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IMPRESSIONS FROM GOETHE.

IN THREE PARTS.

Second:—His Autobiography.

BY W. F. MUNRO.

Under the name of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, which has been rendered by the English equivalent "The prose and poetry of my life," Goethe has given us what is known in England and America as his Autobiography, a book, considered upon the whole, as one of the most delightful in the German tongue; full of sunny gleams of the old fatherland, but nowhere affording the interest, or precise detail, which usually constitute the charm peculiar to biography. There is enough of detail respecting others, but a provoking reticence about himself and the whole of his life, but more especially the youthful period, is felt to be inaccurate in tone as well as in fact, not intentionally, but arising out of the circumstances of the writer, who was far advanced in life before he thought of the work, and produced it, under the influence of those artistic views of existence, for which he became so celebrated, and which gained for him the praise, but oftenest the blame, that he looked

upon life only as an artist. Other autobiographies interest us by the succession of historic events, by the record of things done and suffered; this is taken up mainly with the reaction of things upon the man, not so much with what he accomplished, as with what was accomplished in him. Hence everything is taken up with culture; it is the end and object of existence; and hence in true Germanic fashion, character and picture are everything, action and event little or nothing.

Goethe was born on the 28th of August, 1749. His father, Johann Caspar Goethe, was the son of a Frankfort tailor; he had raised himself to the dignity of an imperial councillor, and in 1748 married Catherina Elizabeth Textor, daughter of the chief magistrate of the city. The father seems to have been a cold, formal, pedantic man, but of vigorous and rigid will; the mother a simple hearted, vivacious and affectionate woman, who loved poetry and the romantic love of the nursery.

"From my father," says Goethe, "I derive my frame and the steady guidance of my life, and from my dear mother, my happy disposition, and love of storytelling." His early education was wholly domestic, and acquired in the company of his only sister, Cornelia, to whom he was passionately attached. Of his native Frankfort, a mediæval city, rich in old associations and remnants of primitive

German life, and already beginning to stir with the movement of modern trade and industry, no less than with the new ideas from France, he has given us some delightful pictures, while tracing the effect upon his boyhood, of the many sided aspects in which he beheld it. His precocity was something wonderful,—before he was ten years of age, we find him writing German, French, Italian, Latin and Greek.

In 1765, Goethe in his seventeenth year was sent to the university of Leipsic, to commence the study of jurisprudence. His history up to this period is one of the most delightful parts of the autobiography. It includes the first of his many love episodes, which, like all the others, terminated unhappily. Throughout his life, Goethe seems to have been very readily moved to love, but was never an intense lover. The objects of his admiration had more reason to boast of the delicacy of his susceptibility, than of the perseverance of his devotion; and the moralist will find it difficult to forgive the man who was so light to lend his heart, and so fearful to give his hand; who shrank from the golden clasp of legitimate marriage, as from a conventional shackle, which a great mind ought to avoid.

His student life at Leipsic is easily gotten over in the autobiography, but we have reason to believe that it was one of wild and reckless adventure. His youth and beauty, his high animal vigor, frank and candid manners, and above all, his budding and irrepressible genius, made him the delight of every circle. Jurisprudence had no charm for him; love and art drew him away from a study, which he never could bring himself to love.

Accordingly we find that at Leipsic, he produced the earliest specimen of his tendency to turn experience into song. This was an entire pastoral poem, or drama called the "Lovers Quarrels," followed by another of a more ambitious aim, to which he gave the name of the "Fellow Sinners."

All Goethe's works, as he himself has told us, are but fragments of the grand confession of his life. He does not cheat himself with pouring feigned sorrows into

feigning verse. His own life was uniformly the text from which he preached.

Goethe's stay in Leipsic extended to September, 1768, a period of nearly three years, when it was cut short by sickness, brought on by dissipation, mental unrest, and absurd endeavours to carry out Rousseau's preaching about returning to a state of nature. He returned to his father's home in Frankfort, a boy in years, but in experience a man. He was very unhappy in mind, uncertain of himself, and of his aims. His father, who had expected that he had been treading the beaten path, was greatly disappointed at the slender prospect of seeing him a distinguished jurist.

His tedious illness, which kept him at home nearly two years, in a kind of half invalid state, did not altogether prevent him from study. He devoted himself to researches in alchemy, which in those days still lingered among the sciences. Religion also arose into serious importance in his mind, chiefly through intercourse with a certain Fraulin Von Klettenburg, a very worthy lady, who was one of the Moravians or Hernaltters, and whose religious experience, under the name of "*Confessions of a fair Saint*," the poet long after engrafted rather unsymmetrically into one of his most characteristic works—*Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*."

At length his health being effectually restored, it was thought that he might now renew his acquaintance with jurisprudence, and the university of Strasburg was selected for this purpose. He was now turned twenty, and his biographer Lewis, says, that a more magnificent youth never entered the Strasburg gates. "When he entered a restaurant, the people laid down their knives and forks to look at him. His features were large and liberally cut, as in the fine sweeping lines of Greek art. The brow, lofty and massive, from beneath which, shone large lustrous brown eyes, of marvellous beauty, their pupils being of almost unexampled size. In station, he was rather above the middle size, but, although not really tall, he had the aspect of a tall man, and is usually so described, because his presence was very imposing." But we cannot dwell upon the Strasburg period, which

lasted about seventeen months, and ended with his taking a doctor's degree in law. He is now Dr. Goethe. It witnessed the beginning and end of one his most celebrated love episodes, and laid more deeply the foundation of his literary culture.

He returns once more to Frankfort, and the same year writes his first considerable work—"Gottfried with the Iron Hand." This was in 1771. In 1799 a young writer to the signet in Edinburgh, then plain Walter Scott, tried his prentice hand, at the translation of the work into English. Scott informs us in the preface, that "it was written by the elegant author of the "Sorrows of Werther," in imitation of the manner of Shakspeare;" but the only imitation of Shakspeare which Goethe attempted, was in the appropriation of materials. Shakspeare found his in old chronicles, notably in those of Hollingshed and Saxo Grammaticus; Gottfried of the Iron Hand, an old predatory Burgrave of the 16th century, was known in Germany, through a chronicle written by himself; and Goethe dramatized this chronicle. Upon no one has Shakspeare made a greater impression than upon Goethe, and scarcely any one has had deeper conceptions of his meaning. His criticism of Hamlet, in the *Welhelm Meister*, will perhaps remain the standard criticism upon that extraordinary impersonation; but Goethe was of a different order of mind from Shakspeare; his total indifference to action and event, unfitted him for dramatic representation in its highest and most artistic sense, and yet *Gotz* is a remarkable production; it took the Germans by storm, and at once freed them from the painful restraint of French and classical models, and opened up to them a course of bold originality, which they have since prosecuted in so many departments of literature, speculation and philosophy.

During a brief sojourn in Wetzlar, we find him living throughout that singular episode of his history, the experience of which was afterwards fused into that most celebrated of his early productions, "The sorrows of young Werther." It has already been said that Goethe's life was uniformly the text from which he pre-

ached. He was the echo of no man's joys or sorrows. He was the lyricist of his own. Werther must therefore be taken as so many leaves out of his own diary, all but the suicide of the poor sentimental hero, an incident borrowed from the unhappy history of one of the author's personal friends, the melancholy and despairing Jerusalem. Charlotte, the heroine of the tale, if tale it can be called, was the woman he loved so theatrically at Wetzlar, and the only one who seemed to be proof against the fascination of his addresses. "Werther is a sad tale of life weariness, and moody melancholy, the blind struggle of a soul in bondage, sunk deep in the slough of French infidelity, then rampant all over Europe. "Gottfried with the Iron Hand," directed men's attention with a new force to the picturesque effects of the past. Werther was an attempt for the first time to delineate a class of feelings deeply important to modern minds and for which our elder poetry offered no exponent." It appeared," continues a writer on this subject, "to seize the hearts of men in all quarters of the world, and to utter for them the word which they had long been waiting to hear. As usually happens, too, this same word was soon abundantly repeated, spoken in all dialects, and chanted through all notes of the gamut, till the sound of it had grown a weariness, rather than a pleasure." "Infusing itself into the core and whole spirit of literature," says Carlyle, "Werther gave birth to a race of sentimentalists who have raged and wailed in every part of the world, till nature laid herself to sleep, and it was discovered that lamenting was an unproductive labor. The Funeral Choiristers, in Germany, a loud, haggard, tumultuous as well as tearful class, were named the *Kraftmanner* or *power-men*, but they have long since, like sick children, cried themselves to rest. Byron was our English sentimentalist and power-man, the strongest of his kind in Europe, the wildest and gloomiest, and, it may be hoped, the last. After Werther, the staple literary ware of Germany, for a long course of years, consisted of sceptical sentimentality, view-hunting, love, friendship, suicide and desperation. To be in-

surgent and sentimental, explosive and lachrymose, were the true signs of genius. But Werther was Goethe's last contribution to this *Storm and Stress* literature, as it was called in Germany. His spiritual vision was far too penetrating not to discern the folly and absurdity which characterized it throughout. The imaginary sorrows of Werther helped to free him from a great many real ones.

For more than a year after the publication of Werther, Goethe lived with his parents in Frankfort, the acknowledged literary lion of the day. The first men of his nation eagerly sought his acquaintance. Klopstock, Lavater, Jacobi, and the brothers Stolberg; but chiefly Karl August, the young reigning duke of Saxe-Weimar, who invited him to his capital; and finally persuaded him to accept a position in his court. In November, 1775, Goethe, aged twenty-six, bade a final adieu to Frankfort, and took up his abode at the little city on the banks of the Ilme, where his long residence of fifty-seven years was to confer on an insignificant duchy, the immortal renown of a German Athens. Saxe-Weimar was not altogether unknown to the world. It had been the home and shelter of protestanism in its birth. A few miles from the capital, stands the palace of the Wartburg, where Luther in the disguise of Squire George, translated the Bible, and threw his inkstand at the head of Satan. In the same palace is the banqueting hall of the Minnesingers, which has been restored to its pristine splendour, and, with Luther's room, is visited annually by thousands of pilgrims. In the market place of Weimar, still stands the two houses, from the windows of which Tetzel advertized his indulgences, and the great reformer fulminated against them, and here it was, also, that Goethe commenced his new career. He was a poet, and became courtier, but though a courtier he remained a poet, and it is only as such that we can attempt further to speak of him. The autobiography curiously enough ends with the Werther period, but if we consider that his activity extended to his eighty-third year, embracing the production of works which entitle him to the foremost rank in modern

literature, we can perceive that his life is but commencing.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

ROWE'S CROSS.

A TALE OF THE CRUSADES.

BY ROBERT RIDGWAY.

On one of the hills bounding the "Vale Royal" of England, there is a pass or opening, the summit of which is called Roe Cross, or more correctly Rowe's Cross. The Archaeologist and lover of history will, alike, be interested in finding the origin of this local name in the following tale, which tradition has handed down to us from the time of the third Crusade.

About the close of the 11th century, 1190, Richard I. of England and Philip Augustus of France had both assumed the cross and together proposed to raise the Siege of Tyre, the only city still held by the Christians, and afterwards to recover Jerusalem, where Saladin, the renowned caliph of Egypt, had restored the mosques and worship of Mahomet. Great preparations were made by both monarchs for the purpose of winning glory on the plains of Palestine. The fame of Richard's exploits and personal prowess attracted many to his banners that otherwise would have resisted those eloquent appeals, which the church sounded, like some clarion wail, through England. Among the rest thus collected under Richard's standard was a knight named Rowe or Roe, for it is spelled both ways. Sir Hugh Rowe had often been urged to join the ranks of the Crusaders, but being newly married to a woman of great personal attractions, and pleasing manners, his youth's choice, he found the attractions of home and the conjugal tie, almost irresistible. Besides this, Sir Hugh was for that period, a man of strong domestic sympathies, fond of home and its associations, fond of his tenantry, fond of field sports and their attendant festivities, in fact, disinclined to leave his own shire and country for foreign scenes; to sacrifice substantial comforts and their happiness for the empty glory of victory and conquest.

At length however, he yielded to the pressing and oft repeated solicitations of his friends, backed by a direct invitation sent by King Richard, who wanted him to take the command of a number of young squires, the sons of Sir Hugh's own neighbours, who had enlisted in the Crusade, with the idea, no doubt, that while thus indulging their own love of adventure, they were doing service to the church, and thus winning the favour of God.

The united armies of England and France, mustered on the plains of Veze-lai in Burgundy, from which place they marched to Lyons. Here the Kings parted company to meet their respective fleets; and having embarked their armies, both were about the same time driven by stress of weather into the port of Messina in Sicily, where they were compelled to winter. Another delay occurred at Cyprus, on the coast of which island some of the English vessels were wrecked; the ships were pillaged and their crews thrown into prison by Isaac, the sovereign of the island. On Richard's arrival soon after, he exacted speedy and ample retribution, threw Isaac into prison, loaded with fetters of silver to satisfy his cravings after that metal, and conquered the island.

Here it was that he celebrated his marriage with Berengaria of Navarre, and he soon after embarked with his fleet to Asia Minor. Owing to these delays, nearly twelve months had passed before the English reached Ptolemais or Acre, which was the centre of the war. The Caliph Saladin, from the mountains around the city, watched every movement of the beleaguering armies, with eagle like penetration, ready to pounce upon the European foe, should an opportunity present itself. The siege had been in progress for more than two years, and Philip of France had been for some time in the camp, when the Lion-heart and his brave followers arrived and pushed the attack with a vigor astonishing to both their French allies, and the defenders, and which soon forced the latter to capitulate, and, from sheer terror of Richard and his dreaded English soldiers, to throw open their gates.

A circumstance occurred in Acre, soon

after this, which brought Sir Hugh into considerable notice, and raised him greatly in the estimation not of his followers only, but of the King and his barons, many of whom complimented Sir Hugh upon his personal strength, and quiet determination of character.

We are told that on the 12th of July, 1191, the Christians entered Acre. The two kings divided the town, the prisoners and booty between them; each of them planting the royal standard in his own portion. As Sir Hugh and a few of his squires and followers were passing through the town one day, their attention was drawn to a party of French soldiers, who were dragging along a Moslem youth of intelligent aspect and somewhat superior dress. The party were apparently under the command of an esquire who, regardless of the lad's cries and entreaties, marched along in front. Sir Hugh naturally humane, and rather tender hearted, kindly enquired from the officer what the lad had done to be treated thus, and was told in snappish, irritable tones to mind his own business. This answer so exasperated one of Sir Hugh's companions, a young Chestire squire, who could brook nothing savoring of superiority in a Frenchman, that before Sir Hugh could interfere, his companion had charged the French officer and demanded the meaning of his insolence.

The soldiers gathered around the disputants, while the boy, terrified at the angry countenances and loud tones of the soldiers, tremblingly appeals to Sir Hugh for protection, in whose countenance no doubt he could read instinctively, a kind disposition. Sir Hugh smiled encouragingly, and taking the lad by the hand, told the French squire his name and where he might find him, then commanding the French soldiers to stand back he deliberately marched off with the boy to his own quarters.

The French hurried away for assistance and so rapid were they in their movements that Sir Hugh and his followers had but just arrived when the French came up, headed this time by a burly knight, who demanded in peremptory tones the restoration of their prisoner.

Sir Hugh excused his interference on

the ground of humanity, and offered any fair reparation, but said he would not see the boy abused. The knight told him the lad was his property, that he was not come there to bandy words, he should prefer to exchange blows, that the insolence of the English had become intolerable and he for one would resent it by personal chastisement, if instant reparation and satisfaction were not made him.

Sir Hugh had stood hitherto listening with apparent composure, but suddenly springing forward he prostrated his wordy antagonist by a tremendous blow from his fist. The knight astounded by the suddenness of the attack, gathered himself up and looked at his assailant in speechless rage. Sir Hugh quietly folded his arms and told him it was his turn to strike; what the French knight thought was never known, for without speaking another word, he deliberately turned round and walked away. The boy was soon after restored to his parents, to their unspeakable joy, having no doubt given him up as irrecoverably lost.

Petty jealousies and constant quarrels among their followers at length determined Philip to withdraw his troops from the scene of action, so he returned to France. On the 24th of August, 1191, King Richard commenced his march toward Jerusalem. When the army encamped, the heralds went around crying, "God help the holy sepulchre." The Turks surrounded them on every side, and, on the 7th of September, they were compelled to fight their way through the enemy with great loss, and difficulty, and among the rest taken prisoners was Sir Hugh Rowe, who was at once thrown into a dungeon as a prisoner for ransom. A truce was concluded about the end of this month, for three years. In the beginning of October, King Richard commenced his homeward journey without actually visiting Jerusalem. He intended no doubt to return and perform his vows at the Holy Sepulchre; and had he remained six months longer he might have much more speedily and easily absolved himself than he had ever hoped; for his great military opponent, Saladin, expired in March, 1193. Before Richard's return, he made many enquiries about Sir Hugh

Rowe, but could obtain no information respecting him, and so concluded he had been killed. Among many others Richard negotiated the release of Des Predux, who had on one occasion been instrumental in saving him from death, or imprisonment, by the sacrifice of his own liberty. Thus king Richard and many of his followers, sixteen months after landing in Palestine, turned their faces homeward. Among the rest who returned there were, of course, many of Sir Hugh's own friends, who carried home the melancholy news of his captivity or death. Long and anxiously did Lady Rowe expect and look for his arrival; but sickening suspense grew into torpid grief and despair. At that period the only method of obtaining intelligence, was through the agency of messengers purposely sent or accidentally employed. Travellers, wandering minstrels, vagabond priests, peddling merchants, and professional beggars, were among the principal means, by which news was conveyed from place to place. Many of this class were interrogated. Pilgrim monks who had visited Palestine were always welcomed to the hall of Warhill mansion, and carefully questioned, but no tidings ever reached Lady Rowe of her absent lord. We know that King Richard himself on his return from Palestine fell into the hands of his mortal foe, Leopold, the Duke of Austria, whom it is said Richard chastised with his own hands in the town of Acre, and that during the repairs to Ascalon, where all were pledged to assist, the Duke said to Richard, "My father was not a mason, and I was not bred a carpenter." Report says that for this answer Richard kicked the duke. In the neighbourhood of Vienna the Duke took him prisoner, and he was conveyed to the castle of Thierstein under the custody of Hadamar of Cunring. When Henry VI. heard of this arrest, he said: "No duke must presume to imprison a king; it belongs to an emperor." For a consideration, the Duke surrendered his illustrious enemy to the Emperor, but his imprisonment at Trifels was no less rigorous than before; and his imprisonment for more than twelve months was so secret, that the place was not discovered, until Richard's mins-

trel, Blondel, who had been sent for this purpose, heard the king's voice as he sang, and immediately answered from without in a well known strain. Lady Rowe and her friends heard of these things and were fully impressed with the belief that Sir Hugh, owing to his close connection with the king's person, had suffered through it, and was perhaps lingering in some German dungeon, as many others were; for Mainhard of Gortz apprehended eight of Richard's companions, who were ultimately ransomed or set at liberty after the king's release. From some of these and also from the king himself she received information but it was to the effect that Sir Hugh was left in the Holy land, and that it was highly probable he was slain in battle. Some time after king Richard's return, a palmer from the Holy land arrived at Staley Hall, a few miles from Warrill. Hearing of his return she sent her steward, an old servant of the family, who had himself superintended Sir Hugh's education in all manly sports, for very little book education was known in those days. Old Simon returned with the intelligence that the knight felt certain Sir Hugh was slain in battle, in that terrible conflict; when literally hemmed in on every side, the crusaders had to cut their way through the hosts of Turks, Bedouins, and fierce visaged foes, swarming around them for plunder, assassination or conquest. The knight of Staley sent his compliments to Lady Rowe, and a message that he would pay her a visit the following day and give her all the information he possessed. The end of his visit was a conviction, on the part of the knight, that Lady Rowe was the handsomest woman he had ever seen, and a determination to renew his visit, and, if possible, win her hand in marriage.

It cannot be supposed that during all these years, so handsome a woman, and one possessed of so goodly an estate, had escaped much secret admiration and open compliment. Some indeed had covertly made proposals of marriage but were promptly met with refusal or more serious rebuff. This was an age of rude manners, of rude living, of rude language, and of rude social sympathies; circum-

stances which would shock the refined sensibilities of the present day were thought little of then. But among the many dark features, there were some bright and pleasing ones, and among these conspicuously shone the true gallantry of knighthood and that fair jewel, fidelity to marriage vows and womanly honour. The knight of Staley would have failed in his approaches to Lady Rowe, his arts of admiration and courtship would have proved a certain failure, had not she been persuaded and advised by friends to accept his offer. The only person who, besides herself, clung to the idea that Sir Hugh was still living was the old steward. He would, with tears in his eyes, say that "Something tells me that I shall see my young master again." The friends of the parties at length won her consent to the union, but it was on the condition, that old Simon should fix upon the time. After much argument and entreaty, Simon named the first week in April; and as this was in October, he hoped the day for the union would see his master in full possession of home, of wife and of life's comforts and honours.

The poor knight chafed, fretted, and beseeched but Lady Rowe was inexorable to his entreaty and persuasion; the marriage must be delayed until the following spring.

With her, the union was not one of love, but convenience and protection; it might be one of respect or even admiration, but love another she could not; her love was with Hugh, her only love, whether living or dead.

So the knight of Staley had to cultivate his patience, and hope nothing would mar his prospective.

Old Simon was proud of his Lady, of her constancy, and unwavering respect for the memory of the absent.

But time passed; spring time had arrived; the birds were making the fields melodious with song; the flowers were decorating the face of nature with their variegated beauty, and filling the air with their delicious perfume; and the time had arrived for the proposed marriage. The marriage, Lady Rowe insisted, should be with as little display as possible. Simon was disappointed; and, as

he walked out in the early morning of the day previous, he gave way to fear and despair. Hitherto his faith had been firm: now it wavered. Not a word of tidings of his lost master. He must after all be dead! Dead in a foreign land! No friends to weep over him or honour his remains. So Old Simon wept; and the old dog, his companion, as he glanced upward, seemed to know that his master was in trouble, and hung his head in sympathy. As the two arrived at the summit of the adjoining hill, they met a pilgrim, habited in the usual dress and cloak of the time, with the accompanying wallet and staff. Old Simon scarcely paid the wanderer a passing glance, his mind was so preoccupied with the all engrossing subject of Lady Rowe's marriage and the *cross* to his hopes, that he forgot his ordinary courtesy, and passed the stranger without a salutation. Not so the old hound, he looked the pilgrim over, snuffed the morning breeze, raised his huge pendant ears to the utmost extent possible, paused, followed the stranger, and after a careful scrutiny, proclaimed his superior instinct, matchless instinct, by a succession of gambols, accompanied with those cries of recognition, which are the nearest approach to canine speech, and which at once arrested Old Simon in his walk and aroused him from his sad reverie. He turned round and spoke to the hound, calling it to come to him; the old dog acknowledged the calls by a cessation of his gambols, and a wagging tail, but invited his old master, with a prolonged howl of excited pleasure to come and see who the stranger was. The dog's manner was too significant for any one to pass unnoticed, and to Simon it was much more; with hasty steps and curious look of enquiry upon his countenance, he returned to where the pilgrim stood patting the head of the intelligent animal. Could it be? Yes,—there, sure enough, stood Sir Hugh, the pride of the old man's heart, the subject of so many anxious thoughts, still a young man to him, but much worn and changed by his imprisonment and suffering, mental and bodily. Old Simon looked at him fondly and long, forgetful alike of the past and

the present, until it flashed upon his mind, that Sir Hugh, knew nothing of what was passing at home.

How could he break the tidings to him? Sir Hugh's first question of home was about his lady; could he tell him of her intended marriage on the morrow?

Here was a *cross*. Sir Hugh had borne the cross of Palestine; how could he bear this, his own! Rowe's Cross. Sir Hugh, saw the old man's hesitation and asked him if *she* was dead, "was she married?" The old man to these rapidly spoken enquiries answered "No, she was not dead, nor married." "What then," asked Sir Hugh. So the old man told him the exact position of affairs, spoke in eloquent terms of her fidelity to his memory; and the difficulty there had been to obtain her consent to a marriage at all.

He next asked Sir Hugh's permission to break the joyful intelligence to Lady Rowe "No," said Sir Hugh, "let me have the pleasure of doing that in my own way." "Then," said Old Simon, "I will have the pleasure of announcing the news elsewhere" Sir Hugh entered the court-yard of his mansion, and looked around as though a stranger, but with what different feelings, what emotion heaved his breast! What memories were awakened! He walked slowly up to the great hall door, which stood wide open as though inviting his entrance, and welcoming his return. He addressed a maid-servant, who made her appearance, and enquired if he could see Lady Rowe but was assured this was out of the question; no one could see her lady that day but her own maids; she was preparing for her bridal on the morrow.

Sir Hugh next asked for a drink of metheglin; this was promptly brought; and after quenching his thirst with the grateful beverage, he took from one of his fingers a ring, and, dropping it into a goblet, asked the servant to carry that ring to her mistress.

The maid, at first inclined to be merry with the stranger, was so impressed with his manner and commanding appearance that she laid aside her careless gesture and, with curiosity approaching the superstitious, carried the goblet with the ring un-

touched, to her Lady. Busy with her preparations, Lady Rowe was, at the moment, inclined to resent the maid's intrusion, but glancing into the cup, to which her attention was directed, she eagerly and carefully examined the ring and demanded of the servant where she had obtained it. The maid at once informed her of the pilgrim's arrival and command when giving her the ring to bring it to her lady. Upon hearing this Lady Rowe exclaimed "Either it is Sir Hugh himself or a messenger from him."

Without waiting for preparation and anxiously trembling with surprise and apprehension of the result, she hastily descended to the hall, surveyed for a moment the stranger and then rushed to his embrace. We attempt no description of such a re-union after so long and painful a separation.

Old Simon in person, mounted on his favourite hunter, rode over to the knight of Staley, and announced to him the safe return of Sir Hugh.

A short time after his return, there was a great gathering at Warrill Hall, and amid the joyous greetings Sir Hugh announced his intention of giving his assembled guests a narrative of the manner in which he had obtained his release from confinement.

When taken captive he was severely but not dangerously wounded. He was carried to one of the hill fortresses, far in the interior, where no pilgrim ever journeyed. There he had borne a long, but not very severe confinement; but no chance ever presented itself of means for his return; until one day walking in the fortress, where he had so long been confined, his attention was attracted by a richly dressed young Turk, who was watching him with evident interest and curiosity. At length the Turk approached him and pronounced the two words "Sir Hugh?" "Yes" he answered "Sir Hugh Rowe." The young man was the grown boy Sir Hugh had rescued in the town of Acre. He had remembered the name of his English friend, and grateful for the kindness, he soon obtained Sir Hugh's release free from conditions, had him conveyed to the coast, and with

many valuable presents, Sir Hugh returned to his native land and home.

In the South East side of the chancel of Motteram Church, stands a monument of Sir Hugh and his Lady; the monument is surmounted by two full length figures in a recumbent posture and are called by the vulgar "Old Rowe and his wife." A stone marked the site of Rowe's Cross for many years; the stone may be gone but the name remains.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

AUTUMN.

BY KATE PULLAR, (HAMILTON ONT.)

The long sweet hours of summer
Have floated softly by:
We have watched the rose and lily
And violet bloom and die.

Now only the fading astus,
The brown chrysanunum,
The tenderly sweet forget-me-not
With starry azure crown.

These, such as these are only left
Where once the garden glowed,
And the balmy air grew fragrant
And heavy with its load.

With a sigh the autumn breezes
Sweep through the changing leaves,
Where the Fall with fiery fingers
Her crown of crimson weaves.

What is there in the spring tide,
In the first blades that peep,
That thrills the whole creation
With rapture strong and sweet?

What in the balmy summer time
When hazy sun beams fall,
And life and light and beauty
Lie brooding over all!

What in the false, fair autumn,
The first bright crimson leaf,
To pierce the tender spirit
With yearning and with grief.

We know the leaves and blossoms
Shall bud and bloom again,
There is something higher in our joy
And deeper in our pain;

For all we dream of living
 Swells with the Spring's green leaf,
 And all we dread of dying
 Dwells in the Autumn's grief,

The spring time comes with promise,
 What hope may not be ours,
 Yet hidden in the sun-beams
 And brooding in the flowers !

The summer soothes and softens,
 Our sorrows seem less real ;
 The sense of warmth and gladness,
 Half hides the power to feel ;

But a sense of nought abiding
 On this strange, earthly stage,
 Of the turning and the ending
 Of lifes mysterious page.

The pang and shock of dying
 Come with the changing leaf,
 Till the land seems full of sighing
 Of parting and of grief.

And weak with earthly living,
 And blind with earthly tears
 We cease to think of looking,
 Beyond these changing years

To the land of the eternal,
 Where the sweet spring e'er abides,
 And the brightness all immortal
 No pang of dying hides.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

SOMETHING FOR THE YOUNG READERS OF THE "JOURNAL."

BY MISS S. A. LOANE, DUNDENEARE.

It is a custom with the members of the Episcopal Church of Chicago to hold a grand re-union of all the Sunday Schools in the city, two or three times a year. The "little ones" subscribe weekly to a missionary fund, their teacher acting as treasurer. One of these re-unions invariably takes place on Easter Monday, when the various classes enter the Cathedral, carrying banners on which are printed, in letters of gold, texts of Holy Scripture or some other appropriate mottoes. Each class having appointed three delegates, the treasurer pays over to

them the amount of their subscription. The sum is then placed in an artificial "birds nest," to which a slip of paper is attached, showing the amount of these subscriptions. Psalms and Hymns are sung, and in such a style as to reflect the highest credit on the teachers and pupils; after which the delegates of each class march up to the chancel in regular order, carrying their banners, and present their bishop, Dr. Whiteside, with the "nests" and contents. He thanks them graciously and whispers some kind words of encouragement or approbation, making their young hearts glow with delight; after which he reads the amount to the assembled congregation.

In this way the good bishop frequently receives one thousand dollars as the united contribution of the lambs of his flock, and is thus enabled to accomplish many philanthropic objects which he could not otherwise undertake. All honour to the little innocents of Chicago—could not the children of other churches "do likewise?"—could not the young people of the East emulate or imitate their brothers and sisters of the West?

This is not the only assistance the good bishop of Illinois receives from the "innocents of his church." They favour him with other and higher benefits—they do more, than contribute their mites to enable him to do good. The following anecdote which he related to us himself will exhibit this—"I have travelled much through Europe," said he, "and especially through Sweden and Great Britain, endeavouring according to the best of my ability to unite the various churches of Christendom in the holy bonds of concord, fellowship and truth. Providence has blessed my efforts in many places with a wonderful success, and has carried me unscathed through all the dangers of land and sea. 'The Finger of God' worked miracles in my behalf, and enabled me to be useful during my pilgrimage, to my fellow men.

After a prolonged absence, I returned again to my diocese. My good people assembled to welcome me back. Amongst my kind friends was a lady, who welcomed me with one hand whilst she held the tiny fingers of a dear

little daughter, a child seven years of age, in the other. During a pause in the conversation the sweet little girl looked up at me, then cast her eyes on the ground and made some observation, which I did not understand: but on enquiry, her mother informed me that she wished to tell me she had prayed for me regularly morning and evening, since I left for Europe * * * "I scarcely ever experienced such happiness as this information conveyed—I never felt so grateful for any favour received. Now said I, I see the secret of my success in Europe and elsewhere—I now know why God protected me from so many dangers—It was in answer to a dear little child."

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

CANOEING IN THE NORTH.

BY 'DOZY.'

II.

Sturgeon Lake, the most accessible from Toronto of the northern chain that leads on to Lake Nipissing, lies between Scugog River and Bobcaygeon, being about fifteen miles long and one mile broad; on the eastern limit it branches off into two channels; one, Scugog River, leading south-easterly, past the town of Lindsay into Scugog Lake, and the other leading north-westerly past Sturgeon Point, to Fenelon Falls, one of the projected stations on the new Toronto and Nipissing narrow guage line. It is a beautiful lake, with several lovely islands and most excellent fishing ground for bass and maskinonge, which latter are caught with the trolling line and ordinary spoon, brass, silver, or copper, according to the season and the sky. Emily Lake, which is reached by a creek of the same name, running into Lake Sturgeon, provides most excellent duck shooting in the fall for the gentry of Lindsay and Bobcaygeon. Sturgeon's shores are firm and stony, not swampy, wooded heavily to the water's edge while here and there clearings with buildings prettily dot the wilderness, lending the charm of civilized labour to the wild

beauty of the dark woods, the sparkling waters and the timbered islands.

On one of the warm summer mornings early in July of the present year, M— and I stood on the south shore of this Lake, about midway between Lindsay and Bobcaygeon, provided with materials appertaining to camping and the etceteras thereof, while our Indian-made two-fathom "birch-bark" gently rose and fell on the little swells that were calmly rippling shorewards. We were prepared for a cruise of a week or two and we stood there watching through an opera-glass the heavy sea that was thundering round Sturgeon Point about four miles to the N. W. by W. where the lake was widest, and the wind having full sweep was fast piling up the water. Our object, however, was not to paddle on a never ending summer sea, "a painted ship upon a painted ocean," so we viewed with somewhat of a sportsman's zest for adventure this turmoil of white glittering foam that we saw sweeping round the Point, that in two days out of three presents such water that is sufficient to inspire the canoeman with "the stern joy that warriors feel," on meeting "foemen worthy of their steel." After due prospecting and discussion as to the best course, we transferred the packs to the canoe, and stepping carefully in we were soon making time on comparatively smooth water, under the lee of the north shore, looking a little nervously ahead where the long glance of whitecaps were making heavy play round the Point we were heading for. When this was made we found a nasty, chopping sea running in a direction about six points off our course, and soon we had a dance over the swells, while now and then the stern of our canoe was elevated at an alarming angle and seemed to meditate a submarine plunge to see the mermaids who might be combing their cerulean hair, sitting in their sea green palaces; then would come a lurch and a splash as the top of a whitecap dashed over the uncovered bow. This performance, I mean the shipping seas, was repeated to an indefinite extent, until at length we became painfully aware of the fact that our lower selves, as we knelt on the bottom, were getting

uncomfortably wet, and at the same time painfully suspicious that our stock of perishable victuals might, on examination, furnish proof of their perishable and mortal nature: these feelings of body and mind coupled with the fact that our vessel was at every succeeding wave settling lower and lower, induced us to change our course somewhat and make for a certain island. We landed here, four miles from Fenelon Falls, reconstructed ourselves and our packs, and sitting down upon the shore we feasted on various delicacies, feeling like wrecked vikings, until near the setting of the sun, when the wind having moderated, we loosed from thence and set sail to Fenelon Falls.

This is a flourishing village like all others in that country, doing a heavy saw-milling business, while the rest of the inhabitants follow the usual avocations pertaining to village life. We did not see the public buildings, they are I believe on a street we did not find. There is a fine Hotel, fitted out with all the advantages for fishing, boating and sporting. The village itself is prettily situated between Cameron and Sturgeon Lakes, which are joined by a waterfall of some 30 or 40 feet. We are in the township of Fenelon, which takes its name no doubt from the great preacher, Fenelon, bishop of Cambray, for indeed there is a village of that name in the township, which fact is creditable to the historical knowledge of the originators thereof, and betokens in them a respect for the fitness of things. Not so, however, in Verulam, the township we have left, and which is divided into two by Sturgeon Lake, for here we have the name of the barony of Lord Bacon, but its principal village is Bobcaygeon, a barbarous name, an Indian name, meaning "Shallow Rapids," but what connection this may have with the great Philosopher, I cannot opine. I cannot discover it even by induction. There is no more relation between the two than between a rainbow and an oyster. There exists, however, a sect of eager disputants for the fitness of all things, who have, by the most labourious analysis, discovered that the letters of the philosopher's name occur in the word, "Bobcaygeon," to which fact they

are disposed to attach great significance, and have already upon it grounded many an ingenious theory. Our portage at "the Falls" (as the natives say) was a long one, owing to these wretched timber booms, to avoid which we had to make a long detour. It was also pregnant with adventure, for at this unlucky portage that culinary article, yecept the fryingpan, was dropped on a stone—there are lots of stones in that country—its fall was nothing, but the sudden stoppage against the rock (it was limestone, so it stands in my diary) broke its handle, thus destroying that convenient manipulation so necessary to a successful fry. I picked it up and sadly carried it on; cooking after this was a hazardous experiment. Both M. and myself were the sons of respectable parents, and although M. had a distant relative who contributed to charitable purposes, and although I had often dined with a member of the Y. M. C. Association, yet, notwithstanding these evidences of a correct deportment when our fingers were burned, or the *fricassee* caught fire during the frying, thus destroying all prospect of assuaging the pangs of hunger, we felt very much like Saunders, as if "an aith wu'd relieve us." After half an hour's paddle over the smooth surface of Cameron Lake we beached, we camped, we feasted, (N.B.—This is an imitation of "we came, we saw, we conquered.") We had a sensation of blankets, damp from our morning's voyaging but we were sons of Neptune, and lulled to sleep with the hooting of a most persevering owl, on whose manor we must have intruded, we dreamed of wet blankets, shattered frying pans and other "moving accidents, by flood and field." Next morning we breakfasted right royally beneath a most beautiful sky, having in the preparation thereof (I mean the breakfast, not the sky) performed some culinary gymnastics with the frying pan aforesaid, that would have caused Soyer to marvel: verily this, without the handle was a thorn in the flesh, and particularly so in the fingers when we burnt them. Between the bites we murmured poetry, as we looked forth on the Lake and the wavelets waltzing up against the rocks and logs.

“The bridegroom sea

“Is toying with the shore his wedded bride,
 “And in the fulness of his marriage joy
 “He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
 “Retires a space to see how fair she looks
 “Then proud runs up to kiss her. All is fair—
 “All glad from grass to sun.”

Again afloat on the raging brine, we soon entered the Balsam River, a meandering stream with banks closely fringed with forest trees, at this season heavily foliaged, a dark, deep, sluggish stream; it was in some places, Stygian looking with its narrow channel edged with rushes and reeds, leaning over from the slight current. At the confluence of the Balsam and Burnt rivers, the scenery was particularly charming, no two trees had foliage of like color, all was variety, that beautiful want of symmetry and uniformity in which nature delights. After four or five miles steady paddling, we reached the rapids at the head of the river, just before entering Balsam Lake, at the village of Suanidale. As the water was deep enough not to make a portage necessary, we attempted to pole them; inch by inch we climbed up, creeping under the lee of the big stones, while the current shot past like a mill-race, and our frail bark quivered from the rush of the stream. We had almost finished the two hundred yards or so, slowly very slowly and laboriously poling up, as paddling was out of the question; about ten lengths more would have brought us into quiet water and we were preparing to cry *Je triomphe!* when suddenly the bow-pole slipped, the canoe gave a lurch, the current bringing her round with a sweep just clearing a pointed stone that might have cut it in two and before the stern-pole could be brought into position to suit this change of circumstances, we found ourselves going a sort of half sideways down stream, like a rocket. Commending our lives to the river-god, with his assistance and with that of the stern paddle which was hurriedly grasped, we were kept in midstream and clear of rocks, and were in a few seconds lazily floating in quiet water, away far below, curled from our “bad eminence” which we had striven so gallantly for. It was really too bad, we thought, as we looked at the white glitter of water up which

like marine “~~Excelsiors~~” we had toiled so nobly, and down which we had been hurried so ignobly. It was a contest between the power of nature and the power of man, and it had counted one to nature, female as she was too, and this reflection made our position doubly bitter. We tried no more poling, but wading in the shallows near shore in a most undignified manner, like half-dressed mermen we towed up, and in this way safely gained the bridge which arches the river above the rapids, and before us we saw Balsam Lake, the largest of the chain, for a very long distance. Since that time a lock or locks have been in process of construction at these rapids, to give steam navigation an uninterrupted course from Coboconk to Fenelon Falls, which will be a great acquisition to the business advantages of the backwoods. The shores of the Balsam Lake are not now so thickly settled as they once were. Some years ago some English gentlemen lived there leading a sort of half farmer, half nomadic life, fishing, shooting ducks, hunting deer, and so on; but they have since disappeared and their race has become extinct like that of the *Ichthyosaurus*, and naught is left now to break the solemn stillness that broods over the Balsam waters, save the murmuring pines and the hemlocks, and the cries of wild denizens of the woods, mingling with the lapping of the waves on stone and crag, the melancholy sighing of the zephyr through the forest primeval, and the solemn tintinnabulations of the settler's cow, as she roves for somewhat to eat, but finding none, seeking for rest from the restless mosquito and finding none (N. B. This latter passage is taken from a twenty-five cent lecture.) We camped on a little island in the middle of the Lake, and having a little bush-covered hill, had our usual banquet of the monsters of the deep (ten cent novel word) Under our home-made tent we sought sleep—I use the word ‘sought’ advisedly, for before we had lain long, we found our beautiful islet was an ant hill, and heavy brigades of pismires kept deploying, skirmishing and going through various antics upon and around our persons the live long night. In turn we

arose like lions in their might, and round about lay a slaughtered host, but heavy reinforcements compelled us to cease the carnage, so we patiently allowed the *crawl* to continue while we slept, though under an apprehension that we might find ourselves carried bodily off by the persevering and countless enemy. This island we were told afterwards was the abode of a disembodied spirit, whose body had been that of an English gentleman, probably of the extinct species above referred to, who had been murdered by "Lo," the Indian, for his treasures which are supposed to have been buried on this island, in proof of which many pits are pointed out which treasure seekers have dug, but found none. We did not see the dead corpse revisiting "the glimpses of the moon," nor did it seem to "steal away." The only things that stole away were the ants, and they did that to our sugar. I chronicle this as a joke of M's, the only joke he has been known to make; notwithstanding this attempt, the heavens maintained an unaltered aspect and I was led to exclaim "Oh! what a noble mind is here o'er-thrown."

Leaving Balsam Lake next morning, we entered the Gull River, passed Coboconk, a flourishing village; making our second portage at the mill-dam, and working up stream for a mile or two, we soon entered the two Turtle lakes, Little and Big, beautiful, little expansions of the river, studded with tree-covered islands and joined together by a little rapid. The scenery was very lovely and the water was like a mirror; the effect was delightful as the canoe leaped forward with the elastic spring of the two paddles, while the water rippled past right merrily. Between the Turtle Lakes the change from limestone to granite is instantaneous, a curious geological phenomenon, on one side of an island limestone, on the other side granite, and nothing but granite thence onward. About eight miles from Coboconk we made our third portage at Norland on the Gull River, another saw-mill station, where there is a lead mine, with copper and iron pyrites, which at one time set the natives wild with the idea of gold. A mile farther and we made another portage, a fall of ten or twelve feet. Up the

stream past the darkly shadowed woods, the green fields and the shanties, while now and then an inhabitant watches us curiously from the bank, and away we go; the current is sluggish, sluggish as Lethe, so we make good progress, but the stream is serpentine, and we have many turns and twists. We reach Elliott's Falls, another portage, the longest one and the most troublesome of all; up a high sand hill worn by frequent voyageurs almost perpendicular, but up we must go; it is more easily surmounted than the torrent that comes boiling and seething and rushing in eddies over the rocks. A few miles more of river and we are in Moore's Lake, an expansion of about three square miles, and at its extremity we reach Moore's Falls. Here we met a settler who keeps a herd of tame deer, which forage for themselves in the woods in summer and stable themselves in his barn-yard in the winter. We saw one or two of the stock, pretty creatures with bells on their necks; they were not at all timorous.

Moore's Falls is a beautiful, diamond-footed, rainbow-crowned rush of water from Gull Lake, crossed by a rustic bridge, a very gem of a spot for a camp, and it seemed to have been used often as such from the evidences we saw about us of extinguished fires and tent poles left standing like the ruined columns of some tented Babylon. On them we even found inscriptions of divers names and places of abode, of pretty much the character of "Bill Stumps, his mark." This was our most beautiful camping ground, a lake on each side of the hill, and at our feet rushed the falls; the scene and surroundings were sufficient to arouse the dormant poetry of a man's nature. Here we read our Longfellow and Tennyson, lolling beneath a clear, Canadian blue sky, with thoughts as undisturbed as the limpid lakes on either side, and as untrammelled and free as the torrent that gushed below our feet. It was almost like the Lotos country, for in this dwelling of nymphs and gnomes, surrounded as we were by their chrysal palaces of water and their shadowy forest, to us—

"Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam."

Up the Gull Lake, eleven miles long, and then into the Gull River again, for four miles, brought us to the village of Minden, fifty miles by water from our point of starting, and forty miles by the road north from Bobcaygeon.

Speaking of Gull Lake, "thereby hangs a tale." I had become tired of the orthodox canoe man's kneeling; my *patella*, which (is by interpretation, knee pan) ached. I sat up on the thwart and elevated my feet over the one in front; in this position I felt as if standing on a music stool screwed up to its highest pitch, placed on a cart and drawn across the furrows of a backwoods ploughed field—but still it was a relief. In justice to the cautious character of my fellow voyageur, I must confess that I, being in the stern, executed these ingenious gymnastics fraudulently and without his knowledge.

I sat there and felt better from my *satorious* (which is by interpretation, tailor's muscle) being stretched. For about ten minutes everything went well, and I was congratulating myself on my ingenious device and pitying my comrade, who was complaining of the cramps; but alas! for the mutability of things human, suddenly a crack was heard and my head disappeared, while my heels assumed a position excellently adapted for a solar observation if my eyes had been in the soles of my boots. The canoe gave a lurch and I looked away down in the dark water, the water gurgled over the gunwale, and my heart leaped to my mouth, only for an instant—she righted, but I was found all wrong. On examination, I discovered that my thwart, not constructed for sitting, had broken, and luckily exactly in the middle thereof, so that I had been deposited almost in the centre of the canoe, and nothing serious ensued, but had it cracked the least degree out of its centre, the consequences would have been *very otherwise*, and the indubitable result would have been an upset, one geographical mile from shore, which might have entailed a submarine exploration continued for an indefinite period. When we reached shore and re-

fitted, my co-voyageur firmly refused to embark with me again, until I, the party of the first part, had for myself, my executors and administrators, solemnly covenanted, promised and agreed to maintain the orthodox kneeling position in the canoe, and to refrain from exhibiting any eccentric manoeuvres, which, however creditable to a circus rider, did not befit the unsteady and treacherous character of a birch canoe. But to return to the dignity of descriptive geography.

Minden is of course a lumbering village on the high-road to Lake Nipissing, and thronged in the winter with French and English raftsmen and lumbermen; it is a thriving village, and there we found established a graduate of our Toronto School of Medicine, a mutual friend, doing a flourishing business as "the mighty medicine man of the North."

Above Minden the river is encumbered with rapids, so we made a two mile portage and floated off once more to Head Lake and then Twelve Mile Lake, Mountain Lake, But Lake, Grass Lake, Deer Lake, Muskrat Lake, Kashagawigamog, otherwise Cushog, Lake, &c., came in succession. Our enjoyment was matchless and entrancing. Just picture it, in a sort of large nutshell, armed with a paddle about the weight of a parasol, the slightest twist of which in the water is sufficient to make the birch shoot here and there, tremble and quiver with half suppressed motion, twist and bend as if indeed it were part of one's self, as if the animal spirits with blood, nerve and muscle flowed and ramified through the frail bark and chips, out of which the canoe was fashioned. The silence of these back lakes is almost appalling, primeval, oppressive: thus we would sit for hours, eyes ahead steering, nothing heard but the thud of the paddle and the ripple of the parted bosom of water, as we darted onwards, now stemming some rapid torrent, perhaps so rapid that we waded and towed, now shooting down rapids with the speed and rush of lightning, large rocks on either side, one touch of which would have pierced our craft, at another time paddling over some smooth, glassy lake that it seemed almost sacrilege to ruffle. Then again, as the wind arose, riding long

rolling, white, curling waves, that looked angry, but over which our gallant little bark rode high up like a yellow golden crown, on their white tresses.

But canoeing, like every thing else including its description, gets wearisome. Having penetrated into the wilderness some fifty miles from Minden village, we retraced our steps (if we may so speak) and tired now of lingering, and longing for home, chairs, tables and other civilized appurtenances with immunity from cooking and washing dishes, and having read and re-read Tennyson and Longfellow we put through the 100 miles of water and portage to Bobcaygeon in three days, which was thought to be rather a considerable thing for Toronto greenhorns. Having rested at Bobcaygeon and theorized on the much vexed question of Bacon's connection therewith, we were joined by another voyager, and tired of paddling took the little steamer Victoria for twenty-two miles to Buckhorn, with all our traps and reinforced commisariat on board.

At Buckhorn, we camped for two or three days and caught any amount of bass and "lunge." The scenery there is hardly inferior to that of the Thousand Islands; the route through Pigeon Lake and the "Narrows" into Buckhorn is most lovely, studded with the most beautiful islands, every bend of the route reveals new points of beauty which might fitly compare with the far famed St. Lawrence. Here we had some adventures amusing enough, to look back upon, the moral of which is "beware of Buckhorn mosquitoes." They were insect elephants, and the sand flies gave one a lively idea of the plague of Egypt. A lazy man should not go there, it will need some exertion on his part to stimulate the cuticle of his body, unless he be a 'pachyderm.'

But Dozy is tired, and so are his readers; however he feels well rewarded for his task if he has succeeded in drawing attention to the capability of the northern chain of lakes to furnish interest and sport to those

"—who love the haunts of Nature,
 "Love the sunshine of the meadows,
 "Love the shadow of the forest,
 "Love the wind among the branches,
 "And the rushing of great rivers,"

the lovers of summer adventure, and the disdainers of the tiresome continuousness of the home comforts of bed and board.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

THE MOUNTAIN LAKE.

BY CONANS.

On the south side of the Georgian Bay, a mile or two behind Cape Rich, in a valley on the mountain range, lies a beautiful little lake. There is a legend that on one occasion 300 Indians venturing on the ice, when not sufficiently strong to bear their weight, were all drowned, and that therefore no Indian will visit the lake.

High up among the hills
 The mountain lake lies sleeping in the sun;
 In its still depths are mirrored the dark trees,
 Which cast a shadow o'er its silvery face,
 As it lies silent in the drowsy air;
 As silent as the dead, which there repose
 Beneath its waters. Would'st hear the story?
 Listen the Legend of the mountain Lake!

I.

"Oh Manitou! oh Manitou!
 "Oh listen to my prayer!
 "The prayer that bursts from an aching heart,
 "Oppressed with grief and care.
 "List to my prayer, oh Manitou!
 "Against my people I cry,
 "Let never joy to their wigwams come,
 "In sorrow let them die!"

II.

This was the prayer of an aged crone,
 As she sat her by a tree;
 Left all alone, to sob and moan,
 By her people left was she,
 Till hunger should pine, and thirst combine,
 To stop her feeble breath;
 She prayed "Curse my people, Manitou!
 "In lifetime and in death!"

III.

The last sands of life were ebbing fast,
 And weaker grew each moan.
 As she sat her down, by the root of that tree,
 Her head upon a stone;
 But hatred flowed from her angry breast,
 And heaved with her heaving breath;
 "Curse my people, Manitou!" she cried,
 Then her eyes were closed in death!

IV.

The winter wild came on apace,
Shrouding the earth in white,
While the shivering Redmen sought in vain,
To appease their appetite—
No deer could they kill, and the partridge still,
Fled from their arrows point ;
As camped by the bank of the mountain lake,
They stiffened in every joint.

V.

They sought in vain, the fox to train,
To their snare so cunningly laid ;
And Manitou heard not when they cried,
Though often to him they prayed,
Prayed the Manitou good, for warmth and food,
Yet heard he not their cry,
And echo only answered back
With a wild and wailing sigh.

VI.

The frost-bound Lake is quiet now,
Icebridged from shore to shore,
No more its waters leap and dance,
To the loud winds' sullen roar ;
But calm and still, from hill to hill,
It stretches a level plain,
Unheeding the groans, the shivering moans
Of the Redmen in hunger's pain.

VII.

"We will go fish," said the Indian chief,
"To drive our hunger away ;"
"We will go fish, for here in life
"No longer we can stay."
And they hasted all, man, woman, and child,
To cut the icebridge through,
To wile the fish from the waters deep,
Their hunger to subdue.

VIII.

Three hundred men and women and youth,
Are gathered together as one,
When the ice it burst, with a roar and a crash,
As shattered by a stone.
The icefield burst, neath Manitou's curse,
And carried them all a-down,
To the lakes' still depths, in horror there
To struggle and gasp and drown !

This is the legend of the Mountain Lake,
and of the dread revenge of the old crone, who,
left to perish, prayed the Manitou to curse her
people. There, no Redmen now will send the
light canoe, with eager speed, across its waters,
for their silent depths are whitened with the
ever bleaching bones of his drowned kindred,
for the Manitou hath cursed his people !

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

JOHN READE'S POEMS.

The declaration that a prophet has no honour in his own country, seems, in Canada, at least, to be equally true of Poets. We do not claim that as yet Canada, has produced poets worthy to take rank with the great creative minds of Europe, who have bequeathed their imperishable legacies of poetic thought to the world ; but we have no hesitation in saying that Canadian bards have given to the world much, that is worthy of more cordial reception and appreciative regard, than it has yet received. Charles Heavysege's "SAUL" in richness and intensity of expression and high dramatic power, has not been equaled by any living poet ; and yet his name is not even known to nineteen-twentieths of those who would be offended, if it should be hinted that they were not people of intelligence and literary taste. Charles Sangster has written of Canadian scenery with a wealth of descriptive power and loving admiration, that might entitle him to rank with Wordsworth, while some of his martial and patriotic pieces have all the fire and spirit of Campbell's battle odes ; and yet of the thousands that visit the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, how few have read his "St. Lawrence and Saguenay," or looked at the wild and sublime scenery of that route, through the fancy of him, who has wreathed its charms in his own beautiful imaginings. It is still harder to understand why Alex. McLachlan, who speaks to the popular heart in simple, popular style, is so little read and known. Yet of the thousands who devour third-rate novels, very few give any attention to the songs of our native bards. What is the true cause of this state of things ? Why is there so little interest felt in Canadian poetry ? It will scarcely be pretended by any one acquainted with the productions of our best Canadian poets, that they are so utterly unworthy of approval as to justify this general indifference. Even if only of moderate merit, one would suppose that a patriotic interest in what was produced by pioneers in this department, would protect it from neglect. But this

is evidently not the case. The question here raised is too large to be answered in this brief paper. It may be admissible however, very briefly to advert to some of the causes of the prevailing neglect of Canadian authors.

The number of persons of poetic taste, who have sufficient culture and independence to recognise and approve literary merit, without regard to popular opinion, is in this country very limited. There is consequently a very limited market for any poetic ventures, however meritorious. If any poetry comes endorsed with the admiration of the literary world, such as Tennyson has secured, a large number of persons will procure such works, and even profess to admire them; though if they had been left to themselves to find out their merits, they would never have been discovered. It is easy to see how an unpretending Canadian volume, unheralded and unendorsed, launched on such a sea, is far more likely to sink, than to outride the gales of popular contempt, or what is worse, the dead calm of popular indifference. Besides, the immense quantity of standard poetry already before the public, makes the chance all the worse for any new aspirant for consideration, who has not some special, commanding claim to general regard.

It will hardly be denied, that the extent to which the young are making sensational novels their main reading has a tendency to destroy the taste for poetry and other forms of literature which does not minister to the morbid desire for excitement. There also widely prevails a mistaken conception of the value of poetry. A large class can see no value in anything that does not minister directly to the aims of a low and selfish life, which regards the attainment of wealth as the great object of existence. Yet the study of good poetry is not merely a source of a pure and refining pleasure, but is really necessary to the complete education of our faculties. The Poet reads nature, with a deeper and keener perception of the signification of the truths, that are written in her visible forms. He is our guide and interpreter through the maze of labyrinths. He translates for our instruction the meanings that are hidden

in her mystical symbolism. Mountain and river, forest and field have a profounder interest for us, after we have seen them through the medium of the Poet's keener perception, warmer sympathy and admiration. Who could visit the Alps, without feeling that they were invested with a loftier grandeur by Coleridge's "Hymn before sunrise?" The stars shine with a holier light, when we think of them with Sangster, as "jewelled scintillations from the chariot wheels of God." The ocean is invested with a more peerless majesty, since Byron has called it "a glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form glasses itself in tempests;" and there is hardly an object in nature, that the poet's imagination has not invested with heightened charms. All cultivated minds will ratify the truth of these remarks. In the mean time, we must only hope that a brighter day will dawn upon our country; and that as patriotism and refinement increase, the productions of the Canadian Muse will receive a warmer welcome and a more generous appreciation. Our poets may find a melancholy consolation in the thought, that it is tolerably certain, poetry of the most acknowledged merit and beauty, is in no greater demand. You may bind in one volume, Gray's "Elegy," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Cowper's "Task," and Mrs. Browning's "Drama of Exile,"—works that gave immortal fame to half a dozen poets—and it is more than likely, the volume would be a serious financial risk for any publisher. I firmly believe that the time will come when the pioneer poets of Canada will be more widely known, and held in higher estimation than they are at present.

But my object is not to write a dissertation on Canadian Poets and Poetry; but to introduce to the readers of the CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL, a volume recently published by Dawson Brothers, Montreal, entitled the "*The Prophecy of Merlin and other Poems* by JOHN READE."

Mr. Reade was formerly engaged in educational work, and latterly has been connected with the Montreal press. He has been known for many years as a contri-

butor of hert pieces of more than ordinary merit to Canadian papers. Several of his lyrics were published in *Dewart's selections from Canadian Poets*, and were generally very much admired. This is I believe, Mr. Reade's first venture in the form of a volume; and I have no doubt, it will please and interest all persons of taste who read it. We hope the number will be large.

The name of the first poem, "The Prophecy of Merlin," naturally makes the impression, that Mr. Reade has displayed a boldness approaching temerity, in challenging comparison with Tennyson, by taking as the subject of his principal poem the legends of King Arthur and the Round Table. A closer examination shows that this is not the case. He has merely taken up the theme, where Tennyson leaves off, and is nearly altogether on ground furnished by his own imagination. Those who are familiar with the old chronicles and legends which Tennyson has used, as the basis of his *Idylls of a King* are aware that the poet has kept very close to the prose tales. He tells them, it is true, in "picked and packed words" "with rare rhythmic melody; but certainly adds little from his own imagination. Some early English versions of portions of these legends would surprise those, who have read only Tennyson, by their similarity to some parts of the idylls. But Mr. Reade has no legend to guide his roaming fancy. The Poem opens just at the point where the *Morte d'Arthur* closes, Sir Bedivere, worn, wounded, and unspeakably sad, at the loss of the "blameless King;" and his brave companions in arms, watch the barge that bears away Arthur to the vale of Avalon. He deeply bemoans his sad fate, in being left the sole survivor of the noble band of knights that had shed such lustre on the reign of Arthur. In his loneliness he says,

"Oh that the battle might be fought again!
Then would I surely seek the way to death,
And bleed and sleep like you and be at peace.
But now, ah, whither, whither shall I go,
Since he has gone who was my light of life,
And whom to see was bliss? what can I do
Without the voice that gave my arm its
strength?
Or wherefore bear a sword, since now no more
Excalibur points forth to noble deeds?"

Then as if with some faint hope that the flinging of his sword into the lake might have an effect, similar to that followed by the throwing of Arthur's mysterious brand, he flings his sword into the lake, and with the strain his wounds begin to bleed, and he faints away. When he awoke, Merlin the seer and sage was by his side, and in reply to his questioning, Merlin reveals many things not known before, and prophecies of the prosperity that Britain should enjoy in the future, and of the triumphs of art, science, and religion. Though these prophecies are taken from the actual facts of history, it is instructive to remember, that there has been a period not very remote, when these achievements would have seemed to the most sanguine, wild and impossible as the fancies of a poet's dream. History has transcended all human anticipation; and accomplished fact has outstripped the most extravagant vision of the imagination.

The following is a graphic description of the reign of our beloved Queen Victoria, and the progress of the world in her day:

Now, when the last of three Queens has slept
For many years, there shall rise a Fourth—
Fair, good and wise, and loved by all the land
Of Britain, and by many lands on every sea.
And in her days the world shall have much
changed

From that which now we live in. Mysteries,
Save unto me in vision, now unknown,
Shall then be clear as day. The earth and
air

Shall yield strange secrets for the use of men—
The planets, in their courses, shall draw near,
And men shall see their marvels, as the flowers
That grace the meads of summer,—time and
space

Shall know new laws, and history shall walk
Abreast with fact o'er all the peopled world:—
For words shall flash like light from shore to
shore,

And light itself shall chronicle men's deeds.
Great ships shall plough the ocean without
sail,

And steedless chariots shoot with arrowy speed
O'er hill and dale and river, and beneath
The solid floor we tread,—the silent rocks
Shall tell the story of the infant world,—

The falling leaf shall shew the cause of things
Sages have sought in vain—and the whole vast
Of sight and sound shall be to men a school
Where they may learn strange lessons; and
great truths

That long have slept in the deep heart of God
Shall awaken and come forth and dwell with
men,
As in the elder days the tented lord

Of countless herds was taught by angel-guests.
And this fair land of Britain then shall be
Engrailed with stately cities,—and by streams
Where now the greedy wolf roams shall be
heard

The multitudinous voice of Industry,—
And Labour, incense-crowned, shall hold her
court

Where now the sun scarce touches with his
beams

The scattered seeds of future argosies,
That to the future limit of the world
Shall bear the glory of the British name.
And where a Grecian victor never trod,
And where a Roman banner never waved,
East, West, and North and South, and to those
Isles,

Happy and rich, of which the poets dreamed
But never saw, set far in Western seas,
Beyond the pillars of the heathen god—
Shall Arthur's realm extend, and dusky Kings
Shall yield obeisance to his conquering fame.

And She, the fourth fair tenant of the throne,
Heir to the ripe fruit of long centuries,
Shall reign o'er such an empire, and her name,
Clasping the trophies of all ages, won
By knightly deeds in every land and sea,
Shall be VICTORIA.

Looking still further down the stream of
time, the poet thus beautifully describes the
moral progress that shall mark the later
times, anticipations which alas seem now
not likely to be soon realized, judging
from the present state of Europe.

But when the fiery wave of war has washed
The world, as gold from which the dross is
burned

The nations shall rise purer, and men's hearts
Shall fear the touch of wrong; the slave
ashamed

And angry once to see the pitiless sun
Smile on his chains, shall leap and sing for joy.
Free thought shall take the ancient shield of
Truth

And make it bright, showing the Artist's work,
Long hid by stains and rust from longing eyes;
And hoary ills shall die, and o'er their graves
Shall bloom fair flowers, and trees of goodly
fruit

To gladden and make strong the heart of man."

We will not further anticipate the
pleasure of our readers in perusing
this beautiful poem for themselves. It
is a valuable contribution to our infant
Canadian Literature, in which Mr. Reade
vindicates his ability to work out a poetic
view of thought, in elegant and expressive
language.

But although we freely admit that
Mr. Reade has in the *Phrophecy of Mer-
lin* vindicated his ability to write a lengthy

poem of sustained interest, yet there can
be little question, that it is in lyrical poe-
try his main strength lies. His poetry
is chiefly distinguished by intense feeling,
graceful diction and a delicate rhythmic
melody, that renders many of his short
pieces well adapted for music. Some of
his pieces written for music, are eminently
marked by sweetness and harmony.
There is tenderness and lulling melody in
such stanzas as these :

I.

In my ear is the moan of the pines—in my
heart is the song of the sea,
And I feel his salt breath on my face, as he
showers his kisses on me,
And I hear the wild screams of the gulls, as
they answer the call of the tide,
And I watch the fair sails as they glisten,
like gems on the breast of a bride.

II.

From the rock where I stand to the sun is a
pathway of sapphire and gold,
Like a waif of those Patmian visions that
wraopt the lone seer of old
And it seems to my soul like an omen that
calls me far over the sea—
But I think of a little white cottage and one
that is dearest to me.

Such pieces as "Sing me the songs I love
once more;" "Vasthi," "Unspoken," "In
Memoriam" and others have the true poe-
tic ring, and cannot fail to secure the ad-
miration of all persons of correct literary
taste. There are several pieces that I
would like to extract as specimens of Mr.
Reade's lyrical talent, but must forbear.
The translations are not the least interest-
ing features of the volume. We close this
imperfect notice with the following sonnet
on "Hope."

She touched me in my sorrow; I awoke.
Her kind hands broke the fetters of my grief;
The light of smiles shone around me, as she
spoke:

"I come my friend, to bring thee sweet relief.
Of those that minister, I am the chief,
To man's sick heart; I made the tears of Eve
Bright with the hues of Heaven, when loth to
leave

The joys her disobedience made so brief
I sailed with Noah o'er the buried earth,
I sat with Hagar by the new-found well,
I solaced Joseph in his lonely cell,
I filled sad David's soul with songs of mirth."
Much more she whispered, till my heart grew
bright

And sorrows vanished as at dawn, the night.

DELTA.

[For the Canadian Literary Journal.]

THE CANADIAN PIONEER.

Words by MRS. ANNA DUNHAM.

Music by J. D. GRAHAM, Sharon.

8 va.

Ca-na-da, my lov'd coun - try, and home ov - er dear! Where once stood the

hut of each brave pi - o - neer, While the land of his birth place sweet

mem'-ries did bring, The songs of his child-hood he soft-ly did sing: He ex-

tempo.

plored the dense for-ests, but now o'er his grave, The flag of our coun-try in

free-don: with wave, We re-mem-ber his hard-ships, the sweat of his

ritard.

tempo.

brow, We think of his works which are bear-ing fruit now.

rall.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO. *Vigorosa.*

Na - tion - al pride reigns in ev - e - ry age; There's far renown'd emblems on his - to - ry's page, With the

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASSO.

ACCOMPANIMENT.

ralentando.

em - blem of Ca - na - da hap - py we'll be, Our in - gen - ious Bea - ver and Green Maple Tree.

II.

Some bravely have fought for their freedom
and home,

Who under the rod of oppression did groan,
Their banners now flying 'neath liberty's sun,
For the love of their country great victories
won;

The hero with laurels immortal we crown,

And to true noble worth there is given.

While the blood of the patriot glows in our
veins,

We'll be true to our country while liberty
reigns.

CHORUS—National pride, &c.

III.

My mind oft reverts to the green shady
wood,

Where in sweet happy childhood the rustic
cot stood,

Where thrift and industry replenished the
store,

And the poor wandering beggar was fed at
the door,

Where the Indian reclined neath the deep cedar's
shade,

And felt himself "monarch of all he sur-
veyed,"

Or hunting his game through the forest did
rove,

Where natures sweet minstrels did sing in
the grove.

CHORUS—National pride, &c.

IV.

Where the low humble buildings for worship
did stand,

Commodious churches are reared in our
land,

The sound of the organs deep tones now we
hear,

And the voice of sweet melody greeting the
ear,

Industrious husbandmen scatter their grain,

And breathe thanks to heaven for showers
of rain,

The merchant in prospect of wealth wears a
smile,

While importing his wares from some far
distant Isle.

CHORUS—National pride, &c.

V.

The scholar, the statesman, and lovers of fame,
Be proud and content with your country and
name,

And honest mechanics of every trade,

Whose fortunes by care and industry are
made,

Refrain from vain boasting, one God made the
whole,

From the burning equator to each frozen
pole,

To Him be all glory his name ever fear.

And kindly remember the brave pioneer.

CHORUS—National pride, &c.

TABLE TALK.

THE WAR.

The all absorbing topic of conversation o the day is the war in Europe. Both nations, persistent in their appanent claims of justice, still furiously wage the conflict. The magni- tude of the present war scarcely enters the con- ception of any one living, and the world must wait for future years to see the ghastly picture that must needs be presented in the steps of the invading army of Germany through van- quished France. Peace rumors prevail, but how far they are reliable we cannot opine; the general impression at present is, however, that the Crown Prince will bombard Paris and that done, the Germans will completely over-run France. We would longingly hope better things for Paris, yes for France, but while the French refuse all solicitations from Germany, it cannot reasonably be expected that Bis- marck will relinquish his designs for the com- plete defeat of the French.

RUSSIA-TURKEY COMPLICATIONS.

The rumored invasion of Turkey by Russia appears to have been more imaginative than real. We could not discern at the time any reason for such a course of action on the part of Russia. She well knows that England would not quietly entertain the idea of such unwonted aggrandisement, hence the life of the "sick-man" will be prolonged

CANADA.

The quiet occupation of the North-West Territory, more commonly known as the Red River country, has disappointed a very great number. Resistance on the part of the few disaffected inhabitants, would at any rate have been useless, as the majority hail the coming of the troops, as a sure guarantee for future peace and prosperity. The existence of a judicious government, the construction of good roads, and immediate improvements, combined with the natural richness and vast extent of the Red River country, will, in a short time render it a valuable acquisition to the Dominion of Canada.

CONTEMPORARY PERIODICALS.

HARRIS MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—We have before us the November No. of Harper's Maga- zine, replete as usual with excellent literature;

among the various articles we notice an excellent article on the Hugenots and one on "Frederick the Great," while the serials are all that could be desired.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL.—The last No. of Appleton's Journal is to hand, beautifully illustrated, containing also an Educational supplement. We admired this Journal, at its first issue, but it has even surpassed its original reputation and now ranks prominently among the best periodicals of the day. The articles are first-class, and its contributors can be classed among the best writers of fiction, fact and poetry.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE, for November, is as usual interesting, the articles, while not heavy are of a nature that will please the general reader. Elliott, Thomas & Talbot, Boston, are the publishers.

We notice that "The Vale of Morven," a beautiful poem, written expressly for the Canadian Literary Journal, from the pen of our excellent contributor, G. V. LeVaux, Esq., has appeared extensively in weekly publications throughout the country, uncredited to us. Editors might please bear this in mind in making future SELECTIONS.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents will bear in mind that MSS. requires only ONE CENT per ounce postage, but must contain no letters of business or otherwise. Where contributors require MSS. returned sufficient stamps must be enclosed.


 NOTICE.—Those Subscribers who have not as yet paid up their subscriptions, will greatly oblige by remitting the amount, 75 cents, and 6 cents postage, in all 81 cents, at once.

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All letters to the Editorial Department must be prepaid and addressed to

FLINT & VAN NORMAN,
Box, 1472, Toronto.

J. D. GRAHAM, Sharon.—Music and words received and accepted with thanks. Hope to hear from you soon again.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.—Scarcely appropriate. Let us hear from you with something shorter and upon a newer subject.

CHRISTMAS DAY, (Poem.)—Declined.
MAN, WHAT IS HE?—Accepted.

OUR EXHIBITION.—Your article is meritorious but hardly adapted to a monthly periodical. We hope to have your assistance hereafter.
THE STONEBREAKER, BY S. S.—Declined.

THE MOUNTAIN LAKE, BY "Conans."—Accepted with thanks.

CANADENSIS.—We welcome with pleasure to our columns one so deservedly popular to the reading public of Canada. Your excellent articles were too late for insertion in our present issue. Will appear in our next.

WHAT IS AN ANIMAL, accepted.—Owing to a number of scientific articles in hand, we cannot use it at present.

B. EWART.—Your revised effusion is declined. Poetry is certainly not your FORTE.

OSCAR.—Your article is good but more adapted to a weekly. Declined with thanks, but hope to hear from you again.

TO THE VOTARIES OF TOBACCO—Declined.

J. W. B. CHANON, Glasgow, Scotland.—Your article is accepted. We await the promised article from your friend.

Several notices are unavoidably crowded out until next month.

THE Canadian Literary Journal,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF TWENTY-FOUR PAGES,

DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL CANADIAN LITERATURE,

Embracing Sketches, Stories, History, Reviews, Essays, Poetry,
Music and general Literature.

The fostering and upbuilding of a native Canadian Literature, is the object of the proprietors in publishing the journal, hence we appeal all the more earnestly to all Canadians to give us every support.

On our staff of Contributors we have many of the best writers in the Dominion, as well as foreign Correspondents and Contributors. The articles are all interesting and instructive, and no effort will be spared to render the Journal worthy a place among the best periodicals of the day, and the price being so low, it will stem the tide of foreign magazines.

The Journal should be in every household in the Dominion.

To increase our now extensive circulation we have concluded to offer the following PREMIUMS to those getting up clubs.

To any one sending in five new subscriptions to the Journal at 75 cents each, we will forward them any of the following books valued at 75 cents:—

Chases Recipes.
Tales of the Covenanters.

Shakespeare's Poems complete.
Robinson Crusoe.

To any one sending in seven new subscriptions at 75 cents each, we will forward any one of the following books, valued at \$1.00:—

Ten Thousand Wonderful Things.
The Family Doctor.
Beautiful Patent Album.
Dewart's Songs of Life.

One of any of the following Poets:
Burns, Byron, Longfellow, Shakespeare.
Female Biography.
The Dominion Accountant.

To any one sending us ten new names we will forward any of the following books, valued at \$1.50—Chas. Reade's Poems:—

Motley's Dutch Republic.
McGee's History of Ireland.
New Lute of Zion.

Inquire Within.
Ingoldsby Legends.
The Queen's Book.

To any one sending us in 15 new subscriptions at 75 cents each, we will forward any of the following books, valued at \$2.00:—

Eliza Cook's Poems.
Sunday Magazine, 1871.
Ontario Cabinet Lawyer.

Biography of Celebrated Canadians.
Haverty's History of Ireland.
Carlyle's, McCaula'y's, Jeffrey's or Wilson's Essays.