the adults, and burying the dead. It was no wonder

that Dr. Leatrim found the parish, as far as religion was concerned, in a very heathenish state. His zealous endeavours to arouse them from this state of careless indifference gave great offence. They did not believe that they were sinners, and they were very angry with the doctor for insisting upon that fact. But as he spared neither age nor sex in his battle for the truth, and fought for it with uncompromising earnestness, they began to listen to him with more attention, and as he lived up to his professions, and was ever foremost in every good word and work, they were compelled to respect him, though he did assail all their public and private vices from the pulpit, and enforced their strict attendance at church on the Sabbath day. This state of antagonism did not last long; prejudice yielded to his eloquent preaching; numbers came from a distance to hear him; and many careless souls awoke from a state of worldly apathy to seek the bread of life.

“Just to show you what manner of man Dr. Leatrim was in those days, I will relate an anecdote of him which I had from an eye witness. A wealthy miller in the parish, a great drunkard and atheist, and a very hard, unfeeling man, dropped down dead while in a state of intoxication, and being a nominal member of the church was brought there to be buried. When the doctor came to that portion of the burial service, ‘We therefore commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust: in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ,’ he paused, and looking round upon the numerous band of relations and friends that surrounded the grave, said in a solemn voice, ‘My friends, the prayer book says this; but if there is any truth in God’s Word, it cannot be applied to this man. He denied the existence of a God; was a hard unfeeling man to his fellow men, and died in the commission of an habitual sin—and it is my firm conviction that such as he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God!’

“The doctor was greatly blamed by the neighbouring clergy for thus rashly declaring what he felt to be the truth, but it produced an electrical effect upon those present; and the son of the deceased, who was fast following in his father’s steps, became a sincere and humble Christian.

“Mrs. Leatrim was quite a contrast to her husband. A gentle, affectionate, simple-hearted woman, she never thwarted his wishes in word or deed, but was ever at his side to assist him in his ministrations among the poor, to visit the sick, and read to the enquiring. She had been the mother of several children, but only one, and that her first born, survived the three first years of infancy. It is of this son that I am about to speak, and though the story is a painful one, in its general details it is strictly true.

“If the good doctor had an idol in the world it was his son George.



The lad possessed the most amiable disposition, uniting with the talent and earnestness of the father the gentle and endearing qualities of his mother. His face was handsome, his manners frank and graceful, and his expression so truthful and unaffected, that it created an interest in his favor at first sight. Religious without cant, and clever without pretence, it is no wonder that the father, who was his sole tutor, reposed in the fine boy the utmost confidence, treating him more like an equal than a son over whom he held the authority both of priest and parent.

“There was none of the nervous timidity that marked Mrs. Leatrim’s intercourse with her husband in the conduct of the son. His love for his stern father was without fear. It almost amounted to worship, and the hope of deserving his esteem was the great motive power that influenced all his studies. The father on his part, regarded the son as a superior being—one whom the Lord had called from his birth to be His servant.

“There was another person in the house whom, next to his wife and son, the doctor held in the greatest esteem and affection. Ralph Wilson was an old and faithful servant, who had been born in his father’s house, and who had nursed him when a little child upon his knees. When his old master died, Ralph was confided to the care of his son, and had grown grey in his service. He had never been married, and his love for the doctor and his family appeared the sole aim and object of his life. Everything about the parsonage was entrusted to his care, and he was consulted on all business matters of importance. All the money transactions of the family went through Ralph’s hands, and like most old servants his sway over the household was despotic. The doctor gave him his own way in everything for it saved him a great deal of trouble; his mind was too much engrossed with his ministerial duties to attend to these minor concerns. Ralph was a business man; he could manage such matters much better than he could. If Mrs. Leatrim came to consult him about any household arrangements, it was always put a stop to. ‘Don’t trouble me, Mary, go to Ralph; he can advise you what to do.’ Poor Mrs. Leatrim didn’t like Ralph as well as her husband did, and would much rather have had the sanction of the legitimate master of the house.

“By his old fellow-servants the old grey headed man was almost detested. They could receive orders from the Rector, and yield to him a cheerful and hearty obedience; but to be under the control of a canting, stingy old hypocrite like Ralph was not to be borne. The Bible that was so often in his mouth ought to have taught him ‘that no man could serve two masters;’ and the fact was fully illustrated in their case, for they loved the one and hated the other. There was always trouble in the household—a perpetual changing of domestics, greatly

to the annoyance of Mrs. Leatrim; but the matter was one of small importance to the Rector, so that he was left in peace to pursue his studies.

“Amiable and gentle as George was, he could not force himself to feel much affection for Ralph. He treated him with respect for his father’s sake more than from any personal regard he had for him, though the old man was servile in his protestations of love and devotion. Some minds are surrounded by a moral and intellectual atmosphere into which other minds cannot enter without feeling a certain degree of repulsion. Such an invisible but powerfully acknowledged antagonism existed between the faithful old servant and his young master. They did not hate one another—that would have been too strong a term: but the doctor often remarked with pain ‘that there was no love lost between them,’ and blamed George for the indifference he felt for his dear and valued old friend.

“You remember the beautiful old church at Westcliff, surrounded by its venerable oaks and elms, and the pretty parsonage on the other side of the road, facing the principal entrance to the church.

“The house occupies an elevation some feet above the churchyard, and the front windows command a fine view of the sacred edifice, particularly of the carved porch within the iron gates at the entrance, and the massive oak door through which you enter into the body of the building. A person standing at one of these windows at sunset, and looking towards the porch, could see every thing there as distinctly as if he were in it. You will recollect this circumstance, for it is connected with my story.

“In the porch, the doctor had placed a box against the wall on the right hand side as you went in, for receiving contributions for the poor. It was only unlocked and its contents distributed among those most in need twice or thrice a year—Christmas and Easter yielding the most plentiful harvest to the poor.

“The key of the box was kept in the doctor’s private study, and occupied the same hook with the key of the church. No person had access to this apartment but the doctor, his wife and son, and old Ralph—the latter kept it in order for fear the women folk should disarrange his master’s papers. He performed all the dusting and sweeping and scrubbing, and never was a room kept more scrupulously neat and clean. He had a private desk for his own use in a corner, in which he kept all the accounts that passed through his hands; and it was not an unusual sight to see the doctor composing his startling soul awakening sermons at the large table in the centre of the room, and the little shrewd looking grey-haired old servant dotting down figures quietly at the desk. His presence never disturbed his master, who often read to him por-



tions of the discourse he was writing for his approval. Ralph's applause gave him confidence; he considered his judgment in spiritual matters better than his own.

"On opening the poor box at Christmas, the doctor was surprised to find but a small sum deposited. He could not account for the falling off, but making up the deficiency from his own purse (for he was a man of independent means, derived from private property of his own) he thought no more about it.

"At Easter the Earl and Countess of B—— always gave liberally, and their example was followed by all the wealthy landholders in the parish. There was always a good sprinkling of silver and gold to set against the weekly donations of coppers and small coin, to make glad the widows and orphans of Westcliff, and to comfort the lame, the halt, and the blind.

"The Sunday after Easter was Dr. Leatrim's day for distribution to the poor. The box was opened the previous morning, and the different sums allotted according to the necessities of the recipients, and to avoid all confusion, the portion for each individual was enclosed in a sealed packet and addressed. After the morning service was over, the doctor met his poor in the vestry, and George delivered to the respective claimants their packet of money. This was followed by an earnest prayer and blessing from the Rector. It was always a happy day to him, and George seemed to enjoy it as much as his father.

"You may imagine the consternation of the Rector, when, on the Saturday morning, he opened the box in his study, and found the same deficiency that had surprised him at Christmas. The Earl of B—— always gave a five sovereign gold piece at Easter, and his numerous lordly visitors generally followed suit. The Rector was never behind hand with his noble neighbours, and many of the well to do yeomen gave their sovereigns and half sovereigns, and there was no lack of silver. This day not a single gold-piece was to be found in the box; the conviction was unwillingly forced upon the Rector's mind that the church had been robbed both before and now. But by whom? It was a Bramah lock—the secret only known to himself, Ralph, and his son. He felt fear clutch at his heart with an iron grip. But the thing had to be investigated, however repugnant to his feelings; and to satisfy his doubts before mentioning it to his family, the doctor thought it best to have a private conference with the Earl, and learn what he had given, as a foundation upon which to ground his investigations. The information which he obtained from this quarter did not decrease the difficulty. The Earl told him at once that he had given a five sovereign gold piece, and he believed that the Duke of A——, who was his guest at the time, had done the same; that all the members of his household,

not excluding the servants, who were constant attendants upon the doctor's ministry, had given liberally. The Rector returned home a miserable man; a great and heinous sin had been committed. To suspect any of the members of his family was a sin almost as great. What was to be done?

"His was not a spirit to brook delay. As stern as Brutus, like Brutus he could be as unflinching in his duty. He called Ralph into the study, and after carefully locking the door addressed him in a voice hoarse with emotion.

"Ralph, the church has been entered, the poor's box opened, and money to the amount of ten pounds in gold abstracted. My dear old friend," he continued, grasping his hand, "can you throw any light upon this dreadful transaction?"

The old man was as much agitated as his master. A deadly pallor overspread his face, and tears came into his eyes.

"The church entered, money stolen to such a large amount! My dear sir, can it be possible?"

"Only too true! But, Ralph—the thief! Who can be the thief? It is that which distresses me, that fills my mind with pain and agony." He looked hard at the old man—not a look of suspicion, but of intense enquiry, as if he depended upon him to solve his doubts.

Ralph trembled visibly; his voice became a broken sob. "Oh, my dear, my honoured master, you surely cannot suspect me—your old and faithful servant?"

"What put such a thought into your head? I would as soon suspect myself."

The old man still continued in a deprecating tone. "You know, sir, that money is no object to me. I have neither wife nor child, and my wants are liberally supplied by your reverence. The money I have saved in your service I shall have to leave to master George, for want of an heir; and I generally give half of my wages to the poor through this very box, being more anxious to realize a treasure in the heavens."

"I know all this, Ralph," said the Rector, rather impatiently; "I know that your character is above suspicion. I want you to give me some clue by which the real culprit could be brought to justice."

The old man gave a hasty glance at his master, as if he could do so if he pleased, but remained silent.

The look so full of covert meaning did not escape Dr. Leatrim's keen eye. "Speak, Ralph! speak out like a man. I am certain you know something about it."

"And if I do,"—he drew nearer to his master, and spoke in a low mysterious tone—"that something had better remain unsaid. You are a rich man; ten pounds are nothing to you. You gave twice that sum



the other day to get Nutter out of jail. Replace the money, and leave the rest to me."

"And let the culprit escape without the punishment due to his crime! Would that be just?"

"It would be merciful," said the old man drily. "A knowledge of the truth would do no good; it would only make you unhappy."

"Do you think I wish to consult my own feelings on the subject?" said the doctor, greatly excited. "No! though the felon were my own son, who is dearer to me than my own life, and I could effectually conceal his guilt, he should pay the penalty due to his crime!"

"Well," said the old man, "your reverence has made a pretty shrewd guess. It was master George!"

The doctor was stunned. He sank into his chair, for a few minutes deprived of speech and motion. The old man poured out a glass of water and held it to the white and quivering lips.

"Blessed are the merciful," he said, "for they shall obtain mercy. The Lord comfort you, my dear master. We are all liable to temptation. Try and forgive your son."

"My son! Never call him my son again. I disown him, cast him off forever! George, George! this will kill me! I loved and trusted you, would have given my life to save you from disgrace and you have broken my heart! But are you sure, old man," he cried, clutching the servant by the shoulder, "sure that my George did this horrible thing."

"For God's sake, sir, moderate your anger. Master George may never do the like again. He is very young."

"That is no answer to my question," cried the excited father, tightening his grasp on the old man's arm; "I don't ask you to palliate his guilt. It admits of no excuse. Did you see him do it? Tell me that! Tell me quickly! I am in no humour for trifling."

"Seeing, they say, is believing," said the old man sullenly. "As your reverence knows the worst, it's no use mincing the matter. I saw him do it!"

The doctor groaned in anguish.

"How—when? Where did you see him do it? May you not be mistaken?"

"Impossible, sir! I would not advance a thing of this nature without I had positive proof. I repeat to you again, on my word of honor, on the faith of a Christian, that I saw him do it! What more do you require?"

"It is enough," sighed the miserable father, covering his face with his hands. "George, George! my son! my only son! have I deserved this at your hands? The trial is too great for flesh and blood to bear! Oh, God! thou hast shattered my idol to pieces, and trampled my heart

in the dust!" Then turning to Ralph, he told him to call George.

The old man hesitated. "Not while you are in this excited state, my dear master; wait till your passion calms down. I implore you to deal leniently with the lad. He may repent, and you may save your son. Remember it is his first offence."

"I fear not; the same thing happened at Christmas. He has become hardened in successful villany. The crime is not against me alone; it is against God, and must be punished accordingly. Don't plead for him," he cried, waving his hand impatiently. "Go for him directly! Why do you loiter? I must and will be obeyed!"

Just then a rap came to the door. The old man opened it, and the accused stood before them, smiling and serene, unconscious of the thunder clouds lowering above his head. He advanced a few steps, and then stood still. His eyes wandered from his father's death-pale face, to the downcast countenance of Ralph Wilson. Surprised and distressed, he wondered what it could mean. His mother had been confined to her chamber for some days with a serious attack of heart disease; the doctor had just seen her and pronounced her out of danger; he came to bring the glad tidings to his father. The first thought that struck him was, that anxiety about her had produced the agitation so painful to his feelings to witness. He hurried to his father's side.

"Don't be alarmed, dear papa; mamma is much better, and sent me to tell you that she wishes to see you." Then remarking the stern severity of Dr. Leatrim's countenance, he drew back, regarding him in silent astonishment. "What is the matter, dear father; something dreadful must have happened. Are you ill?"

"Yes, sir!" returned the doctor in a stern voice; "I am ill!—sick at heart! Sick of a malady that will bring my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. My wound is incurable, and the hand of a wicked son has dealt the blow!"

"Father, what do you mean? I cannot understand these terrible words!" and the boy raised the calm enquiring glance of his clear candid eyes to his father's frowning, clouded face. "In what have I offended you?"

"Miserable boy, if you had alone offended me, I could bear it and forgive you; but you have committed a crime against God—a crime so great that the felon who will be hung next week at N—— for murder is innocent in comparison!"

George still gazed steadily into his father's face, as he said slowly, and with blanched and quivering lips, "What have I done?"

"Robbed the poor! stolen ten pounds in gold from that box," pointing to the poor's box on the table before him; "and how dare you, knowing your guilt, raise your hardened eyes to mine?"



The blood rushed in a crimson tide to the face of the accused. He drew himself up to his full height, and looked a man in the strength of his indignation.

"Were I guilty of the crime of which you accuse me, sir, I should no longer be worthy to be called your son. Who is my accuser? Who dares to charge upon me this foul wrong?"

"One who saw you do it."

"The man does not live who saw me do it! The spirit does not live who read a thought in my mind so base! The God to whom the secrets of all hearts are open, knows my innocence—knows that I am belied and wronged! Oh, father, dear honoured father, do not look so sternly at me. Do not pronounce me guilty until you have investigated the matter more fully. I do not shrink from the trial. Innocence is stronger than guilt. I never took the money; I know nothing about it."

The doctor's heart was touched; he made a motion to Ralph Wilson to speak.

"Master George," said the old man coming close up to the agitated boy, and laying his hand upon his shoulder. The lad shuddered and shrunk from his touch as if he had suddenly come in contact with a viper. "How can you speak in that hardened manner to your papa? Are not you ashamed of what you have done? Will you add falsehood to theft?"

"Peace, old man! This is no business of yours. I appeal to my father, not to you." Then looking sternly in Ralph's face he added in a sarcastic tone, "Perhaps you are my accuser—the traitor who has poisoned my father's mind against me. If so, speak out; I do not fear you; I defy your malice."

"Bold words, master George, and boldly spoken," said the old man spitefully; "but facts are hard things to disprove." Then going close up to the lad, he said in a cool, deliberate tone, "I saw you take the money out of that box!"

"Old villain, you lie!"

"George," said the doctor, "how dare you use such language to my friend—my father's friend?"

"No friend to you sir, when he charges your son with a crime he never committed. I spoke rashly—anger is always intemperate—you must make some allowance for my indignation." Again he turned to his accuser, "You saw me take the money. When did I take it?"

"Last Friday afternoon. You came into the study, while I was writing out a receipt at my desk. You were in a great hurry. I don't think that you saw me."

"I did see you."

"Ha!" said the doctor, who was now sitting upright in his chair, listening with intense interest. "Then you own that you were in the study at that hour."

"It would be of little use his denying it," said Ralph. "He came in, and took the key of the box from the hook, and left immediately."

"I did not take the key of the box."

"Oh! Master George!" The old man shook his head, and raised his hands in pious horror.

"Where did he go to, Ralph, when he left the study?" asked the doctor.

"I am not quite certain, sir; I think he went first into the garden, and then crossed the road into the church-yard. When he took down the key, he seemed very much confused. There was a look in his eyes which made me mistrust him, and I went to that window which commands a view inside the porch. If you come here, sir," said Ralph, going to the window, "you will see every thing as plainly as if you were there—and I saw him take down the box and put it on the bench, unlock it and take out something, what that something was I leave you to guess."

"Now, George, you are at liberty to tell your story," said the doctor. "I charge you to answer truly the questions I put to you. First then:—

"What did you want in the study on Friday afternoon?"

"I went there to seek you—and not finding you there, I took down the key of the iron gates that open into the porch, and went to look for you in the garden."

"What did you want with me?"

"Father, you gave me on my birthday, a gold piece."

"Yes," said the doctor. "My father gave it to me when I was a boy. It was a gold coin in commemoration of the coronation of George the Third—what of that?"

"It was the first gold coin I ever possessed, and I wished to give it to God. I went into the study to ask your permission to do so, as it was a present from you. I found Ralph writing, as he says, and you absent. I took down the key of the church—not of the poor's box, as he says, for I could make my deposit without that, and went into the garden to find you, and then across into the church-yard, still hoping to see you, but as it was getting late, I went into the porch, dropped my gold piece into the poor's box, returned to the study and replaced the church key. Ralph was no longer there. This is the whole truth, so help me God!"

The lad before so calm, now flung himself weeping at his father's feet, and clasping his knees, cried out in a piteous voice, "Father, do you believe me!"



The doctor pushed him aside.

"The evidence is too strong against you—I wish I could."

"Father, did I ever deceive you?"

"Never, until now."

"Did you ever detect me in an act of dishonesty?"

"Never."

"Then how can you condemn me? You will say, 'Upon the evidence of this man!' Am I not as worthy to be believed as Ralph Wilson?"

"George, his character is as stainless as your own was. He is incapable of falsehood. I love and venerate him as a father. What inducement could that pious good old man have in slandering the son of his old friend and benefactor. Left to the dictates of his own heart, I am certain that he would rather bear the brand of shame than bring dishonor on my house."

"It is strange, mused George, half repenting the harsh language he had used to the old man. "If he has not plotted this accusation to ruin me in your good opinion, he has made a grievous mistake.

"It is no mistake," said Ralph indignantly, "I saw you with my own eyes take the money—you can't persuade me out of my senses."

"It may be possible that you were mistaken, Ralph," said the doctor after a long pause, the boy's account of himself is very clear. George, I will give you one trial more—if I find the gold piece I gave you in the box. I will believe that Ralph is in error. Do you accept the test?"

"Most joyfully!" exclaimed the lad, springing from his knees beside his father, and bringing him the box. "You will find that I have spoken the truth."

A gleam of hope shot through the thick gloom that had gathered round the doctor. With a steady hand he unlocked the box—alas! for the accused—no gold piece was there.

"Liar!" said the doctor, in a tone of mingled contempt and horror. "What have you to say for yourself now?"

The lad uttered a sharp cry and pressed his hands tightly over his breast, as he murmured in a hollow broken voice, "Nothing!"

"Will you plead guilty?"

"I should prove myself a liar, sir, if I did."

"Liar and thief! base hypocrite! kneel down and ask pardon of that worthy man for the injurious language you have used towards him."

"Never!" cried George Leatrim, fixing his brow like iron. "I will die first."

"You deserve death, sir!" said the father, rising in great anger and I would inflict upon you the utmost penalty of the law, were it not for your poor mother."

"Oh my mother!" sighed George, in a low heart-broken voice.  
"This disgrace will kill her."

The doctor was too much overcome with passion to hear that despairing moan, and he continued with the utmost severity of look and manner, "But not even to spare her feelings can I neglect my duty. I will not demean myself with touching a thing so vile, but Ralph shall inflict upon you a punishment suited to the baseness of your crime. Wilson, you will find a light cane in that corner, bring it here."

"You do not mean to chastise me like a dog, father?"

"Never address me by that title again, sir. You have acted like a felon, and you shall receive a felon's reward."

"Beware what you do, sir!" cried the lad, frowning in his turn. Get your menial to chastise me in this degrading manner, and you will repent it to the last day you live."

"Do you threaten me?" said the doctor. "Take off your jacket. Ralph Wilson give him twenty lashes, and don't spare the whip."

The man drew back.

"I cannot strike Master George."

"Do as I bid you," thundered the doctor.

The boy stood like a rock, his lips compressed, his brow rigid, and livid in its paleness. Turning from his stern parent to the cringing old man, he said, in a tone of bitter contempt,

"I am ready. Perform your task. I am not the first victim who has suffered wrongfully. My Saviour endured a harder scourge. I will learn patience from his cross."

"Dreadful hypocrisy! bare-faced wickedness!" groaned the doctor. "God grant him repentance, and save his miserable soul from eternal punishment."

"Amen," said Ralph, as he turned to his task, with an energy equal to the guilt of the criminal.

The lad bore the severe castigation without a murmur; when it was over, Dr. Leatrim told him to go to his own room, and pray to God to soften his hard and impenitent heart.

As the boy passed his father, he gave him a look full of compassion, and said in a low voice,

"Sir, I pity and forgive you. You have done what you considered right. But that man!"—

He closed the door and staggered up to his own chamber.

What was there in that look, that went so home to the heart of the stern father. In those loving broken words of the poor abused boy. If they did not stagger the full conviction of his guilt, they made him feel doubly unhappy. He flung himself upon his knees beside the study table, and burying his face in his hands, offered up to God an agony of tears.



## TRANSATLANTIC CHIMES.

BY JAMES M<sup>c</sup>CARROLL.

## I.

Once again!—to the days of the barons of old,  
 When the flagons of silver blazed bright on the board,  
 And the bacchanal roar'd,  
 Amid bucklers and banners and baldricks of gold  
 And fierce beauty that flashed back the light of the sword,  
 Till the spears shook aloft their red fingers of steel,  
 And the hollow mail clattered and cheered on the walls  
 Through the echoing halls ;  
 While the minstrels broke in, and so madden'd the peal,  
 That the broad-breasted steeds neigh'd aloud in their stalls ;  
 And the revel, at last, rang so furiously out,  
 That the arrows, close packed, almost sung in their sheaves  
 Among helmets and greaves,  
 Falchions, bows and petards that, all scattered about,  
 Strewed the dark, oaken floor of the castle, like leaves.  
 When the lord of the wassail rose, flushed to the brow,  
 And swinging his massive cup high in the air,  
 In the torches broad glare,  
 Pledged the land of the holly and mistletoe bough,  
 And quaffed long to the brave, and quaffed deep to the fair,  
 While adown to the sea, turret, tower and spire  
 Poured a full-throated peal from each deep, iron lung ;  
 And the Yule log's red tongue  
 Licked the huge, stony chops of its cavern of fire  
 As the flame through its murky throat thunder'd and sung ;  
 And the haughty retainers stood up in a line,  
 Before great smoking haunches, and lustily cheer'd  
 When the boar's head appear'd ;  
 And arose from the feast with their beards drenched with wine ;  
 Till the revelry died away, weary and weird.

## II.

Once again!—but we turn from the grim days of yore,  
 To the land of the forest—the land of the mine

That's for thee and for thine—  
The land of the river, the cedar and pine—  
Of the blue, spreading seas, and the cataract's roar.  
Where rough wedges of gold pave the broad, husky fields,  
And the maple-tree opes its sweet, pelican veins  
Till the honied shower rains ;  
And the bright, winnowed wealth that the heavy sheaf yields,  
Lies, like heaps of seed-pearl, scattered over the plains.  
The land that's the home of abundance and peace—  
The land of brown toil and the stout pioneer,  
And the swift-footed deer  
That must, now, amid offerings, in virginal fleece,  
Lay his head on the white altar-stone of the year.  
And what, though there should not be found at our board  
All the glow of the past, with its crimson and gold  
And its splendour untold—  
With its trappings of war and its vassal and lord,  
When our blood has been nursed through the brave days of old ?  
And what, though we've no sainted abbeyes or towers,  
Swinging out on the air their full, festival chimes,  
Or old legends or rhymes,  
When the clear, ringing laugh and the sleigh-bells are ours,  
With the song and the light of much happier times.  
Then come—while the wine circles joyously, now—  
A bright mistletoe branch of the cedar and pine  
Let us gaily entwine,  
Till we lead the young beauty beneath the green bough,  
And preserve of the past all that's truly divine.

Toronto, December, 1863.

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## LEAVES FROM THE LIFE ROMANCE OF MERNE DILLAMER.

BY H. T. DEVON.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE CONFLAGRATION.

It was the anniversary of the *fête* day of St. Jean Baptiste, the patron Saint of the French Canadians; and the streets of the city of Montreal were thronged with processions—religious and secular—whose lengths wound with crash of music, and floating gleam of banners, like the sinuous trail of immense serpents through the crowded thoroughfares. The principal buildings were gaily decorated with branches of the maple, and lines of flags, of every colour and device stretched on ropes from one housetop to another, across the narrow streets. The bells in the tall towers of the church of Notre Dame rung out melodious chimes from their embrasured walls, which floated along with the sweet summer breeze in waves of silvery sound over the city. Within the sacred structure hosts of worshippers were thronging the galleries and aisles; and the vast space around the high altar was rapidly filling with ecclesiastics in all the splendour of vestments—crimson hued, purple, and gold. On his throne, near the sacrarium, sat the Bishop, with mitre and crozier, who, as he moved to his place followed by boys, bearing in their arms the train of his gorgeous cope, bowed reverently before the altar, and slowly pronounced a blessing on the assembling multitude.

Bands of surpliced acolytes from the religious processions swept through the aisles, to their places in the stalls; and then, after the national and religious societies had entered the church, and filed off to the right or to the left, as the seats assigned to them were placed, a thousand tapers burst into light, and when the prelate moved from his seat and placed himself before the altar, clouds of incense floated upward to the arched roof, and the music of the high mass began.

Around the great entrance door of the immense building, and scattered about the steps, were scores of spectators from every part of the town; occupied in scanning or criticizing the various processions as they entered, or chattering idly about past events, or the expected occur-

rences of the day, as people are apt to discourse, when gathered together for no particular purpose but that of looking at others.

Among a group of young officers in undress uniform, and gentlemen of the city, standing around one of the vast pillars of the porch, was our friend—Merne Dillamer, who, along with his companions, were busily engaged in rather insolently staring at every pretty face that passed them.

“By Jove!” irreverently exclaimed Captain George Swinyard, as a line of uniformed conventual pupils passed demurely along, in charge of a venerable, though vigilant nun. “I can’t understand why those sable clad pieces of antiquity don’t sometimes relax the severity of their discipline. I’m quite positive I detected more than one pair of laughter loving eyes among that downcast lot, whose owners would be only too glad to escape for an hour or two from the bondage of pious supervision in which they are held.”

“With you for a *cicerone*. Eh, Swinyard?” banteringly asked Lieut. Tremaine of the same regiment.

“Oh! to be sure!” added another. “Swinyard is far too great a lady-killer not to make himself a hero in his supposititious sympathy for the restrained damsels. But I say Swinyard, who is your little friend with the dark curls, that you flirted so desperately with at the Colonel’s last night?”

“Flirted! nonsense!” replied Swinyard, as he took the end of a cigar from his mouth and flung it over the heads of the surrounding crowd, into the square beyond. “I only waltzed with her twice, and positively forget her name. Let me see, it’s—Blanche—something or other. She’s a ward or niece you know, of that old Campbell, whose wife is a sort of Indian queen, and has some Indian blood in her own veins, I hear.”

“Impossible!” exclaimed another of the young men. “Why she’s as fair——”

“Fair as what, Morton?—an angel?”

“Don’t interrupt me if you please, Robertson,” pettishly rejoined Morton; “I was going to remark that Blanche Murray was as fair—as I am,” he complacently continued, as he stroked with delicately gloved hand the very straggling hairs of a soft yellow beard.

“Ha! ha! ha!” was the laugh; “only fancy a young lady as fair as Bobby Morton. Now don’t blush Morton, but do tell us how you found out the girl’s name.”

“Well, you know,” said Morton, who had no occupation in life but that of ornamenting and taking care of his pretty person, which, after all, was very diminutive and insignificant looking. “My cousin, Laura Gillespie, lives almost next door to the Campbells, and one day last



week as I was strolling up town, I observed her with another young lady driving slowly along in the carriage, 'Come here, Bobby,' shouted Laura; but I pretended not to hear, because Laura is so very boisterous and always makes me appear excessively ridiculous by screaming out 'Bobby,' every time I meet her. I afterwards thought better of it though, as I sauntered up towards the carriage, 'How dy'e do Bobby,' said Laura, and then without giving me time to reply, presented me to her companion—Miss Blanche Murray—the lady of your enquiries. After a sign of invitation from Laura, whom I never think of refusing, any more than I dream of cutting my head off. I stepped into the carriage, and accompanied the ladies in their drive along the mountain side, when I found that Miss Laura's desire for my company, arose from her anxiety to forward a note by me to Tom Scott, whom she secretly adores, you know. My uncle wants her to marry Burton, the banker, but she mortally hates him, and says she'll have Tom Scott or die an old maid."

"And did you obey the fair Laura's behest?"

"Well, at first I said I'd have nothing to do with carrying her notes, but she called me a 'muff,' and then threatened to tell Mamma all about my unfortunate adventure with the actress last winter, so that in the end I was obliged to convey the note to Scott."

"Well, never mind Tom Scott and the dreaded Laura. Where did you leave Blanche Murray? Tell us of her!" impatiently exclaimed both at once, Swinyard and Tremaine.

"We left her at home to be sure, and all I know about her, is, that old Captain Campbell is her uncle, and that she is an orphan without any fortune to speak of, and is moreover very unhappy with her uncle's Indian wife, who, princess though she be, drinks, they say, like a fish, so she stays half her time with Laura Gillespie—where, gentlemen, I am now going, for I flatter myself that I'm not altogether—that is a —, that in fact I'm not quite indifferent to the amiable object of your enquiries, so *au revoir*," said Bobby, as he conceitedly elevated his little pink and white face, and waved himself off with the air of a hero of romance.

"Is the young lady really attached to that little nonentity?" asked Dillamer of his friend Swinyard; for he had only been in town a day or two, and was not yet *au fait* in the mysteries of Montreal society.

"Tut! no," said Swinyard, "but the little fool is forever falling in love with somebody; his last achievement in that line was with the actress, of whom he spoke. She was starring it here from New York, and wheedled him out of—I don't know how much—by making him believe she was dying about him, until he found himself undeceived by her leav-  
 vanting with all her spoils, which, I understand, were considerable. All

the town knew of it, and Morton got himself quizzed most unmercifully, however, he didn't seem to care much for that, but he has been ever since in an agony of terror, lest a rumour of the affair should reach his mother's ears, of whom he stands greatly in awe, and who on her part believes him to be the pink of prudence and propriety. He is, as you may have noticed, a sort of butt for the sarcasms of all his acquaintances, and always goes by the name of, 'Bobby,'—that is to his face; behind his back the abbreviation is usually accompanied by some such prefix as—that goose, or—that fool Bobby Morton."

"And is it true that she comes of Indian parentage?"

"O, I fancy not! the report must have arisen from the fact of her aunt being an Indian woman; though she is not in reality of pure blood, but is the daughter of an Indian mother and a Spanish father. But see," continued Swinyard, nudging Dillamer as he spoke; "here are the very ladies we have been discoursing about;" and sure enough as he finished his remark in a half whisper, a carriage containing the two young women drove up to the porch.

Laura Gillespie nodded familiarly to Swinyard, who began chaffing her about old Burton, as he was giving her his assistance from the carriage to the church steps.

Laura was a great favourite with all the men, they called her a—"spanker"—and a—"dasher." She had a loud voice, a bold Roman nose, and a very pale clear complexion, enlivened sometimes by the least touch of rouge. She was the belle of all the Montreal parties. In the ball-room she always wore the richest of black lace, among whose folds you caught glimpses of velvety rose geraniums, or the scarlet blossoms of the cactus. She said she dressed in black, because it was the best thing to hide the rents made by the ruthless invasion of masculine feet in the waltz; for if there was anything she adored more than Tom Scott it was dancing. But her most intimate female associates declared that was "all stuff," because, "if Laura Gillespie with her white face and black curls wore anything else but black she became a perfect fright;" so as women are supposed to know everything about the favoured of their own sex, we are willing to accept this interpretation of Miss Gillespie's whim, rather than her own.

Miss Murray followed her friend, and allowed Dillamer the privilege, as he gallantly stepped forward, of helping her from the carriage.

"Mr. Dillamer—ladies—Miss Gillespie, Miss Murray," said Swinyard.

They politely bowed, and muttered the few unmeaning phrases usual on such occasions.

In stepping from the carriage her foot slipped, and she would have fallen, had not Merne caught her in his strong arm, and bore her up the



two or three steps to the entrance of the porch. She was a little thing but very beautiful and child like. Her face wore rather a troubled expression when in repose; but in general she was so talkative and lively that you hardly noticed it. She felt a little shy just then, for she fancied Merne would think her awkward and bold for slipping as it were into his arms, so she hardly spoke, for the few moments they were together, but turned round to thank him with a flash of her large brown eyes as she joined Miss Gillespie at the half opened door of the Church.

Merne remembered that glance forever after. It met his, and then both turned involuntarily away with a blush of pleasing emotion. That secret instinct which causes a human soul to recognize unerringly its mate, flashed for the first time upon the consciousness of both.

"Come, Dillamer, let us go," said Swinyard.

"Do you not go in then," asked Merne.

"What, in the Church? Decidedly not. I don't wish to get pulverized; besides, that sort of thing is altogether too slow for my taste."

"Are they Catholics?" queried Dillamer, who was in a state of unconscious reverie.

"Who?"

"Why, Miss Gillespie and her friend, to be sure."

"Catholics? no!" replied Swinyard, "but Miss Gillespie's aunt is—Bobby Morton's mother; and they had an engagement to meet there. But come," he added, drawing the young man away, "you know you are engaged to lunch with the Mess."

From this time out there was scarce an evening but Merne Dillamer met Blanche Murray in society. Once he called on her at Captain Campbell's. He was not expected, and found her seated in an open window, whose framework was shadowed by vines and clusters of climbing roses; the long dark curls of her hair, ornamented with some delicate pinkish blossoms, swept over the pearl-like cheeks, and partially shaded her countenance. Her head rested sorrowfully on the palm of her hand, while her eyes were following the pages of a small volume in her lap. It was the closing scenes of "Corinne" she was reading; and a feeling of sadness stole over her as she contemplated the sorrowful lot of the dying heroine. She heard the approach of a footstep whose sound was beginning to make her heart flutter; she sprang up, and wiped a sympathetic tear from her eye, as she entered the house, followed by her visitor.

If Merne considered her charming before, he was now in a state of mind to think her adorable; in fact, he loved her—deeply, passionately—but was hardly prepared for a declaration of his attachment, because he kept doubting, as lovers always do, wearying himself with the anxiety of useless questions; wondering if it were really possible that

such happiness as the possession of this trusting, girlish heart, could be his, unconscious of the meaning of the hidden blush, the downcast eye, the trembling hand, which greeted him whenever he approached the object of his idolatry : absorbed in the delicious dreams he had conjured up—visions of golden brightness. So he let day after day run on, and he, the great strong man, trembled in that young girl's presence, and felt at once the agony and the ecstasy of this delicious procrastination.

All this time he recked nothing of his engagement to Maude ; he was abstracted from all considerations of aught but this new passion. Blanche was with him in his dreams, her image hovered round him by day ; he had thoughts for nothing beside. He was precisely in that state of mental imbecility which people not in love would have deemed superlative silliness. Another letter came to him from Maryland ; it was addressed in strange handwriting ; he took it mechanically, let it drop carelessly from his fingers, then it rolled away among some rubbish where it lay neglected and unopened.

Captain Campbell gave a ball to which everybody was invited—that is, the everybodys' of the *elite*. It cost the gallant Captain no little exertion to prepare this entertainment, for the "Princess"—his lady—troubled herself not with the burden of domestic avocations. The Captain was a good-natured gouty old fellow, his face mottled and red, with fishy-grey eyes. His housekeeping arrangements were of a remarkably free and easy character, being generally left to the careless supervision of reckless servants. On the night of the ball, the Captain was well-nigh demented at finding the whole front stairs of the mansion completely covered with wisps of dangling straw, when he descended from his dressing room in order to see that all things were in a state of propriety for the reception of expected guests. The straw had been scattered up and down stairs in the passage of hampers from the lawn to the supper-room and back, and there left, with no thought of its untidiness, by the negligent, dirty housemaid of the establishment. The Captain swore terribly, as was his wont—but grew absolutely terrific when he discovered the cause of a villainous smell that pervaded the premises, which arose from a quantity of sheep skins stretched out upon the roof of the verandah to dry—for in those days our northern aristocracy were economical, and killed their own mutton—where they had been since the day before, to the infinite amusement of passers by, and the delectation of the myriads of flies which hovered over or around them. The obnoxious articles were hardly displaced before the company began to arrive. The "Princess," or Mrs. Campbell, was a very stately looking lady indeed, with unmistakable traces of Indian origin about her. She always wore a costume—slightly modified—in which the peculiarities of



the Indian and Spanish dresses were mingled. She stood near the drawing-room door on the night of the ball to receive her guests, which she did with winning softness of speech, and great elegance of manner. She wore a petticoat striped with scarlet and silver, and over it a tunic of the richest black velvet; around her head was a tiara of rubies, set in dead gold, from which depended an immense veil of costly lace in imitation of the mantillas of the Spaniards. Her neck and arms were loaded with jewels, and in her hand she waved a large Spanish fan, brilliant with color, and sparkling with gems set in a groundwork of ebony.

This ball of the Captain's was a great success. Laura Gillespie was there, of course, and enjoyed the society of Tom Scott to her heart's content; for old Burton, the banker, had been obliged to decline the invitation from the fact of being pitched from his gig only a day or two before, and left half dead on the pavement after that unceremonious ejection.

"Captain Swinyard and Mr. Dillamer," bawled the servant as the friends entered the reception-room. The gallant officer bowed to the Princess and passed on; but Merne lingered about the place so as to intercept Blanche, which he finally did as she came smiling along with her arm in Bobby Morton's, who was expatiating on the delights of rabbit-rearing—a branch of natural history in which he was a proficient. Merne drew the young girl away with him to the dancing-room, where the company amused themselves, till, as Miss Gillespie said, "they were fit to drop." The supper was a wonder—a miracle of culinary art; the music was declared to be exquisite, and altogether the whole affair was pronounced the jolliest thing of the kind that had taken place in a long time, which, judging from its peculiar effects on the equilibrium of a fair share of elderly gentlemen present, must have been acknowledged an indisputable truth.

Captain Campbell wouldn't hear of anybody going home in what the ladies called any sort of reasonable time, but persistently caused bumper after bumper of champagne to be handed round with an expedition that finally made most of the married men become quite intractable, and was the means of making many of the younger ones express their decided conviction, in the chorus of a remarkable song, that they "wouldn't go home till morning," which must be taken as a work of vocal supererogation, seeing that the first blush of morning dawn was deepening in the sky when the reviving strains of that popular melody floated out of Captain Campbell's dining-room windows, to be absorbed by the gentle summer breath of the flower-laden air.

Some of the guests had departed, others were engaged in the ceremony of leave-taking, more were yet wandering about the halls, or busied in the dressing-rooms, when a strange smell of fire was remarked

by two or three gentlemen in the drawing-room, and almost immediately afterwards a thin vapour-like line of straggling smoke crept through the open door, and slowly began to fill the room.

"It must come from the kitchen fire," said somebody, but had no sooner uttered the words than two of the maids bounded down the front stairs, screaming that the house was on fire.

"Where? Where is the fire?" shouted everybody, in the greatest disorder, looking anxiously round, as though they expected the flames to burst out of the wall before their eyes.

"Up stairs! close to Mrs. Campbell's room!" was the hurried reply.

"Where is Mrs. Campbell?" anxiously vociferated the startled guests, out of the confusion that instantly arose, but were soon relieved of all apprehension on that lady's account by seeing her precipitately rush down the stairs, with rather an unsteady gait, which suggested abundant evidence of the origin of the fire, about whose existence there could by this time be no doubt, for the house was fast filling with smoke, while the fierce red light of the advancing flame shone upon the stair-case wall.

The women screamed, as a matter of course, while the men ran here and there and everywhere—looking for water where no water was, and otherwise quite uncertain about what to do—so they finally succeeded in doing nothing at all, as is usual in such cases, except knock against one another in the generally energetic though abortive desire to be useful.

The only effective individuals present were a few young men, who, with Dillamer at their head, promptly went to removing such of the valuables and furniture as could be laid hold of. In the midst of their exertions, Merne found himself magnetically attracted by the rapid utterance of a name only too dear to him.

"Where is Miss Murray?" he frantically asked of a group of talkative females as he abruptly rushed out on the lawn.

"Oh, Miss Blanche! Miss Blanche is, I fear, in her own room—*asleep!*" was shouted out by some one at a distance. Merne darted off to whence the voice was heard.

"Which is her apartment?" he loudly asked.

"There!" cried the girl, drawing him swiftly round to the back of the house; "the third window in the left wing."

The fire had not yet reached the back part of the building, but was cracking and roaring and licking itself round its centre front, and began to send up a wild, red, flickering glare into the morning sky, which awoke the slumbering city, and sent its increasing murmur of noise back to the hill-side where the mansion was built, with the clang of tolling fire-bells, and the impetuous clatter of approaching engines.



Merne was in an agony of desperation to get at the indicated window. To climb an immense tree, and drop from its friendly branches on to a balcony that ran along beneath the windows, was to him but the work of a moment; then to dash open the casement with his clenched fist, and seize the unconscious girl as she lay calmly sleeping on a sofa, and bear her out of the room as she awoke with a shriek of affright, just as the light of the advancing fire began to shoot its gleam through the interstices formed by the door of the apartment. He clutched a pile of clothing from the bed, tied it in a string to one of the balusters of the balcony, and by that means descended with his precious charge. They touched the ground in safety; and then Blanche opened her eyes and looked trustingly up into Merne's strong, happy, exultant face. At that moment their lips met in a long delicious kiss—sign of the perfect coalescence of two impassioned souls, hereafter to be one! token of the mystical union by which Nature unites one man and one woman in the affinity of harmonious love! "My darling softly whispered Merne, as the long curls of her brown hair mingled themselves with his; and then, as he snatched her to his bosom, her head drooped upon his shoulder, and he knew that she was all his own.

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## REVIEWS.

*The Life of Jesus.* By Ernest Renan, Membre De L'Institute. Translated from the Original French, by Charles Edwin Wilbour, Translator of *Les Misérables*. New York: Carleton; Paris: Michel Lévy Frères; Toronto: Rollo and Adam.

Whether Carleton, of New York, the publisher, and the booksellers generally, have acted wisely in giving circulation to this latest French literary sensation among English readers, or whether the sacred subject which Mons. Renan has selected for the display of his genius and learning makes an essential difference between circulating his semi-heathenish views of Christianity and those of Victor Hugo, in *Les Misérables*, and of a score of other fashionable French novelists,—these are questions upon which we are not disposed to enter. We present simply the impressions which the reading of Mons. Renan's book have made upon us, and the thoughts suggested to a mind strongly imbued with British notions both of Christianity and good taste.

While shocked and disgusted with its ranting, rhapsodical French-Paganism and impiety, we have been struck with the fact, that here, as so often before, the newest infidelity devours that which preceded it, and seems to be over-

ruled to the confirmation of some important article of Christian faith. In regard to the only point on which Mons. Renan's testimony can be of any possible value, namely, the literary question of the authenticity of the New Testament record, that testimony is remarkably clear and decisive in confirmation of the justness of that confidence which the ordinary unlearned mass of Bible readers have in the sacred record.

Mons. Renan's immense learning in Oriental and Biblical literature is vauntingly heralded to the world. We are told of the early development of his taste for Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac, while a student for the priesthood; of the honors and prizes won by him, after his apostacy from that calling, for essays on comparative philology; and of his wonderfully extensive and accurate Geographical and Topographical knowledge of the Holy Land. Now, all this eminently qualifies him to testify to one single point, and only that one, namely, the authenticity of the Gospels, and their reliability as a history of the events recorded therein. And what is very remarkable of this author is, that while his views of the character and teachings of Jesus are *purely heathenism*, yet, unlike all his predecessors, he gives it as the result of all his learning and the study specially devoted to the subject, that the Evangelists and the Acts, however full of the supernatural—which he utterly eschews—are yet authentic and genuine historical books. From the midst of his rhapsodical blasphemies, we have culled the following admissions:

“Everything pales beside this marvellous first century. By a singularity rare in history, we see much more clearly what passed in the Christian world from the year 50 to 75 than from the year 100 to 150.”

“Josephus, writing principally for the Pagans, has not the same sincerity in his style (as Philo). His brief notices of Jesus, John Baptist, and Judas the Gaulonite, are dry and colorless. I think *the passage on Jesus is authentic*. What constitutes the great value of Josephus is the vivid light which he throws upon the period. Thanks to him, Herod, Herodias, Antipater, Philip, Annas, Caiaphas, and Pilate, are persons upon whom we put our finger, and whom we see living before us in striking reality.” (pp. 14–16).

“As to Luke, in the first place, *doubt is hardly possible*. Luke's gospel is a regular composition, founded on anterior documents. The author of this gospel is certainly the same as the author of the Acts of the Apostles. Now the author of Acts is a companion of St. Paul, a title perfectly fitting to Luke.” (p. 19).

“The system of the life of Jesus rests with the synoptics upon two original documents: first, the discourses of Jesus collected by Matthew; second, the collection of anecdotes and personal information which Mark wrote from Peter's reminiscences.

“There can be no doubt that at a very early day the discourses of Jesus were reduced to writing in the Aramaean language, and that at an early day, also, his remarkable deeds were recorded.” (p. 22).

“There is no doubt that toward the year 150, the fourth gospel was in existence, and was attributed to John.”

“Upon the whole, I accept the four Canonical Gospels as authentic. All, in my judgment, date back to the first century, and they are substantially by the authors to whom they are attributed.”



“Matthew clearly deserves *unlimited confidence* as regards the discourses. He gives the *Logia*: actual notes from a clear and living memory of the teaching of Jesus.” (p. 34).

“It will be remarked, I have made no use of the Apocryphal Gospels. These compositions can in no wise be put upon the same footing as the Canonical Gospels. They are flat and puerile amplifications based upon the Canonical Gospels, and adding to them nothing of value.”

“The scientific commission for the exploration of ancient Phœnicia, of which I was director, in 1860 and 1861, led me to reside on the frontiers of Galilee, and to traverse it frequently. I have travelled through the Evangelical province in every direction. Scarcely any localities of importance in the history of Jesus have escaped me. The *striking accord of the text and the places*, the wonderful harmony of the Evangelical ideal with the landscape which served as a setting, were to me as a revelation. I had before my eyes a fifth gospel, torn, but still legible, and thenceforth through the narratives of Matthew and Mark, instead of an abstract being which one would say had never existed, I saw a wonderful human form live and move.” (p. 45, 46).

Such are the testimonies of this most learned Infidel of the Infidels, in respect to the very points upon which he is eminently qualified to judge, the external authenticity of the New Testament history. The common readers of the literary questions of the Scriptures will gratefully receive this new confirmation by so learned an adversary, of the justness of their confidence in the reliability of the sacred record, which Mons. Renan's predecessors have so coarsely and savagely assailed. This is precisely the point, and the only point in which his great biblical learning can be of use to them. They have not the learning to enable them to decide these external and literary questions for themselves, or to meet the scoffs and bold assertions of learned cavillers. But when a more learned scoffer has unwittingly answered and put to shame the less learned scoffers, and thus put the New Testament into the hands of humble men, assuring them of the authenticity of the story of Jesus, then they have no further use for Mons. Renan. Nay, they can in turn teach Mons. Renan what all his learning cannot teach him; and illustrate practically the profound saying of Jesus—“Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes; and “if any man will do my will, he shall know the doctrine whether it be of God.”

Among all the sceptical books we have ever read, we have found none so preposterously foolish, so blasphemous, in spite of its intended eulogy of Jesus, or so loathsome to any refined christianized taste as Mons. Renan's interpretations of the gospel histories of Christ. This might naturally be anticipated as the result of an effort, on the supposition that the gospels are authentic, to discuss admiringly the life of Jesus as an *imperfect ignorant man*, yet a man full of genius, poetic taste, and lofty transcendental Napoleonic generalizations! The stilted, vapid, frigid eulogy of Jesus here, is even more revolting than the coarse ribaldry of Paine.

We cannot, perhaps, better convey to our readers an idea of the execrable taste of this French transcendental twaddle than by citing from Mons. Renan's opening dedication to the spirit of his dead sister:

“You sleep now in the land of Adonis. Reveal to me, O my good genius,

to me whom you loved, those truths which master death, prevent us from fearing, and make us almost love it."

And from his closing apostrophe to Jesus at his death :

"Repose now in thy glory, noble founder. Thy work is finished; thy divinity is established. Fear no longer to see the edifice of thy labours fall by any fault. At the price of a few hours' suffering, which did not even reach thy grand soul, thou hast bought the most complete immortality."

We are fully prepared to believe the recent announcement of the Emperor Napoleon's special regard for Mons. Renan and his book. For it develops, in thoroughly French style, just that system of Christianity which we have always supposed the Napoleons—those eldest sons of the Church—to hold. This is a system with a Pagan foundation and Mahommedan superstructure, but having a slight Christian *white-washing*, just enough to quiet the French conscience and be respectful to the Pope. Sensible Christian men will accept the testimony, which Mons Renan's Oriental learning renders him competent to give to the authenticity of the gospel record, while at the same time they will turn with simple contempt from both the author and the admirers of the ineffable nonsense which constitutes the warp and woof of this volume.

We deem it altogether needless to waste our space or the patience of our readers with an account of the manner in which Mons. Renan handles the facts of the life of Jesus in the twenty-eight chapters of the body of his history. They doubtless care as little as ourselves to know the opinions concerning "the place of Jesus in the world's history," or the "order of the ideas amid which Jesus was developed," or "the miracles of Jesus," or "the institutions of Jesus,"—of a man who conceives of Jesus as but an humble ignorant man, not illuminated with the wisdom of the "Institute"—a man full of errors—controlled by the superstitions of his time about miraculous healing, and giving in to these superstitions.

We have been particularly impressed with the contrast between the pretentious but useless learning in this book, and the plain unaffected, real learning of the Life of Jesus, by the Rev. S. J. Andrews, noticed in the November number of this journal. It may, perhaps, be one variety, in regard to things British, as compared with things French, but we contrast these two works on the same subject with a glow of pride and satisfaction. They are remarkably representative books—the one of the French, the other of the British popular notion of Christianity. To the one, Christianity is a beautiful sentiment to be occasionally indulged, derived remotely, through the Church, from certain interesting old books about which learned men may theorise as they please. To the other, Christianity is a great matter of fact truth, spoken directly by God to men, and that speech recorded in a great book which learned men reverently and with laborious care expound to their fellow sinners.

The earnest, sincere, British inquirer after the great gospel facts upon which our hopes of salvation rest will follow with delight the calm, solid, pains-taking learning of Mr. Andrews, and when he has followed him through his affectionate story of Jesus will even love and be grateful to the man. The unearnest flippant caviller, seeking some apology for his dislike to the great truths of the religion in which he has been educated, and the pretentiously philosophic doubter, seeking for some suggestive material for doubt and philosophic display, will pronounce Andrews rather dull, and Renan very brilliant.



*Transactions of the Nova Scotian Institute of Natural Science.* Vol. I.  
Part I. Halifax, Nova Scotia: W. Gossip.

We welcome the appearance of this new contribution to annals of Scientific research with great gratification. Nova Scotia has for years been distinguished by many able Scientific men, whose discoveries and speculations have found their way to the knowledge of the outer world, chiefly through foreign channels, British, American, and Canadian, or in the expensive mode of independent publications. Nova Scotia has now a medium through which the progress of Science and Art of her Scientific men will find easy and comparatively cheap publicity to the advantage of the public at large. The Nova Scotian Institute embraces within the field of its observations not only the Province of Nova Scotia, but also Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, Labradore, and the Bermudas. The first part of its transactions contains nine original papers, some of which are of considerable interest and merit.

A very interesting paper is contributed by Capt. C. C. Hardy, R. A., on the "Nocturnal Life of Animals in the Forest.

"Quiet, noiseless stealth is the characteristic feature of all animal life in the forest; mutual distrust of the same species, and ever-present tendency to alarm predominates even in the wildest districts, where the sight of man is unknown, or unremembered at least. At the slightest sound the ruminants and rodents cease feeding—remaining motionless either from fear or instinct; the rabbit or hare thus frequently avoiding detection, whilst the moose can so silently withdraw if suspecting an enemy, that I have on more than one occasion, remained hours together on the stillest night believing the animal to be standing within a few yards in the neighbouring thicket to which he had advanced in answer to the call, and found at length that he had suspiciously retreated. The great creature had retired, worming his huge bulk and sonorous antlers through the entangled swamp, without detection of the straining ear to which the nibbling of a porcupine at the back of a tree in the same grove was plainly audible.

The habits and sounds of animals at night are especially familiar to the hunter when calling the moose in the clear moonlight nights of September and October,—the season when this animal, forgetting his usual caution and taciturnity, finds a voice to answer the plaintive call of his mate, and often advances to sure destruction, within a few yards of his concealed foe. As the sun lowers beneath the horizon, and twilight is giving place to the uncertain light of the moon, we listen between the intervals of the Indian's calls (about twenty minutes is generally allowed) to the sounds indicating the movements of nocturnal animals and birds. The squirrels which have raced around us and angrily chirruped defiance from the surrounding trees, all through the twilight, at last have scuttled, one and all, in their holes and fastnesses, and the small birds drop, one by one—the latest being the common robin, who is loth to leave his rich pickings of ripe berries on the upland barren, on which he so revels ere taking his annual departure—into the bushes. No longer annoyed by the multitudinous hum and bustle of diurnal animal life, the ear is now relieved and anxiously criticises the nocturnal sounds which now take their place. A little pattering and cracking of small sticks, often magnified

into the movements of moose, accompanied by a low grunting whine, not dissimilar from the cry of a guinea-pig, attests the presence abroad of the porcupine, come forth from rocky cavern or hollow tree to revel on the rind of young trees, berries and nuts. Lucky fellow, he fears not the talons of the whooping owl or the spring of the wild cat; he is a perfect "monitor" in his way, and woe to the peace of mind and comfort of body of his adventurous assailant. Even the moose is lamed—if not for life—for a tedious time, by accidentally treading on the back of the "Maduis."

Of all premonitors of the approach of a storm the night voices of the barred owl and the loon are the surest. "The coogogues is noisy again; more rain coming," says the Indian, and whether we hear the unwonted chorus of wild hootings soon after sundown or at daybreak, the storm will come within the twelve hours. Such is the case when we hear in summer the frequent screams of the great northern diver answering each other from lake to lake. The barred owl seems the most impatient of daylight of the whole family; the white owl least so, but none of them are so incapable of finding their way in broad daylight as the common barren owl of England, inhabiting ruined buildings and towers, or the wood-owl disturbed from his dark, ivy-covered cavity in the hollow tree. The little Acadian owl commonly called the "saw-whet," is not uncommon in our woods—uttering, morning and evening, its peculiar and (until known) mysterious tinkling sound from the thickest groves of spruces.

I have always noticed that in the small hours of the morning there appears to be a general cessation of movement of every living creature in the woods. Often as I have strolled from camp into the moonlight at this time, I never could detect the slightest sound—even the busy owls seemed to have retired. The approach of dawn, however, seems to call forth fresh exertions of the nocturnal animals in quest of food, and all the cries and calls are renewed—continuing till the first signs of Aurora send the owls flitting back into the thick tops of the spruces, and calling forth the busy squirrels and small birds to their daily occupation."

There are also papers on "*Some Recent Movements of the Earth's Surface*," by Thomas Ball, Esq. *On the Common Herring*, by J. Bernard Gilpin, Esq., M. D. *On the Characteristic Fossils of the Coal Seams in Nova Scotia*, by Alfred Poole, Esq. *Contributions to the Ichthyology of Nova Scotia*, by J. Mathew Jones, Esq., F.L.S. *Gold, and its Separation from other Minerals*, by A. Gesner, Esq., M.D. *The Magnesia Alum*, by Prof. How. *On a Trilobite in the Lower Carboniferous Limestone of Hants County*, by Prof. Howe. *On the Festival of the Dead*, by R. G. Haliburton, Esq.; and, *On Littoreia Littorea on the Coast of Nova Scotia*, by John R. Willis Esq.

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## THE BRITISH QUARTERLIES.\*

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—OCTOBER.

*The French Conquest of Mexico.*—The French conquest of Mexico may justly be termed the most extraordinary event of our day. It deserves the title, not because it is the most important, although it would be difficult to indicate any other so pregnant with momentous possibilities; not because it is the greatest, for there is little of grandeur in any sense surrounding it; but because it is the most entirely out of keeping with the character, spirit, and circumstances of the time which produced it. It is the prodigy, the monstrous birth of an age like ours. The civilized world seemed to have made up its mind resolutely, and once for all, to have no more wars of mere aggression, or conquest for the sake of conquest. Every one considered himself quite justified in believing that the volume of history which told of such deeds might be regarded as closed for ever. So far at least it was assumed that we had progressed on the road to peace, international harmony, and true civilization. The doctrine of non-intervention, so long preached as a principle, had come at length to be regarded as a practical law. It seemed to be the settled policy of all nations pretending to be civilized that no foreign interference should be any longer allowed to dictate the destinies of independent States. Even Russia, Austria, and Spain had formally announced their determination to adhere to this principle. France of course had proclaimed it loudest of all. Scarcely an Imperial address had been delivered, scarcely a Ministerial reply spoken, scarcely an official manifesto issued in France for years which did not reiterate and glorify the principle of non-intervention in that magniloquent and resonant style which has so much charm for the ears of French audiences. Suddenly a French expedition crossed the Atlantic. Proclaiming as usual the principle of non-intervention, it intervened in the most intimate affairs of a foreign and independent nation. Shouting that the Empire meant peace, it opened a bloodthirsty and aggressive war. Announcing that France had sent her soldiers to give security and happiness to the people of Mexico, it sacked Mexican towns and slaughtered heaps of Mexican soldiers. Trumpeting the mission of France to be the maintenance of the rights of all independent nationalities, it destroyed by force of arms an independent Republic, and forced the Mexican people to accept as Provisional Governors the very men whom it had driven from its shores, and to accept them, too, as a preliminary condition to the founding of an Empire. Such a series of events may well awaken the wonder of an industrial, progressive, and rather prosaic age like ours.

The Emperor Napoleon is said to have declared that the Mexican invasion would be the greatest event of his reign. Perhaps it may prove so. In one sense the invasion of Russia may be pronounced the greatest event in the

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\* The American reprints of the British Quarterlies, together with *Blackwood's Magazine*, can be procured from Messrs. Rollo & Adam, Toronto.

reign of the elder Napoleon. Certainly, if unprincipled aggression, carried out by the aid of almost unparalleled treachery could bode ultimate evil to the policy which planned it, we might expect to find Mexico prove the Moscow of the Second Empire.

*Miracles.*

*The Treaty of Vienna : Poland.*—The present condition of Europe is such as may well inspire all true friends of peace with feelings of the most lively alarm. An aggressive State of immense power, looking about for a pretext to increase its possessions ; another aggressive State, crippled, but still presenting a defiant front to the menaces of an alliance enfeebled by mutual distrust ; nationalities eagerly watching for an opportunity to shake off the hated yoke of effete despotisms ; and, in the midst of all these highly combustible elements, a steady blaze of insurrection which may at any moment kindle them into a conflagration ; such are the signs, everywhere presenting themselves, of a coming tempest on the Continent of Europe, which it is the interest of every one to avert, and which it may not even yet be too late to conjure away.

It was in November, 1814, that the famous Committee of the Eight Powers\* met at Vienna, under the presidency of Prince Metternich, to draw up a treaty which was to be henceforth the written law of Europe. The necessity of such a treaty was most pressing, and the moment seemed propitious. In the lawless grasp of Napoleon, Europe had become a conglomeration of States without fixed boundaries or acknowledged rights to political existence.

*Wit and Humour*—As illustrations of Wit and Humour in various forms the following are given amongst many other of less merit or attraction.

Of Burlesque Parody, the "Rejected Addresses" are some of the best examples : the parodies of the styles of Byron, Moore, Scott, and Crabbe are peculiarly good :—

"For what is Hamlet but a hare in March ?  
And what is Brutus but a croaking owl ?  
And what is Rolla ? Cupid steeped in starch,  
Orlando's helmet in Augustine's cowl.  
Shakspeare, how true thine adage, "fair is foul,"  
To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,  
The song of Braham is an Irish howl,  
Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,  
And nought is everything, and everything is nought."

"For dear is the Emerald Isle of the Ocean,  
Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the wave,  
Whose sons, unaccustomed to rebel commotion,  
Tho' joyous are sober, tho' peaceful are brave.  
The Shamrock their Olive, sworn foe to a quarrel,  
Protects them from thunder and lightning of rows,

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\* Austria, England, France, Prussia, Russia, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden.



Their Sprig of Shillelagh is nothing but Laurel,  
Which flourishes rapidly over their brows."

The familiar conventionalisms and antithetical points of Crabbe are so happily rendered in the following Address, that Leigh Hunt compares it to "the echo of an eccentric laugh :"—

"John Richard William Alexander Dwyer,  
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire ;  
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,  
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs' shoes.  
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy  
Up as a corn-cutter, a safe employ ;  
In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred,  
(At number twenty-seven, it is said,) &c.

Theodore Hook's Parodies of Moore's poems are nearly as good as those in "Rejected Addresses," for instance—

"Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour  
When treason, like the midnight flower," &c.

Or—

"Blessington hath a beaming eye,  
But no one knows for whom it beameth,  
Right and left it seems to fly,  
But what it looks at no one dreameth :  
Sweeter 'tis to look upon  
Creevy, tho' he seldom rises,  
Few his truths—but even *one*,  
Like unexpected light, surprises.  
Oh, my crony Creevy dear,  
My gentle, bashful, graceful Creevy,  
Others' lies  
May wake surprise,  
But truth from you, my crony Creevy."

Daniel O'Connell's application of the lines "Three Poets in three distant ages born," to Colonels Sibthorp, Percival, and Verner, is excessively good in its way—

"Three Colonels, in three distant counties born,  
Lincoln, Armagh, and Sligo did adorn,  
The first in matchless impudence surpassed,  
The next in bigotry,—in both the last :  
The force of Nature could no farther go—  
To beard the third, she shaved the other two."

And thus sings the Anti-Jacobin :—

"Thus some fair spinster grieves in wild affright,  
Vexed with dull megrim, or vertigo light,  
Pleased with the fair, *Three* dawdling doctors stand,

Wave the white wig, and stretch the asking hand,  
 State the grave doubt, the nauseous draught decree,  
 And all receive, though none deserve, a fee.

There are some puns so ready or ingenious that they do not require the sanction of precedent to excuse them.

Take Hood's stanzas :—

“ Ben Battle was a soldier bold,  
 And used to War's alarms ;  
 But a cannon ball took off his *legs*,  
 So he laid down his *arms* !

And as they took him off the field,  
 Cried he, Let others shoot,  
 For here I leave my second leg  
 And the forty-second Foot.”

Or the end of the ballad of “ Faithless Sally Brown ; ”

“ His death, which happen'd in his *berth*,  
 At forty-odd befel ;  
 They went and told the sexton, and  
 The sexton toll'd the bell.”

An inimitable collection of puns is found in Theodore Hook's “ Address to Children,” published in the *John Bull* newspaper.

“ My little dears, who learn to read, pray early learn to shun  
 That very silly thing indeed which people call a pun.  
 Read Entick's\* rules, and 'twill be found how simple an offence  
 It is to make the selfsame sound afford a double sense.  
 For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *avunt* an *ant* may kill,  
 You in a *vale* may buy a *veil*, and *Bill* may pay the *bill*.  
 Or if to France your barque you steer, at Dover it may be  
 A *peer* appears upon the *pier*, who blind, still goes to *sea*.  
 Thus one might say when to a treat good friends accept our greeting,  
 Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat, should eat their *meat* when *meeting*.  
 Brawn on the *board's* no *bore* indeed, although from *boar* prepared,  
 Nor can the *fowl* on which we feed *foul* feeding be declared—  
 Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however vulgar they,  
 And actors still the harder slave the oftener they play ;  
 So poets can't the *baize* obtain unless their tailors choose,  
 While grooms and coachmen not in vain each evening seek the *news*,  
 The *dyer* who by *dying* lives, a *dire* life maintains ;  
 The glazier, it is known, receives his profits from his *panes* ;  
 By gardeners *thyme* is *tied*, 'tis true, when Spring is in its prime,  
 But *time* or *tide* won't wait for you, if you are *tied* for *time*.”

\* In Entick's “ Dictionary ” there is a list of words with different meanings and similar sounds.



"I hear," said a lady to Foote the actor, "you can make a pun upon any subject; make one on the king." "The king," he replied, "is no subject." In the lay of "St. Gengulphus" (Ingoldsby Legends) a remarkable double pun is versified :

"I will venture to say from that hour to this day,  
Ne'er did such an assembly behold such a scene ;  
Or a table divide, fifteen guests of a side,  
With a dead body placed in the centre between.

The Prince Bishop's jestes, on punning intent,  
As he viewed the whole *thirty*, in jocular terms,  
Said it put him in mind of the Council of Trent  
Engaged in reviewing the Diet of Worms."

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### THE BRITISH MONTHLIES.\*

BLACKWOOD.—NOVEMBER.

*Old Maps and New* is a brief recapitulation of geographical discovery from the earliest historic periods down to the present.

In our own time we see the energies of discovery chiefly directed to the interior of the African continent. From the north, across the stony plateau of the rainless Zahara—from the west, up the Niger—from the south, over the broad hunting-plains adjoining the Cape—from the east, up the Zambesi river and over the mountain-range of Zanzibar,—adventurous travellers have penetrated into the swampy but luxuriant interior. An European has hoisted his sail on Lake Tchad, in the heart of the continent. By his discovery of the Victoria Nyanza, Captain Speke has associated his name with the greatest triumph of geographical adventure in our age; and in his more recent journey, accompanied by Captain Grant, he has at length solved the oldest of the world's mysteries, and has beheld the head waters of the Nile issuing from their lake fountains beneath the equator, and within the shadow of the Lunar Mountains. The slow but steady progress of Russia in the East is bringing into view the zone of Central Asia—the vast steppes intersected by mountain-chains, which were the cradle of the barbaric races who again and again have overflowed the dominions of civilisation,—and is seating a European Power upon the eastern shores of Asia. More remarkable still is the spread of our own British race—peopling the North American continent to

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\* The British Monthlies, including *Blackwood* (American reprint), *Cornhill Temple Bar*, *The St. James' Magazine*, *Good Words*, *London Society*, *The Churchman's Magazine*, *Macmillan*, &c. &c., can be procured each month at Messrs. Rollo & Adam's, Toronto.

the shores of the Pacific, conquering India, colonising Australia and New Zealand, and forming settlements along the coasts of China and in the islands of the Eastern Archipelago. The European race—the *audax Japeti genus*—now not only circumnavigates the globe as an ordinary operation of commerce, but, spreading its settlements eastwards and westwards at once, the offspring of England are actually meeting from the opposite sides of the globe, and exchange their greetings across the Pacific seas. The journeyings and expansion of the White race are not yet over. Supplanting inferior races, they will yet multiply in the regions of the Pacific as they have done in America. They will yet overlay the whole world, as other and inferior tribes of mankind have done before them. What the world will be then, in those latter days, it surpasses imagination to conceive. But already we begin to see the approach of a time when everywhere over the face of the earth there will be intelligent observers of Nature, and enlightened worshippers of her Divine Maker.

It is curious to mark the change in the aspect of the earth's surface which has been gradually produced by the spread of the civilized races of mankind. The vast forests which once overspread Europe have almost disappeared,—over an immense area of the New World, especially in its northern half, a similar clearance of the “forest primeval” has taken place; and in the two great empire-regions of Asia, India and China, extensive districts once covered by continuous woods have been denuded of their natural covering and given to the sun. The cereals—the tiny stalks of wheat and rice and maize—have replaced the giant trunks of the forest. A corresponding change has taken place in the fauna of the world. The wild animals which tenanted with undisputed sway the woody surface of the earth, have been thinned or exterminated by the spread of later-come man. The bear, the wolf, the buffalo, lions, elephants, tigers, have been driven in fast-decreasing numbers into the waste corners of the continents: and the sheep, the ox, and the horse have been carried along with civilised man in his wanderings to occupy in more useful fashion the ground vacated by the feræ. All the wild animals which we have named, and many more, once roamed over the forest-clad surface of Europe, at a time when man had already appeared on the scene; yet so thoroughly, and for so long a period have some of those wild animals been exterminated, and the country been rendered unsuitable for their existence, that it seems almost incredible that they should once have abounded in our continent. Civilized man has revolutionised the original fauna and flora of the earth. Under his transplanting hand the domesticated animals now multiply and cover the earth in regions where originally they were unknown. To Australia especially we have given a fauna entirely new, transported from the opposite side of the world; and we are even importing the singing birds of our northern woodlands into the forests of the Antipodes. The world as it existed before man appeared on the scene, would hardly recognise itself in the strangely altered aspect which it now presents. Trees and plants, birds and beasts, even the fishes of the river, have been transported hither and thither till we can hardly tell where they came from at first: and later generations in some countries will come to regard as aboriginal a fauna and flora created in that locality by the arbitrary agency of



men of our own times. And while we thus spread and shift to and fro the living occupants of the earth's surface, whether animal or vegetable, we at the same time gather together specimens of them all, from the most distant corners of the globe, and tend and preserve them as a study for the wise, and as an amusement for the thoughtless. Our zoological and botanical gardens exhibit, in a few acres of ground, an epitome of the animal and vegetable kingdoms of the world. We are coming to know the Earth in its fulness: and physical science already aspires in many of its branches to the character of universality.

*Our Rancorous Cousins* is a severe and bitter criticism on the 'North-erners,' and a defence of the blockade runners. It contains many truthful statements which in the present aspect of affairs had perhaps better have been left unsaid. It is quite sufficient to expose errors of thought, feeling, and action without accompanying the exposition with words which must tend to exasperate this sensitive. The writer is not very partial to '*Historicus*' of the '*Times*.' The article is cleverly and forcibly written, and deals with many of the Northern advocates in England in a manner they well deserve.

*The Perpetual Curate*, and *Tony Butler* are continued, both of these admirably written stories are becoming more interesting.

## GOOD WORDS.—NOVEMBER.

This is an excellent number. A paper entitled "From Norway," from the pen of R. M. Ballantyne gives an admirable description of Norway scenery and life.

It is impossible to give any one an adequate idea of what is meant by sailing among the islands off the coast of Norway, or of the delights attendant on such navigation. If you would understand this thoroughly, you must experience it for yourself. Here is a brief summary of pleasures. Yachting without sea-sickness. Scenery ever changing, always beautiful and wild beyond description. Landing possible, desirable, frequent. Expectation ever on tiptoe. Hope constant. Agreeable surprises perpetual. Tremendous astonishments numerous, and variety without end. Could any one desire more? The islands extend along the whole coast in myriads. I presume that their actual number never has been, and never can be, ascertained. Some are so huge that you mistake them for the mainland. Others are so small that you might take them for castles floating on the sea. And on many of them—most of them, perhaps—you find small houses—quaint, gable-ended, wooden, and red-tile roofed—in the midst of small patches of verdure, or, not unfrequently, perched upon the naked rock. In some cases a small cottage may be seen unrelieved by any blade of green, sticking in a crevice of the rock like some miniature Noah's Ark, that had taken the ground there and been forgotten when the flood went down.

A midnight dance is by no means unusual in Canada, but a midnight dance by 'day light,' is not usual with us.

It was midnight when we went to a field at the base of a mountain to witness the rejoicings of the people. But the midnight hour wore not the sombre aspect of night in our more southerly climes. The sun had indeed

set, but the blaze of his refulgent beams still shot up into the zenith, and sent a flood of light over the whole sky. In fact, it was almost broad daylight, and the only change that took place that night was the gradual increasing of the light as the sun rose again, at a preposterously early hour, to recommence his long-continued journey through the summer sky.

Assembled on the greensward of the field, and surrounded by mountains whose summits were snow-capped and whose precipitous sides were seamed with hundreds of cataracts that gushed from frozen caves, were upwards of a thousand men and women. There seemed to me to be comparatively few children. To give a pretty fair notion of the aspect of this concourse it is necessary to give an account of only two individual units thereof. One man wore a dark brown pair of course homespun trousers, a jacket and vest of the same material, and a bright scarlet cap, such as fishermen are wont to wear. One woman wore a dark coarse gown and a pure white kerchief on her head tied under her chin. There were some slight modifications no doubt, but the multiplication of those two by a thousand gives very nearly the desired result. The men resembled a crop of enormous poppies, and the women a crop of equally gigantic lilies. Yet, although the brilliancy of the red and white was intense, the deep sombreness of the undergrowth was overpowering. There was a dark rifle-corps-like effect about them at a distance, which—albeit suggestive of pleasing military memories in these volunteering days—was in itself emphatically dismal.

Having come there to enjoy themselves, these good people set about the manufacture of enjoyment with that grave, quiet, yet eminently cheerful demeanour, which is a characteristic feature of most of the country people of Norway whom I have seen. They had delayed commencing operations until our arrival. Several of the older men came forward and shook hands with us very heartily, after which they placed three old boats together and covered them outside and in with tar, so that when the torch was applied there was such a sudden blaze of light as dimmed the lustre of the midnight sun himself for a time. Strange to say, no enthusiasm seemed to kindle in the breasts of the peasants. A careless observer would have deemed them apathetic, but this would have been a mistaken opinion. They evidently looked on the mighty blaze with *calm* felicity. Their enjoyment was clearly a matter of fact: it may have been deep; it certainly was not turbulent.

Soon we heard a sound resembling the yells of a pig. This was a violin. It was accompanied by a noise resembling the beating of a flour-mill, which, we found, proceeded from the heel of the musician, who had placed a wooden board under his left foot for the purpose of beating time with effect. He thus, as it were, played the fiddle and beat the drum at the same time. Round this musician the young men and maidens formed a ring and began to dance. There was little talking, and that little was in an undertone. They went to work with the utmost gravity and decorum. Scarcely a laugh was heard—nothing approaching to a shout during the whole night—nevertheless, they enjoyed themselves thoroughly: I have no doubt whatever of that.

The nature of their dances was somewhat incomprehensible. It seemed as if the chief object of the young men was to exhibit their agility by every



species of impromptu bound and fling of which the human frame is capable, including the rather desperate feat of dashing themselves flat upon the ground. The principal care of the girls seemed to be to keep out of the way of the men and avoid being killed by a frantic kick or felled by a random blow. But the desperate features in each dance did not appear at first. Every man began by seizing his partner's hand, and dragging her round the circle, ever and anon twirling her round violently with one arm, and catching her round the waist with the other, in order—as it appeared to me—to save her from an untimely end. To this treatment the fair damsels submitted with pleased though bashful looks.

But soon the men flung them off, and went at it entirely on their own account; yet they kept up a sort of revolving course round their partners, like satellites encircling their separate suns. Presently the satellites assumed some of the characteristics of the comet. They rushed about the circle in wild erratic courses; they leaped into the air, and, while in that position, slapped the soles of their feet with both hands. Should any one deem this an easy feat, let him try it.

The proud bird of the mountains was seen to perfection by Mr. Ballantyne, and well does he describe his successful chase of this magnificent quarry.

It was a wild lonesome place, full of deep dark gorges and rugged steeps, to clamber up which, if not a work of danger, was at least one of difficulty. While I stood on a rocky ledge, gazing upwards at the sinuosities of the ravine above me, I observed a strange apparition near the edge of a rock about forty yards off. It was a face, a red, hairy, triangular visage, with a pair of piercing black eyes, that gazed down upon me in unmitigated amazement. The gun flew to my shoulder; I looked steadily for a moment; the eyes winked; *bang!* went the gun, and when the smoke cleared away the eyes and head were gone. Clambering hastily up the cliff, I found a red fox lying dead behind a rock. Bagging Reynard, I ascended the giddy heights where the gulls were circling. Here the clouds enshrouded me occasionally as they sailed past, making the gulls loom gigantic. Suddenly an enormous bird swooped past me, looking so large in the white mist that I felt assured it must be an eagle. I squatted behind a rock at once, and as the mist cleared away a few minutes later I saw him clearly enough sailing high up in the sky. I glanced down at the yacht that lay like a speck on the water far below, and up at the noble bird that went soaring higher and higher every moment, and I felt a species of awe creep over me when I thought of the tremendous gulf of space that lay between that eagle and the world below.

He was evidently bent on making closer acquaintance with some of the gulls, so I sat down behind a rock to watch him. But knowing the shyness and the sharp-sightedness of the bird I soon gave up all hope of getting a shot. Presently he made a rapid circling flight downwards, and, after hovering a few minutes, alighted on a cliff several hundred yards distant from my place of concealment. Hope at once revived; I rose, and began, with the utmost caution, to creep towards him. The rugged nature of the ground favoured my approach, else I should never have succeeded in evading the glance of his bold and watchful eye. When I had approached to within

about eighty or ninety yards, I came to an open space, across which it was impossible to pass without being seen. This was beyond conception vexing. To lose him when almost within my grasp was too bad! I thought of trying a long shot, but feeling certain that it would be useless, I prepared, as a last resource, to make a sudden rush towards him and get as near as possible before he should rise.

The plan was successful. Cocking both barrels I darted out of my place of concealment with the wild haste of a maniac, and, before the astonished eagle could launch himself off the cliff, I had lessened the distance between us by at least thirty yards. Then I took rapid aim, and fired both barrels almost simultaneously. I might as well, apparently, have discharged a pop-gun at him. Not a quiver of wing or tail took place. He did not even accelerate his majestic flight, as the shots reverberated from cliff to cliff, and I watched him sail slowly round a crag and disappear. Re-loading I sauntered in moody desperation in the direction of his flight, and soon gained the point round which he had vanished, when, behold! he lay on the ground with his broad wings expanded to their full extent and his head erect. I ran towards him, but he did not move, and I soon saw that he was mortally wounded. On coming close up I was compelled to halt and gaze at him in admiration. He raised his head and looked at me with a glance of lofty disdain which I shall never forget.

The conformation of the eagle's eye is such that its habitual expression, as everyone knows, resembles that of deep indignation. This bird had that look in perfection. His hooked beak was above four inches long, and it struck me that if he were disposed to make a last gallant struggle for life when I grasped him, such a beak, with its corresponding talons, would give me some ugly wounds before I could master him. I therefore laid my gun gently across his back and held him down therewith while I caught him by the neck. But his fighting days were over. His head drooped forward and his bold eye closed in death a few seconds later.

*A Plea for the Queen's English*—A third paper from the Dean of Canterbury. In which he tells us that we must not spell the plural of attorney, attornies, just as we do not spell the plural of key, kies,—he thinks that cucumber has the strongest claim to be pronounced Q-cumber, 'honour' is to be spelt with a "u," so is 'favour,' and 'control' never acquired any right to be spelt with a "u."

*Dead in the Desert* is a sad story of the Sierra Nevada.

#### TEMPLE BAR—NOVEMBER.

"*The Ghost of Gashleigh Court.*"—Mr. G. A. Sala describes a travelling American and his family, probably a New Englander of the old school. Our readers will judge how he has succeeded from the following extracts:

"If you please, sir," quavered Phipkins, "there's a gent in the front wants a card to view Gashleigh Court; and he says he'd take it without looking, 'cause of the ghosts, which is meat and drink to him."

"Bless my soul!" cried the house-agent, bustling about, and rummaging nervously in his drawer for a card of admission; "this is very strange. What sort of a gentleman is it, Phipkins?"



"If you please, sir," replied the articed pupil, his voice subsiding to a hiss, "he looks like a ghost himself!"

"Mr. Bessemer bade his subordinate inform the gentleman, with his compliments, that he would be with him in one moment, and proceeded to fill up an order addressed to old Bannup, who kept the "Velvet Cap" beer shop, and in whose care the huge rusty keys of Gashleigh Court were left.

"Ghosts are meat and drink to him are they?" mused Mr. Bessemer; "egad, he'll have enough of them up at the Court. By the way, didn't that swindling captain say that he liked ghosts? This may be one of the same sort. Ah, we must be cautious, very cautious."

With this he proceeded into the front office, where he found, sitting on his great lease, renewal, and agreement strewn table, a gentleman swinging his legs to and fro in a very free and easy manner.

He was a long gentleman, and a bony one. Larger feet and larger hands, with larger knuckles at the finger joints thereof, Mr. Bessemer had seldom seen. He wore no gloves, and it seemed only by a condescension to the usages of society that he wore boots. He was clad, generally in nankeen, and his lank straight black hair was surmounted by a straw hat encircled with a black ribbon. In one hand he poised a big stick. In the other he had a big cigar. His face was of the color of mahogany, with inlayings of bird's eye maple on the cheek bones. He had no whiskers, but a straggling, stubby hirsute appendage to his chin, half-tuft and half-beard. On two or three of his knuckles, by the way, Mr. Bessemer observed that there glistened diamond rings of large size. Studs of the same precious gems glittered on his shirt front, which was otherwise coarse, creased, and not too clean. His collar was enormous, and might have been called a "lay-down," had it not been equally a "stick-out" one. A Windsor Guide protruded from his coat-pocket; he melted very strongly of tobacco; and, altogether, he was a very strange-looking gentleman indeed.

"I wish he wouldn't spit so on my kamptulicon," murmured Mr. Bessemer, remarking the expectoratory attentions which the gentleman had been paying (in a circular form) to the india-rubber flooring of the office.

"Cunnel Pyke," said the gentleman, handing him a card, on which the house-agent read as follows:

*Colonel Shephatiah P. Pyke,*

*U. S. A.*

"Shephatiah I was baptised," continued the long gentleman, "my folks bein' pious; and father jined a chutch the fall but one before I upriz, startlin'. What P. stands for, I dunno. Punkins, mebbie; but am nut suttin. It was a throw in, shiffly, to please the pusson; but P. I be. From Massachusetts. Ask for Colonel Shephatiah P. Pyke; for morality and dry-goods unekalled,

and payin' his way to the last cent, now retired, and from hum three years. travellin on the continent of Europe."

Mr. Bessemer bowed.

"Yes, sir," Went on Colonel Pyke. And that's how I cum here,—meanin' also my family, which is along of me and refreshing at your adjacent tavern, the 'White Hart.' Sir, you hav hud of W. Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire?"

Mr. Bessemer replied that he had heard of the bard in question.

"Also of W. Milton, of Cripplegate, London?"

Yes, Mr. Bessemer had heard of him; but he didn't exactly see—

"Of course you don't," the Colonel interposed, waving his hand in a lofty manner. "Sir, W. Shakespeare was my uncle: J. Milton, of Cripplegate, London; W. Spenser, of Kilcolman Castle, Ireland; J. Addison, of Holland House, Kensington; J. Dryden of Gerrard Street, Soho; A. Pope, of Twickenham, Middlesex,—were my brothers. Your language, your literature, your fine arts, your philosophy, your oratory, belong to us: some. Sir, in an intellectual pint of view, I consider Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to be my grandmother. My fut, sir, in this country, is on my native heath; and in Herne's Oak, Datchet Mead, mine host of the Garter, and the lofty keep of Windsor Castle itself, I have a common property."

The house-agent began to think that a madman had paid him a morning call; and, indeed, in the royal borough of Windsor it is no uncommon circumstance for a demented person to turn up, possessed with the monomaniacal notion that Windsor Castle is his or her property, or that he or she is the rightful sovereign of England.

Colonel Pyke appeared to comprehend, from the scared look of the house-agent, that he was talking Chaldee to him.

Taking pity on the house-agent's bewilderment, the Colonel condescended to come down from the giddy heights of metaphor to the campaign country of common sense. He proceeded to inform Mr. Bessemer that, tired of roaming about the continent of Europe, he was desirous of fixing himself for a while in a rural district of England. He liked Oakshire; he liked the neighbourhood of Windsor; he had studied the exterior of Gashleigh Court, and liked that too; and he was prepared to become a tenant, with his family, of the haunted mansion for one year certain.

The family was in due time installed at Gashleigh Court, and did their best to be neighbourly. I am sorry to say that they did not at first succeed. The medical man called; but the Pykes informed him they were homœopathists, and that Doctor Narcissus Hodge had exclusive control over the medicine-chest and the infinitesimal globules. The clergyman paid a visit of ceremony; but the Colonel said he and his family were dissenters. Questioned as to what denomination he belonged to—there were the chapels of about twenty nonconforming sects in the vicinage at his service—he replied, for self and household, that they were "peculiar Christians."

"Meanin' that me and my sun sometimes plays quoits on Sundays," he explained, "and that Dr. Narcissus Hodge doesn't let the beetles alone on that day, nor my gals the pianner. It's awful wicked, I know; but we are peculiar. Mrs. Pyke, she is pious, and, having nuvs, keeps her room. When



I was to hum, I concluded to set a big dog at a pusson whenever I see him comin' across my purlieus ; but such aint civil in Europe, and I givs 'em a quiet answer. But if you want any money for your poor folkes, a five-guinea bil" (the name given by the Colonel to a five-pound Bank-of-England note) "is always at your service."

The clergyman did not come again for a long time.

In process of time the house-agent enquires of the Colonel about the Ghost, and receives the following information.

The Colonel's year of tenancy came to an end, and he went over to Windsor to pay Mr. Bessemer the last quarter's rent.

"Tis an uncommon purty location," he remarked, "and shutes us all reukkable. The beetles is as abounding as pea-nuts at the Bowery ; and my youngest gal's life is a halcyon time in shootin' small buds. But I'm fiffle that we can't stand them darned ghosts."

"Have they—have the noises," Mr. Bessemer remarked nervously, but cautiously (not liking to run down the value of the property by admitting the existence of ghosts), "been very troublesome?"

"Troublesome?" echoed Colonel Pyke. "Is rattlesnakes in your boots troublesome? Is muskitters in your flannel vest troublesome? Is Hessin flies heavenly to heifers? Troublesome, sir! The darned things have worrited Mrs. P.'s nuvs to fiddlestrings. They have druv my gals half melancholy mad. Dr. Narcissus Hodge, he can't get up no more spirits for 'em. My son has 'em all about him, like May-bugs. And though I don't care a cent for any ghost as was ever raised, I find myself agoin' off my feed, and a goin' on my drink, and a turnin' right down hypochondriacal-like."

"What—what are the noises like?" Mr. Bessemer asked tentatively.

"Two sorts," replied the Colonel laconically: "there's a sharp banging noise like blows, as if some one was a cowhidin' somebody. It goes on, hour after hour, whack, whack, whack, till yer marrer turns to ice-cream ; and then comes the other noise,—low, dismal, plaintive, skeary moans, as of a child—poor little innocent!—that's a bein' welted."

"Any words?" asked the house-agent.

"We never heard but these," replied the Colonel, in a low tone: "but all of us have heard 'em in a kind of agony whisper close to our ears at some time or other: '*Ho, don't, mother; don't.*'"

"Dear me!" cried the house-agent, as though he had not heard the tale five hundred times before.

"That's all we hear," went on Colonel Pyke; "and sometimes it comes at night, and sometimes it comes by day. But what's all that to the things we see?"

"See!"

"Yes, sir, see. I've seen 'em ; my wife's seen 'em ; the gals has seen 'em ; so has my son ; so has Doctor Hodge ; so has the nigger boy Abe ; so has Mrs. Van Much—seen 'em and heard 'em too, although she's half deaf and three-parts blind."

"What are they—what do they seem to be like?"

"They're awful, sir," the Colonel responded, sinking his voice still lower, and lighting a fresh cigar ; for his eccentricities being known, he was always

permitted to smoke in the house-agent's office. "There are two on 'em, sir, but they're never seen together. There's a tall handsome lady in a night-dress, and her hair hanging down for all the world like Lady Macbeth, and she seems to hold something like the shadow of a stick or switch in her hand. She's generally to be seen gliding up and down the great staircase. Then there's another: a poor, pale, delicate-looking lad, in little loose pants, and blue rosettes in his shoes, and a point-lace collar. But there seems to be stains of ink and stains of blood on his hands, and his face, and his collar, and the paper on which he is writing, always writing at a little table in the bay-window of the hall; but there aint no real table there; it's a phantom table, sir, and it's all over Blood."

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE—NOVEMBER.

*The Hillyars and the Burtons: A Story of Two Families.* By Henry Kingsley.—An Australian tale as far as the first chapters lead us to form an opinion. Here is a description of Australian ladies. They seem to be subject to the same temptations and weaknesses as other fair from other lands.

The Secretary by degrees allowed his eyes to wander from the beautiful prospect before him to the two white figures among the flowers. By degrees his attention became concentrated on them, and after a time a shade of dissatisfaction stole over his handsome face, and a wrinkle or two formed on his broad forehead.

Why was this? The reason was a very simple one: he saw that Mrs. Oxton was only half intent upon her flowers, and was keeping one eye upon her lord and master. He said, "Botheration."

She saw that he spoke, though she little thought what he said; and so she came floating easily towards him through the flowers, looking by no means unlike a great white and crimson Amaryllis herself. She may have been a thought too fragile, a thought too hectic—all real Australian beauties are so; she looked, indeed, as though, if you blew at her, her hair would come off like the down of a dandelion, but nevertheless she was so wonderfully beautiful, that you could barely restrain an exclamation of delighted surprise when you first saw her. This being came softly up to the Secretary, put her arm round his neck, and kissed him; and yet the Secretary gave no outward signs of satisfaction whatever. Still the Secretary was not a "brute;" far from it.

"My love," said Mrs. Oxton.

"Well, my dear," said the Secretary.

"I want to ask you a favour, my love."

"My sweetest Agnes, it is quite impossible. I will send Edward as sub-verseer to Tullabaloora; but into a Government place he *does not go*."

"My dear James ——"

"It is no use, Agnes; it is really no use. I have been accused in the public papers of placing too many of my own and my wife's family. I have been taunted with it in the House. There is great foundation of truth in it. It is really no use, if you talk till doomsday. What are you going to give me for lunch?"

Mrs. Oxton was perfectly unmoved; she merely seated herself comfortably on her husband's knee.



"Suppose, now," she said, "that you had been putting yourself in a wicked passion for nothing. Suppose I had changed my mind about Edward. Suppose I thought you quite right in not placing any more of our own people. And suppose I only wanted a little information about somebody's antecedents. What then?"

"Why then I have been a brute. Say on."

"My dearest James. Do you know anything against Lieutenant Hillyar?"

"H'm," said the Secretary. "Nothing new. He came over here under a cloud; but so many young men do that. I am chary of asking too many questions. He was very fast at home, I believe, and went rambling through Europe for ten years; yet I do not think I should be justified in saying I knew anything very bad against him."

"He will be Sir George Hillyar," said Mrs. Oxtan, pensively.

"He will indeed," said the Secretary, "and have ten thousand a year. He will be a catch for some one."

"My dear, I am afraid he is caught."

"No! Who is it?"

"No other than our poor Gerty. She has been staying at the Barkers', in the same house with him; and the long and the short of it is, that they are engaged."

The Secretary rose and walked up and down the verandah. He was very much disturbed.

"My dear," he said at last, "I would give a thousand pounds if this were not true."

"Why? do you know anything against him?"

"Well, just now I carelessly said I did not; but now, when the gentleman coolly proposes himself for my brother-in-law! It is perfectly intolerable!"

"Do you know anything special, James?"

"No. But look at the man, my love. Look at his insolent, contradictory manner. Look at that nasty drop he has in his eyes. Look at his character for profligacy. Look at his unpopularity in the force; and then think of our beautiful little Gerty being handed over to such a man. Oh! Lord, you know it really is——"

"I hate the man as much as you do," said Mrs. Oxtan. "I can't bear to be in the room with him. But Gerty loves him."

"Poor little bird."

"And he is handsome,"

"Confound him, yes. And charming too, of course, with his long pale face and his *dolce forniente*, insolent manner, and his great eyes like blank windows, out of which the devil looks once a day, for fear you might forget he was there. Oh! a charming man!"

"Then he will be a baronet, with an immense fortune; and Gerty will be Lady Hillyar."

"And the most unfortunate little flower in the wide world," said the Secretary.

"I think you are right," said Mrs. Oxtan, with a sigh. See, here she comes; don't let her know I have told you.

Gertrude Nevill came towards them at this moment. She was very like

her sister, but still more fragile in form ; a kind of caricature of her sister. The white in her face was whiter, and the red redder ; her hair was of a shade more brilliant brown ; and she looked altogether like some wonderful hectic ghost. If you were delighted with her sisters beauty you were awed with hers ; not awed because there was anything commanding or determined in the expression of her face, but because she was so very fragile and gentle. The first glance of her great hazel eyes put her under your protection to the death. You had a feeling of awe, while you wondered why it had pleased God to create anything so helpless, so beautiful, and so good, and to leave her to the chances and troubles of this rough world. You could no more have willingly caused a shade of anxiety to pass over that face, than you could have taken the beautiful little shell parrakeet, which sat on her shoulder, and killed it before her eyes.

The Secretary set his jaw, and swore, to himself, that *it* should never be ; but what was the good of his swearing ?

"See, James," she said to him, speaking with a voice like that of a stock-dove among the deep plack shadows of an English wood in June, "I am going to fill all your vases with flowers. Idle Agnes has run away to you, and has left me all the work. See here ; I am going to set these great fern boughs round the china vase on the centre table, and bend them so that they droop, you see. And then I shall lay in these long wreaths of scarlet Kennedia to hang over the fern, and then I shall tangle in these scarlet passion-flowers, and then I shall have a circle of these belladonna lilies, and in the centre of all I shall put this moss-rosebud——

For the bride she chose, the red, red, rose,  
And by its thorn died she.

"James, don't break my heart, for I love him. My own brother, I have never had a brother but you ; try to make the best of him for my sake. You will now, won't you ? I know you don't like him ; your characters are dissimilar ; but I am sure you will get to. I did not like him at first ; but it came upon me in time. You dont know how really good he is, and how bitterly he has been ill-used. Come, James, say you will try to like him."

What could the poor Secretary do but soothe her, and defer any decided opinion on the matter. If it had been Mr. Cornelius Murphy making a modest request, the Secretary would have been stern enough, would have done what he should have done here - put his veto on it once and for ever ; but he could not stand his favourite little sister in law, with her tears, her beauty, and her caresses. He temporised.

But his holiday, to which he had looked forward so long, was quite spoilt. Little Gerty Neville had wound herself so thoroughly round his heart ; she had been such a sweet little confidant to him in his courtship ; had brought so many precious letters, had planned so many meetings ; had been, in short, such a dear little go-between, that when he thought of her being taken away from him by a man of somewhat queer character, whom he heartily despised and disliked, it made him utterly miserable. As Gerty had been connected closely with the brightest part of a somewhat stormy life, so also neither he nor his wife had ever laid down a plan for the brighter future which did not include her ; and now !—it was intolerable.



He brooded for three days, and then, having seen to the more necessary part of his station work, he determined to go and make fuller inquiries. So the big bay horse was saddled, and he rode thoughtfully away; across the paddocks, through the forest, over the plain, down to the long yellow sands fringed with snarling surf, and so northward towards the faint blue promontory of Cape Wilberforce.

*A Week in Russian Poland.*—Let me try and recall some of the scenes that I saw during my visit there, which remain most strongly impressed on my mind. It is a cold wintery afternoon, and the sun is struggling feebly to make its way through great banks of watery clouds. I have strolled down with a friend to whom Russian and Polish are almost better known than his native tongue, to see the view of Warsaw. We pass by the long delapidated-looking palace where the old kings of Poland used to dwell, and come out upon the great iron railway bridge, the one work which, in case of their expulsion, the Russians would leave as a reminiscence of their rule in the Polish capital. A score of men are working listlessly, tinkering up the girders of the half-finished bridge, already rust-eaten and weather-stained. Beneath us is the wide sandy bed of the Vistula. A few straggling shallow rills of water are all that is left for the time of the torrent river; a raft of logs floating down the broadest of these rills, going Dantzic-wards, a couple of puny steamers, stranded high upon the banks, are the only signs of traffic to be seen. The river is so low that the bridge of boats, crossing the Vistula a little above the railway viaduct, lies resting upon the sand-banks, raised up and down at all sort of angles. In the centre of the widest of the water-channels a dead horse has been stranded on its back months before, and shows no signs of moving, though the water has worn away the flesh from off its legs. Close by, a gun-boat is moored, with its one gun placed so as to sweep the bridge. Below us lies the suburb of Praga—a collection of wood sheds, and railway works, and low one-storied, thatched, poverty-stricken houses; and beyond that stretches the dead dreary plain, over which the line runs towards St. Petersburg. On the other side is the steep, sandy cliff on which Warsaw is placed. The position is a fine one, or rather might be a fine one, if the town had not turned its back as it were on the river. As it is, looking from the Vistula, you gaze upon a series of narrow back streets running up the side of the cliff, and beyond that is the dead long level line of the city, broken only by the gilded cupolas of the cathedral. Far away to the right stands the citadel, to enter which, except as a prisoner, is no easy task, and where the guns are always pointed towards the city. I was at Naples at the time when the cannon of Saint Elmo were turned towards the town, and when it was believed that, sooner than allow Garibaldi to enter, the timid king would summon up a remnant of courage and fire upon his capital. But, there, where every thing was so bright, and joyous, and full of light, it was impossible to realize that such a danger could ever exist in truth. No man, not even a Bourbon, could have the heart to destroy Naples. Here the impression was altogether different. Everything was so dreary, so sad, and so hopeless, that if the Russians, in sheer weariness of heart, were to shell the devoted city from their impregnable fortress, it would be, speaking artistically, the fitting end to the fate of Warsaw. To finish with the whole dismal

task of subduing Poland for once and for all, is a thought which, I should think, must have a strange attraction for the half-savage Tartar mind. What Suwarrow did at Praga, why should not Mouravieff do on the left bank of the Vistula?

A description of a Jewish festival in Warsaw is well drawn.

A little further on, within a stone's throw of the camp, stood a round white-washed building. It was the synagogue of the poor Jews at Warsaw, and the day happened to be one of high festival—the first day, I believe, of the Jewish year. We entered the building, which was literally crammed. It was with the utmost difficulty we could force an entrance. Every person within the synagogue was singing to himself at the highest pitch of his voice. Singing is hardly the proper word; for the prayer, as I took it to be, was a sing song repetition of a number of texts. Everybody had a book in his hand filled with Hebrew characters, and seemed to be reciting from it aloud. The object of each worshipper appeared to be to outsing every one else. The excitement depicted on their faces was really painful to witness. Their bodies swayed to and fro in harmony with the rise and fall of the doleful chant; the veins in their necks were swollen with the efforts they were making to raise their voices. Behind the gratings of the gallery which went round the church you could see the dark eyes of the women glistening brightly; ragged little urchins, of two years old and upwards, crawled between the legs of the worshippers, and kept on chanting like their parents, except when they were engaged in fighting with each other. Old men, who looked so feeble that you wondered how they held themselves up, kept on shouting, and swinging too and fro with a spasmodic vigour. The whole congregation were clad in the dress common to the Polish Jews, of which I have before spoken. The heat was awful, and the worshippers were addicted to primitive methods both of spitting and blowing their noses, which made close proximity anything but attractive. On the other hand, there was a look of earnest devotion about the service I never saw equalled elsewhere. Every man prayed as though some awful danger were at hand, to be averted by the fervour of his prayers. A rabbi in rich-coloured vestments, standing on a raised platform, appeared in some way to direct the service; but the congregation apparently paid but little heed to him, each praying after his own fashion. Fresh worshippers came passing in constantly; and passing out, we met group after group of Jews hastening to the synagogue, men and women walking mostly apart—the women with false hair covering their shaven foreheads, and the men leading little boys by the hand, who, with their high boots and long coats, looked the very counterpart of the old wooden figures of Noah and his sons, which I remember as the inmates of the Ark of one's childhood. Along the banks of the Vistula you could see long files of Jews walking slowly down, one by one, to the water's edge, gazing steadily at the running stream, and then turning slowly backwards. Some of the older men bowed their heads till they touched the sand, but the generality contented themselves by gazing at the water. As far as I could learn the river was supposed to represent the waters of Babylon, and the Jews, as they gazed upon it, were expected to remember Zion in the days of their captivity. But in that dreary scene, under that grey, cold sky, there was something inexpressibly mournful about the cere-



mony ; and the thought would force itself upon me, that they were come forth to mourn over the approaching ruin of their adopted home. Why, I have often wondered, is it that the Jews choose a place like Warsaw, or the Ghetto at Romo, for their especial home ? They are miserably poor in Poland ; little money is to be made there at the best, and they have been, till lately, cruelly ill-treated by every successive Polish Government ; yet they hang on there with a strange tenacity, and, what is more, increase and multiply. At the present day, at least a ninth part of the whole Polish population is of Jewish race, and that part represents fully half the wealth and intelligence of the country.

## CORNHILL—NOVEMBER.

*A Scotchman in Holland.*

Morning broke singularly fine ; and when I got on deck, I found that we had crossed the bar, and were fairly in the Maas. At Helvoet sluys we entered the canal, and I gradually began to realize the fact that for the first time in my life I was in the country of William of Orange, Barneveldt, and De Wit ; of Tromp and De Ruyter ; of Erasmus and Grotius ; of Renibraudt and Paul Potter ; of Burman and Hemsterhuys.

Having left my traps at the New Bath Hotel at Rotterdam, I strolled out to see the town. After passing fruit shops where the melons look blooming—and cigar shops, where the cigars are both good and cheap—and cheese shops, with cheeses as round as the canon-balls of Admiral Tromp—and after noticing that a painted pole does not indicate a barber's, but a provision store, and that the barber makes his presence known by hanging out three basins—pawbroker's fashion. I have gradually advanced to the great market. Here surrounded by a seedy iron rail, stands a rusty bronze figure in cap and gown, holding in his hands a book. I knew him at once to be the "great Erasmus." The statue was put up in the seventeenth century, and I confess I liked the familiarity, which seemed to be established between it and the urchins of the market. Legends not without poetry in them have gathered around the statue. The people say that Erasmus turns over a leaf of his book when he hears the Cathedral clock of St. Lawrence strike the midnight hour, and that when he comes to the last leaf the end of the world will be at hand.

The Dutch are great people for blood and kindred, and family gatherings ; and from all I could hear their domestic life is pure and respectable. The elopement of a Dutch married lady with a dragoon would shock the country very much, like a breach made in the dykes. After twelve and a half years of matrimony a married pair holds its "copper wedding," when a family gathering and a distribution of copper ornaments takes place ; at the twenty-fifth anniversary the "silver wedding," with the presents silver, follows ; and when the fiftieth year is attained, a similar ceremony, with gold for its symbols, marks the event. There is, indeed, an antique quaintness in some of the Dutch customs of social life, which is irresistably comic. When a Dutch dame lies in, for instance, the happy event is not made known to the world in the meagre fashion of our—"Mrs. Tomkins, of a son." On the contrary, you read in the *Haarlem Courant*, that the Vrow So-and-so has been "very

prosperously delivered of a son, or daughter," as the case may be. Sometimes it is added, "of a very well shapen"—son or daughter! So, too, in the case of death. You meet a functionary in the street in knee breeches, cocked hat, long piece of crape behind, all black and funeral. That is the *bidder*, who takes the news of a death to every house in the street, and every acquaintance of the defunct. When a person of condition dies there will be four or five *bidders* making the round, and accompanied by an official in an extraordinary black hat, a preternatural wide-awake, and a long black gown. He is the *huilebalk*, or *howler*, and while the *bidders* are communicating the mournful news at the door, it is his business to stand a little way off and shed tears, which are charged for in the undertakers bill.

#### *Domesday Book.*

In 1085, WILLIAM THE CONQUERER appointed a limited number of itinerate Commissioners under the title of Justicians, to "take stock" of his acquired possessions. The reports, when concluded, were forwarded to Winchester, and arranged into the form in which they are now presented under the popular name of the Domesday Book. They comprise two volumes—the one a folio, the other a quarto, massively bound, studded, clasped, and cased in leather covers. The first volume is devoted to all the counties save those of Essex, Sussex, and Norfolk, and contains 382 leaves of vellum, closely written on both sides in double columns; the second volume includes the remaining counties, and contains 450 leaves, written in single column.

The method employed was first to entitle the estate to its owner, always beginning with *Terra Regis*. The hundred was next specified; then the tenant, with the place; and afterward the description of the property. At the commencement of each county, the capital borough is usually returned first.

Then are recorded the names of the landholders, after which follow the detailed descriptions of the several estates.

It is difficult to conceive a return more concise, and at the same time more comprehensive. The terse style and abbreviated form used are strikingly illustrative of the practical bent of the Norman writers, as also of the period when learning was the monopoly of a caste, systematically and jealously exclusive.

The work was undertaken with such despatch that its completion was effected in about a year; and, as appears from Contemporary records to have been the *Description of all England*.

#### LONDON SOCIETY—NOVEMBER.

*Lobster Salad.*—Lobsters are daily brought into the London (England) market by the South-Western and Great Western Railways, and the steamers from Germany and Jersey: and again, from the coast of Ireland to Liverpool; while from the Coast of Scotland, the Orkneys, and the Lewis Islands, it is computed that no less than 150,000 find their way to Billingsgate. The principal supply is from Norway, from whence we derive at least 600,000; and the London market is thus supplied at the rate of from 25,000 to 30,000 lobsters daily.



Lobster commerce from Norway is very great; indeed, as many as 30,000 at times arrive in England from the fiords in a single day. And these lobsters are so much esteemed, that from £20,000 to £30,000 is paid annually to the Norwegians for this one article of commerce.

Ireland abounds with lobsters, and welled vessels bring them to the London market at the rate of 10,000 a-week. Immense quantities are also produced in Scotland—cargoes of thirty thousand are heard of as obtained chiefly from the coast of Lewis and Skye, the value of which to their captors would amount to £1000, and in the English market would bring at least four times that amount.

“The lobster,” says Dr. Gould, “is the largest of all crustacean animals, and is exclusively employed for food.”

The largest which has been seen by the Boston fishermen weighed twenty-eight pounds; and those weighing ten or twelve pounds, commonly seen in the markets, are about the average size.

If one is obliged to buy lobsters from a fishmonger, it is necessary to do so with great discretion. A lobster covered with parasites is always the best, from the fact of his having long remained undisturbed in deep water. Or perhaps the following plan of obtaining a fresh lobster is preferable—it is simple, inexpensive, and expeditious. A gentleman once called on his fishmonger, in company with a small Scotch terrier. Seeing some live lobsters on the counter, he asked if they were fresh. “Fresh!” said the fishmonger, “I should think they are fresh and lively too. Only put your dog’s tail near their claws, and see if they do’n’t hold on.” Tickled at the idea, the dog’s tail was instantly presented to a fine lobster’s claw, who seized it tightly. Down jumped the dog, howling, and off he ran with the lobster holding tight.

“Why do you not whistle your dog back, sir?” said the fishmonger.

“You may whistle for your lobster,” replied the gentleman, wishing him good morning.

Having caught or otherwise possessed yourself of a number of lobsters, the next step, of course, is to cook them, for which purpose culinary men generally advise as follows:

“Put them alive, with their claws tied together, into the water when boiling hot, and keep it so till the crustacea is done, which, if a pound weight, will take about fifteen minutes, and if larger will require not quite the same proportion of time; for if boiled too long the meat will become stringy. Death takes place immediately.” Your lobster boiled or cooked, you propose a salad.

“Take eggs in accordance to the size of your salad; let them be boiled as hard as an egg can be boiled, then cooled in fresh or iced water if possible; extract the yolks, and with a well-cleaned silver or porcelain spoon—the latter preferable—pound them into fine powder. This done, mix the eggs with salt, mustard, and cayenne, and the berry (if it be a female) and some of the selected interior of the animal, to which add vinegar and the most fresh and luscious cream. Your sauce well and sufficiently mixed, extract the nutritious flesh of the animal from all parts save the head—and cut it in pieces, but not too small. Having a garden, a wife, or a gardener—the former pre-

ferred—let her proceed to the garden and cut several of the finest and most yellow-hearted lettuces : do not soak them in water, but take leaf from leaf ; use only the best, dip them, so as to perfectly free from dirt or insects, in fresh water—iced water if you have it—and cut in tolerably large pieces, not too large, however, for the most delicate mouth ; mix lobster, sauce, and lettuce with a few turns of the spoon, but do not bury it in the liquid, and at the top let a small quantity of the crisp lettuce appear.”

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## AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ARTS ;

Conducted by the Professors Silliman, and Dana, &c., &c. New Haven :  
Editors. November, 1863.

This number contains valuable papers from Sir W. E. Logan, and T. Sterry Hunt.

The remarks by H. Engelman on Prairies, Flats, and Barrens in Southern Illinois, are very valuable as far as they go, and will serve to direct attention to the probable changes in climate, which the cultivation of the prairie may induce. Of the progressing change of the country he says :—

From the foregoing statements it appears that timber is now encroaching spontaneously upon land formerly occupied by tall grasses, while, on the contrary, old forests yield to the axe and ploughshare ; at the same time, the rank prairie and barren grasses die out. The effect upon the climate, especially in decreasing the humidity of the country, must be powerful, and may be compared to the change of sensation which we experience, on a clear summer evening, in coming from a sheltered damp creek bottom to the airy top of a dry hill. The effect is similar to that produced in other countries by the clearing of extensive forests. The growth of dense tall grasses, of which untold generations have died and rotted upon the same spot, not only protects the soil from the warming rays of the sun, and thus checks evaporation, but it actually increases the precipitation of moisture, especially in the form of dew, by the low degree of temperature consequent upon the humidity of the surface and upon the powerful radiation of heat from the spears and leaves of the grass waving in the night air, which, as can easily be proved by experiment, grow much colder than the bare soil. The grasses also check the surface drainage most effectually. With their disappearance the above effects cease, the soil becomes more exposed to the direct rays of the sun and to the drying breezes, while the succeeding growth does not favor the precipitation of dew nearly as much as the grass. The natural impediments to the speedy abduction of the falling rains are also lessened to a considerable degree, and thus the soil is rendered drier. The artificial works of drainage and even the cuts and ruts of the roads do their share



also. The breaking up of the sward and deep cultivation of the soil facilitate the sinking of the water, and expose a greater surface of soil to the desiccating influence of the sun and winds. Every old settler can bear witness to the remarkable and rapid change in the conditions of moisture of the prairies, which is also manifested by the gradual failing of the wells at numerous points. It is a common observation that they must be dug much deeper now than formerly in the same vicinity. The healthiness of the country has thereby improved, and the farmer is enabled to plant much earlier, and at points which were formerly too wet; his loss by the freezing out of the winter crops is much reduced. The droughts in summer and fall are perhaps also more severe at present, but an advantage can seldom be gained without some sacrifice, and a remedy is accessible if only we will apply it. It is "thorough cultivation and underdraining." Where these are practised, the roots are enabled to strike deeper, beyond the direct influence of the sun's rays; a much larger quantity of nourishment is presented to them; the humidity of the soil is equalized; its absorbing power for moisture and gases is vastly increased; and the growth of the plants is consequently much invigorated and placed beyond the reach of sudden changes of the weather. If the farmer, instead of superficially cultivating extensive tracts of land with an altogether inadequate labouring force, as I have frequently noticed, would thoroughly cultivate a smaller area, he would not have to complain so much of drought and failure of crops, and of the "giving out" of fields. Instead of exhausting his soil, he would make it richer every year; and, by making heavy and certain crops, he would find himself amply repaid for the increased labor, and reap more on an average on the smaller surface adequate to his labouring force, than before on the larger fields."

The correspondence of Jerome Nicklès continues to be full of very interesting scientific details, and all is the general resumé of science in its different departments.

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#### BOOKS AND PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

- The Ice-bound Ship and The Dream.* By W. H. Montreal: Henry Rose.
- The Historical Magazine, and Notes and Queries concerning the Antiquities, History, and Biography of America.* December. New York: Charles B. Richardson.
- The Canadian Naturalist and Geologist, with the Proceedings of the Natural History Society of Montreal.* October. Montreal: Dawson & Brothers.
- The Canadian Journal of Science, Industry, and Art.* November. Toronto: The Canadian Institute.
- Hunt's Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review.* December. New York: William B. Dana.
- American Literary Gazette and Publishers' Circular.* December 1st & 15th. Philadelphia: George W. Childs.
- Journal of the Proceedings of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, Nova Scotia.* Halifax: James Bowes.
- Historical Collections of the Essex Institute.* October. Essex Institute, Salem, Mass.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. P. B., Seaforth.—Your communication received, with thanks for your problem, which is inserted below. We shall be always glad to hear from you.

BRAMPTON CHESS CLUB.—You are right as to your surmise: the printer inadvertently transposed the words "WHITE" and "BLACK." Were, however, the black P. a white one, as suggested, you would not overcome the difficulty, as then the black king would be in check.

F. T. J., Toronto.—Your problem received, and will have insertion, if you favour us (in confidence) with your name. We commenced our *Chess Department* with the following notice:—"Original problems and games solicited, accompanied by the names of the authors,—not for publication unless desired by the contributor, who may adopt for that purpose any signature he pleases."

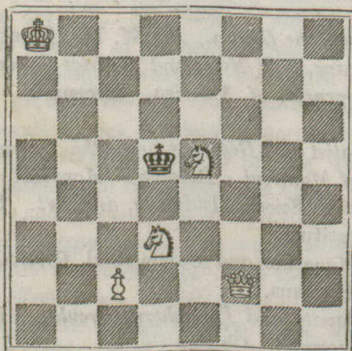
C. M. M., Montreal.—Your three problems received. We would gladly give insertion to No. 1, and the others as enigmas, if you would comply with the rule laid down when we commenced this department. See notice to "F. T. J." above.

Solutions to Problem No. 2, by "Brampton Chess Club," "Egmondville Chess Club," "J. B.," and "Clara," are correct: all others are wrong.

☞ Solution to problem No. 2 is withheld until our next issue, as several correspondents were misled by the transposition of the words WHITE and BLACK. The white side is at the foot of the diagram.

PROBLEM NO. 3.—BY A MEMBER OF THE EGMONDVILLE CHESS CLUB.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.