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STEWART'S QUARTERLY.

GEORGE STEWART, Jr., EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. V. SAINT JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER, 1871. No. 3.

HUMAN PROGRESS—IS IT REAL?

By REV. M. HARVEY, St. John's, N. F.

The question I propose to discuss, in the present paper, is this—have we any reason to believe that, in the long historic march of mankind, our race has been progressing—gaining higher and higher levels, so that we of the present generation stand on a loftier vantage-ground, in regard to what constitutes the grand essentials of existence, than those who have preceded us? Has the course of humanity, since its start in the far east in the dawn of history, been on the whole progressive; or like the swing of the pendulum, constantly traversing the same arc of the circle, always in motion but making no advance? After all the toils and sorrows and conflicts of man, prolonged through thousands of years, has he any solid gains to show? Has he become richer in wisdom and virtue, in mind and heart, in the essentials of true happiness, as the ages roll along? Is the world, on the whole, a better place than it was a thousand or three thousand years ago, or man a nobler being? Or is our boasted civilization only a seeming progress—only change but not an advance?

At first sight such questions may appear superfluous, almost insulting to the civilization of our glorious nineteenth century. For are not we of this generation entitled to look back, with pity and contempt, on those who have gone before us? With our railways and steam-driven ocean-rangers, our factories and power-looms, our world-embracing commerce and enormous productive industry, are we not far ahead of any ancient or mediæval nation? Think of our great hives of industry. Listen to the roar of our machinery as it ceaselessly turns out all that can minister to human wants. Survey our docks, warehouses and stately mansions, our iron-clads, our Armstrong guns and Henry-Martini rifles. Above all, estimate, if you can, the wonders of the daily newspaper. Have we not laid down our Atlantic Cables, so that New York and Chicago are abreast of London in regard to intelligence? How absurd then to compare this telegraphic, gas-lighted, steaming age with the stupid, sluggish ages that have gone before? Truly we are

> "Heirs of all the ages,
> In the foremost files of time."

Wonder-workers are we—our achievements well-nigh miraculous. The telegraphic operator, at Heart's Content, takes a gun-cap, a bit of zinc and a single drop of water, and with this thaumaturgic apparatus, he communicates intelligibly with his friend on the other side of the Atlantic. San Francisco whispers to Calcutta; and soon Ariel's feat of putting a girdle round the globe in forty minutes, will be translated into sober fact. Take our literature, our laws, our governments—what enormous strides we have made! Who can estimate the progress of our science, as it searches all things in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, guaging, on the one hand, those ghosts of light, the galaxies and nebulæ that seem to hang on the outskirts of creation, and, on the other, bringing the elementary atoms of each simple substance under the dominion of mathematical laws, and disclosing the secrets of light, heat and electricity. Consider how enormously the geologist has enlarged the historic records of our globe, taking us away back through the steaming forests, the chaos-lighted fields, the strange animal and vegetable creations of worlds that have preceded our own, and are now entombed beneath our feet. Think of the broad advances of material power—the onward sweep of intellectual attainments—the power, the freedom, the energy that characterize modern thought, and have we not reason for self-congratulation? May we not say, "swift-footed, clear-seeing, audacious age, latest form of the sixty centuries that stretch up to Adam, heir of them all, and parent of the future, thou art the noblest, brightest of them all."

But to all this loud-voiced, self-glorification it would not be difficult to make a very chilling reply. When closely looked at, the background of the picture has many dark figures. Our showy civilization has many an ugly feature, and hides, under purple robes, many a social ulcer. England—great, wealthy, benevolent England—has, at this moment, more than a million of paupers, eighteen per cent able-bodied, and has to take, annually, from the hard-won earnings of her industrious classes, six millions sterling to keep the idle paupers from starvation. Scotland relieves annually 602,520 paupers, at an expense of £770,000. This huge, hungry pauperism, kept temporarily from death or rebellion by the expedient of a poor-law, what an ugly blotch it is on our civilization! Like an advancing column of locusts, it is deepening and extending itself year by year, and is now the despair of statesmen, the terror of philanthropists. There stands the black, portentous monster, lantern-jawed, blue-visaged, one of the most frightful spectres that ever rose out of the foul swamps of humanity! Add now to this huge army of hopeless, incapable "lack-alls" the masses of men and women who, by hard struggles, are just able to keep out of the maelstrom of pauperism, but for whom life has little joy and no hope,—the pale, stunted factory workers, distressed needle-women, labourers rural and urban, begging for leave to toil and too often asking in vain. With this spectacle before us we begin to look somewhat doubtfully at our boasted civilization, and to ask, had Babylon or Rome anything quite so bad as this? The Census of 1861 showed that Scotland—industrious, progressive, religious Scotland—had 7,964

houses without windows; and 226,601 houses with one room; 246,610 with two rooms—in short, one third of all the houses in Scotland have but one room each. England is not one whit better. In her great cities, myriads on myriads are living in the foulest conditions, under which no purity, decency or nobleness could grow up, breathing poisoned air, without a drop of pure water to drink, the darkened filthy dwelling a type of the darkened souls within, where the name of God is heard only in blasphemy, and religion's sweet breath is never felt. What are Atlantic Cables, and Cunard Steamers, and printing presses to these sunken masses—the barbarians of civilization—but still our brothers, of whom we can never cease to be the keepers! The Registrar General tells us, that in wealthy London alone, 326 human beings die annually of starvation, and these, of course, are only a few of the extreme cases that happen to attract public notice. In fact, with all the outpourings of private charity in London—and nothing like it was ever seen in the world before,—with all that poor-laws and police can do, the unrelieved indigence in the Great Metropolis and in all the great cities of England, is overwhelming; and those who come into close contact with it feel it a constant burden on their hearts, and are inclined to shrink away in despair from the utterly hopeless task of grappling with it. All the other great cities on the continent of Europe repeat the same dreadful spectacle, on a smaller scale—all have their "dangerous classes"—all are struggling with pauperism. Even in the United States, with their unexhausted resources, and ample wages for labour, this Giant Despair of the 19th Century shows his hunger-bitten visage. In the State of New York, a quarter of a million paupers were, not long since, reported as being sustained by public charity; and while population increases there at the rate of 61 per cent, pauperism advances at the rate of 706 per cent. In proportion to population, pauperism is twice as great in New York as in Ireland; the death-rate of the city is higher than that of London; 18,000 persons live in cellars; three-fourths of the city are unsupplied with sewerage; a vast mass of the inhabitants are packed into ill-ventilated houses at the rate of 240,000 within the square mile; and 10,000 lives are lost annually from causes which could be prevented. Such are the conditions of life in the Empire City of the New World. So little avails monarchy or republicanism in dealing with this formidable foe.

In reclaiming or diminishing the criminal classes of society, our boasted civilization can hardly be said to have achieved a greater success than in dealing with pauperism. Our laws punish crime, after a certain rude fashion, but make almost no attempts to prevent it, or to reform the criminal. Meantime, the law-browed, ferocious criminal class has multiplied till room can scarce be found for them; and property has to be guarded, not only by the policeman, but with revolver and heaviest bolts and safes. The columns of our newspapers are constantly filled with records of the most revolting crimes. Then, look at another feature of our civilization, in the light of the late Franco-German war—the art of human destruction by which the highest glory

is won. The ingenuity displayed in rifled cannon, mitrailleuses, needle-guns and all the dreadful engineery of war, makes it very evident that the day is yet far distant when the sword will become the plough-share. The most bloody and destructive war in the annals of history is that which has just closed, leaving half of Paris a mass of ruins and the soil of France red with the blood of her children.

In the face of these drawbacks on our modern civilization, we may well hesitate to answer the question, is human progress a reality? If our great and beloved England is to be taken as a type of progress, we see clearly enough that though she has done much in the centuries that are gone, she has still a gigantic task before her,—one that will tax all her patient energies and strain her very heart-strings. How is she to organize into working regiments, and train under "captains of industry," her idle millions, now supported by legal charity? How save the toiling masses and keep them from sinking into the slough of pauperism? How educate and elevate her urban and rural labourers and lift them out of the poisonous conditions in which vast masses are weltering—living in darkness and dust, and "dying like slaves in the night?" How save the myriads of fallen womanhood, whose cry goes up to heaven in a prolonged and horrible shriek? No mild philanthropy, no charitable doles, no amount of tract distribution, no sprinkling of rose water will heal these terrible social evils. All the solid worth, all the virtue and intelligence of the nation will be required to grapple with them. Distractions enough are around our England. Her labour question is pressing for solution, the relation between employer and employed being yet in the cash-payment stage, and developing into blind, hostile, selfish combinations of men and masters against each other. Her land question is in a still more confused condition, the rights of property conflicting sorely with the rights of man. Of course it is easy to say, "leave these matters alone, they will right themselves in due time." They will do nothing of the kind, unless the wise and good put their shoulder to the wheel. God has not sent us into a world full of sin and misery to be mere Lotos Eaters, to shrug our shoulders and acquiesce in things as they are. Where evil is active, good must be more strenuously active, or the fair fabric of society will go to ruin; while we, self-satisfied, are piously chaunting our hymns. It is a law of God that the wise and strong should think for, guide, help, rule and elevate the weak and the foolish. To sit calmly in Sadducean enjoyment, and let the world go groaning on, may be very agreeable to our selfishness, but is sternly condemned by that religion which says "thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." This wondrous world is not a mere weaving-factory, or cook-shop where we are to scramble for victuals, nor yet a great counting-house where piles of wealth are to be accumulated, but a God-created world, where we are to be all true workers, and, under penalties, labour to make truth and justice triumphant. If amid all the glitter of our civilization, multitudes are found cowering into awful dens of vice and want and shame, and rotting down to forgotten graves, vainly seeking help from man and hope in God, there must be foul

wrong somewhere—some law of God must be broken. Mis-government or mis-government, cruel selfishness or faithless slothfulness must be in the ascendant. These are our brothers who are dying famished and torn, and shall they cry for help in vain?:—

"The curse of gold upon the land,
The lack of bread enforces;
The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,
Like more of death's white horses!
The rich preach "rights" and future days,
And hear no angel scoffing—
The poor die mute—with starving gaze
On corn-ships in the offing."

It may be reasonably doubted then whether, with all the wealth we have gathered and all the material prosperity of which we can boast, the land flowing with milk and honey be yet in sight. Great things have been achieved no doubt; but look at the social, political and moral evils that stand round, mountain-high, waiting to be righted! Penetrate below the surface a little, and how sad the lesson we read! We are proud of the "stately homes of England," the abodes of refinement and luxury, "amid their tall ancestral trees"; but what of the condition of the hodmen, and brick-layers who reared the pile—what of the agricultural labourers whose toil produced this lordly wealth? They are living in wretched dwellings unfit for the lower animals, and the mass of them cannot read the Lord's Prayer, or write their own names. Look at this veil of Brussel's lace that adorns the fair head of beauty, on her bridal morn,—what can be more exquisite in texture and finish? Ah! but there is a dark background to the picture. The beautiful fabric is the work of "fingers weary and worn," for the poor lace-weavers at Brussels are compelled to sit in cold and moist apartments, otherwise the thread so attenuated could not be drawn out; and the walls are so damp, and the atmosphere so vapour-laden that consumption rides in the air and mows down its victims in four or five years. That beautiful silk, and rich velvet have been woven by poor Spittalfields or Lyons silk-weavers, "amid poverty, hunger and dirt" such as Mayhew has described. That delicate embroidery, in which beauty sets off her charms, is the work of some half-starved peasant-girl who toils sixteen hours a day for the wretched pittance of six pence:—

"Bending backward from her toil,
Lest her tears the work should spoil;
Shaping from her bitter thought
Heart's ease and forget-me-not."

These alas! are the types of our civilization. From the glittering mask of modern wealth the wan, tragic face of poverty looks out. At a terrible cost to the toiling masses, a few secure the prizes and find them questionable benefits after all.

I turn now to another view of the subject. We are accustomed, in these days, to boast of the immense progress we have made in the mechanical arts. But after all, when we look closely into the matter, it must be confessed that in many departments of art and knowledge, the

progress of mankind, during the last two thousand years, has been limited, and lies rather in the application of that knowledge to the practical purposes of life, than in the increase of its volume. The priests of ancient Egypt were acquainted with the motive power of steam more than 3,000 years ago. As to engineering we cannot even conjecture by what mechanical contrivances these old Egyptians erected those huge stone mountains called Pyramids. The largest of these rose to the height of 450 feet; covered an area of 13 acres; contained seven millions tons of stone, and employed 100,000 men for twenty years. Is there any of our living sculptors who would undertake the erection of a companion statue to the Sphinx which lies partly buried in the sands of Egypt, and has been "staring right on, with calm eternal eyes," while Cambyses, Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, with all their glittering hosts, swept past. This enormous statue was cut out of a mass of solid lime stone, its length being 180 feet, its height 62 feet, and the circumference of its forehead 102 feet. Talk about modern architecture! We men of the present time must hide our heads in shame, when we survey the ruins of Egyptian Thebes, sung of by Homer as having a hundred brazen gates, which was flourishing, in all its glory, eighteen hundred years before Christ. There is really nothing to compare with these majestic ruins. There stands the statue of Memnon, kingly still though shattered, one of the oldest and also one of the noblest works of art. There, too, is the temple of Luxor, with its rich sculptures, and the Temple and hall of Karnac, the central avenue of which contains twelve massive columns, each sixty feet high, and twelve in diameter, the Temple itself being two miles in circumference. The heart must bow in reverence to the great race who projected and perfected such works. That the human mind conceived them—that hands like our own fashioned them, gives us higher ideas of man, "the paragon of animals." We become sceptical about progress, when we find the Egyptians manufacturing glass 4,000 years ago, and staining it more skilfully than our modern workmen. Three thousand years ago, these cunning artificers built ships that doubled the Cape of Good Hope, twenty-one centuries before Vasco de Gama accomplished the feat. Their dentists were filling cavaties in teeth with gold leaf three or four thousand years ago—an art that has only comparatively lately been introduced into Europe. In many things, we are but re-producing, after painful efforts, what this ancient people invented centuries ago, and traversing the very track they trod. The stupid, conservative Chinese invented and practised the art of printing a thousand years ago; and had a form of constitutional government, competitive examinations for state-officials, and used the mariner's compass before Hengist and Horsa landed in England. Then turn to glorious Greece and her brilliant civilization—her statuary, still the noblest models of art—her Parthenon, the wonder of the world though in ruins. We boast of our modern engineering skill in supplying our great cities with water; but were the best of our efforts compared with the aqueducts of Rome, many of them extending for sixty miles, crossing vallies at an elevation of 130

feet, and supplying the city constantly with a body of water equal to that carried down by a river thirty feet broad by six deep. Our improvements in sewerage have never yet produced anything like the Cloaca Maxima, of Ancient Rome, built by Tarquinius Priscus five hundred and eighty years before Christ. Time would fail me to tell of Nineveh, with its colossal winged-bulls, carved with the nicety of a cameo; of Babylon with its mighty walls; Jerusalem, with its glorious temple; Tyre, with its countless fleets; Sidon, with its labyrinth of workshops and factories; and Persepolis, with its world of palaces. Centuries before Romulus marked out the site of the city which was destined to be mistress of the world. Etruria was a flourishing kingdom, embracing the region now known as Tuscany, was thickly studded with noble cities, had its paved roads, admirable system of drainage and tunnelling, the marvellous ruins of which still bear testimony to their ancient glory. More wonderful still are the ruins of Boalbec, those mountains of carved stone in the midst of a desert, which baffle the imagination to conceive how they were transported thither, or what race of giants they were who were able to construct monuments that bid defiance alike to the gnawing tooth of time and to the unrelenting hand of man. We boast of our English commerce—world-embracing, various, gigantic, penetrating all lands, laden with the produce of all climes; and yet when David was singing his immortal Psalms, at no great distance from Jerusalem, stood Phoenician Tyre, the mistress of the seas, the great colonizer and trader of the ancient world, interchanging the commerce of the East and West, having her factories on the Black Sea, and her gold mines in Greece and Spain, gathering the rich treasures of Ethiopia, Arabia and Hindostan, having Petra as a storehouse and depot for her Midianitish caravans, exporting her purple robes to every quarter of the globe, hewing down the cedars of Lebanon to build her navies, or to aid in the erection of Solomon's gorgeous Temple, and from her Mediterranean throne ruling the destinies of the nations. Over all the fertile shores and glittering isles of that inland sea, where civilization first developed itself, the Tyrian sceptre extended. Carthage, one of her colonies, grew into a powerful, independent state, and long contended with Rome for the sceptre of the empire. Broad as the known world was her commerce, and in every land her name was known and her power dreaded. The proud dames of old Tyre trod her streets adorned with the flashing diamonds of Golconda, the glittering pearls of Arabia, the richest products of the looms of India. What more can be affirmed to-day of their successors in London, Berlin, Paris or New York? The form, the manner of industry, art and commerce *have changed*; but the highest praise we can bestow upon our modern civilization is that it reproduces the splendour of those old nationalities, and perhaps rivals the long-buried glories of the past.

Passing from art and industry to the higher and finer productions of the intellect, here, at least, some may say, we moderns leave the ancients far behind. This, however, is not quite so certain. Take Homer who sang three thousand years ago:—

"Homer with the broad suspense
Of thundrous brow, and lips intense
Of garrulous god-innocence."

Has any modern singer discovered a higher poetical faculty, a more profoundly creative mind, or a bolder sweep of imagination than he who sang "the wondrous tale of Troy divine"? Doubtless our Wordsworths and Tennysons put much more knowledge into their verses; but where is the modern poem that has such a play of divine light over it as the Iliad, and where the poet who has the fire and self-forgetting fervour of him who thirty centuries ago sang of "the vengeful wrath of Peleus' son." Need we name Aeschylus, throned in gloomy grandeur,—Euripides,—Pindar, with his lyric fire, or the sweet-voiced Roman Virgil? Looking at their productions, can we say that there has been any increase in the mass, or improvement in the quality of the individual poetic mind? Nearly all the great problems of mental and moral science, about which the Reids, Hamiltons, Mills, Whateleys and Mansells are now wrangling, are discussed in the pages of Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, with a breadth and depth which prove that in mental calibre the ancient thinkers were by no means our inferiors. In political science, we can boast of little advance. The proper functions and sphere of government are not now more accurately defined than of old. The grand, fundamental principles of government, that are applicable to all times, are to be found accurately laid down in the pages of Aristotle, Polybius and Cicero; and to these as the fountain-head, the statesman and political philosopher must turn still, for truths and maxims of guidance. Here are urgued out, in exhaustive method, the comparative merits of monarchies and republics, of oligarchies and democracies, about which we are debating to-day. Nay, you find worked out here, a method of voting by classes which solved the problem over which British statesmen are now puzzling, and which, while avoiding the invidious and irritating exclusion of any from the franchise, secured the educated, intelligent and wealthy from being overpowered by the masses of an uninstructed democracy. It is true that our modern men of science are far more advanced in a knowledge of the laws of nature than the ancient, whose acquaintance with the external universe was very meagre and often erroneous; but in *faculty* they do not, as a class, surpass the Euclids, Archimedeses and Aristotles of ancient days. In a more enlarged acquaintance with the facts and laws of nature, but not in faculty or mental power, can it be truly affirmed that we are ahead of those who have preceded us. And if we ask whether mankind are more virtuous than of yore, remembering that virtue lies in love to the laws and fatherland—in readiness to subordinate selfish interests to public exigencies, we may safely leave it to the conscience to say whether our age is more virtuous than the early ages of Greece and Rome, when the basis for the security of the commonwealth was felt to be moral considerations, not, as now, commerce and finance. Can it be truly affirmed that the boundless thirst for wealth, which is the ruling spirit of our age, and the great spring of enterprise, has

made men nobler, better, happier? I fear there is but one answer to these questions. The condition of France at this moment, crushed, torn and bleeding, not so much from the blows of external enemies, as from the weakness that flows from a decline of public virtue, affords a fearful comment on the results of a material civilization divorced from morality. Nobler patriotism, purer self-sacrifice for the public weal, healthier souls and bodies we moderns fail to show when confronted with the ancients. Mrs. Browning's verdict is true:—

"For we throw out acclamations of self-thanking, self-admiring,
With, at every mile run faster, Oh! this wondrous, wondrous age—
Little thinking if we work our souls as nobly as our iron,
Or if angels will commend us at the goal of pilgrimage.

"If we trod the deeps of ocean, if we struck the stars in rising,
If we wrapped the globe intensely with one hot electric breath,
'Twere but power within our tether, no new spirits power comprising,
And in life we were not greater men, nor bolder men in death."

The great lesson, then, that we should gather from all this is one of humility. It should modify our self-applause to understand that it is quite within the bounds of possibility that our forefathers were as great, as wise, virtuous and happy as ourselves. In this self-conscious age we are disposed to stand on the graves of the past and cry "behold how great we are compared with those uncircumcised Assyrians, Greeks and Romans, who all walked in darkness. We have no idolatries. Ours are the seeing eyes and the pure hands. We may look out of heaven's windows and wave our victorious banners. How prosperous and all-powerful we are!" But the warning voice of the past is heard saying "boast not, O poor mortals!—the nations whose dust is whirled about by the desert wind—whose skeleton remains are the study of the antiquary—whose glory and splendour have vanished without other trace than such as the foot of the Indian impresses on the withered leaves of the forest—whose greatness is still a source of inspiration, like that of heroic Greece, even in their immortal memories—these all were mighty workers, traders, colonisers, conquerors; reared their majestic cities, had their rich cornfields, their roads, canals, bridges; their marts swarmed with merchants, and their seaports with sailors and pilots, as London does to-day. They have all perished 'like a snow-fall on the river,'—vanished like a child's morning dream. Be humble, therefore, when you stand by the grave of the buried past, and think of your own possible future. Let us try to gather some wisdom from these weighty teachings of the past. In our imagined superiority to that past we point to our wonderful mastery over the powers of nature, and no doubt this is very wonderful; but still how much remains to be done when still the coasts of England and America are annually strewn with the corpses of drowned mariners and wrecked ships; when new and horrible diseases still sweep off young and old and medical science is powerless to avert and heal; when the deadly fire-damp every year scorches to death hundreds of poor miners. We have not yet mastered the small-pox; and the grim cholera, the filth-and-famine-bred typhus, the fatal consumption are

mowing down thousands of victims. We have no witch-manias now, consigning hundreds of poor wretches to a horrible death, for an imaginary and impossible crime; but we have our railway and joint-stock company manias, which send hundreds to the mad-house or the grave, in another fashion. We do not believe in ghosts in these enlightened times, unless they come rapping our tables and causing the parlour chairs to waltz. We have no spiritual fevers now, such as the Crusades; but Mormonism is drawing its recruits by thousands from all the countries of civilized Europe. A belief in Joseph Smith as a prophet is infinitely more contemptible and indicates a far lower mental and moral condition than a belief in Mahomet. The wonders of human folly repeat themselves, age after age, in varied forms: for man is still weak and ignorant, and there is ever some old stump of superstition to which we delight to tie ourselves. We smile at the beliefs and terrors of our forefathers; but many of these were respectable and wholesome compared with the "no-belief" in which multitudes are content to live, and the contempt for all religions which is gradually spreading, and shaking the very basis of morality.

There is yet another important view of this matter. When we speak of human progress, we really mean, not the whole human race, but the inhabitants of civilized Europe and America. It is idle to talk of progress in connection with the Chinese who are chained to the past, and to whom the idea of advance is an impiety; and these stationary Chinese constitute a third of the human race. The great bulk of the inhabitants of Africa are non-progressive; as the Negro is now so he appears to have been for thousands of years. Barker tells us that, in no instance, has the Negro evinced other than a retrogression, when once freed from restraint; that his natural instincts are a love of idleness and savagedom, and into these he relapses unless specially governed and forced to industry. He holds that the development of the Negro element stops short at a certain stage—that the promised fruit does not appear. The great traveller is, I think, unduly severe on the Negro, and perhaps overstates his case. If from the African we turn to the Asiatic races, though the first impulse towards civilization came from the east, yet, with the exception of Hindostan, it has relapsed into barbarism. There is really no progress among those stagnant Asiatic races. They have had changes innumerable; conquering dynasties have followed one another like waves of the ocean, but the East stands where it has always stood. Europe and America are the sole hope of humanity.

It is quite time now to take up the brief for the other side. I have tried to show, in the preceding pages, that in many departments, we have scarcely at all advanced beyond the achievements of the leading intellects of Greece and Rome; that within a period which embraces many centuries, the conditions of existence have not considerably improved; and that whatever may be the attainments of us moderns, there are so many drawbacks and flaws in our civilization—so many terrible evils flowing directly from it, and so much yet to be done, that there is, at all events, no room for boasting, but much need for

strenuous working. Tennyson puts the idea in poetical shape when he says:

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more."

Knowledge has indeed accumulated immensely, but as yet it is but partially transmuted into wisdom which is the application of knowledge to human conduct and affairs. Are we to believe, then, that progress is a dream; that we are merely blind Cyclops groping round and round our cave, going over and over the same weary track? Must we hold that there is no bright goal in the future towards which our humanity is tending, in upward and onward marches; that there is no divine plan in existence; no labour working to an end"; and that the relentless mill of blind destiny is grinding us up? In the mighty past, have human toil and endeavour gathered no substantial gains? Is it all in vain that the past generations, the forlorn hope of humanity, have flung themselves into the trench, in as much as for man there can be no victory—no glorious to-morrow? That were a frightful creed to hold—one that would wrap us in a grim cloud of athestic despair. For my own part I hold that human progress is a glorious reality, though as yet it is largely a matter of faith rather than of experience. It is true, that on comparing the stage we have reached, with those who have gone before, we can with difficulty measure our gain; but that is owing to the slow march of our race, and the stately, gradual development of the divine plan. Our progress, in fact, may be compared to an ascending spiral curve. At first glance it might seem as if no advance were made, and that we were simply going over the same round and returning, ever and anon, to the same point. A closer examination, however, shows that we have risen a little, and gained a vantage ground for further advance. Slow and gradual development,—ceaseless evolution seems to be the ground-plan of God's universe. "The more we investigate," said recently a President of the British Association, "the more we find that in existing phenomena, graduation from the like to the seemingly unlike prevails; and in the changes which take place in time, gradual progress is, and apparently must be, the course of nature." This verdict of the philosopher is sustained by facts. Geology proves, beyond cavil, that on the globe, there has been a succession of life, from the Zoophite to man—from the simple to the complex—from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. So with man himself. Our languages, institutions, laws are the growth of time, the product of slow adaptations, and have been worked out by the sweat and struggle of successive generations, from small and simple beginnings to grand complicated results which embrace and uphold the countless ramifications of modern civilization. The grand law which underlies progress itself, is that every cause produces more than one effect—that every active force sets in motion an endless series of ever-widening results. It follows that throughout all time, there has been and must continue to be an ever-growing complication of things—a ceaseless transformation of the homogeneous into the hetrogeneous. Our globe,

originally a homogeneous, molten mass, in parting with its heat, originated a vast series of developments which are still operative and still expanding. The loss of heat, viewed as a cause, involved contraction—the formation of hills, mountains and valleys, the precipitation of water—the vast heterogeniety of islands, continents, coastlines, oceans, seas and rivers. This is an example of how multitudinous are the effects produced by a single cause, each of these effects becoming in turn the centre of a series of complicated changes which act and re-act on one another. The grand law, however, reduced to its simplest terms is, that every change is followed by more than one other change. Such are the law and cause of progress as known to us. The universe at large was once homogeneous, and, as a whole, and in every detail, it has unceasingly progressed towards a heterogeniety which is still increasing. Every expanding force is resolved into several forces which produce higher complications. This is what we mean by progress. Viewed in this light it is no mere accident, but a beneficent law impressed by Infinite Wisdom on the very constitution of the universe.

The present is thus a surface growth from a more simple past—a complicated development from more uniform elements. Deep in the dust of the buried past are the roots of the present. Take the earliest development of civilization—that of Egypt;—it did not spring into being at a bound, but existed in embryo among pre-historic races, and gradually bloomed into beauty and power on the banks of the Nile. Those wonderful Egyptian temple and pyramid builders did not start into greatness at once, and by instinct erect their great structures. They must have been preceded by others who invented the necessary tools, and transmitted to them their acquirements. Recent discoveries show that everywhere men of the stone period preceded men who used tools of bronze, who, in due time, were followed by workers in iron. Thus progress advanced; the great, growing march went on. Egypt, Assyria, Judea, Greece, Rome, each added something to the world's wealth; disciplined the manners, temper, thought and feeling of the race. The education of the world advanced; each step being preparatory for the great crisis of humanity—the advent of Christ. Thus must it ever hold good that—

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Our modern civilization possesses one bright feature which inspires us with the hope of a more glorious future—it is aggressive and expansive, and does not aim merely at sustaining itself, but courageously assails the worn out and bad, and is, in aim at least, constructive as well as destructive. In this respect it contrasts hopefully with the ancient civilizations which were, for the most part, bright spots amid surrounding masses of darkness, and were at length swallowed up and lost in the gloom. Now, owing to the grand discoveries of science, the solid gains of humanity cannot perish, and must continue an ever-increasing sum. The printing-press has made knowledge the imperishable heritage of the race; and enables the student to become

acquainted with the best thoughts of the best minds in all ages and countries. The steam engine has multiplied enormously the productive power of man; and although as yet the toiling masses have reaped little benefit, and their condition has not yet been greatly ameliorated, yet we can now see the possibility of all the coarse, hard work of the world being accomplished by machinery, and thus leisure secured to the sorely pressed workers, for the cultivation of their higher nature, and the development of tastes that will beautify and bless their existence. The locomotive and the steam-ship are throwing open the whole world, and drawing the nations into mutual acquaintance and incipient brotherhood, by helping onward a community of thought, feeling and knowledge. Thus, in the removal of obstacles, in the clearing away of weeds and rubbish, in laying a solid foundation for a glorious superstructure, our civilization is prophetic of "the good time coming"—"the federation of the world." Even now it is becoming every day more true,

> "That mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
> Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
> Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame,
> Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame;
> In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim."

The substantial advance made by modern science, in acquaintance with the laws that regulate the outward universe, and in the power of controlling natural forces, is indeed gigantic; and furnishes no dim prophecy of a brighter future. The vast treasures accumulated by science, in their practical application, are multiplying and extending the material comforts and enjoyments of life. The thought which is struck out by the philosopher in his study is caught up by the engineer and machinist, and turned to practical account; and in this way are forged the tools which, when brought under moral control, will elevate the condition of the race. At present, these are wielded for selfish ends and result only in the accumulation of wealth in a few hands, while the condition of the labouring millions has not yet considerably improved. But the dawn of a better day is visible. That science which is enabling men to master or elude some of the most destructive forces of nature,—which is expounding the laws of health, the causes of diseases and their remedies—which has in the single gift of chloroform abolished an enormous amount of suffering—will yet do greater things. Already its moral effects are vast and increasing; already it has delivered man from many a phantom that once filled his soul with terror. It has taught him not to tremble before the eclipse, or shrink before the advent of the fiery comet, or regard the earthquake as an outburst of divine vengeance; but to see in the powers of the earth, the ocean and air evidences of an all-encompassing, infinite love. Superstition, which is the fear of the unknown, and is always cowardly and selfishly cruel, has no more deadly foe than science. One of the finest and most hopeful results of scientific activity is the method of thought which it has introduced. That method consists in facing the facts of the universe hopefully and bold-

ly—never dreading their consequences or the conclusions to which they lead. Science is teaching man not to be afraid of nature, but bravely and trustfully to investigate her facts, animated by a love of truth for its own sake. The intellectual and moral courage thus awakened will, in the end, accomplish great results and deliver men from countless evils. Before the terrible power of light, error flies, as ghosts before the rising sun. Young, bright-eyed science is certainly one of the most hopeful pioneers of a glorious future.

Still we are often inclined to cry out, how slow is human progress—how miserably insignificant our advance! The young, fiery radical reformer, impatient of the slow march, angry with the conservative force that resists his blows, exclaims, "see how stupidly mankind cling to their old ways and antiquated creeds and customs, and resist beneficent change! The past oppresses us and chokes our very life. Its moss-grown ruins and effete institutions block the way and impede the march. Its lifeless corpses trip us at every step. We can't discover a new truth but some old authority shakes itself from the dust, and starts up to contradict and warn us against the intruder. This brave young giant, the Present, would do wonders with his strong, willing arms, but he is chained to a 'body of death'—to the dead corpse of the past, which he is forbidden to bury and is doomed to bear about with him wherever he goes. Each new truth has to battle for existence against the dusty prejudices of the past. As Hawthorne puts it, we are slaves to death. A dead man sits on all our judgment-seats, and living judges do but search out and repeat his decisions. We read in dead men's books! We laugh at dead men's jokes and cry at dead men's pathos! We are sick of dead men's diseases, physical and moral, and die of the same remedies with which dead doctors killed their patients! We worship the living Deity according to dead men's forms and creeds! Whatever we seek to do of our own free motion, a dead man's icy hand obstructs us!"

Very true, O young radical reformer, but it is not the whole truth. Those dead men have been toiling for you, with sweat of hand and heart and brain, and do you pretend to scorn what they have bequeathed to you? Rather use wisely the garnered results of their labours, while you work bravely but not in slavish subjection to them. That dead past should be holy and venerable as it lies in the moonlight of memory. Its stores of wisdom and thought and fancy and experience are all yours to utilize in the working day of the present. Though dead, the Past yet speaks to us in many voices. We see its fruits in the developments of the Present. Whatever in it was good and true lives in our modern civilization and can never die. Mankind are one living whole. A "cloud of witnesses" surrounds us. They are our brothers who have preceded us; and we are their heirs—inheritors of their hard-won earnings. We too have a work to do; and bright heaven is doming over us as once over them. Their methods cannot be ours; and if we attempt to work by them slavishly we are not acting in their spirit, and we are attempting to cramp the growing energies and resources of man's soul. "Slow progress!" do

you say? Think how slowly God works! Consider through what a process this fair rock-built, flower-clad earth has passed—how slowly from chaos it emerged into cosmos amid the thundering blows of earthquakes and the fierce fires of volcanoes, ere it reached its present stage! With God time is nothing: "a thousand years are as one day." Let us then,

"Learn to labour and to wait."

Nor is it true that we are "slaves to death." On the contrary, progress is guaranteed by kind death removing each generation when its work is done, and leaving a fair field for its successor. The young are ever the innovators; the old cling to the realized and would fain resist change. If no one died, we should have the great majority of voters and all our governing classes some thousands of years old and these grey-beards would sternly repress all the aspirations of young, radical reformers who had only reached the immature age of twelve or sixteen hundred. Suppose Jubal-Cain alive at present and able to superintend the manufacture of iron, is it probable that he and his friends would have permitted the introduction of the "hot-blast furnace," or the construction of the Victoria bridge over the St. Lawrence? Jubal, were he breathing the vital air, would speedily settle all debates about organs, and compel foolish innovators to stick to the good old Pandean pipe which he invented. Pianos would receive no quarter from him, and operatic music would be in the *index expurgatorius*. Or could we expect the patriarchs to enter with any heartiness into the modern doctrine of the rotation of crops, or the virtues of thorough draining and sub-soil ploughing, were they still walking the earth? Alexander the Great, would scoff at needle-guns and go in for bows and spears. And ancient dames who would be in a vast majority, would be continually overwhelming us with long stories about the days when "hundred-gated Thebes" was in its glory, and Homer sang his Iliad in the streets, and Nebuchadnezzar gave his grand ball at the inauguration of one of the Hanging Gardens; or they would bore us to death about the ceremonies at the consecration of the Sphinx, or at the laying of the foundation stone of Cheop's Pyramid. Young, thoughtless maidens, who were only a thousand years of age, would have no chance of expanding under the grim searching glances of eyes that had watched the world's panorama for five thousand years. Progress would thus be impossible. But, by the favour of kind Heaven, these ancients, having had their day, are tenderly gathered to the bosom of their mother-earth, that their successors may have a clear stage for their own development.

But then we are scornfully told that these prophecies of a glorious future are only the dreams of poets, or the baseless visions of sentimentalists—that each race and each phase of civilization has its day, and then comes another change, leaving man still where he was;—that the present harbingers of the golden era will vanish like the rest, and the bright vision will fade like a mirage of the desert. But there is one guarantee of progress that should forever banish doubt. For eighteen hundred years a divine element has been at work, slowly

leavening the nations—the religion of Christ—the religion of love. In it, above all others, lies the hope of humanity—the pledge of progress for our race, wanting which all our science, philosophy and art, would be but like a huge mass of machinery without the moving power, and all our movements would want the onward, heroic, heavenward impulse. It is the religion of love that has been the nurse of the new civilization—that has given impulse to thought and science—softening the morals and manners of men, elevating the social condition of millions, and breathing into men's hearts that spirit of tenderness and self-sacrifice which has been well named "the enthusiasm of humanity," and which, with all its drawbacks, makes the present superior to the past. True indeed the influence of this heaven-born religion is but partially felt and slow has been its advance. It is very true that, in one sense, we might say, the christian era has yet to come: for no where does the law of Christ fully rule men's lives and regulate their affairs. No nation has yet taken the religion of love as its supreme law. That charity, which is the very essence of christianity, does not yet direct the policy of any nation. But in the ultimate triumph of christianity, as a moral law and scheme of life, we see the one hope of humanity.

With the dynamical force of christianity at work and gradually extending, we behold an immeasurable vista of hope opening into the future. We see the possibility of wisdom subduing folly and ruling in the affairs of men; of greediness and self-seeking, giving way before right and justice; of moral and intellectual ideas regulating all those great human movements in which self is now the recognized spring of action. We can anticipate a time when the progress of a people will be measured not by their growth in wealth and the means of enjoyment, but by their advance as individuals in purity and goodness, in knowing and practising what is right, in bringing all departments of action under the moral law. Christianity holds before men's minds this lofty ideal, and though the upward climb towards it, is a steep and thorny one, in that direction alone true progress lies. That we have such an ideal to struggle for is itself a guarantee of progress. It makes us impatient to do better; "forgetting the things that are behind" we press onward and upward. Without an ideal we should make no more progress than the Rock of Gibralter.

One other view merits consideration. When we range over a considerable era of time, and compare the present with the past, progress is undeniable. Compare the England of to-day with the England of William the Conqueror; the New England of to-day with that of two centuries ago, and what a stride is evident? The desert has been made to rejoice and blossom like the rose. How are we to limit this power of progressive development, the results of which are so evident? Who can say to it "hitherto and no further?" Having achieved so much, is it to be arrested in its present phase? Have the foremost nations drained the cup of humanity, and exhausted the capacity for human improvement? This cannot be. Behind all this efflorescence of our civilization is that mighty deep of human nature from which it

sprang. We behold now but the flowers and fruits of a single summer; the soil from which they sprang is not exhausted, but preparing for a spring time of fairer flowers and an autumn of richer fruitage. All these great results of the civilization of our nineteenth century were once dormant and undeveloped in the first generation of men. The germ of Raphael and Shakspeare lay in the first man who drew the rudest outline of a landscape, or attempted the roughest dramatic representation of human life—lay in faculties and capabilities asleep and unsuspected. No one, looking at the embryo, could have predicted what the full development was to be. As little can we predict what is to spring from the industrial civilization of to-day. Greater men and better men than the past has produced, will arise in the vast future. Homer, Plato, Shakspeare, Newton, La Place—these are but the harbingers of the golden ages that are to come; these are but the teachers of our race, to be passed by and forgotten, while mightier instructors than they shall arise in the evolutions of time. German, French, English, American—the world will have something better than repetitions of these, with their hecatombs of men on the battle-field, and their frantic race after riches. They have a work to do, and will give place to nations greater and better, that are yet unborn; but everything that is noble and good in their achievements will be carefully gathered into the golden urn of history and kept for evermore. Thus have we all a part to play in the birth of the new era:—

"Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe.
When the travail of the ages wrings earth's system to and fro:
At the birth of each new era, with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips apart;
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the Future's heart.

* * * * * * * *

"They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar fires:
Shall we make their creed our jailer? shall we in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr's faggots round the prophets of to-day?

* * * * * * * *

"New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth:
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of truth:
So before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly, through the desperate winter sea;
Nor attempt the Future's portals with the Past's blood-rusted key."

THE BALLAD OF P. BLOSSOM.

You never knew P. Blossom? Gad, I really thought that he
Was known as well by all the world as ever he was by me;
He had money and youth and wit; and all of us are aware
That either will do for a man at a pinch—he drove a spanking pair—
While I—I drove my wooden horse whose stall was in the Square!

At all the routes and all the balls a central sun was he,
Round which revolved of widows and maids a dazzling galaxee,
And mothers fond his ear would seek, to praise their daughters fair;
Oh, what a match, they said to themselves! (he was old Goldfinch's heir)
And I—I drove my wooden horse whose stall was in the Square!

The Judge himself was heard to hint to Blossom that a wife
Would dignify his station and smooth the path of life,
And the Judge's daughter, Emeline, to her friends would oft declare
She never saw such whiskers nor such a head of hair!
While I—I drove my wooden horse whose stall was in the Square!

Oh, what a lucky, lucky dog! I never could explain
Why he should never bow to care nor feel the grip of pain;
His path was always choked with flowers, his sky was always fair,
He was courted, petted, flattered—he was welcome everywhere—
And I—I drove my wooden horse whose stall was in the Square!

But Goldfinch died as all men must, after making a scoundrelly will,
The tenor of which gave Blossom a stitch in his side and an aguey chill;
It read, My housekeeper I make of all my wealth the heir!
Then Blossom grew a passion flower—he stamped and tore his hair—
While I—I drove my wooden horse whose stall was in the Square!

And Blossom faded out of sight—his hour of bloom was done—
For other fish the nets were spread that were for Blossom spun—
Though envied once by thousands his fate was hard to bear,
But so doth run the world away with all its joy and care—
While I—I drive my wooden horse whose stall is in the Square! E.A.

STORIES WE HEARD AMONG THE PINES.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

On a clear, cold night, one January, half a dozen men were seated around a roaring fire of huge logs, heaped on the rude hearth of a shanty, amidst the pines of the Ottawa. The pine knots crackled and sent up a vivid flame which lit up the little hut quite brilliantly. The atmosphere was certainly not of the clearest, for all were smoking energetically, only removing their pipes in the pauses of the conversation which was apparently of an interesting character. One of the party was an old lumberman, with a pleasant, frank expression on his

well bronzed face. Another was a partner of the former, and had been for many years of his life a surveyor. He had but recently arrived to explore some new "limits," situated in the vicinity of those where his own men were engaged in cutting down the pines which rose far and wide, in all their primeval majesty. Two of the party were visitors from the settlements, who had come up to see a little of shanty life, and one of these was the writer. The conversation had turned on adventures which the lumberman and surveyor had met with in the course of their journeyings through the forest or on the river. Two of these stories I shall attempt to relate.

DOWN THE "SNOWS."

I.—MARY MORTIMER.

When you call on me to contribute my share to the amusement of the company—it is the lumberman who is speaking—you must remember that I am only a homespun sort of old fellow, accustomed to the rough life of the shanties, and having little acquaintance with what you call book learning. My father was also a lumberman and my boyhood was generally passed among the pines with the axemen, or on the river with the raftsmen. My story will not be long, and has been recalled to my mind by some reference Miss Fanny made last evening to the snow which you saw in the early part of last week. Of course it is connected with lumbering life, for I would not travel out of that path on which I have been going now for fifty years and more:

I need not tell you that the Ottawa Valley has passed through a very great change during the past thirty years; but no one can appreciate it except those who, like myself, have always lived by the banks of the great river. I can recall the time when a steamboat was never dreamed of on the river, and all our operations had to be carried on with canoes and batteaux. The Government now builds "slides" and canals for our commerce, but in old times the logs had hard work to run the rapids. The houses of settlers were few and far between, and the voyageur and lumbermen were the only persons you could meet for many hundreds of miles, after you had passed a certain point on the Upper Ottawa. I can even recollect when there were not a dozen houses to be seen near the lake, and when I often encamped on the shore, after running the "Snows," and cooked my own food, because it would take me too long to go to the nearest settler's cabin. The scenery is still very fine about the "Snows" and other rapids, with their white foam, so like the pure snow of a January storm; but forty years ago, the forest was richer, for the islands, and the banks of the great river were covered with noble trees which have long since disappeared before fires or the axe of the lumbermen or farmer.

You can still see close to the banks of the river, in the midst of a little grove of birch, about half a mile from the "Snows," a comfortable frame house, and alongside it a log-hut which answers for a barn.

The frame house is owned by the son of the same person who built and lived for years in the log-hut, for he was one of the first settlers in that part of the country. Thomas Mortimer was a raftsman, who some fifty years ago, took a fancy to the place, and commenced farming in the summer, while he and his boys went off to the woods in the winter. He was a rough, good tempered fellow, a Canadian by birth, and did very well in the course of time; for his land was good, and he could always sell his hay, potatoes, and oats at a good price to the shanties. But my story has little to do with my old friend, Mortimer, except so far as he had the good fortune to be the father of the prettiest and sauciest girl in the valley. Many a farmer and lumberman would go far out of his way to buy something from old Mortimer, just for the sake of getting a smile from Mary, who, at the time of which I am speaking, was about twenty years of age. Mary knew her power —what pretty girl does not?—but she had such a way of showing her dislike of all those whom she did not favour that many said she was too proud of her good looks and thought herself above her father's friends and visitors. She frequently made visits to the older settlements, and it was on one of these occasions that she became acquainted with two young men, who were employed as foremen in mills during the summer and in the shanty during the winter. Charles Marston was a hard-working young man of twenty-four years, with a bright, honest look in his large blue eyes, which would make you say 'here's a fellow that I can trust.' Philip Simond, the other young man, was the son of a French Canadian widow who had suddenly died in the house of the elder Marston. The wife of the latter was also a French Canadian and was an old friend of Simond's mother. Though Mrs. Marston had several children of her own, she did not hesitate to adopt the boy at the bedside of the dying woman. "One mouth more," said Marston to me afterwards, "won't hurt us, for we have enough and to spare; and then it more than repaid us to see the joyful look in the poor creature's eyes when my good wife promised to take care of little Philip."

Philip was the very opposite of his foster brother in appearance, for he had the dark hair and eyes of his French Canadian parents; but both were handsome, sturdy lads, very popular among their associates, whether rough lumbermen or gentle women. Philip was of less regular habits than the other, and as he was exceedingly passionate he was often brought into trouble among the rough companions he met in the woods, and who are always ready to make the blow follow the angry word. He was, as I have just said, of a roving disposition, without any great liking for steady work; his delight was to wander in the forest, and none of the half-breeds in the numerous shanties of the Ottawa and the smaller rivers, had a keener eye for an unsound tree or for hunting out the finest groves for timber; but this was not strange in one who could number on his mother's side many famous *bois-brules*, and voyageurs, whose adventurous exploits in forest and river were still remembered by the old raftsmen and formed the material for many a story on the long winter evenings when the men gathered round the roaring fires of the shanties.

It was of course very natural that a fine young fellow like Charlie Marston should fall in love with a pretty girl like Mary Mortimer; but he was very modest and bashful and could not muster up courage enough to come to an understanding with her on the subject. We can have little doubt, however, that Mary knew that he was hopelessly in love with her—young ladies we all know too well, have a wonderful cleverness in finding out such things; but certainly she did not for a long while give him any more encouragement than she gave to her other admirers who were plentiful enough, you may be sure, in a settlement where pretty girls do not grow on every pine tree. Mary, I may as well tell you at once, always liked the young man from the beginning of her acquaintance with him, for he was much superior to the rough, and rollicking fellows who made up the majority of visitors at the house; and besides he was an industrious, intelligent man who could offer his wife a comfortable home.

II.—SIMOND'S JEALOUSY.

Mary's love for admiration soon led to what became a very unfortunate misunderstanding between the two young men who had been always taught to consider themselves as brothers. In justice to Philip, I must say that, from what I have heard, he had come under the influence of Mary's bright eyes before he had any knowledge of the state of the case between her and his foster-brother. He was a good looking lad, and Mary could not resist trying the effect of her artillery upon him, without thinking as to the results that might spring from such an indiscretion in the case of a fiery, uncertain temper. Philip's feelings were, as I have before hinted, liable to take the direction of affection or hatred, on very slight provocation. When he asked Mary at last to be his wife, she only laughed at him, and wondered how he could even have supposed she cared the least for him. Hot words passed between them, for Mary had a temper of her own, and Philip rushed out to look for his brother in a fit of ungovernable rage. He accused Marston of treachery towards him, and swore a fearful oath that the girl would marry him or none at all.

"Who but a sneak," he added, "would have taken the girl from me; perhaps some day, you'll find I've not forgotten it."

Marston tried to reason with him, but it was useless to say that he had not even asked her to be his wife.

"You know you love her, or else you would promise not to see her again."

Marston could not tell a lie—his face, indeed, gave a sufficient reply to the indignant question.

"I knew you dared not promise; you'll act the sneak to the end. If you are not a coward, you'll speak out."

Then the young man, thus appealed to, confessed that he loved the girl, but he had no reason to know she returned his love, for he had never said a word to her up to that time.

Philip thereupon taunted him with telling a falsehood, saying:

"When I asked her if she loved some one else better, she would not

tell me, but her face became suddenly red like a flame. Then the suspicion came across me, you might be the man, for no one went there so frequently as yourself. I asked her if it were so; but she would not answer me at first. I put the question again, and then she said, her face redder than ever, if she did care for you, she would care for a better man than I could ever hope to be. Both you and that false girl have been only playing with me."

Marston, though excited by the unjust accusations of his foster-brother, could feel his heart jump with joy at those words which seemed to him to prove that Mary cared for him; but he still went on to remonstrate with Philip who was walking up and down in a fit of ungovernable rage.

"Nothing," said Simond at last, "can make me believe that you've not been acting unfairly towards me; but if you will promise not to ask the girl to be your wife for a year, and then let us both try our chance again, I may think better of you."

What was Philip's object in making this offer, it is difficult to say; perhaps he thought the girl might get tired of waiting when she saw Charles did not ask her to be his wife; perhaps he had a faint hope that Marston himself might see some one he would like better; but no doubt Simond's uncontrollable jealousy was forcing him to do something that would prevent Mary marrying another. As respects Charles Marston, anxious to keep on good terms with his foster-brother, he gave the promise after some hesitation. Perhaps he was not a little comforted by the assurance that Philip had given him, in the excitement of the moment, that Mary was favourably disposed towards him, and was also buoyed up by the hope that she would not forget him in a few months, during which he would see her more than once; for Simond had not made absence from the house one of the conditions of his agreement with him.

A year passed by, and when the woods wore their scarlet and crimson and russet—all the bright hues of autumn tide—Charles Marston was free to try his luck with fair Mary Mortimer. The two young men had seen little of each other during the year, except at the shanty during the winter, and then Philip had a moody, irritable way with him, which his comrades noticed but could not account for in one who had generally been the gayest among the men when song and story wiled away the evenings. Charles Marston tried more than once to return to the friendly relations which existed before Mary disturbed them so unheedingly, but to very little purpose, for Simond studiously avoided everything like the brotherly intercourse of former years. Each of them had seen Mary during the twelve months, on several occasions, but neither had much reason to congratulate himself. The girl always treated Philip, after the conversation referred to, with a coldness which burnt into his very soul, and was disposed at first to encourage Marston to make the proposal which probably she began to expect from him; but when he continued silent she was perplexed for a while and at last so piqued as to receive him apparently with the same indifference which she certainly felt towards Philip. More than once young Marston was ready to ask his foster-brother to release him from the promise he had so cruelly extorted, when he saw Mary surrounded by other admirers and was treated

by her with such cutting coldness. He felt that Philip had acted most ungraciously and that he might be excused for breaking a promise given under such circumstances; but nevertheless he had about him a deep sense of honour, and kept his word most loyally for those long, weary months.

When the year was out Simond suddenly left for the upper part of the Ottawa, and then Marston followed and called to see Mary on his way. He met her, as it happened, walking by the banks of the river, not far from "The Snows," with her hands full of bright autumn leaves, some of which she had carelessly arranged in her dark hair.

She was passing him with that cold nod of the head, now usual with her whenever they met.

"Mary, don't pass me by like that," said Marston hurriedly, "I've long wished to speak to you, and —."

"It seems to me," interrupted Mary, "you have not shown such fancy for my company, for a year and more. I am not sure now who is the most disagreeable—you or Philip?"

"Perhaps, Mary, you can tell why Philip is so altered of late?" replied Marston, provoked by her cold tone.

"I am not to be called to account for all the fancies you young men may take," answered Mary with a saucy shake of her pretty curls; "but I must make haste home, for it is getting late."

"You can surely spare me five minutes," exclaimed Charles, eagerly.

"How much you seem to value my company now," said the girl, as she pretended to walk on; for I did'nt believe for a moment that she intended to provoke Marston to the extent of driving him away, but only wished to punish him a little for what she had reason certainly to think was great neglect on his part.

Then Marston, unable to keep silence longer, out of the fullness of his heart, told that story as old as the world itself. What he may have said I cannot say—I suppose he could not have repeated it himself; but at all events his defence was most successful. If the effect of a speech is weighed by the sympathy it excites in an audience, then Marston possessed the elements of a most effective orator; for the result of his appeal was to win Mary's willing consent to be his wife.

III.—RUNNING "THE SNOWS."

But business had to be attended to, and Marston was soon freed to leave the company of his bethrothed and hasten to the woods, where he was the foreman of a large gang of men employed in taking out timber on one of the smaller streams emptying into the Upper Ottawa. You may be sure that he left with a gayer heart than he had for many months; so joyous was he, that he thought little even of the first meeting with his foster-brother, to whom he carried a conciliatory message from Mary who now began to regret that she had ever trifled with the passionate young man. Marston hoped that Philip had become nearly cured of his attachment and would gladly meet his friendly approaches. It was about a week after the important event just mentioned, before the two young men met each other at the shanty, and then Charles Marston told Simond

the successful issue of his courtship and hoped that now they would be better friends than ever. Philip heard the story in silence, and without taking the hand that was held to him, turned abruptly into the woods. Charles, however, was too full of his own happiness to pay much attention to the moody demeanour of his old associate and comforted himself with the thought that a few months would soon bring Simond to a better frame of mind.

During the busy months that followed, neither saw much of the other, except when they assembled in the evening with the men at the shanty. Marston worked, perhaps more energetically than ever, for he had now additional stimulous; Philip, still moody and reserved, seemed to find only pleasure in the deep forests, but his associates had long since ceased to wonder at his manner as something entirely beyond their ken. It was, however, very evident to Charles, and much to his sorrow, that his foster-brother avoided him; but he felt that the fault was not his own and that he could not repair the mischief whilst Simond would not meet him half way.

Winter passed, and Marston saw Mary twice when he had occasion to make trips down the river for fresh supplies. The season had not been good for lumbering operations, the thaws having been unusually frequent and heavy snow-falls having occurred during February and March. Not only had it been difficult to get the timber down to the stream, but the season had been hard on the men, for fresh provisions towards the close of winter failed entirely and could not be supplemented by supplies from the settlements or by game which was scarce that winter. Under such circumstances you may be sure that all hailed the disappearance of the snow and the freeing of the rivers in April. Marston had worked hard all winter and had suffered perhaps as much as any of the others from the privations of the camp; but he bore it uncomplainingly, for he knew the effect of his example upon others.

The men now commenced to drive the timber, and Marston found it necessary to make a visit immediately to head quarters at Bytown. Whilst he was getting ready, to his surprise, Philip came to him and said that he would like to accompany him. Marston considered this as an attempt on the part of Simond to make up friends and resume their old relations towards each other, for they had always worked together in the past before Mary's pretty face came between them. Perhaps if Marston's mind had not been so much taken up with issuing orders and with the thought of seeing Mary after an absence of many weeks, he might have noticed, as others did at the time, I have heard, the strange manner of Simond, when he made the offer of accompanying him down the river. For some time those who had been working in the woods with Simond had noticed at times a strange, unusual, look in his eyes, which was undoubtedly the reflection of some strong feelings which were warring in his heart. If Marston noticed anything peculiar he attributed it to the same causes that affected the others—the hard winter which had caused a great deal of sickness in the camp.

The Ottawa was now rapidly filling up with the surplus waters of its numerous tributary streams, at the rate of seven or eight inches a day—

I have sometimes seen it rise more than a foot after spring rains in twenty-four hours—and Marston lost no time in starting as he had to be back when the men had got the timber out of the creek and on the main stream. The two men took a small canoe, which they could easily handle, and soon got down to the Ottawa without any difficulty. The weather was warm and springlike; the nights were chilly, but Marston and Simond found shelter, the first night, at the cabin of a settler, close by the banks of the river. Marston did not feel particularly well, his eyes were inflamed a little, and he was therefore anxious to reach his destination where a change of air and food would soon bring him round. Simond said very little on the trip, but Marston cared little as long as he had his pleasant thoughts to occupy his mind; for he told his companion that he hoped to be married as soon as all the timber was out and he could get a few days' leave. Simond muttered something in an undertone which Marston did not hear, and his eyes shone with a passionate glare as his companion went on speaking of Mary Mortimer. No doubt Simond was tortured by the most intense jealousy, and a fierce contest was raging in his breast—the affection for his foster-brother was not entirely dead but it was rapidly dying away under the strong passions which had only gathered strength during the long winter, when he had nursed his wrath in the solitude of those grand woods which ought to have calmed and soothed him, for I know that I have often found rest and peace in the forest when wearied with many cares. Perhaps if Marston had said less about his approaching marriage with Mary, it would have been more prudent, for every time he referred to the girl he was adding fuel to the demoniac spirit which was struggling for the mastery in his comrade's bosom.

It was not far from dusk when the two men reached the vicinity of "The Snows." The day had been fine when they started, but it had clouded over towards the afternoon; the wind came round to the south-east and it seemed cold enough for a fall of snow, which is not uncommon in the uncertain spring-time of this northern country. Marston, however, persisted in pushing forward and running the rapids before dark, as he was very anxious to reach Mary's home that night. Both the men had often run the Snows when they were more swollen than they appeared to be at that time, but it had been invariably on fine, clear weather. However, his anxiety to see his bethrothed that evening overcame any hesitation he might have had in consigning himself to the snow-white flood which danced and whirled amid the green isles of the river. Simond said nothing about the peril they might run, but apparently nerved himself for the encounter with the mad waters. As the canoe neared the rapids, the expected snow came down in heavy, blinding gusts, and it suddenly became so dark that it was difficult to see many yards ahead. As they darted by, they recognized the danger of proceeding further and Marston seized hold of a small tree and brought the canoe alongside a rock which was partly under water at that season when the water was rising rapidly, he held on whilst Simond steadied the canoe with his paddle, for perhaps twenty minutes or half an hour, when a heavier squall than ever came rushing down the river and the canoe was

instantaneously whirled into the current. Recovering themselves immediately, the men seized their paddles and courageously grappled with the wild waters that leapt around them. Another gust seized and whirled them in an eddy for a minute or two, and the darkness continued to creep over land and water. Suddenly, Marston, as he was aiding the efforts of his comrade to keep the canoe steady, exclaimed in a tone of horror:

"Good Heavens! Philip I am blind; I cannot see you, close as you are."

"You are right blind, then," replied Simond almost exultantly, "I've seen it coming on you for the past three days. We are lost, for a man must have a steady hand and a clear eye to run the Snows on an evening like this."

"Philip," exclaimed Marston, "turn the canoe towards the island which was on our left a moment ago, and we cannot yet have passed; I can still use my paddle if you'll guide me. For the love you've had for Mary and for me—for the sake of our old friendship, work as never before."

To this appeal, uttered in a tone of the deepest agony—for was it not a horrible thought to be lost, as it were, almost within sight of Mary's home?—Simond made no answer. Simond afterwards confessed that at that moment the unhallowed plans which had been maturing in his mind took form and shape, and he determined to let Marston hurry on to death. Both might have been saved by him, for the canoe had entered the least dangerous channel and, at the time Marston was struck blind, was hardly more than a dozen feet from a point of rock on which Simond might run the canoe and where they could remain until morning when they would be rescued by some raftsmen or settlers. Simond struck his paddle into the water frantically and brought the canoe close to the piece of rock, and then sprung upon it like a bird. As he sprang, the canoe was whirled off into the fierce rapid, and as it disappeared he shouted after it like a mad man:

"Charles Marston, I swore to you a year ago, that you would never wed Mary Mortimer; your wedding-night will be among the icy Snows —Philip, I've paid my debt!"

The snow came down in heavy squalls, dense darkness swept over the swollen waters; but the keen eyes of Simond could still see the pale, horror-stricken face of the unfortunate Marston, whiter even than the snowy foam amid which he was whirled by the furious current. Simond watched him without pity—all his best feelings had yielded at last to the uncontrollable passion and jealousy that had so long been fighting for the mastery in his heart—and saw the canoe carried into an eddy and the next instant tossed bottom upwards to the crest of the snowy billows of the rapids.

IV.—THE VOYAGEUR'S GRAVE.

'Twas a month later, the shanty was deserted, and the timber on its way down the Ottawa, but the men were still kept constantly busy driving the logs on the smaller streams of which I have been speaking. The water had risen rapidly and then lowered with equal suddenness, leaving

a great many logs 'stuck' in the creeks and shallow places, and causing more than one very troublesome 'jam.' Among the men was Simond who had immediately returned to the shanty after the tragical event I have just related, instead of going on to the settlement. He had found no difficulty in getting off, some hours after he had left his comrade to his fate, when the moon had risen; for he knew every inch of the locality, and managed, by the assistance of logs jammed between the islets, to reach the isle nearest the shore where there was always a boat kept for the use of the voyageurs at that point, where difficulties in running the logs were of very frequent occurrence. He told the men on the river a story of the canoe having capsized whilst he and Marston were attempting to run the Chenaux, late in the evening, and of the narrow escape that he had whilst his comrade had been drowned. The lumbermen were sorry for the loss of their quiet, good-natured foreman, but they were not surprised at the manner of his death, for such occurrences were very common on the river in those days, when the voyageurs and raftsmen were exposed to more perils than they are now, when the navigation of the Ottawa has been rendered comparatively safe. The lumberman, then, as now, was proverbially reckless of his life, and such affairs as the drowning of a single man were too trivial in their eyes to create any excitement but were soon forgotten in the daily work of hurrying the drive and releasing the jams. Simond told his story nervously, and then relapsed into his ordinary moody ways—keeping to himself as much as possible and working desperately, no doubt with the hope of driving away that dread image of his murdered friend which was never absent from his guilty conscience.

Close to the spot where the men were encamped whilst freeing the logs from the creek, there was—and I daresay it is still there—an old cross rudely constructed out of a couple of small spruce saplings, and already moss-grown. This cross had been put up, many years before, —no one could exactly tell when—over the grave of a voyageur, who had met his death in performing some act of reckless daring on the occasion of a tremendous "jam" which had resisted the efforts of the most skilled and courageous of his comrades. Such crosses are frequently met with on the banks of the Ottawa, and speak of the perils that beset the paths of the adventurous raftsmen of these North-western rivers. They are always held in high respect by the voyageurs and lumbermen, and many a time are they renewed and strengthened by reverent hands when storms or years have laid them low. With these crosses are associated many stories of heroic daring or of criminal passion ending in death. These stories will be told around the fires of the shanties, with all the exaggerations with which time and fancy have invested them, for the French Canadian voyageurs and lumbermen have no mean inventive faculty and have a great love for the marvellous and the ghostly, which often induces them to diverge very considerably from the truth with the view of producing a startling effect upon their listeners. So superstitious are many of the French Canadians that they will, under no circumstances, venture near these graves after night-fall, though I've seen large money re-

wards offered to them if they would go and remove some of the moss or bark. I do not know that there was any particular superstition clinging to the cross I am speaking of, or that Simond was any way affected by the fears of his comrades—on the contrary, I am sure that he was not; and in referring to the voyageur's grave now, I do so simply because it is connected with a somewhat striking incident which occurred a few weeks after Simond's return to the woods.

It was a beautiful Friday night, in the middle of May, the moon was just showing itself above the pine forests and lighting up their sombre tops, when Simond was walking slowly, with his axe on his shoulder, from the river to the camp. His comrades had gone ahead some time before, for he shunned the society of all of them, as I have before told you. He walked along slowly, with that fearful secret ever uppermost in his thoughts, and came at last to a spot where the shortest way to the camp took the direction of the voyageur's grave. Simond walked up that path unconsciously, and soon came within sight of the cross, around which the moon was shedding a silvery gleam. It was a sight which might make the most reckless spirit silent and awe-struck, to see that peaceful symbol arising in the moonlight, and the solitude of the pines. As Simond stood still for an instant, he felt an involuntary shudder pass over him, and at the same moment heard what appeared to be a slow footstep coming up the path. Some belated lumberman no doubt; and he passed on quickly, for he had no wish for company in his frame of mind. He made a slight detour to avoid the cross, and then came out again upon the path, where he stood and turned back to see if he could recognize the person, whose steady footstep again struck upon his ear. Whoever it was his figure was wrapped in the shades of the woods; but Simond waited thirty seconds perhaps until the person came into the open, within a few steps of the voyageur's cross; and then, in the weird-like moonlight Simond saw the face. Was it the mere phantasy of a guilty conscience? There it was, the pale, white face of Charles Marston, as when he last saw it amid the snowy rapids. Simond stood for a moment rooted to the earth beneath the shadow of the pines, with the perspiration in drops upon his brow, and with fear and trembling in all his limbs; and then, with a mad shriek, he rushed wildly into the forest, thinking of naught but how he might save himself from the awful presence of the friend he had betrayed.

V.—THE RESCUE.

Now I must break the thread of my narrative for a few moments and ask you to go back with me to that same evening when Simond and Marston attempted to run the rapids, and the latter was left, as his companion believed, to meet certain death amid the wild waters of the "Snows." A little steamer, the Greyhound—so called, I suppose, because she had some of the swiftness of her canine namesake—had been delayed on her trip up the lake, and it was nearly dark when she reached the "Snows." The captain would not venture up at that late hour, but came to anchor under the shelter of one of the islands amid

which the waters were rushing with such impetuosity. During the night, which cleared up quite fine as soon as the moon rose, several persons on board the Greyhound were positive that they heard a call from the direction of one of the islands, but it was so indistinct and died away as the wind calmed, so that the sound was believed at last to be but the whistling amid the trees, or some break of the water upon a rock. Early next morning, the Greyhound was moved up the rapids, and hardly had she puffed and struggled a few yards, before the man at the bow saw a canoe bottom up, and firmly wedged between two sharp rocks, around which the water whirled and sent up its foam like spray. An accident had clearly occurred there some time the day before, and the men looked eagerly around to see if any one had been thrown upon the rocks or islands, but it was not until they had passed some distance further up that they saw a man, lying prostrate on a ledge of rocks, which jutted out from one of the islets. So far as they could tell, he was dead, for he made no movement to rise when the little boat steamed noisily by; but they were unable to take him off until the Greyhound had arrived at the head of the rapids, and then they sent a boat, in charge of four experienced raftsmen in the hope that the poor fellow might still be alive, and with the object at all events of giving the body Christian burial.

Marston, for you have of course guessed the body was his, had fainted from exhaustion, but when he revived under the restoratives that were applied, he gave the following account of the circumstances of his escape:

"It was not the spray from the rapids, or even the cold that I felt most while clinging to the rock on which I had been tossed after the upsetting of the canoe, and I had been carried by the rapids a few yards down the stream; but it was that fearful blindness that made my heart beat so fast. I knew when the moon rose, for I could see a faint glimmer amid the darkness that surrounded me; but otherwise had it not been for the splash of the water and the whistling of the wind amid the islands I could have thought that I was buried alive in my grave. The water, now and then, rushed upon my exposed body and drenched me to the skin continually. I could feel that the water was rising throughout the night, for when I first got upon the rock it had only been up to my ancles, but gradually it rose half way up to my knees, and it was only by rubbing myself constantly that I could keep my limbs from being paralyzed by the cold. Luckily for me the night was not severe, for when the snow squall passed away, it became quite mild; but the water—it was icy, icy cold! What would I not have given for the use of my eyes for a few moments that I might get an idea of my situation. Morning came, and with it the veil of darkness covering me, gradually lifted, until I saw perfectly well by the time the sun was rising. Then, to my great joy, I found that the rock to which I had been clinging that weary, weary night was not more than a dozen yards from a little rocky island, on which a few stunted trees were growing, and that it was quite possible for me, if I could muster up the strength, to reach the spot. I felt very weak and

dizzy from exhaustion and exposure, and my eyes were still inflamed and swollen, but I made up my mind quickly to get to the green grass under the trees where I would be warmed by the sun, and free of the cold waters. My legs were stiff, and I could hardly move, but after a few minutes I managed to stir them and stepped into the water which I guessed, from the appearance of the current, was not deep there; but hardly had I stepped on the shelving rock, which extended to the island as I supposed, when my limbs gave way, and the rapid current carried me down the stream. What followed I cannot tell, for I fainted and did not come to my senses till I felt myself being carried into the boat."

Marston remained in the steamer until it returned to the Chats on the next day, when he was carried to the house of his bethrothed, whose grief cannot be described; and there he remained until he felt himself sufficiently recovered to venture again up the river. His exposure to the icy waters of the rapid, at a time when his system was so weak, shook him fearfully, and he arose from the bed of sickness very thin and pale, and it was not surprising that his foster-brother should have supposed him to be a spectre when he came up to the Cross on the voyageur's grave, on his way to the camp from the river where he and some others had just arrived with supplies.

Marston long concealed the story of the treachery which had so nearly destroyed his life on that eventful night. He was always a generous, forgiving fellow, and he made a resolve to say nothing about Simond, but to try and reclaim him for he believed the act had been done by a madman; and indeed Simond's conduct throughout that winter had not been like that of one in the full possession of his senses. Mary, for a time, was Marston's only confidante, and she often reproached herself for having unwittingly excited such a revengeful spirit in Simond's passionate heart.

Simond was never seen by any of his old associates from the time he fled in such terror into the woods; but about fifteen years afterwards, a priest at Red River, was called to the bed-side of a dying hunter who had come to the country a long while before and settled on the banks of the Assiniboine. He had been known as a bold, reckless man, always hunting on the prairie, or on the distant hills of the Saskatchewan, and it was with surprise that the priest got his message. There, on his death-bed, amid Western wilds, Simond told the main facts of this story and died with the strong belief that he had really seen Marston's ghost. It was vain for the priest to reason with him—to tell him that it was probably the rude image of a guilty conscience. The priest knew nothing of the rescue of Marston and could not give the poor wretch, the only assurance that would have quieted his dying moments. Three years afterwards I met the same priest at Montreal, and when he heard that I came from the Upper Ottawa, he asked me some questions which led to further conversation and to the revelation of the manner of Simond's death.

My story ends happily for none of the actors in it; for Simond had been after all the murderer of Marston in fact. Though the latter

had been saved from immediate death in the icy Snows, his constitution received a shock from which it never recovered, and he died some eighteen months after his escape, leaving Mary a young widow, with an only child.

"That was a curious incident in the story, where Marston became suddenly so blind;" said the writer, "I've heard of night-blindness, but I have always thought it was like snow-blindness."

"Oh, no," replied the lumberman, "snow-blindness only comes in the day time, whereas the other, according to those who know anything about it, only arises as soon as night sets in and proceeds, from want of fresh food and a disordered system."

THE MYSTERY OF BEECHNUT FARM.

I.—THE FARM.

I think that I can safely hazard the remark, before proceeding to tell my story, said the Surveyor, after a short pause, whilst he laid aside his pipe, that few men, in a new country like this, have better opportunities for observing the habits and peculiarities of the rural population than the Surveyors who are engaged in laying out the settlements. The pursuit of their laborious avocation necessarily brings them into contact with all classes, and is not unfrequently attended with considerable difficulty, arising from the ignorance and obstinacy of the settlers. Farmers will quarrel about their division lines, and if they do not come to blows they are sure, in nine cases out of ten, to find their way into court and carry on litigation for months, and sometimes for years, which is sure to end in the ruin of one of the parties at least. A patient and good tempered Surveyor may, in many cases, prevent a great deal of trouble in the future by his tact, in managing the contending parties, and an erasible, careless man will of course only add fuel to the flame. Squatters are perhaps the most troublesome class we have to deal with, for many of them are very ignorant and cannot understand why it is that they are dispossessed of lands, which are left in a wilderness state by the owner. I remember, on one occasion, being waylaid by a tall, rough-looking fellow of this class, who presented a rifle at me, with the significant warning that if I did not very quickly leave his clearing I would receive its contents; but such cases are of rare occurrence, and when they do arise there is generally law enough even in the new settlements to dispose of them.

The profession is also attended with many hardships of no insignificant character when it is carried on in a rough country, where there are necessarily few comforts to be had at any price. Your Civil Engineer, in the large towns and cities of the old and thickly populated districts may pursue a rich and lucrative business, compared with the humbler members of his profession like myself, who have cast their lot in the new settlements, where the work of civilization is only in its infancy. The great part of the time is passed in the solitude of the forest, tramping through almost impenetrable thickets or over dangerous swamps. His only home for weeks may be the rudely constructed

camp, beneath the shade of tall pines or sombre spruce. Yet the life, rude as it is at times, has its compensating charms, for it is a life of freedom. With your gun on your shoulder, your hatchet in your belt, and plenty of ammunition you can wander where you please when you are weary of your companions and wish for solitude, and enjoy nature in all its primeval beauty, without troubling yourself about your wardrobe or the conventionalities of society. Game of all kinds is always to be found in the new districts—though it is rapidly becoming scarce here on account of the extensive lumbering operations—and as all of us are obliged to know something of the art of Soyer, we are seldom without what would be considered dainties in the city. When a party gather around the fire (which is necessary even in summer to keep off the flies) with our pipes, some one has generally a story to tell, drawn from his personal experience; and indeed when I look back to the past thirty years, I am sorry that I am not a short-hand writer, for the stories that I have heard in camp would equal in interest many that I have read.

But your uneasy movements warn me that my preface is longer than it should be, and that you are becoming impatient to hear the story you have asked me, and I have made up my mind to tell to the best of my ability which is not remarkable in this particular way. Fifteen years ago, I was engaged in the Western country, laying off a new road which was to run through some settlements just opening up, and to give them easier communication with the principal villages, where the farmers had their only markets. One evening I was obliged to put up at a small frame house, at the remote end of the settlement, in consequence of a heavy rain storm which prevented me going on to my usual lodgings three miles further. The only inmates of the house were a man of some sixty years, an old woman, and a young girl of very attractive appearance. The old man gave a very churlish reply to my request for a night's lodgings, somewhat to my surprise, for the people, thereabouts, were always glad to see a stranger who could tell them something of that busy world from which they were so distant in that remote section. I paid little attention, however, at the time to my host's abrupt manner, for I was only too happy to get under shelter. Perhaps I was more content with the fact that the girl received me with a pleasant smile and asked me to take a seat by the fire which looked and felt comfortable on that stormy September night, while she prepared me some supper. The old farmer seemed little disposed to enter into conversation with me before I had partaken of the plain, though substantial repast which the two women soon laid out for me on a snowy, home-made table-cloth; but when I resumed my seat and offered to share the contents of my tobacco pouch, he "thawed" considerably, particularly when he found out the nature of my occupation and that I was not such a suspicious character as my dirt-stained, bedraggled appearance would indicate when I first spoke to him. The young girl also joined us in the conversation, and I was surprised to find her voice and manner so much in harmony with the pretty face. Her dark, hazel eyes, shrouded by deep lashes,

were full of softness, and the wealth of her dark, brown hair would be envied in these days of chignons and pads. Her complexion was of a beautiful, clear olive tint, and her figure was lithe and graceful, though little set off by the poor cotton gown which she wore. The dress of all, indeed, was of the poorest kind—the coat of the old man having been mended until it was a good deal like Joseph's garment, so far as it was of many colours. The furniture, too, was of the rudest kind, though everything was very neat and clean. The apparent poverty of the surroundings seemed hardly in keeping with the general appearance of the farm and its buildings; while both the old man and his daughter were decidedly superior in many ways to the people I had met in that neighbourhood. One does not generally wonder at such things in a new settlement; but at all events these were my first impressions, and they were strengthened by my subsequent visits to the farm.

Next morning I took my departure at an early hour, but my business obliged me to call at the house more than once, and though the old man never became more friendly or confidential with me than he had been on the first evening of our acquaintance, I was invariably received most kindly by the female inmates. Now, I hope that you do not imagine that you are about to hear a love passage in my own life, for I see Miss Fanny smiling at my frequent references of Mary Manning. I may as well say at the outset that my part in this story is only that of a very inferior actor—perhaps not more than that of a spectator at times. But Mary Manning had her admirers, as I soon found out before I had made many visits to the cottage. With one of her lovers, Henry Gordon, a well-to-do farmer, who lived closer to the village than Manning, I became well acquainted in the course of time, and recognised his amiability and honesty, which, to my mind, would make him a good husband to any girl. On the score of property, too, he would be suitable for Mary, as he was the only son of one of the most respectable farmers in that section, who was a widower. Of the other young man, Robert Sutton, I knew little, and that was not in his favour. He owned a grist mill on a small stream in the vicinity, and was a dark, morose man, who was by no means liked by his neighbours.

Manning was for a long time a mystery to me as well as to his acquaintances. No one seemed to know anything about his past history, for he had come from another part of the country twelve years before; but he was a good farmer, and had succeeded in making his farm, which was partly cultivated when he bought it, one of the very best in the district. He was penurious in the extreme, and was believed to have saved some money, though he was never known to spend any in the village, but always paid for anything he wanted in farm produce. His daughter was always very poorly clothed, and had more than once confessed to her few friends, myself among the number, that she did not know what her father did with his money; but neither she nor the other women ever made any remarks about their previous life. When either was questioned on the subject, they replied that the old

man did not wish them to say anything about it. It was, however, whispered that, the farmer had lost a large sum of money many years before, by the failure of a bank in the place where he had previously lived; but nothing positive was known on the subject for many years, until the events of which I am about to speak happened, and startled the whole community. But long before, he had become known among the farmers as Miser Manning of Beechnut Farm.

I had not paid many visits to the house before I discovered that Henry Gordon was the favourite lover of fair Mary Manning, and that she was ready to become his wife whenever he asked her and obtained the consent of her father, to whom she was always a very affectionate daughter. Robert Sutton, however, was always present with his rival, and appeared equally a favourite with the father. Indeed, Sutton took every pains to win the old man's confidence, though with no satisfactory result so far as I could judge. He would take every opportunity of consulting with Manning about the farm, and offered more than once in my own hearing to assist him in certain little jobs, but Manning always curtly refused his aid. On the whole, I saw no reason to despair of the successful issue of Gordon's suit, when a little cloud appeared on the horizon and threatened to blight all his long cherished hopes and plans.

The elder Gordon had bought a tract of land—partly wilderness, partly cultivated—adjoining the farm owned by Manning, and I was called on to lay it out; and in doing so, I found that I must cut off a part, a very considerable part, of the land which was claimed and actually enclosed by the latter. On looking more closely into the matter, it was quite clear that Gordon's specifications were wrong, and I endeavoured to bring the parties to amicable terms; but both were equally headstrong, and resorted at last to the courts, which in the course of time decided, as I had told Gordon must be the case, in behalf of Manning. Gordon was extremely irate, and, like most obstinate people when they find themselves in the wrong, vented his wrath on all those who happened to be near him. He told his son that he would never leave him an acre of his property if he kept "hanging about the daughter of that old rascal, Manning." The young man met me in the village on the very day that his father had used this threat, and seeing his gloomy countenance, I questioned him and soon found out the secret of his trouble. I advised him to wait patiently, with the hope that his father would eventually come to a better frame of mind.

"I cannot give up Mary," he said. "If father does not yield I must leave him and try my fortune elsewhere, until I can get enough to start us on a small farm; but I fear to go away when I think of leaving Mary subject to the persecutions of Sutton."

"You need have no fear of Mary," I replied, in my anxiety to soothe him, "she cares nothing for Sutton."

"The worst is that I dare not even go near Manning's house; for he has forbade me darkening his door, after the insult he received from my father to-day."

It was news to me that the disputants—as I soon ascertained from young Gordon—had, on the close of the trial, really come to blows in the tavern, and that Manning had refused to listen to the son when he attempted to make excuses for his father, and had warned him never to set his feet again inside his doors. His position was certainly embarrassing, and I did not very clearly see how I could help him. However, I promised to see both the old men when I thought they had time to cool down, and attempt to bring about a friendly understanding; but before I could carry out my intention I was called away to a distant part of the country.

II.—DEAD UNDER THE BEECHES.

I was absent for a little over three weeks, and returned some time in the middle of October. Some ten or twelve miles from the village —I mention this circumstance in connection with the events I am about to relate—I passed a rough looking labouring man, with a pack on his back. As I bade him "good day," I saw his face, over which his hat was slouched, and it appeared to me strangely familiar; but he went on, and I soon forgot all about him in the excitement of the news I heard at the village an hour or two later. I do not suppose I would then have thought anything more about him, for I am accustomed to employ a good many of his class in the course of my business; but what puzzled me was the fact that I could not recollect his name, though his face was known to me. His manner, too, was a little peculiar; for he passed me quickly, and did not seem disposed to stop and talk, though I reined up my horse with that object.

It was a cold day for the time of the year, and well do I remember now, though thirty years have passed, every trifling thing that happened on that occasion. I recollect thinking what a dreary appearance the muddy street of the village presented, with the trees already denuded of their leaves, which lay about all withered and sere.

"You must be a reader of Poe," interposed the writer, as the storyteller paused for a moment. "Don't you recollect the lines?—

> 'The skies they were ashen and sober,
> The leaves they were crisped and sere—
> The leaves they were withered and sere.
> It was night in lonesome October
> Of my most immemorial year.'"

No, continued the surveyor, I never read the lines you recite. But I must go on with my story. I was referring to the gloomy appearance of the village on that dull October day, as I rode slowly through it. Few persons were moving on the pricipal, and in fact only street; but as I drew near the inn where I was living, I saw a great many people assembled about it—some standing in the road, others on the doorsteps or on the little gallery that ran along the front. I wondered at so much excitement; but as soon as I rode up to the door I had a dozen persons around me, all equally anxious to tell me the news that was now the absorbing topic in that generally quiet village.

A coroner's inquest had just closed its enquiries into the manner of

the death of old John Manning, whose dead body had been found, only the day before, in the woods, about a quarter of a mile from his own doors. He had been shot through the lungs by a rifle, and the medical man who had examined the body was of the opinion that death could not have been instantaneous, but that he had bled to death—an opinion corroborated by the position in which the body was found. But who was the murderer?—and what was the motive that instigated the deed?

The evidence brought forward at the inquest pointed unmistakably to the elder Gordon, whose quarrel with Manning was now too well remembered. The old woman in the employ of the deceased stated that her master, on the afternoon of the day he had been murdered, left for the woods with his gun, saying that he would try and find some partridges in the birch grove which commenced about a quarter of a mile off and stretched for some distance to the rear of the farm. He had hardly left the house when the elder Gordon came in and asked for Manning, not a little to the surprise of the woman who was the only person at the time in the house, Mary having gone to the village in the morning and was not expected to return until the next day. Gordon offered no explanation of his unexpected call, but seemed very restless, and soon left when he found there was no prospect of the speedy return of Manning. The old woman noticed that, instead of taking the direct path to the main road he went off by the same path which her master had taken, and which led past the birch grove and finally came out close to the road, but as it was a short cut she thought nothing of it for the time. The woman then went into the house, and whilst engaged about her work heard the report of a gun about a quarter of an hour afterwards, in the direction of the birch grove. This was all the evidence that the woman could give, but a man, who was on his way to the village testified that he had seen Gordon come quickly out of the woods on Manning's farm, just where the short cut ended, and disappear up the main road, about ten minutes after the report of the gun which he had also heard, but thought nothing about it at the time as hunting partridges was then very common.

Gordon volunteered the explanation that since his quarrel with Manning he had thought much about it and began to regret that he had acted so hastily. He confessed that he might not have made up his mind to renew his intercourse with his opponent, had it not been for the earnest persuasion of his son who had appeared very unhappy since the difficulty, and had more than once stated it to be his intention to leave the farm and seek a living elsewhere unless his father agreed to his marriage with Mary. That very morning his son came to him and said that he had finally made up his mind to go away in the course of the next week, as he had a chance of getting employment in a large flour-mill which was just commencing operations in the neighbouring county. Gordon, who was known to act very much on impulse, then resolved to bury his pride and approach Manning in a friendly spirit, for he felt that he could not allow his only son to leave him, and besides he had always liked Mary above all the other girls in the neighbourhood. When he had once resolved on his course, he lost no time in

starting to see his neighbour. The woman, he said, had correctly described his conduct; but the reason of his restlessness was his doubts as to the manner in which Manning would receive his friendly advances. He acknowleged that he felt almost glad when he found that his meeting with his opponent was deferred over for a few hours, for his mind was fully made up to call again the next morning. He had taken the path through the woods, not with the hope of coming across Manning, but simply because he had always gone that way, on previous visits, as it shortened the distance to his own farm by at least a quarter of a mile. To his surprise he did meet the old man close to the beeches, who received him very angrily, and in fact drove him away with the harshest language. He had only restrained himself with great difficulty from retaliating with equally strong language, from the conviction that it would only increase the breach between them, and still further defer that reconciliation which he now so anxiously wished, for his son's sake. He had left the old man hurriedly—in fact, ran away from him for fear that his feelings might overcome his prudence at the last; and this fact would account for the excited manner in which he had made his way homeward. These explanations were plausible enough, and were corroborated by the son so far as they referred to the willingness of his father to make friendly advances to Manning; but they availed little on the opinion of those who remembered his quarrel with the old man, and the threat he had used, in the presence of a number of persons, that he would "pay him up some of those days." It was certainly mysterious that the gun could not be found, but it was generally believed that Gordon, in the squabble, succeeded in getting possession of the weapon and instantly shooting Manning with it, and that he had then concealed it somewhere in the woods after he had committed the terrible crime. Several instances of the elder Gordon's passion, when he was once aroused, now came up in array against him, rather than many acts of generosity he had displayed when his neighbours had suffered from short crops or family afflictions. Under all the circumstances, the Jury had no alternative except to bring in a verdict which led to the arrest of the elder Gordon and his subsequent commitment for trial by the Local Magistracy.

Acquainted as I was with all the parties, I took much interest in this singular case from the outset. Whether Gordon was guilty or not, I could not but deeply sympathize with the son who seemed fated to be so unhappy in his love. My impression, at first, was that Gordon had committed the deed under very strong provocation, and that it was quite possible that he had sought out his neighbour with the object of coming to some friendly arrangement; for it was very improbable that any one in his sober senses would have acted as he had done, had he premeditated the crime. But when I had seen the accused in gaol more than once, I came to the conclusion that if he were really guilty then he must have a remarkable command of language and demeanour, for he did not show any of the signs of a man who had stained his hands with the blood of a neighbour.

III.—A CLUE.

The public sentiment of our little community, it is true, did not agree with me as to the innocence of Gordon, but I did not on that account alter my opinion, for I knew too well that public sentiment is sometimes based on false premises, when their prejudices and passions are excited. Perhaps I was aroused into becoming a warmer advocate of Gordon than I otherwise would have been, by the fact that Robert Sutton was among the loudest in denouncing him as the guilty man. I had never liked Sutton and did not wish him to win Mary away from his rival who, whatever his father might be, was in every way the best fitted to make her a good husband.

Then one day as I was riding slowly up the road, to a spot where the men were employed digging a drain, the thought darted across my mind—of a strange, suspicious looking fellow I saw on the very morning of the inquest. At last, I remembered where I had seen him—it was on Manning's farm at harvest time.

I gave some hasty directions to the men and went on immediately to Beechnut Farm where I questioned the old woman with respect to this man; and she recognized him immediately from my description. He had been employed about the farm at the busiest time and received his discharge previous to her master's death. He was a surly sort of fellow, she said, and not a bit too honest, for she had missed several things since he had left. She had forgotten all about him, and never mentioned him at the Inquest, simply because no one asked her; but she did not believe he killed her master, for he had left at least a day before. I began to entertain a different opinion, however, and lost no time in setting the authorities on the alert to bring him back. When I had done this, I felt easier in my mind.

I saw Mary a few days after her father's burial, which was largely attended by people from far and near—so intense was the interest created by the case—and despite her great grief I was amazed and not displeased to find her make the first reference to the accusation under which the father of her lover was now lying in the village jail.

"Nothing," she said sobbingly, "can make me believe that poor Harry's father could ever have murdered my dear, unhappy only parent. The Almighty will bring the murderer to light, I feel as sure as I see you now before me."

Mary was likely to be well provided for, as the farm was large and in capital order. Curious to say, however, no will was to be found, though both the women were under the belief that he had made one some months previously. Neither could any money be found anywhere about the house. Mary said her father must have saved considerable, for he had always been penurious in the extreme since he had come into that part of the country. The shop-keepers with whom he did his business stated that at one time or other they had paid him a good many dollars for his grain and other produce; but they did not know any more than the members of his own household what he had been in the habit of doing with it.

Whilst we were still puzzling our heads about this complicated case, the will was discovered in the hands of the last person we would have suspected of having it, and that was the Episcopalian clergyman, of whose church the deceased had been only a fitful visitant. The Rev. Mr. Everett was absent, when the tragedy occurred, on a visit to his son in a distant part of the country, bordering on Lake Ontario; but as soon as he returned, about a fortnight before the trial, he quieted our apprehensions with respect to the will.

"Poor Manning," said the Rector, "I'm sorry to say was not a professed christian, but I had had more than one conversation with him on religious subjects and was hopeful of winning him to the church at last. In his daughter, who was a frequent attendant in our little church, which, unfortunately for her, was distant from her home, I felt a deep interest and made my wife invite her to our house though she had only been able to accept the invitation on one occasion, and that only for a part of the day. Nearly six months ago —you see the exact date on the outside of the package with my initials—I was surprised by a visit from the old man who brought me this bundle with the request that I would promise to take charge of it in case of his sudden death at any moment, for he said that it contained his will and that he did not always feel as well as he did a year or two before. I asked him why it was that he did not leave it in the hands of some lawyer, but he replied that he had more confidence in me as a Minister of the Gospel. After some little hesitation, I accepted the trust on the condition that he would soon come and have some serious talk with me, and he promised and even requested me to call and see himself and daughter occasionally. I called two or three times, but he was always out, and I have never seen him from the day he placed this will in my hands."

When the will was opened and read, the contents were such as to surround the tragedy with still deeper elements of interest. The public, for once, had not been wrong when it suspected that Manning possessed considerable money for a man in his rank of life. It appeared that he had lost a large sum of money by the rascality of his own brother who was employed in some Western bank, and this had so preyed on his mind that he was obliged to leave his home and seek a new one. Then he formed the resolve never to trust any living man with his savings, which, in the course of time, amounted to several hundred pounds, including a small sum left over after the purchase of his new farm.

But where was the money all this while? A natural question, and I will not provoke your curiosity much further. He had exhausted his ingenuity to devise what he considered would be the most effectual means of concealing its whereabouts from curious eyes. In fact, the loss of his money, many years previously, appears to have developed a sort of monomania for secreting his savings. He had given the will, safely sealed, into the custody of the only man in whom he had anything like confidence, but even that confidence appears to

have been only partial; for the will did not reveal the place of concealment, but simply indicated a place where there was a paper which gave the necessary clue. After some search, this paper was found in a little drawer to which nobody ever had access except himself, and which would have been unintelligible to any except those who first saw the will. On this slip of paper were simply the words:

"The big rock—old clearing
N. E. side."

We had little difficulty now in finding the spot, but you may imagine our perplexity and astonishment when we could see no sign of the money. At first we thought that we might have mistaken the directions, but a little patient investigation showed that we were quite right, and that some one had been there before us or else Manning had secreted the money elsewhere after he had written the will. But it seemed most probable that the money had been stolen; and if that were the case, who was the robber. Whoever it was, he was most likely the murderer. The whole matter gave us plenty to think about; but whatever the others thought, I could not believe that Gordon would have murdered the old man for his money.

My own suspicions were still turned to the surly fellow I had met on the road, and who could have easily followed the old man, and discovered the hiding place, whilst he was employed about the farm. When he had been discharged he might have lurked in the woods and and then came upon the old man whilst secreting the money, and shot him in the tussel that probably ensued when Manning saw him. The constable, with whom I had talked a great deal about the whole case, agreed with me that it was very important that we should catch this suspicious fellow: but so far no news of him had come from the different places where the authorities had been put on the alert to arrest him. I was much worried at our want of success in this particular; but I buoyed myself up with the hope that he might turn up at the last moment, and that in any event Gordon's counsel might strengthen his case by bringing out the facts concerning the missing individual.

The first day of the Assizes arrived whilst we were still in the dark. Court week is always a busy time in the towns and villages of the country, and only yields in excitement to election time; but never in the history of our little village—a history, it is true, not extending beyond twenty years—had the "oldest inhabitant" seen such a throng as assembled to hear the trial which had been for weeks the absorbing topic at every fireside. The best counsel had been engaged for Gordon, and he was quite confident the jury would hardly convict on such purely circumstantial evidence: but I had my fears of the result for the Queen's counsel was a very able and popular lawyer, never allowing any personal feelings to interfere with what he considered his duty. The Grand Jury were called together in due form, and lost no time in bringing in a true bill against Gordon, and the trial was put down for the next day. That same evening—I mean of the day before the trial—I

was seated smoking in my room, and thinking over the approaching trial, when I was disturbed by the entrance of the constable I have before mentioned. Had he at last received some news of the stranger?

IV.—A STRANGE REVELATION.

"I have found something which puzzles me wonderfully," said the constable as he wiped his forehead, which was wet with perspiration; "and as I know how much interest you take in the matter, I've come to talk it over before I've seen the Sheriff. I've always had my doubts, you know, about Gordon being the murderer, and have been very anxious to put my hand on that suspicious fellow you saw that morning on the road. I have hunted everywhere for the gun, but to little purpose; and I've no doubt that the murderer was a green hand, or he would have left the weapon by the old man's side to make folks believe he had shot himself. But that's not what I want to talk to you about at this late hour. I had a talk yesterday with the men who first found Manning, and questioned them again about the way the body was lying and then I learned that when it was lifted up, a piece of bark dropped out of his hand. I asked whether they had picked it up. They said that they had kicked it aside. 'I s'pose,' said one of them, 'that he must have fallen against the tree close by and grasped some of the bark, which is all loosely curled about it, in his dying throes.' I guessed the speaker was right, but somehow this little circumstance kept tossing about my head all night, and once I woke up with a start, for I dreampt that old Manning was standing by my bed. Well, this morning, I got up at daylight, and poked about the rubbish in the woods, but I found nothing. This afternoon, when the court rose, I had an hour or two to spare, and so I went off again to the same spot, and hunted about till my back ached just as it does with the lumbago sometimes in winter: but at last, when I was thinking I'd come on a fool's errand, I stumbled upon a piece of birch bark, not a dozen paces from the spot where the body was discovered, hidden by the branches of a small spruce tree. See, here it is, can you make anything out of it? I've puzzled over it and am afraid to tell you what I think."

Were we on the brink of some fearful discovery? Was the veil of mystery to be at last lifted from this tragedy?

It was only a scrap of soft, white bark of the canoe birch, a little soiled with blood, but otherwise uninjured from the fact that it had been under the spruce.

"See those scratches," said the constable, as he laid it flat on the table, "don't they look like writing to you?"

True enough, I could decipher some irregularly formed letters, as if scratched with the point of a knife or sharp stone. We sat down together and patiently worked to unravel the mystery, if it were any. Some letters were hardly decipherable in places, and others entirely defaced by clots of blood. Here a letter would be deeply scratched and its jagged edges would show that the instrument was a sharp

stone; but a little further on, the writing would be fainter, as if the fingers failed, from want of strength, to perform the task.

For two hours and more we pored over this message from the dead, and at last we were able, with the assistance of a microscope which I had among my surveying instruments, to make out these letters:

Murd r d
by Rober Sut

We looked at each other silently, when we had made this astounding discovery. Each of us could easily supply the few letters that were defaced in this extraordinary manuscript, and no time was to be lost in following out the clue and arresting the murderer. In our minds there was not the shadow of a doubt that we had got on the right track at last. We had both seen Sutton that day in the village, but not to speak to him, and the constable had noticed him driving off homeward about dusk. We went immediately to the Sheriff, who lived only a few houses distant from the inn, and told him of the remarkable revelation. At first I think he was inclined to laugh at us, but we soon made the message as intelligible to him as it had been to us; and then, he put a revolver in his pocket and told us to wait for a few minutes whilst he ordered his buggy to be got ready.

It was past eleven o'clock when we drove off to Sutton's place, which was only two miles from the village, and the night was exceedingly dark and rain was threatening, but the road was good and quite hard at that season, and it did not take us more than twenty minutes to reach the turn in the highway where we had decided to stop. We got out of the buggy and tied the horse to a tree a few feet from the road and then made for the mill, from which we could see the glimmer of a light.

The mill was some fifty paces off the road, at the edge of a small stream which afforded the necessary water power. Sutton had no relatives in that part of the country, and the only inmate of the house besides himself was an old woman he had hired in the village. We heard no sound whatever about the premises, except the splash of the water from the mill sluice; and the only sign of life was the solitary light burning in an upper room which we supposed to be Sutton's. The constable proposed to reconnoitre and climbed a tree which grew up against the side of the mill, and overlooked the room.

"We're just in time," he said hurriedly, when he got down and rejoined us, "he's packing up his clothes in a big leather valise—about to cut the country, I guess. What's best to be done?"

"Wait till he comes out," replied the Sheriff, laconically, as he took out his revolver and tried it; "there's only one door and as he cannot suspect anything at present, he will not escape us."

Twenty minutes went by, though they seemed to me the longest hour I had ever passed in my life; but at last we were rewarded by hearing him step down stairs and show himself at the door, with a lantern in his hand. In an instant he was hand-cuffed and a prisoner. So surprised was he that he dropped the lantern instantaneously and

made no attempt to resist but stood like one paralyzed when he heard the Sheriff say:

"It's no use trying to resist, Sutton, it's all up with you."

"What's the meaning of all this?" he said at length, when he had somewhat recovered himself.

"You'll know soon enough," replied the Sheriff.

Leaving the constable to watch the prisoner, we went into the house, and ascended to the room where we had seen the light burning, and there we found that he had everything packed up for leaving the mill. In a portmanteau, we found an old leather bag all soiled by the damp and age, and containing a quantity of gold coins, sovereigns, doubloons and eagles—all the horde which the unhappy miser had been accumulating for years.

Sutton never said a word from the time we drove off from the mill until we handed him over to the custody of the gaoler. Then, when he heard how he had been suspected, he shuddered, and burying his head in his hands, remained silent and depressed for hours.

"Was he hanged?" asked the lumberman.

No, he cheated the gallows after all. Before the crown officers could bring on his trial, he was found dead in his cell; for the morning after his capture he was taken by a series of fits, and died at last from disease of the heart, according to the attending physician. No doubt, the excitement had overcome him and hastened a disease which had more than once laid him up for weeks. Before he died he left a confession behind him, which explained many circumstances which may not seem very clear to you. He had suspected, like many others, that Manning had considerable money hid away, and his frequent visits to the cottage were not so much to see Mary—for he soon discovered she had no liking for him—as to try and obtain some clue to the hiding place of the treasure. His business was not very profitable and the mill was already mortgaged to its full value, and he wanted to get away from that settlement and live in some large city. The idea of killing the old man never entered his mind, though he had no hesitation in robbing him of any money he might have. In the course of time he had noticed that Manning made many visits to a particular part of the farm, and had commenced a regular system of espionage, which was at last rewarded by discovering that a large rock, in a particular clearing, was the place where he generally brought up whenever he had been to the village and sold anything. The day previous to the murder, he had made up his mind to rob the old man, now that he was certain he had discovered the right place. Accordingly the next day he commenced his search, and was not long in discovering the bag of coin, in a deep hole between a tree and the rock. He had not more than left the rock, when he heard footsteps behind him, and was brought to a stand by Manning himself, who accused him of the robbery and threatened to shoot him unless he gave up the money. Sutton threw the bag at his feet, and at that same moment the old man, who was trembling with excitement, stumbled forward over a broken stump and let the gun fall out of his hand.

Then Sutton seized the gun and poured its contents into Manning's prostrate body. "I was disgraced forever," said Sutton, "if that man went out alive from the woods; I had gone for the money and was determined to have it. I did not wish to take his life, but when I saw my chance, some demon whispered to me to shoot him. When I had fired, I was horror-struck, for all the consequences of my crime came up in an instant before me. I seized the bag of gold that had cost me so dearly, and fled into the forest, entirely unconscious that I had still kept the gun on my shoulder; but when I discovered my mistake, I was some distance from the spot and was afraid to return. I cursed my folly in not having so arranged the gun as to create the belief that the old man had accidentally shot himself. Then I hid it away in a deep ravine, under the rocks, at least a half a mile from the place where the old man lay. When I heard that Gordon was taken up, I knew that I was safe; all that I cared for then was to save myself; what did I care if an innocent man were hanged. I dared not, however, leave the country then, for fear it might draw suspicion on me, so I waited until the trial was to commence. I had disposed of my mill to the mortgagee, and was on the point of leaving in my buggy when the Sheriff seized me. Then I knew that the avenger had followed me, and that I must die." Sutton also added in his confession that he had been much perplexed by the fact that the body was discovered some hundred yards distant from the spot where he had fired the fatal shot. The evidence of the medical man together with the position of the body, all went to show that Manning must have lived for some hours after he was mortally wounded. He had probably tried to crawl towards home, but his strength had gradually ebbed away, and then he had scratched that message which had brought the guilty to account and saved the life of an innocent man.

My story is now ended, for all that remains for me to say is that young Gordon married Mary Manning, some months after the terrible occurrence which, for a time, overshadowed their young lives. The old farm, however, was sold, as Mary could not bear to live on a place fraught with such sad memories.

THE THREE AGES.

THE AGE OF SPECULATION, 1000, A. D.——1500. A. D.

RISE OF BACON.

By Professor Cameron, Kingston, Ontario.

(*Second Paper.*)

We have seen in what a sad condition the world was at the close of the last period, how fearful of the gloomy prospect that seemed awaiting it, how the innumerable channels of activity were frozen over, and how

chilled were the energies of the age, as it awaited, with sullen resignation, the certain fate which seemed looming in the shadowy future. But their fears were destined to prove groundless, and their expectations imaginery. The year 1000 dawned upon the joyless age, and with it came joy and life. The fires of hope were kindled; life was restored to the dead; the young heart of the age soon recovering from its paralysis again began to beat, and the beating pulse of activity showed that a sudden resurrection had taken place. This rebound from timid inactivity to a state of unprecedented energy and vigour was both sudden and energetic, revealing, at the same time, the weakness and the strength of the age. It shows depth of emotion coupled with weakness of will, great physical activity combined with mental and spiritual subjection. These qualities are clearly exhibited in the success which attended the Crusades—that wild eruption which shook the world of Christendom to its centre. The age, it will be observed, at the close of the last period and at the beginning of the present, exhibits a most striking contrast. We see an unbroken calm followed by a terrific storm; the one period exhibits to us a world awed into breathless silence, the other, a world roused to a frenzy of excitement and activity unparalleled in all history. In the one, we see the sullen calm of the prisoner who silently awaits his certain doom; in the other the joy of release and the triumph of hope. Yet the principle which underlies these remarkably dissimilar manifestations is precisely the same. That principle was the authority of the Church. The calm and storm obeyed its fiat; blank despair or joyful hope awoke responsive to its frown or smile. The young age beheld it with superstitious awe, obeyed its commands, and merged itself in its all-embracing personality. To embark in a Crusade was as easy as to renounce the world, and calmly await its consummation, if the Church but required it. Slavish obedience had almost ripened into a habit; the irksomeness of bondage unfelt and the sweets of liberty untasted, and therefore undesirable. The Age was still weak, servile and ignorant. It could perform action, but could not originate it; it could feel but could not think. The character of the last age still clings to it; old habits yet perpetuate themselves, and the results of its past training and discipline still manifest and extend themselves into the new period upon which we have entered. But many years shall not elapse before we shall see the new character acquire strength and visibility and the old fade into indistinctness. To this effect, although unforseen by its projectors, the Crusades, in no small degree, contributed. The news had reached Rome that Jerusalem—a name dear to every Christian heart—was in the hands of the Mahometans, that its sacred walls were being battered, and its streets desecrated by Moslem foot-prints. From Rome the startling news spread with lightning speed throughout the wide area of Christendom. All Europe became convulsed with rage. Urban II., who was then Pope, convened a council to decide upon the best measures to be adopted. He summoned, by means of embassadors in different places, all Christendom to arouse, and concentrate its united strength in the cause of Christ. The cry reverber-

ated throughout Europe, and met an audible response in thousands of pious hearts. Uprose the assembled valour of the christian world, marshalled themselves under Peter, the pale hermit of Amiens, and, in massive columns, moved through France and Germany for the Holy Land. One motive impelled, one hope inspired, one purpose united them. The salvation of Jerusalem was the darling of their long pilgrimage, to accomplish which all their energies were bent. No grander scene in all history can we contemplate than these Crusaders marching to the East. We see there the courage of the hero, the devotion of the saint, and the obedience of the child. The wildest enthusiasm pervades their ranks, kindled at the altar of devotion, and intensified by the fresh ardour of youth. But it lacks depth and consistency. Action, swift and energetic, characterizes their movements, but it is spasmodic in character and transient in duration. It is the momentary strength of excitement, not the calm persistent strength of reason and conviction. Still, the ardour of the devotion, the celerity of their movements, the intensity and purity of their enthusiasm strike our attention and enlist our admiration. Eight successive waves of Crusaders rolled over Europe and wasted their fury idly upon the barren rocks of Palestine. Failure marked them all. There was lacking in that vast movement, the essential elements of success. Numerically strong, it was mentally and morally weak; excelling in physical strength, it was deficient in prudence and perseverance, sensitive to feel and quick to act, it was powerless to think or to reason. All action which is destined to be powerful and permanent must be the result of thought. Thought and emotion, speculation and action, theory and practice, are corelative terms; their combination is essential to success, their separation inevitably entails defeat and failure. To feel properly, we must think correctly, to act well, we must reason clearly, to be successful practitioners, we must be good theorizers. But the Crusades, although unsuccessful in its intended object, was beneficial in unforseen effects. Its object was to strengthen the Church, its result was to weaken it. It was emotional in character, but speculative in result. The emotional excludes the speculative. That the age may assume its new character, emotion must die, devotion must languish, enthusiasm must cool off, action must cease. The Crusades form a transition era—a bridge which connects the new with the old. They introduce us to Roscelin, while, at the same time, they dissever us from the Church. The age appears before us, just now, as a vast sea, rippled over with waves of emotion, but far beneath is an undercurrent of speculation which makes its way silently to the surface. This undercurrent personifies itself visibly in Roscelin, who inaugurates our new age. One effect of the Crusades was to diminish the authority of the Church. Travel and intercourse with others who differ, in some respects from ourselves, are invariably productive of beneficial results. It promotes toleration, creates liberal-mindedness and fosters the feeling of self-respect. On the same soil upon which a Crusade grew, sprang up, in a few years, all these noble qualities, which the close of the age will see ripening into a glorious golden

harvest-field. The age, it may loosely be said, is speculative from the very beginning, but not to such an extent as to enable us to characterize it as such. It is, so to speak, potentially speculative, although actually emotional. Every age may be said to sustain two characters, the one conservative, the other liberal, the former invariably composing the larger class. The one servile, formal and narrow-minded, the other, bold, independent, and speculative; the conservative class superior in numerical strength, the liberal, excelling in force of mind and character. The latter, at first numerically weak, ultimately give direction to the whole age, and imprints upon it its own character. Its transforming power is wonderful, the tides of thought flow at its bidding, the lifeless systems of the age are utilized, and the springs of activity set in motion. Bold and original in mind, conscious of strength and jealous of liberty, men of this class quickly feel where nature has been violated, and her rights invaded. To them, nature is holy, her laws divine, her face, the reflex of God, beaming with love and truth, and readable by all his creatures. In them, she asserts herself too strong to be repressed, her voice is too loud to be heard, her instincts too strong to be mistaken or disobeyed. The God-like spirit with which they are endowed, refuses to be cramped by any shackle. To submit to error is to die, to be deprived of liberty is to render death desirable, to deny the truth is to pine away in loathesome prisons. Conspicuous among such a class of men was Roscelin, whose rise we have identified with the beginning of a new age. Of the details of his life, we know but little, but what we do know justifies us in recording him as instrumental in visibly inaugurating a new period and in imparting to the age a new character. He revived the study of the logic and metaphysics of Aristotle, the distinguished Greek philosopher, and became a proficient in what is known as the scholastic philosophy, whose study by the master-minds of the age was through this age assiduously prosecuted. It dealt with the most speculative subjects. Whether there was any real idea corresponding to our general terms or not, was one of the questions to the solution of which all their acumen and learning were directed. Those who held the affirmative were called Realists, their opponents, Nominalists, among whom were Roscelin, Abelard, Lombard and Ackham. The Realists sided with the Church, the Nominalists were denounced as guilty of heresy, and vials of ecclesiastical wrath, poured out upon their heads. Not recognizing the authority of the Church, and yet unwilling to incur her displeasure, they directed their powers to speculation upon subjects whose limits were ill-defined, and upon which the Church was incapable of pronouncing a judgment. These subjects were purely speculative. The study of physics, we have seen, was strictly forbidden. Nature, with her wonderful laws, and her infinite resources, of knowledge, was a blank, all research was discountenanced, and all discovery treated as the wild fancies of a lunatic. But a flood of thought was rising, which it was impossible to repress. The only available channel by which the surplus waters might be conveyed away was that of speculation. The age could boast of many men of acute

and powerful understandings, whose labours, however, were productive of but little fruit, the field upon which they worked was barren. Experience must teach them wisdom, time alone can acquaint them with the nature of the soil, and the strength of their implements. The young age must measure its strength. The discussions into which the ablest minds of the age were led, were useless, so far as any practical results were concerned. But they served an important purpose. Speculative studies sharpen the mental faculties, stimulate research, and prepare the mind for dealing more successfully with questions whose practical value is indisputable. As an end, simply, they are useless; as means to an end, their importance cannot be overrated. Speculation is to action as flower to fruit. The design of the tree is to bear fruit. The purpose of man's creation is to act, but in order to do so, he first must think; the character of the act invariably takes its hue from that of the thought which originates and precedes it. Speculation, in order to be profitable, must not simply be preparatory, it must be creative. The speculator, if he fulfills his mission, must be a creator; the thinker, to be complete, must become an actor. If the thought is not precursor to the act, imperfection is the cause. Thought naturally blossoms into act, when it does not, the case is abnormal, and will sooner or later display the evil results of separation. Schools and universities take their rise in this age, they are the nurseries of thought. Within those walls were found men renowned for the variety and depth of their attainments, from them issued bands of intellectual heroes, equipped for battle, and disciplined by long years of study. But they were heroes who fought with shadows, and wasted their strength for nought. What could be more trifling than the disquisitions about the nature of angels, their modes of conversing, the morning and evening states of their understandings, and the rapidity of their movements. Yet into these follies were the most powerful minds of the age led, simply because investigation in any form brought upon them the denunciations of a tyrannical church. The Church, however, might silence the expression of thought, but it could not extinguish it. The age was beginning to feel in its fresh blood, the insipient strength of manhood. Conscious of power, it knew not how to direct it to the best advantage. Thrown upon its own resources, disinclined to submit to a teacher whose instructions were so barren and unintelligible, it tacitly assumed the arduous work of self-education, and was compelled to discover for itself the most profitable direction in which its powers could be applied. Experience is to prove its only faithful teacher. The preceding age was one of entire passivity. So long as its ignorance and weakness rendered it unconscious of its condition it would remain so. But with years came a consciousness of power, the irksomeness of bondage is felt, the pleasure of self-reliance is experienced, and the results of self-exertion stimulate activity although in a direction which experience must alter, and time correct. The age anticipates the great Bacon, but it must calmly await his emergence upon the scene, to teach it how to utilize its powers, and render them in the highest degree, effective. The genius

of the age points to him. Were he to appear in the present condition of things, his teachings would be unappreciated, and his mission defeated. The age must first feel its need of him, and then he will arise. It must not only prepare for him, it must actually create him. As "the child is father to the man" so is this age the father to the next, and Bacon the intellectual descendant of Roscelin. Among the speculative studies of the age may be included algebra and geometry which—introduced by some Arabs into Europe, so early as the twelfth century—was diligently studied. The current of speculation was thus acquiring a character and becoming wider and swifter. While it grew in force, the Church declined. Its reputation as a teacher was seriously injured, its character failed to inspire respect, the outrageous conduct of the Crusaders who were its devoted followers, was condemned by all whose moral perceptions were not perverted by her influence. The logic and metaphysics of Aristotle were at first condemned by the popes and their councils as savouring of atheism. But their condemnation was soon followed by approbation. The schoolmen had acquired an influence which the Church could not withstand, and as early as the thirteenth century, the tenets of Aristotle were received into the orthodox system of the Church, than which ever afterwards, no name was lisped with profounder reverence. This concession was solely due to the influence of the Schoolmen, who readily accepted the commanding position accorded to them. The Church must have seen that in doing thus, she deferred to their judgment, and respected the opinions of men whom she formerly treated as slaves. She beheld the tide of thought rising around her, and feared its rapid approach. But fear was no avail. That tide was destined to rise, and she was destined to sink beneath its waves. This concession emboldened the Schoolmen. Their boldness irritated the Church, who, seeing that her concessions only widened the gap between them, was instigated to still greater acts of tyranny, and to the adoption of still stricter *regime*. The Schoolmen were firm in their convictions and determined in their attitude. The opinions of Aristotle were held in profound veneration by the Church. She invested them with her own infallibility, she punished any divergence from them as sins against herself. The Schoolmen venerated truth, while they esteemed Aristotle for his service in its cause. With them, all men, as men, were equally venerable, but truth alone was highest in their regard, deepest in their affections, holiest in their heart of hearts. Truth as yet dwelt in a temple unapproachable by human footstep. No visible fires burned upon her altar, no audible song was sang in her praise, no expressed worship was paid at her shrine. Yet the feeling of worship was deep in men's hearts, although its object was dimly discernible. To the Church, truth was synonymous with itself; to the Schoolmen, it was an abstraction, intangible and invisible. Their dialectics furnished them with no key to unlock the temple in which she dwelt, their logic was powerless to discover an entrance. Yet her presence inspired them, the hope of her possession cheered them, her pursuit was the joy of their lives. Truth is gene-

rally regarded as of two kinds, absolute and relative; the former is ideal, the latter real. That some of our relative truths may be absolute, we dare not deny, that they are is an assertion which we cannot be warranted in making. It has been said that absolute truth is a fiction; the remark is happy and true. The study of Aristotle, although at first suggestive of liberty, became finally an indication of bondage. The Church still claimed the right to direct. She proclaimed Aristotle to be the standard of scientific truth, as she herself was of religious. He was exalted to the intellectual pope-dom of the age, and unhesitating submission to his tenets required. The Church saw the urgent need of a secular teacher to satisfy the wishes of the age. Aristotle, who was already its own choice, was selected. His selection by the Church, however, was merely nominal. It was done to preserve authority. The tenets of Aristotle were to be taught upon principles precisely similar to those by which she had taught religious truth. All liberty of thought was proscribed. Men were to mould their thoughts into an Aristotelian groove, to fit their facts into his theories, to merge their own intellectual personality in his and to defer to his judgment, no matter what appeared to the contrary, at their everlasting peril. The matter taught was secular; the system by which it was taught was purely sectarian. It was putting the new wine of science into old bottles, and time soon brought its disastrous consequences. But observe, a grand step had been taken, a noble victory won. Ancient learning was revived, homage was paid to science, as represented in Aristotle, the mind of the age was directed to a new field, as yet untilled, where glorious harvests were yet to be reaped. The right to study Aristotle was a grand concession, pregnant with future benefit. It was a right which begat others,—a concession which necessitated the grant of a greater one. To a clear mind, there was but one step from Aristotle to Nature. Aristotle was but a transcript of Nature; his works, a verbal expression of her laws; his opinions, representations of what he supposed to be facts. Nature was his pope whose infallibility he proclaimed. To her alone he acknowledged allegiance. His works were but a feeble translation of Nature. Studying Aristotle resembled studying a great author by means of translation, the study of which invariably begets the desire to study the original. The great author was nature, the translator was Aristotle, the students were the Schoolmen. The study of Aristotle, therefore, led to the study of Nature; and the study of Nature to the formation of science, which is a generalization of her laws. Truth, however, must win acknowledgment by a long and persistent conflict. One of Aristotle's doctrines was that the earth and all the planets were stationary, while the sun revolved around them. This was accepted by the Church as incontrovertible fact. Copernicus, a Prussian astronomer who appeared at this time, came to the conclusion from a series of long and careful investigations, that the planets together with our earth moved around the sun, and that, therefore, the Aristotelian theory was false. Fearing, however, that the propagation of his views, would subject him to the lash of persecution, he

kept them secret. Some time after, Galileo appears upon the scene, and after subjecting the theory of Copernicus to a severe examination, adopts it, and publishes the fact that after a long and laborious investigation, he had arrived at results precisely similar to those of his predecessor. What was the result? He was instantly accused of heresy, and subjected to such torture and persecution, that he was compelled to renounce his doctrines. These were some of the final efforts of the Church to support its declining prestige, and to stay the tide of thought that was ere long to submerge its very foundations. Lastly, Roger Bacon appears, who is to be distinguished from his more illustrious successor, Francis. He is supposed to have suggested the idea of making gunpowder from charcoal, sulphur and saltpetre, discovered the polarity of the loadstone, and invented the magic lantern. His devotion to the cause of science was rewarded with ten years imprisonment and the defamation of his character by the charge of sorcery. These examples show clearly the direction which the age is taking. We see the leading men of the age, persecuted, indeed, but becoming bolder and more fearless in the avowal of what they held to be the truth, their speculations assuming a more practical character, and views of science undergoing correction and enlargement. Their past failures were being turned into account. After three or four hundred years, they discovered that not a single knot had been untied, and not one new truth added to the domain of philosophy. They saw that reverence for persons, is prejudicial to the maintenance of principles, that truth is greater than system, and observation more productive than speculation. But all this is to be more clearly enunciated, and ably taught by him whose rise marks the disappearance of an old character and the foundation of a new,—Francis Bacon.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

By Irene S. Elder.

The freedom of the press!—the freedom of the press! Who has not felt his hair rising with indefinite aspirations as he has listened to "the learned and talented lecturer" discoursing upon this theme, with gestures largely suggestive of his having personally encountered, and sent howling to his den, that tyrant who would put an end to this blessed freedom if he could?

A crystal, formed far down in some recess of earth, where the mandate "Let there be light!" has not yet reached, comes up to the eyes of men with so many sides to it, so many sides. It seems as though God never created a purely one-sided thing. Not that anything could convince our friend Smith, who brings his nose within touching distance of the side

before which he has taken *his* decided stand, that there ever was, is, or will be any other side to a crystal than the one in which he plainly sees his goggles reflected; or that Jones, who arranges his neck-tie before the next side, can ever be brought to regard Smith with anything nearer to sympathy than a mild pity for his idiocy. If this essay were to be devoted to crystals, we might speak of the theological crystal, around which the various leaders of particular sects stand with unclasped hands, each valiantly upholding the reflection of the Great Master that he finds in *his* bit of plain surface. Let us thank God for the broader view that they will one day take, when, from a higher plane, they will see with glorified vision, not their own prejudices reflected in one, but God's truth flashing from all, and learn that Christ-like charity for those who earnestly search after and worship the truth, even through many tangled webs of error; or we might speak of the "Society" crystal, where particular sets are clustered upon every little plain, each devoting its time principally to efforts to appear "select," and unconscious of the existence of "those pahsons" on the next plain, but we must remember our text.

Now, that side of the Press crystal which reflects its glorious liberty, its advantages, its power as an educator, and its wide-spreading agency for good, has been so often held up for observation, that we will content ourselves with a glimpse of another side; the side that leaves neither joy nor sorrow sacred to man or woman in the life of to-day. That places a "reporter" by a man's hearth-stone, at the door of a maiden's heart, in the tryste where lovers meet, and in the place were men worship God. He takes his stand by the coffined dead in order to hold up to curious eyes *his* measure of the grief of the survivors. He presses close upon the track of any agonized victim of wrong, who would gladly enjoy the privilege which the beasts of the forests possess, of creeping away to some solitude when suffering from a wound, if the "freedom of the Press" did not relentlessly demand a blazing publicity for the wildest human pain. Where the mother weeps over the ruin of her son, as she thinks of the little hands that used to clasp on her knee as the childish lips said "Our Father," grown strong and cunning in sin; of the little feet whose patter on the floor was music in her ears, tangled now to tripping in the meshes of error, and of the clear eyes that used to open to her so beautiful out of sleep, grown hard and shadowed by evil. Thinking pity might suggest, "let the curtain fall around the mother's pain, let it be sacred," but unthinking curiosity pays a grand tribute to "the freedom of the Press" by serving it up in a sensation paragraph. Where the deserted wife crouches in her desolation and shame, with every foundation upon which she has builded her life overthrown, steps the ubiquitous reporter, softly may be, and moves his pencil noiselessly, but the evening papers show industriously, to have drawn so faithful a picture of the forsaken, desolated chambers of the wife's heart. This turning of every heart and life wrong side out for the entertainment of the public, is a terrible feature in the American press of to-day. Would it not be a blessing if half the daily printed matter could be suppressed? Think of the streams of corroding impurities in literature that can now find their way through the pure gardens of any child's imagination. To speak of suppression of the

press is of course to call down cries of indignation upon tyranny. But tyrants have their uses and have brought mankind some valuable blessings. Of course we do not mean the small, selfish tyranny that can persecute, either in church or state, and which, by the way, the world is by no means done with, even in churches the most jealous of state influence or in States, where opposition to the chief magistrate's opinion is sufficient to dislodge a long tried and faithful public servant, whose honest belief leads him in an independent direction; but the tyranny of a strong, clear thinker, who forces the weak and unstable to walk in the right path, such tyranny as led Oliver Cromwell to be the first to place himself, soul and body, across the paths hitherto rose, lined by an obsequious people, for the "divine right of kings" to tread its dainty way in. Grand old Oliver, he deserved a crown of honours from the nation he served by that very inelegant "get you gone and give your place to honester men," instead of having to wait centuries for simple justice. Supposing, for a moment, there could be such a blissful form of government, that not an uncourteous abusive word was allowed to be put in type, and that if men must have wars of words let them have them one with another and not bore and insult the public and degrade themselves by forcing private quarrels into every man's home who takes a paper. From the petty country newspaper, which tries to make gossip dignified by putting it in type, down to the loudest-mouthed organ of the strongest political faction, what would the world lose by loosing? If one has heart to look down to the bottom of the disgusting political mixture which it is Smith's "glorious birthright" to mix daily for Jones, and Jones's "glorious birthright" to prepare daily for Smith, he will see lying in corroding unrest *that* for which Judas betrayed the Christ. Oh men! who wrong each other so, and who keep in the sacred places of your homes a little altar for Him where love glows, and a little child laughs as its waxen touches meet your face; is not the Christ betrayed again and again by this denying of His divine law of love and brotherhood? If the incalculable harm which has been done to the cause of true religion by the bitterness of those much lauded veterans who truly delight in making the christian race a constant *warfare*, who think more of some lifeless form than of the entire sermon on the Mount, could be blotted out, how much nearer might our poor wandering world be to-day to its father's house.

It is pitiable for our christianity, it is degrading to our civilization, that men who drink the wine of Christ's blood from the same cup, and who stand in the position of gentlemen, cannot conduct a newspaper controversy without descending to personal abuse. The ages of feudalism and chivalry, pitied in our age of broad civilization for their darkness, shew us a higher type of gentlemen than the "freedom of the press" often shows us to-day.

The mania for advertising reaches from a monster calf to a large baby. We are informed that it is by no means uncommon for expensive articles to be hired to make a grand show of *bridal gifts* on the occasion of weddings in some American cities, in order that the advertisement of Miss A's wedding gifts may, if possible, outshine Miss B's. When sham and varnished humbug come at such times as invited guests, can we expect

the water of this poor life to be turned into wine by the divine benediction? A few years since, New York advertised extensively her *wickedest* man, John Allen. Lengthy paragraphs concerning this interesting person went the rounds of the religious press. He appeared to wear his honours meekly. Not having heard anything of him for some years, we conclude that a greater than John must have arisen, and he, consequently, fallen into disgrace by being only second best; in which unhappy obscurity we will leave him

Much is said of "The Press" being a corrector of public wrongs, a guardian of the public rights, etc. If it were so, the world's wrongs had been long since redressed, for its voices have been as full of warning as the tones of the November wind, and still it is heard in matters great and small, pointing out shortcomings with a lavish hand. During a short time once spent in a certain city of the Dominion, I arrived at the conclusion that truly it must be a bitter thing to belong to a City Council. The vials of wrath that were emptied upon the heads of that unfortunate body of men through the Press when any pedestrian stepped upon a rolling stone, or perhaps, gazing with admiration, not unmixed with curiosity, at the sun, so far forgot himself as to step too high and consequently stumble, were simply startling to a person unacquainted with the vows of ubiquity which city councillors must take upon themselves. The high prices this unfortunate council were compelled to pay to persons for the fracture of a limb or the spraining of a joint, were enough to make one low-spirited about living in places where the sole reward for such casualties is to pay the Dr.'s bill oneself. The bitterness that has been engendered between individuals, churches and nations, by the venting of individual spleen through the medium of a too liberal Press, and the internal weaknesses that is betrayed to outsiders by this unhappy freedom, is certainly not calculated to command respect.

If one were to judge of the state of American society by the printed records which portions of its press send abroad, we might conclude that there was no true man left to legislate for the good of his country, that in social life all honour had fled from man, all virtue from women; but we hope better things of America, and believe that God has reserved to himself there many thousands of men and women who have not bowed the knee to gods of their own choosing. Those sage presagers of public calamities, whom one might hope would become discouraged by the unfortunate events which they predict always declining to happen, and something else which they never thought of coming to pass, all find a voice through the press, from its highest to its lowest form. The man who rings an alarm-bell and finds to his disgust that the alarm was not needed, retires at once to painful obscurity. Would that the ringers of of our national alarm bells were as easily impressed with a sense of their own unhappy precocity. For years France has been regarded by certain nervous Englishmen as a nation to be narrowly watched; her friendship to be doubted, and her determination to avenge Waterloo a certainty. Time and again was the English government warned through the Press to be ready to meet the storm sure to burst upon her from France. It did not occur to our wise alarmists that Prussia was to be the calamity

of France. Now, that the page of history which holds the highest record of civilization, holds also this blackest record of the butchery of men and of the breaking of a King's pledge in the massacre of helpless women and children. The destruction of works of art that can never be replaced, falls into insignificance beside the waste of human blood over which the pious William's heart rises in gushing gratitude to Heaven, the cries of our alarmist are, as a matter of course, turned in another direction. All finding voice through a vacilating press.

Numerous changes have already been rung upon the alarm bells. First, Prussia and Russia were to unite and blot out all other nations of Europe. As they do not appear to be upon the most loving terms, our ringers try something else. But one thing is certain, "Prussia will now be the calamity of England as it has been of France," the exhibition of terror and alarm which have found voice through the press, culminating in "the battle of Dorking," of which bit of authorship the writer thereof will probably be less proud in eighteen seventy-five, than at present, is enough to degrade England in the eyes of other nations and almost to invite the calamities they presage, if it were not a settled fact in the "logic of events" that nothing ever happens as it is predicted. Of the undercurrent of bitterness running between England and America, too low for the attention of the best minds on either side, how much may be attributed to "the freedom of the press?" A writer in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, for 1864, attributes all unkind feeling from America to England to the mother country's want of sympathy during the war, and apparently forgetful of the ceaseless stream of bragadocia and abuse toward England with which the middle and lower strata of the American press has teemed ever since its existence, cries out "if we only did reverence England as once we reverenced her," and again, "Oh England, England, what shall recompense us for our lost leader? Great and mighty one from whose brow no hand but thine own could have plucked the crown. Beautiful land, sacred with the ashes of our sires, radiant with the victories of the past, brilliant with hopes of the future. Oh! if those fatal years might be blotted out, etc." This writer utterly ignores the stubborn fact, as all other American writers and speakers appear to have done when pouring vials of wrath upon England for her want of sympathy in their noble struggles for the freedom of the slave, when the freedom of the slave was *not* the object of the war. Many noble men and women who abhored slavery, looked devotedly to God to bring freedom to the slave out of the war, and God did bring it; but to the looker on there seemed as little cause of gratitude to the North as to the South. Abraham Lincoln lost the grandest chance of being a hero that a man ever lost. His grave might have been a spot before which every lover of humanity would pause with uncovered head thinking with swelling hearts that "here lies a man who was truly daring and grand in nature, who brought to his country 'a nobler chance' than ever Arthur brought to the Knights of the Round Table." If in the first outbreak of the dissevered nation he had stood up, feeling that the time had come when America must decide for or against this great wrong which she had nursed side by side with her dearest liberties and in the sight of the

eager eyes and flushed faces that gathered to protect the flag they loved from dishonour, have broken forever the fetters of the slave and cast them under the feet of the advancing armies of the North, his name to-day might have been one of the most sacred that the eighteenth century leaves to the world, and his soldiers' graves: those graves that are strewn through the heart of the country and that lie, heap by heap, in the hearts of its women who could have withheld before them the reverence due to "a man that died for men." But what did he do? After vainly trying in his inaugural address to pat the demon of the South, so long accustomed to its meal of blood, by declaring that should any victim of slavery so far misunderstand the constitution of the United States, as to suppose that its government would protect a man or woman who fled to the North for safety, that they should be speedily made to comprehend their mistake by being promptly returned to their masters. When the growl of the human-fed monster grew so savage that it broke into open rebellion, he declared again his determination to uphold the constitution as it was, slavery and all. When matters grew more desperate he distinctly avowed that if he would "save the country" by keeping all the slaves in their bondage he would keep them there, or if he could "save the country" by freeing a part of them and holding the rest as chattels, he would do it, and so on. At last, as the last throw of the dice, the freedom of the slave was given. But how? Were their rights as men and women acknowledged even then? Nothing of the kind. They were confiscated *as property* as a means of more thoroughly cripling the South. The "contraband" became a household word in the North. Then they were seized and recognised as *men* for the first time by being formed into regiments and thrust in the front of the Northern armies to take the first hottest fire of the Southern guns.

Truly is *that* an act of emancipation to be proud of and to revile England who freed her slaves in a time of peace and at an immense pecuniary sacrifice, for lack of sympathy. A popular American writer and speaker declared that this feeding the fire of the Southern guns with the poor shuddering "contrabands," was "the sublimest thing he ever knew." Probably that writer got a glimpse of the sublime from an angle that has escaped the notice of the rest of the world. This is a long digression, but as I observe that popular essayists generally "digress" most of the time, I conclude that I am in order.

Another writer in the same magazine takes a somewhat calmer view of the same subject, in an article entitled "The Beginning of the End." We will allow him to give, in a few extracts, his testimony to the mighty harm done between those two great nations by the much abused "freedom of the Press." In speaking of the desire of the French government to interfere in behalf of the South and acknowledge the Confederacy, this writer says: "This would have been entered upon long since if it had not been held back by the obstinate refusal of England to unite with her in that pro-slavery crusade, but without the aid and assistance of England the ruler of France could not, durst not, move an inch against us. The power that places herself resolutely across his (Napoleon's) path and will not join in his plot to erase us from the history of nations is England—

England will not join with her ancient enemy to effect the ruin of a country of the existence of which she ought to be proud, seeing that it is of her own creation." This writer very naturally asks "why then is there so much ill-feeling in America toward England when none is felt toward France?" After going over one or two other causes he says, "but it is the British press that has done the most to array Americans against England. All her articles attacking us are re-produced here and are read by everybody, and the effect may be imagined. The difference of language prevents us from taking much offence at Gallic criticism. Those journalists have done more to make their country the object of dislike than has been accomplished by all other Englishmen. Their deeds show that the 'pen is mightier than the sword.'"

FANCIES.

Come, roam in Fancy's variegated bower,
And search the chambers of the wondrous mind,
Come, view the scene when passions darkly lower,
And anger rages fierce by fury blind.

Or come, when pleasure fills her joyous halls
In bright array with both the young and fair,
And where her sweet-toned voice alluring calls
To banquets: sparkling wine is circling there.

Yet both the pleasure and the feast are vain,
Flase, the alluring voices which take flight,
And leave behind them bitter, bitter pain,
And misery, dark robed daughter of the night.

Or wander where the thoughts of the deep wind
Lie as an ocean, with e'er moving swell,
Whose foam hold fairer images confined,
Than Venu, bursting from her watery cell.

A thousand voices speak from out its waves,
Soft like the music of a fleeting dream,
Here do we slake our thirst which ever craves
Draughts deeper yet, than all the present seem.

When on its heaving bosom breaks the light
That Inspiration sheds in moments rare,
From out that sea the fairer thoughts take flight
And gild with glories all the upper air.

J. U. R.

THE UNIVERSITY—MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN.*

By William Elder, A. M.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Alumni Association,

Having for several years known and warmly appreciated the noble aims of your Association, and the excellent work done by the learned President and other Professors of this University, it affords me much pleasure to be with you on the present festal occasion. I feel, however, as if this Academic gathering, after ancient precedent, ought rather to be held out of doors, in those smiling fields and fragrant gardens which surround the charming retreat of learning. There, we might together listen to the songs of the birds and the brooks, and there, in opening buds and cheerful notes, you might find pleasing symbols of your own blossoming hopes and joyous feelings. Most sincerely do I trust that those natural symbols may prove true prophets of a future career, in which none of you shall ever "ill-beseem the promise of your spring;" on the contrary, I hope that, strengthened by the generous nurture of your *alma mater*, and cheered by the benedictions which, from bright eyes and loving hearts, are wont to be rained upon you, in this place, on occasions like the present, you will go forth to the great world without, resolved to be honest and earnest workers therein, ever proving true to yourselves, your country and your God.

I did not require to be reminded by the Oration† just delivered, and it is with regret that I recall the fact, that if the present be a season of gladness to you, it is also one of gloom. One chair in this University is this day vacant. The voice of one beloved Professor will no more be heard within these walls. This is, indeed, cause for sorrow. To Professor Campbell's numerous friends, there is, however, one source of comfort left. They all know how accurate and profound he was as a scholar, how successful as a teacher, how much loved as a man, and they must feel that of all such beloved and patriotic workers, now no more, men who consecrated to the cause of liberal culture, in these new seats, their treasures of learning, wherever they may have been acquired, it may well be said:

> And though no stone may tell,
> Their name, their fame, their glory,
> They *live* in hearts that love them well.
> They grace Britannia's story.

You do well, I think, to encourage such Academic gatherings as the present. They afford opportunities, however limited by time and space, of taking note of what is going on in the great schools of learn-

* An Oration delivered before the Associated Alumni at the Encœnia of the University of New Brunswick, on the 21st of June, 1871, and published by request of the Alumni Association.

† That of Professor D'Avray, which was read by Professor Bailey, Professor D'Avray being unwell.

ing, and of the nature and extent of the demands that are being made upon them. It would be difficult to estimate too highly the importance of such inquiries. Indeed, unless they are pursued, many of the efforts of your Association, and much of the teachings of your Professors, may be expended in vain, and this, too, in an age, one of whose chief aspirations it is to economize all its forces, and to employ them to the greatest advantage. The horizon of knowledge is ever extending, the fields of honourable toil and enterprise are ever being enlarged, the calls of duty are daily being multiplied. Yet life is comparatively short. How important then that all of its possibilities and opportunities should be turned to the best account, and not so misused as to lead to vain regrets:

> For of all sad words of tongue or pen;
> The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

It may readily be inferred that the University, which has now been in existence for nearly eight centuries, has been subject to various changes, in the method and matter of the studies which it has from time to time promoted. The University idea has ever been to impart the highest and best nurture of the period, whatever the nature of that nurture may have been; but the studies of a time when the clergy were the only learned class and themselves not very learned, when they were the principal physicians and lawyers, when manuscripts were scarce and dear, and paper and printing and public libraries unknown in Europe, were necessarily somewhat different from those of subsequent and more highly favoured periods. Towards the close of the eleventh and the early part of the twelfth century, we found the great schools of Paris and Bologna, Oxford and Cambridge, assuming the name and rank of Universities. From that period until the present time, century by century, fresh acquisitions have been made to the muster roll of the Universities. Some of the earliest have been swept away, but others of them still retain a vigorous existence. The name, University, however, as applied to institutions of learning, had not, at first, any scholastic reference, and was generally qualified by the adjective literary. The term University simply signified a corporation or any number of persons or things taken as a whole. The municipality of York, or the Common Council of St. John, would, in the eleventh century, have been entitled to be called a University. The term is applied to the body of the people by a poet who lived in the time of Simon de Montford. Advising that the representatives of the people should be summoned, that their minds might be known, in the old rhyming Latin of the period, he says:

> *Igitur communitas regni consulatur,*
> *Et quid Universitas sentiat sciatur.*

As first applied to institutions of learning, the term University was used in reference to the incorporated and governing body of teachers and students, as at Paris, or the incorporated and governing body of students, as at Bologna. When, in the course of time, by a useful division of Academic labour, the faculty of Theology arose out of that

of Arts, and when the new faculties of Law and Medicine, after a sharp struggle, effected their recognition by the University, by a natural transition, the term soon came to be applied to the aggregate of the faculties, carrying out the etymological idea of completeness; although then, as now, the term continued to be applied to single professional schools, and schools of Arts having no other faculty in connection with them. I have no doubt, however, that Universities will yet arise, both in the old world and the new, in which this idea of completeness will be fully realized. "The ideal University," says Chancellor Crosby, of the University of New York, "would include all arts, sciences, philosophy and technics, and the all of these. A living mind would communicate the truth in each of these departments, and the truth, in each case, would be *all* the truth known to man, in relation to the given subject. Such is the ideal University. The actual Universities of the world may be considered attempts *longo intervallo* to reach this idea." I may add that the great Universities of Paris, Turin, Vienna and Berlin, each with its grand cluster of nearly two hundred professors and other instructors, with their vast libraries, museums, laboratories, and with their many learned men, enjoying great leisure, and making many original contributions to science and literature, already go far to realize this idea, although as we shall see, the faculties even of those Universities will probably, ere long, have submit to be re-constructed on a more liberal basis.

But to return. The history of the University divides itself into two periods, the mediæval and the modern. The distinguishing feature of the former was the Scholastic Philosophy, which rose, declined and fell in about three hundred years. The modern period began with almost exclusive devotion to classics and mathematics, and now witnesses a vigorous, but not as yet triumphant, onset made by the votaries of the physical and social sciences against the study of the Greek and Latin languages as prime sources of mental culture.

Let us glance, for a moment, at those successive phases of University study, and, as our time is very limited, I shall have to ask you to supply in imagination what I cannot pause to describe at length.

The Scholastic Philosophy derives its name from the Schoolmen, and these again from the schole or schools which the great organizing genius of Charlemagne, with the co-operation of the Church, originated, and which were afterwards expanded into Universities,—the schools of our own Alfred, another great educational reformer, in the case of Oxford, at least, sharing in a similar honour. The Scholastic Philosophy was, to a large extent, based on portions of Aristotle's logic, imperfectly translated, and on extracts from the writings of St. Augustine and other Latin fathers, incorporated with texts of Scripture. These were the text books of the Universities at the beginning of the scholastic or mediæval period. The chronicles and legends, hymns and homilies of the time, formed the remainder of its scanty literature, for the authors of Greece and Rome were then known only to a few learned men, and were not read in the University, while the modern languages, descendants of the Gothic or the Latin, had not yet

begun to bring forth fruit. The medium of instruction was the Latin, the tongue in which Lord Bacon, and even Sir Isaac Newton, wrote their principal works, the tongue which learned men, even in the seventeenth century, believed was destined to remain the learned language of at least the entire Christian world.

But limited as were the materials which the Schoolmen possessed, it must be admitted that they were turned to good account. The old seven liberal arts of the monastic schools—grammar, rhetoric and logic, called the trivium, and arithmetic, music, geometry and astronomy, forming the quadrivium—were greatly extended and comprehended under the common name of Philosophy. On its practical side this Philosophy embraced several liberal arts, including navigation, agriculture and hunting, but it was the theoretical Philosophy, that which gave its name to the chief intellectual nurture imparted by the University, that was the all-engrossing study. The Professors of it readily improvised a place of study: indeed, the Professor made the school. To master this Philosophy, ardent youths, poor in pocket, but rich in enthusiasm, flocked to the Universities from all parts of the world, including Asia and Africa. They came in groups of ten, twenty and thirty thousand, though these numbers sometimes, as Professor Huber, in his history of the English Universities points out, included persons who were not regular students, such as copyists, parchment-makers, stationers, etc. They lived rudely together in groups called "nations," which represented their ethnic affinities, speaking their own languages and subject to a form of government adapted to their circumstances. They lived in those great boarding-houses, which afterwards, in many cases, grew into colleges, though occasionally even the rudest kinds of lodgings could hardly be procured, and in Oxford, at one time, the students were content to take refuge on the bastions of the city walls. Those enthusiastic lovers of learning sat at the feet of such renowned masters of disputation as William of Champeaux, Abelard, Lanfranc, Anselm, Peter Lombard, Albert the Great, Thomas Aquinas, Roscelin, Duns Scotus, Ockham, Alexander Hall and others, doctors angelic, and doctors seraphic, doctors invincible and doctors irrefragable. These teachers of the middle age often harangued in the open air to great multitudes of admiring students, whom they encouraged and required to engage in disputations, exercises which taxed all their powers to the utmost and in which the greatest ingenuity was displayed in supporting and attacking the theses which formed the subjects of contention, a mode of study, and a means of cultivating oratory, not sufficiently attended to in our own age. As in the first Napoleon's time, every soldier was said to carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack, and as in the German Universities, at present, every distinguished student sees a professor's gown in his wardrobe, however otherwise scanty, or that of a Private-Docent, at least, so in this, the heroic age of the University, when the degree of master or doctor originally the same, constituted an actual license to teach, every graduate of high attainments and aspirations expected one day to be the centre of a famous school, or to eclipse his preceptor in his own Uni-

versity, as was done by Abelard in the case of William of Champeaux. It is somewhat the fashion to speak slightingly of the Scholastic Philosophy, chiefly on account of its subtleties, which, in the absence of the facts of experimental sciences, the discoveries of a subsequent age, were often drawn out to an unpardonable length. Scholasticism is even by some regarded with feelings of contempt. But to say nothing of its influence on the theology and philosophy of all subsequent times, no student of humanity, no honest truth-seeker, can ever entertain any such feeling towards any of the great products of the human mind, its languages, religions, philosophies. These must ever inspire our reverence and invite our study. If we gaze with awe upon the pyramids, mere material works of doubtful utility, with what feelings ought we to regard the most daring efforts of the most gifted and intrepid spirits of our race, to harmonize philosophy and faith and solve some of the deepest problems which have ever exercised the minds of thinking men? What though the battles of the Nominalists, Realists and other philosophic sects, long fought with tongue and pen, not seldom fought with trusty bows and arrows, (the Alumni of those days not always being the well regulated young gentlemen whom we meet in ours,)—what though these and other kindred problems are now well nigh forgotten? The same may be said of many another philosophy, which though useful and infinitely elevating in its day, has long since passed away.

> Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day and cease to be,
> They are but broken lights of Thee,
> And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We come now to the modern period in the history of the University, a period which the University of the middle age helped to introduce, the latter being a true development suitable to its own age. The Crusades, the direct products of the simple, earnest spirit of the times, resulted in the recovery of many precious manuscripts of the Greek and Latin authors, and their transference from the East to Europe. The study of these classical treasures first began to be prosecuted in retired monastic retreats. The native tongues were then just springing into vigorous existence, and beginning to give promise of their great future. Their cultivators began also to devote themselves to the reproduction of the Greek and Roman authors, in the modern languages. Greek authors were also translated into Latin. Then the disruption and, finally, the overthrow of the Eastern Empire came, one consequence of which was the wide diffusion of the manuscripts of the Greek and Roman authors. The printing press appeared at the same time to multiply copies of the newly discovered treasures, and supply to the Universities and schools the long-forgotten poets, orators, historians and philosophers of Greece and Rome. It was as if those poets had now begun to sing to men for the first time; as if the orations of Cicero, the fulminations of Demosthenes, the pictorial delineations of Livy, the divine discourse of Plato, the terse, philosophic narrative of Thucydides, and the garrulous tale of Herodotus, were

now heard or read for the first time. The minds of men soon became strengthened, their ideas enlarged and their imaginations fired by the new studies. A spirit of enterprise soon became developed, the recovery of old worlds, and the discovery of new, proceeding simultaneously. While the old learning lingered on, even during the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries in some of the Italian Universities, in most others the Humanists had already taken the place of the Schoolmen. The cultivators of the classics were now held in the greatest honour, and schools, colleges and universities began to re-arrange their prizes, honours and emoluments, with a view to encourage and reward the students of the Greek and Latin tongues. Mathematics, more earnestly pursued, however, at a later date, was the only rival study. Both were carried to a great height. The labours of the Humanists and of the later editors of classic authors favoured the one study: the discoveries of Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, the philosophy of Bacon and Des Cartes, and the magnificent generalizations of Newton and his followers, gave an impetus to the other. It would seem, however, as if the human mind ever tends to extremes. In a short time the classics began to be regarded more as sacred relics, and sources of philosophical, antiquarian and grammatical niceties and puzzles, than as glorious literatures, and fit subjects for philosophic criticism. This abuse of classical study speedily exercised an unhealthy influence on the human mind. "A powerful mind," says Lord Macaulay, "which has been long engaged in such studies may be compared to the gigantic spirit in the Arabian tale, who was persuaded to contract himself to small dimensions in order to enter within the enchanted vessel, and when his prison had been closed upon him, found himself unable to escape from the narrow boundaries to which he had reduced his stature."

In recent years, a corrective to the excessive study of the classics, by absurd and unphilosophical methods, has appeared. The mathematics, studied perhaps too closely, at first, as pure science, have passed into the form of mixed or applied sciences, and these again are being rapidly developed into the cluster of inventions and arts which are the peculiar glory of modern civilization. Astronomy peering into the most distant regions of the heavens, and now, by means of the spectroscope, performing more daring feats than ever previously attempted; geology revealing the natural history of the earth, aided by several auxiliary sciences, zoology, mineralogy, botany; chemistry working wonders of which ordinary alchemists never dreampt, though Roger Bacon caught a glimpse of them, with fresh discoveries in regard to heat, light, electricity, magnetism; physiology casting metaphysics into the shade;—what amazing and awe-inspiring results have they not produced! The great practical science of modern times is engineering. The engineer girdles the globe with new highways of travel, by land and sea, overcoming the obstructions of nature by vast bridges or tunnels, or supplementing her defective routes of communication by means of canals constructed regardless of cost. He takes the thoughts of men, when expressed in speech, and by

means of the electric current, transmits them across vast continents or beneath ocean's depths, winged by the lightnings and guarded by the billows. He thus annihilates time and space and makes distant nations happy by bringing them into intimate social and commercial intercourse. The forces used by the engineer are not the only ones which influence material progress, and the great value of which has riveted attention on the natural and mathematical sciences, and tended to withdraw it, to some extent, from that of the ancient languages. As Humboldt comprehensibly says, "it is now being clearly perceived that an equal appreciation of all branches of the mathematical, physical and natural sciences, is a special requirement of the present age, in which the material wealth and the growing prosperity of nations are principally based upon a more enlightened employment of the forces and products of nature."

But these are not the only studies demanding the attention of the moderns, which come into competition with the study of the ancient languages, and make corresponding demands on the modern University. There is the great cluster of social and political sciences relating to trade and commerce; capital and labour; the public health; the management of humane institutions, including the treatment of the insane, the deaf and dumb and the blind, and of inebriate asylums; the repression of crime; the proper treatment and reformation of criminals; education; political representation and the proper sphere of legislation; municipal, international, and civil law; emigration; pauperism; the last mentioned subject being to English statesmen one of the most perplexing questions of the day, in the solution of which they require the aid of the economic sciences. There is Ginx's baby, for example, making his lusty voice heard over two continents, causing English statesmen to stand agast, as if pondering the inquiry, "what shall we do with them?" Here the whole Ginx family and all their kindred would be quite an acquisition, if only the Government, or Miss Raye, would bring them over, but we nevertheless need the light of science to guide us in dealing with such problems.

It may readily be inferred that the enormous demands made upon the time and attention of students, by these new sciences, have led some of them votaries to take strong grounds in opposition to the study of the classics, on the ground of their being less practical utility. Indeed one of the great educational problems of the day is as to the relative position which shall be assigned to the new studies and the old. It is, I think, established beyond a doubt, that a knowledge of the great mother tongues of the race, the Greek, the Latin, the Hebrew, the Sanscrit; those tongues which reveal buried civilizations and forgotten literatures of vast antiquity and great intrinsic value, and bring the souls of the moderns into contact with the spirit of antiquity, studies which reveal the free personality of the human spirit, and the range of its achievements, must ever form part of the highest nurture of the race. But the knowledge of the physical sciences is equally necessary and of the social sciences equally indispensable. I say then with Richter, that "the present ranks of humanity would sink irrecover-

ably if the youth did not take its way through the silent temple of the past into the market-place of life." But I say, also, even with such a Humanist and lover of "sweetness and light" as Matthew Arnold, that "it is a vital, formative knowledge to know the world, the laws which govern nature and man as part of nature." It is probable, then, that those who have not leisure and aptitudes for all these studies, those who never intend to follow up the ancient languages to that point at which they may be read with pleasure and their beauties begin to appear, will generally give their chief attention to those other all-important studies to which I have just referred. And as to the educational value of these latter studies, it may well be held that there exists a strong presumption that studies so necessary to self-preservation, to the conquest of the material world around us, and the development of its varied resources, and even to the right discharge of the duties of life, will prove useful for mental discipline as well as for furnishing the mind with that "knowledge which is power."

In view of this state of things, the Universities are being obliged to modify their courses of study and, in particular, to make new and extensive provisions for the study of the physical and social sciences. They will also be compelled to make the study of the ancient languages a study of literatures rather than of grammatical niceties, a knowledge of which is to be determined by the perfection with which Greek hexameters can be written by the moderns. In the study of classics, at the preparatory schools, it is likely, also, that they will be reserved for the more advanced pupils, and more particularly for those who intend, as scholars, or as professional men, to pursue the study in after life. It is monstrous that the study should be imposed on those whose time at school is short, who regard it with disgust, will never follow it up, and who have the most pressing necessity for being taught the elements of the natural and physical sciences. In any case, the study of the poets of Greece and Rome, should be preceded by a study of the vernacular literatures; in our case by a study of the English tongue, with its galaxy of poets, orators, philosophers, historians, scientists, the equal of which no ancient language, nor all ancient languages together, can furnish. "What poets," says the author of Levana, "shall the teacher bring? Our own! Neither Greek, nor Roman, nor Hebrew, nor Indian, nor French, but German. Let the Englishman select English poets, and every nation its own. Only when we call to mind the poverty of the dark ages, whose seeming corpse the miracles of Greece and Rome re-animated, can we comprehend the existing absurdity of not educating and preparing the mind by means of native and young beauties, for those of foreign and distant ages, but of precisely reversing the matter and placing the youth among strangers, instead of among those who speak his mother tongue."

In addition to the question as to the quality of the studies to be pursued in the department of Philosophy or Arts, the Universities are now called upon to consider the question of the extension of the faculties. At the time that Theology, Law and Medicine received places

coordinate with the faculty of arts, those were the only learned professions. But it is far otherwise now. Not only are many new chairs needed in the Universities, but new faculties must be admitted, with their appropriate degrees; failing this an entirely new class of Universities will be called into being. Even as matters stand, this is now being done to some extent.

In the German and some other continental Universities, the claims of the new candidates for academic honours are being received with favour. Political Philosophy has obtained a full faculty, and the wide range of studies which the statesman *ought to* pursue, undoubtedly requires one. Moreover, schools of Pharmacy, Veterinary Science, Agriculture and Forestry, Mining and Engineering, and several other branches of knowledge have obtained a place within the shadow of the University. It is just announced that a Chair of Commerce has been established in the University of Edinburgh. It seems evident, too, that some of these will be advanced to the higher position of faculties, ere long, and others added, such as the Fine Arts, which have a faculty in the University of St. Louis; Mining and Engineering, Commerce and Manufactures, Agriculture, Naval and Military Science, Normal Instruction, and some other departments. A hopeful method of meeting the new exigencies, and one for which the old Mediæval Universities furnishes a precedent, would seem to be, for all these new faculties to be arranged around the central faculty of Philosophy or Arts, to which they should also be required to do homage, as the sheaves of Joseph's brethren did to Joseph's sheaf.

Another mode of meeting the new requirements, more especially of Physical Science, or *Practical* or *Applied* Science, as it is frequently called, is by the erection and organization of separate Schools, Colleges and Universities for this purpose. Already in Switzerland, in some of the smaller Kingdoms of Germany, such as Wurtemburg, with a population about as large as Ontario, and more especially in Prussia, have many of these Schools, Colleges and Universities been established. There are hundreds of Technical Colleges, and six or seven Technical Universities, in the countries I have named, and their equipment is on the most magnificent scale. The Real Schools of Prussia are deemed just as essential as the Grammar Schools, Gymnasiums and Universities. It is only lately that England, to her amazement, discovered her need of such institutions. She saw her sons utterly vanquished at International Exhibitions by the superior scientific skill of other nations, and had occasion to recall the wise words of Prince Albert: 'No human pursuits make any material progress until science is brought to bear upon them." In Mr. Scott Russell's plea for the "Systematic Technical Education of the English people," he addresses the Queen in these touching words:

"The object of this dedication is to entreat your Majesty to consider the case of the uneducated English folk, who are now suffering great misfortunes in their trades, commerce and manufactures, as well as in their social, moral and intellectual condition, through having been neglected and allowed to fall behind other nations, better cared for by

the men whose duty it was to lead as well as to govern the people." "If your Majesty," he adds, "will only say the word, the thing will be done and a generation of educated Englishmen and English women will speedily come forward and bless your Majesty for having given it the greatest blessing an enlightened monarch can bestow on a loving people."

The Parliament, the Universities, the Colleges, the Schools of Great Britain and Ireland, have been moving in the matter of Science Education, but, as yet, they are a quarter of a century behind Germany and Switzerland. In the United States, one great Industrial University has been formed, that of Cornell, with its nine Colleges of Agriculture, Chemistry, Physics, History and Political Science, Languages, Philosophy and Literature, Mathematics and Engineering, Mechanic Arts, Military Science and Natural History. "I would found an institution where any person can find instructors in any study," said Mr. Cornell, and these words form the motto of the University. Schools of Science have been established in connection with several Universities, such as Yale and Harvard. Columbia College, New York, is a school of Mining and Engineering. There are several Technical Schools in various cities of the United States, such as Boston, Worcester, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, etc., and there are magnificently endowed and very efficient Agricultural Colleges in that country. In Montreal, Principal Dawson, of McGill College, who has, with untiring zeal, been urging the matter for years, has succeeded, through the extended liberality of Montreal merchants, in establishing a school of Mining and Engineering in connection with that popular and successful University. The plan of the University of Toronto embraces schools of the same kind, and, no doubt, that flourishing institution will not lag behind the requirements of the country. Last year the Legislature of Ontario voted $25,000 for the erection of a Technical College, in which a commencement might be made in teaching mining, engineering, architecture, drawing and other kindred branches, as well as the French and German languages.

The Calendar of the University of New Brunswick discloses a liberal provision for studies in applied Science, which have assisted in producing Railway Engineers of whom we may, at least, safely say that they have already *made their mark* on the surface of their native province, and that a very visible and tangible one. I trust, however, that in this respect we are but beginning. Science Education ought to be introduced into all the schools of the Province, and now that the President of this University is also a member of the Board of Education, I hope that this will be the case. In education as in irrigation, we must proceed from the higher levels and work downwards. "The higher instruction," says Ernest Renan, "is the source of primary instruction. The strength of popular instruction in Germany springs from the strength of superior education in that country. The University makes the School. It has been said that the primary school was the conqueror at Sadowa. Not so; the conqueror at Sadowa was German science, philosophy, Kant,*** Fichte, Hegel." This

was written in 1868. The statement made in regard to Sadowa will, no doubt, be felt to be quite as applicable to Sedan.

The old learned professions may be over-stocked, but the Universities can never furnish too many students and teachers of the Natural and Applied Sciences. At the present moment the Railway and Geological surveys of Canada make demands for qualified assistants that cannot be met in our own country, while an intelligent acquaintance with the fascinating study of nature is far from being as general as it ought to be. Who does not sympathize with Thomas Carlyle when he laments that no one taught him "the grasses that grow by the wayside and the little winged and wingless neighbours that were constantly meeting and saluting him, which salutes," he says, "he cannot answer as things are." "Why," he continues, "did not somebody teach me the constellations too, and make me at home in the starry heavens, and which I do not half know to this day?" Who does not agree with the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, the able Chief Superintendent of Schools for Ontario, when he says "that every youth should be taught the names and characteristics of the vegetables and flowers and trees with which he daily meets; the insects and birds and animals of his country; the nature of its soil and minerals; the chemical and mechanical principles which enter into the construction and working of the implements of husbandry; the machinery of mills, manufactures and mines; the production and preparation of the clothes we wear, the food we eat, beverages we drink, the air we breathe; together with the organs of our bodies, the faculties of our minds and the rules of our conduct?"

It would be a noble work if the University could send down teachers to the Schools to assist in imparting such teaching, much of which would be the delight of boys and girls. To my mind, one of the noblest works that the Alumni Association could engage in would be to aid in promoting such studies. The fly on the cathedral's dome cannot be expected to admire the work even of a Michael Angelo. The blind man cannot perceive the majesty of a golden sun-set nor the deaf the harmony of sweet sounds. But why should not all our intelligent youths be taught something of God's works and be thus prepared to aid in man's predestined conquest of nature, through the knowledge of its laws? And as I would have the University send down such teachers to the Schools, so I would have the way, step by step, made easy for those who might wish to reach the University, which ought to be the greatest, the most popular, and the most useful Free School in the Province. It is now virtually free, the fees being only nominal, but I should rejoice to see all fees swept away, thus placing New Brunswick in the proud position of having a University absolutely free to all.

It should be the business of the teacher in the preparatory schools to discover the capacities of his pupils, and the bent of their minds, and to aid their development. Should he discover a lad who loved to ascend the stream of languages, but who had no delight in numbers; or one who was, above all things, absorbed in the study of form, and felt something within him impelling him, Raphael-like, to say, "I too am a painter;" or should a boy's bent be towards those constructive

works which are the glory of modern engineering;—in all such cases such aptitudes should be cherished, and the conditions supplied for their full development. Or should there, in some modest girl, be detected a voice of wondrous sweetness and compass, giving promise of a Jenny Lind, a Ristori or a Christina Nilsson, the rare endowment of song should be cultivated, and its maturity watched over with all the enthusiasm with which we should note the blossoming of a century plant; or should a girl's taste tend towards cunning works of the needle, by which the painter's art is rivalled, then such models should be promptly supplied as might first be copied, and next surpassed, the young artist "adding" thereto "of her wit," and being taught to make for her happy lover, of a future day, articles of use and beauty like that which

> Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
> Elaine the lily maid of Astolat,
> Wrought for the sacred shield of Launcelot,
> And braided thereupon
> All the devices blazoned on the shield
> In their own tint, *and added of her wit*
> *A border fantasy of branch and flower*
> *And yellow throated nestling in the nest.*

And here I must ask leave, ere I conclude, to say a word or two on a topic which might well be made the exclusive subject of an Encœnial address. I refer to that of the admission of women to the Universities. Whether this shall be done by means of separate Universities, as at that noble institution, Vassar College, or by separate Colleges in connection with the University being provided for women, or whether, as in some of the Universities of France, Austria and Switzerland, and the several Universities in the Western States—New England is about to go and do likewise—they shall be admitted to the same class-rooms with the male students, thus effecting a great economic advantage in regard to libraries, museums, laboratories, professors—these are matters of detail. The right of women to the highest and best education the best Universities in the world can give is as undoubted and self-evident as their capacity to receive it is undeniable. Why they have been so long denied such privileges will be a matter of astonishment to future ages. If we have respect to the enjoyments which a knowledge of science and literature imparts, who will we deny women's right to share in them? Is it reasonable to deride the reasoning powers of women, and yet to deny them the highest opportunities for mental culture? It is most inconsistent to admit and affirm the intimate relations which should subsist between husband and wife, and yet to deny her the means of entering into the most intimate fellowship with him, should he be a man of culture. It is now well understood that intellectual and moral characteristics may be transmitted from parent to child, and more especially from the mother to her offspring. It is admitted on all hands that woman as a wife and as a mother should also be an educator, and yet the means of securing to her the highest culture and of enabling her to be an educator of the highest class have long been denied. I believe you will share with me the pleasure of feeling that

this state of things is about to pass rapidly away, nor will you fail to distinguish between woman's rights, as set forth in my humble plea, and the ill-favored agitation which bears a kindred name.

It is a familiar experience of our pioneer farmers, who penetrate the "forests primeval," that when they have caused the murmuring pines and the hemlocks to disappear before the axe, when the fires have scorched the sward, and the genial sun and the vital air have been brought into contact with the virgin soil, then there spring up entirely new growths of trees—the birch the maple and the ash. In like manner, when the light of science, in all its wide and enchanting relations, is freely communicated to all our youth, to boys with their inquiring and inductive tendencies, to girls with their intuitive and deductive bent, and their admirable gift of tongues, what individuality, what variety, what new discoveries, and new methods of discovery may we not expect?

In every system there must be a central force. In education the University should occupy that relation to the Schools. As the sun is not only the source of light and heat, but of motion in its various forms, exciting the breeze which fills the milk-white sails of the Marco Polos of the deep, and furnishing, from ancient reserves, the motive power by means of which the steam-going leviathans of modern commerce are propelled from shore to shore, so we would have the University, the Senate, the Professors, the Alumni, favoured by the Government, with his Excellency, the Visitor of the University, at their head, the Chief Superintendent rendering his intelligent aid, lead the grand procession of the Schools, until our own New Brunswick shall march on the van of educational progress, every nook and corner of it being illuminated by the light of science,—science, which, like the gently guiding star of the Eastern Wise Men, may aid in leading every one of its votaries to fall down in true adoration before the new-born King, the source and centre of all created harmonies.

BEFORE THE EMBERS.

BY DONLYN.

I sit by the slowly dying fire and gaze upon the pictures that flit before me, and involuntarily recall those that appeared to me when I was a youth. The glass is the same but how different the scene it reveals. The panorama that has just passed recalls those of nights long ago by the mere force of contrast. Then I saw an eager, enthusiastic man, his mien as defiant as that of him who, in the picture, holds aloft the banner inscribed "Excelsior," pressing from triumph to triumph, merely stopping to receive the plaudits of astonished manhood or the caresses of adoring beauty. Although the pictures were felt to be only pictures, yet it seemed more than probable that they

were prophetic, and the soul swelled with the conscious power of accomplishing much of the hoped-for glory. I longed for manhood's freedom that I might emulate manly deeds and win giant victories. Now the picture is not of the future but of the past,—not ideal but only too real,—not painted by Hope's delusive brush but by Memory's truthful pencil; and they are sombre and drear as

the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir,—

my visions like dead leaves in the path. I saw stepping-stones to lofty heights, in my vision; and I see the stones now, but they mark the graves of friends, and at these graves I pause to think of them and moralize on friendship in the abstract. How truly I felt, when the dear ones died, that their places could never be filled in my affections. The friendships of later life are so different from those of youth it is a mockery to offer them as substitutes. We make acquaintances, become linked to others by interest or necessity, fall in love even; but we form no friendships worthy of the name. There is an impassable gulf between us and all the world, except early associates, that grows wider as the grey hairs become more numerous, and the associations we form are sundered without regret, the so-called friendships we contract dissolve at a breath of rudeness or sarcasm, and our thoughts revert to the old days and gild the heads of the departed with a glory that never surrounded them. I think this must be the case. My intellect tells me so though my heart fondly asserts their superiority. I loved them, and trusted them, and believed in them, my heart tells me, and asks why I don't love, trust and believe in men now unless they have changed. It is I, I fear, who has changed, and not the world. People are the same, but I view them from a different point. Once I was eager to make friends, but how is it now? The smile of beauty once seemed light from heaven, and now it is feared as the presage of an attack upon my liberty. The bashfulness of the young girl on her first appearance in society once filled me with infinite desire to relieve her embarrassment; now I sneeringly reflect on its probable short continuance. The advances of women past the freshness of youth who step over the bounds of strict etiquette to draw out the diffident youths who have a horror of advancing over the charmed circle once filled my very soul with boundless gratitude and envious wonder; now they fill me with pity for old fools wasting their time over frivolities that should be confined to the young. Riches and office seemed to possess all the elements of greatness and happiness: they are mine and they afford me no happiness, neither do they deceive me into thinking I am great. There has been no change except in myself, yet all things have seemed to change while I remain the same. I've been like the passenger in the railway car, who sees houses, hills and trees madly rushing past while he sits in seeming repose. The change has been great in every respect, but in some things it is more marked. With regard to correspondence, for instance. How we old fellows smile as we think of the eagerness with which we grasped at the offers to correspond with anybody and everybody! We used to write

long, long letters, too, and take much pride in the lofty sentences we builded in them. They were filled with exaggerated expressions of regard, assurances of love—Platonic and otherwise, vows of eternal friendship. But the number of this class of epistolary communications has decreased to zero, and an axe to grind dictates every one now sent. We don't write to relations now, after having been thrown in their company for a season, as we once did, because we don't mind the separation and we are afraid they'll answer our letters and we'll be forced to write again. A friendly correspondence is something that may be sustained, but it is just the thing that it is never started by those of my age. Friendly professions on paper. Bah! We listen to them and give the utterers credit for politeness, think they are worth the breath that is expended, perhaps,—but we pity the writers of such things and resentfully wonder whether we are considered to be fools. And then the thought arises that there were those whose professions were real, and whose hearts felt far more than their tongues or pens ever expressed. Graves arise in the embers at the recollection—graves over which tall grasses grow and mossy stones stand sentinel. Yes, she loved me indeed—she of the speaking eye and sprightly step. If she had lived we should have wedded. Relations, poverty, quarrels, rivals, even Fate itself could not have prevented the union if Death had not thrown his scythe in the balance. All those obstacles had been met and overcome—swept from between her and me as though they were things of little worth. Yes, we would have have married; and what then? Would we have been happy? I used to fear not, even though I loved her. There was an eager look in those wistful eyes that no human love could satisfy,—a longing in that loving heart for something better than I could have given, —a restlessness of that keen intellect that could find repose in no earthly philosophy. We might not have been happy. I did not understand her aspirations, appreciate her worth, or look so gently upon her weaknesses as I do now. I only loved her and did not study or comprehend, but admire. I should probably have misunderstood her all my life, as we see people misunderstanding each other daily. Misunderstandings—a theme which many pictures in the embers illustrate. When, fearing to be thought intrusive, we have shrunk from alluding to the sorrows of our friends, we have often been called heartless and unfeeling wretches whose selfishness made others' sorrows of no importance. When we have approached the sorrowing intent upon healing their bleeding wounds we have been spurned as though we were seeking merely to gratify morbid curiosity. The poor relations we offered to aid spurned the gift, and others to whom we, remembering our repulse, offered no assistance, denounced us as misers and ingrates. On one side we see the father, who prayerfully strove to keep his children in paths of rectitude, denounced by reprobate sons or fallen daughters as having produced the love of sin in their hearts by restricting them from innocent amusements; and on the other, we listen to the imprecations of the chained criminal on the parent who allowed him to sin unreproved and unrestricted.

THANKSGIVING.

BY J. L.

The study of words and the changes of meaning they undergo has always been a favorite pursuit, and often leads to revelations concerning the habits and institutions of remote days. Many of the names applied to ceremonies and customs in our day have been ascertained to have a derivative meaning altogether different from their present signification, and the conclusion is that the ceremonies and customs to which they are applied were altogether different in the past. One of the most complete revolutions of this kind is seen in the term Thanksgiving, once applied to a day of fasting and prayer but now signifying one of feasting and amusement. Although the change has been of so revolutionary a character, yet the purpose of the observance is supposed to be the same. The farce is still kept up of proclaiming it as a thank-offering, and the attempt on the part of the churches to keep up the show of religious observance is still continued. It is not for us to say that prayer and fasting are the only forms of thanksgiving acceptable to the Lord; but we have a right to condemn the practice of announcing that form of expressing gratitude and observing an altogether different one. It may well be said that the heart of man is more full of genuine thankfulness to the great Creator and Preserver for His goodness and mercy when the first fruits of the fields and flocks are smoking on the table before him, than when he feels the cravings of hunger. Humanity has so decided in practice, no matter what the theory may be, and it is sickening to reflect on the hypocritical attempt made in some quarters to keep up a show of what has long since been generally discarded. Services are announced in our churches, but who attends? Certainly no woman who has not an exceptionally trustworthy cook to look after the dinner in preparation, and cooks of that class are rarer than people who fast on Fast Day. The day, in fact, has altogether outgrown the ideas of its founders, and the show of clinging to those ideas keeps the Church behind the age. No man creates respect when dressed in the cast-off raiment of his buried ancestors, neither can the Church hope to do so. When Thanksgiving Day arrives men close their shops, gather their children around them, eat an exceptionally good dinner, unbend their dignified forms and become boys with their grand-children. It is the duty of the Church not to condemn, by implication, this form of returning thanks for God's bountiful harvests, but to sanction and sanctify it—to imbue it with the spirit of the Gospel—to render it a family gathering in which God will be truly honoured as the great father. Instead of this the attempt is made to break up those family circles by gathering some of the members of each into a Church to be preached to about fasting and prayer. As there is not the slightest intention on the part of the listeners—and seldom on the part of the speakers—to fast, and as prayer is associated with fasting in the exhortations from the pulpit, the preconceived intention of disobeying one injunction too

often leads to the neglect of the other. It is not a day for preaching or for being preached to: it is a time for exchange of sentiments around the household hearth and the fattest turkey in the flock—for prayer at the family altar—for listening to the story of the troubles, trials, joys and adventures of the returned children. The attempt to sanctify a day which God has not sanctified is fruitless. For all time there will be rifle-matches, horse-races and balls on days set apart for religious observances—holy-days, or rather holidays—and the attempt to confound them with Sundays only leads to the violation of Sunday observances.

GOOD BYE!

"Good Bye, my love," cried the soldier brave
And he kissed his wife, and rode to the wars.

"Good Bye," she gasped, and her pallid cheek
Told the sorrowful tale she could not speak.

"Good Bye," lisped the babe and it crowed in glee
As it toyed with the hilt of the warrior's sword.

"Good Bye," cried the villagers one and all
"God speed ye on," and they cheered him away.

"Good Bye," rang out the little church bell;
The brook murmured softly its sad "farewell."

* * * *

On the white-capped field the soldier lay
Thinking of home, his wife and his babe.

His soul was sad and his heart was full
For the morrow's sun would be shrouded in blood.

All round him Death in its myriad form
Grimly awaited the coming morn:

And the moon shone down on the mottled plain
And tearfully gazed on the mangled slain.

The husband saw naught of the martial throng:
But he thought of his hut and the loving ones home.

He peered through the film of the murky air
In the hope of seeing the absent ones there.

What was glory to him with its pomp and show?
An empty nothing; a vissionless hope.

The morning came with its drum and strife—
And a rifle cracked and the soldier fell.

His blood ran out on the quivering earth
And glory and war and love were hushed.

A widow in weeds and a fatherless babe
Plant Immortelles on an unknown grave.

Wild flowers grow on the mossy mound
That marks the home of a soldier at rest.

T. E.

THE POETRY OF FARM-LIFE.

By Joseph Bawden, Kingston

The creations of the Pastoral are held in less favor than those of any other Muse. The Elizabethan age presents us striking illustrations of a healthy love of nature and rural scenes, infusing a large portion of the literature of that day; but the life of the cultivator of the soil, the various crafts of the husbandman, the fruition of his daily labours, the incidents and pictures of farm-yard, field and wood, have never, but among the Hebrew poets, inspired any flights higher than those of Virgil and Bloomfield. Pastoral poetry has always been esteemed vapid and unsatisfactory. Were it not for the simple pathos and elegance of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," it would have been long ago banished to the store-room of tawdy Corydons and Phillises, there to slumber forever like one of the cast-away dolls of childhood, worthy to be kept only to remind us that we once were children. The descriptions of Cowper, Wordsworth and Tennyson are in no degree removed from the objection, that while they draw largely from the *materiel* supplied by the farmer, while in the writings of the first two the features which owe their sole existence to cultivation, and in the writings of the last the harmony of the details which are due to the like cause and extensively made available, the creative spirit of the scene is ignored. The heathen poet peopled sylvan haunts with Fauns and Satyrs. The Christian Poet, conscious that his own enthusiasms or fancies may be deemed unfit tenants of the scene, sighs for the presence of creatives "suckled in a creed outworn." Between the cultivated rhymester and Ploughman Giles there is no sympathy. Nor is there between him and Shakspeare. Democrat and leveller though he was. Shakspeare had the same contempt for the bucolic intellect as the active city politician of modern times. He piles philosophic scorn upon the pastoral melancholy of Jacques and the stupid content of gentle Audrey. His sympathy accords with the hot breathings of men in harness and action, of women in love, of scholars in rhapsodies over the choral music of the spheres. But he never knew the poetry of winter store, of roots and hay, the blessedness of clover blossoms and full ears of corn, the exultant bounty of "fruitful seasons filling our hearts with joy and gladness." At least so I read Shakspeare and all but a very few of our great poets.

"How the heavenly influences descend and reach other the golden buckets," (Gœthe's *Faust*) may be a discovery of later days, but like much new-fangled lore it is very old. In no poetry so particularly as in the Psalms, nor in any narrative so dependent as in the Gospels, is the life of the husbandman and its celestial connections prominently produced. The Jewish ritual, like many heathen ordinances, appealed to the senses of a people eminently agriculturists. It remained for the civilization of a later age, for the laws and social forms of com-

munities advanced to power by mere aggregation, to exclude the husbandman from the influential position which he formerly occupied as patriarch, ruler or citizen. Thence after the citizen was the inhabitant of a city, the politician, he who drew his inspiration at the concourse of city men not in the haunts of farmers. The soldier, the lawyer, the trader, became the arbiters of social destinies, and the husbandman the serf of all.

Art has done as little for the husbandman as the poet. Grace and beauty in colour and stone are produced in objects and scenes that please tastes educated in other circles than the life of a farm. The landscape painter, however minutely he may study the details of a scene of busy husbandry, would never think of painting a farm. Pictures of quaint farm houses, of cattle drinking at the brook, of horses hauling heavy laden wains, of peasants,—we have all these in plenty, and so far they serve to stimulate and cultivate some love or respect for farm-life. But how remote the spirit of the picture is from the deep enthusiasm of the ancient cultivator: *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.* The love of nature to which the landscape painter ministers is the love of sensuous enjoyment, of colour, of quaintness, of conceits, of the tricks and wanton wiles of *Pan.* The *veneration* of the old Etruscan, true and constant, for *mother earth;* mingled though it was with superstitions, was hardly less devout and rational than that of the Jew. It seems to have been the office of the priest among the Egyptians as well as among the Jews, to encourage thankfulness for bounteous harvests, to even urge upon the people patient and careful cultivation of the soil, kindness to animals, watchfulness of varying seasons and provisions for the vicissitudes of heat and cold, drought and tempest. Is it too much to say that Religion has abandoned to Science the work of cultivating Faith, Hope and Charity in the breast of the farmer; and that the genial eloquence of prophet and historian, of the Great Teacher himself, upon topics of husbandry for the purpose of pointing the most momentous morals, has no observance in the preaching of modern times.

> "O fools! when each man plays his part,
> And heeds his fellow little more
> Than these blue waves that kiss the shore
> Take heed of how the daisies grow.
> O fools! and if ye could but know
> How fair a world to you is given."

Nature-worship, albeit, is not dead. The Shaker, the Quaker, the Mormon, differ from us in more than creed and social manners. The picture drawn by Hepworth Dixon of farm-life at New Lebanon has a deeper lesson than many sermons on religious doctrines. The earnest love of the Shaker for the simple elegance of fruits, the beauty of vegetable forms, his devotion to the study of laws of vegetable growth in the object of his care, are not only worthy of imitation from an utilitarian point of view but also upon religious grounds. If the invisible things of the Creator may be understood from the visible, may we not believe that the devotion of the Shaker to the craft of husbandry

and horticulture has much to do with fostering an enthusiasm, erring if it be, undoubtedly religious. Who knows but that were our Christianity less abstract, and instead concerned with ministering to or guiding the instincts which find enjoyments in natural regard for rural scenes and rural life, there would be Christian societies of refuge for the "weary" or purposeless, more healthful than the monasticism of the Shaker. Societies engaged in cultivating the soil and finding in the labour of their members their own support, at once benevolent and self-sustaining.

Quietism must ever seek its haunts and needed calmness of atmosphere in the country. There only broods the Peace-dove. A beautiful Hymn, by Emerson, breathes the fine exultant inspiration born of country quiet:

"I am going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green the livelong day,
Echo the black bird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the love and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

William Morris's "Earthly Paradise" has many fine pictures of country calm. At the risk of condemnation, the first line of one must be put in italic:

"*Most fair to peaceful heart was all,*
Windless the ripe fruit down did fall,
The shadows of the large gray leaves
Lay gray upon the oaten sheaves,
By the garth wall as he past by;
The startled ousel-cock did cry
As from the yard-tree by the gate
He flew; the speckled hen did wait,
With outstretched neck his coming in;
The marsh-hatched cockerel gaunt and thin
Crowed shrilly while his elder thrust
His stiff wing-feathers in the dust
That grew aweary of the sun;
The old and one-eyed cart-horse dun
The midden-stead went hobbling round
Blowing the light straw from the ground;
With curious eyes the drake peered in
O'er the barn's dusk, where dust and din
Were silent now a little space."

In the life and character of Alcestis, Morris gives us in a few simple touches a picture of halcyon days in olden time.

"A happy man he was; no vain desire
Of foolish fame had set his heart a-fire;
No care he had the ancient bounds to change,
Nor yet for him must idle soldiers range
From place to place about the burdened land,
Or thick upon the ruined cornfields stand;
For him no trumpets blessed the bitter war
Wherein the right and wrong so mingled are,
That hardly can the man of single heart
Amid the sickening turmoil choose his part;
For him sufficed the changes of the year,
The God-sent terror was enough of fear
For him; enough the battle with the earth
The autumn triumph over drought and dearth.

* * * * *

And so, betwixt seed-time and harvesting
With little fear his life must pass away;
And for the rest, he from the self-same day
That the God left him, seemed to have some share
In the same god head he had harbored there;
In all things grew, his wisdom and his wealth,
And folk beholding the fair state and health
Wherein his land was said, that now at last
A fragment of the Golden Age was cast
Over the place, for there was no debate,
And men forgot the very name of hate."

In no field of nature may we look for images of perfect beneficence but in the domain of the farmer. The calmness of the sea forbodes or suggests a storm; the rich luxuriance of tropical vegetation is sadly marred by tornados or earthquakes; its enjoyment to a small extent broken by the presence of noxious insects and reptiles, while its benefits to man are attended with enervation of his bodily vigour. But the vicissitudes of the seasons in the North-temperate zone are ever grateful, and bring with their vigours compensating delights. The low of herds at eventide around the midden-stead, the quiet satisfaction and domesticity of well-kept beasts in winter's frost, the round of careful duties and thoughtful provision for the future, the precision of improved agricultural implements and the adaptation of soils to the wants of plants by the scientific application of manures, bespeak farm-life the most beneficent and consummate of the arts in which man can engage. It more than any other commands mastery by thoroughness of work and thought. Like the block of marble in the sculptor's hands, the farm may be made by the skillful farmer a thing of beauty, but superior to the chiselled form in furnishing ever new and dear delights,—more bountiful in all good results to the owner and to mankind by contributing to the great store-house for human needs whose dispensations reach "the evil and the good, the just and the unjust."

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

II.

BY E. PEILER.

Here he undertook the conducting of the Singing Society, of the Winter Concerts and of the music in the Church and with Immermann together, the production of performances at the theatre under the name of so-called "model performances." This latter enterprise, however, answered his natural inclinations and wishes so little that he retired from it at an early date, a step of which his father highly disapproved, as he always looked forward to his son's success in dramatic art and could not comprehend that the dislike of the theatre was a natural consequence of Felix's especial talent and character. His poetical gifts were more of the lyrical than of the dramatical order—his works prove this unmistakably. Aside from the little unpleasantness called forth by this step, Mendelssohn's social as well as his official position in Duesseldorf were of the most agreeable kind; not alone that he found at the Painters' Academy his old friends, the masters whom he had learned to love so well in Italy, but his musical efforts in Concert Hall and Church met with signal success and he had the gratification of knowing that mainly through his instrumentality the musical life in Duesseldorf and the neighbouring Rhenish cities was invigorated in an unprecedented degree. How much all this must have tended to a complete development of his talents in every direction is easily comprehended. His eminent qualifications as a conductor and the remarkable capability of giving finished artistic productions with inferior means received here not only the first impetus but reached, eventually, absolute perfection, and while his creative faculties had no difficulty in finding material upon which to work, the opportunities for the immediate production of new compositions were continually at his command. It would lead us too far to enter upon an enumeration of all Mendelssohn's productions during his fruitful stay at Duesseldorf, but we cannot omit mentioning that here he began and almost finished one of his greatest works, the Oratorio "St. Paul."

In the month of July, 1835, after having conducted the netherrhenish Musical Festival at Coeln, he left Duesseldorf to accept a call to Leipzig as conductor of the "Gewandhaus" Concerts. On the 4th of October, of the same year, he made his first appearance before the Leipzig public and began, greeted by the warmest sympathy, a life of intense activity in a place to which he dedicated his more matured and best powers and in which he resided with trifling interruptions to the end of his but too short existence.

It is well known what Mendelssohn was to Leipzig and how this city has to thank him for her musical celebrity. It was he who changed a place which had always cherished and fostered the art to a

musical metropolis. Conductor, composer and afterwards also teacher, it was his privilege not only to elevate the art institution, with whose care he was especially entrusted, to an almost unapproachable state of perfection, but he became at the same time the teacher of the large public in a higher degree than any of his predecessors or successors, and while giving expression and depth to the powers of appreciation of the many, he succeeded in purifying and refining their taste far beyond that of other cities. Even to this day the remembrance of the time, when Mendelssohn lived and worked in Leipzig, exists in the hearts of all, whose privilege it was to be his cotemporaries, as the "golden age," as the epoch of Leipzig's musical splendour. And in fact, so bright and rich was the light which shone thence in those days that the city is yet warmed and vivified by the rays of that long departed sun, and glories in the fame of him who went to his rest nearly a quarter of a century ago.

Mendelssohn himself, on the other hand, was so delighted with his new field in comparison with the one he had just left, that, as he expressed it in writing to a friend, "he felt as if he was in paradise." His charming amiability and rare social talents placed him at once into the midst of society and the veneration entertained for him became almost worship. And so complete was the union of the artist and the man in Mendelssohn that it is nearly impossible to find the dividing line. Thus his presence in the orchestra was electrifying, and only he who has seen him conduct, can comprehend how completely he ruled over his elements, and how completely he made his inferiors subject to his will, while infusing enthusiastic love into their hearts. What he thought of his position can be best understood by an extract from a letter written at that time to a friend: "My position here is the most agreeable. Willing people, a good orchestra, a susceptible and grateful public, just as much to do as I wish and opportunities to hear my new compositions at once. All this combined with pleasant society should be enough to secure any man's happiness, if its sources did not lie more deeply hidden." These last words refer to a heavy loss which he met with but a few weeks after his first appearance in Leipzig—the death of his father on the 19th November, 1835. One of the happiest and most harmonious family circles had lost its centre and the young artist, whose life had hitherto been free from great pain, was deeply moved by this unexpected blow. "My father has been so much to me," thus he writes, "that I am at a loss how to live further; I have not only lost my father, but my only true friend during the last years, my teacher in art and life." But he vows to work on in the spirit of the departed and to progress, because "his main desire was progress."

The world knows how piously he adhered to this resolution; the most superficial observer of his life and works must confess that he was entitled to say as he did: "I have no philosophy which recommends ease, or even excuses it." From the moment of his entrance upon his new duties he never ceased to work at the removal of old evils and made it his object to introduce unknown works of old and

new masters, no matter what difficulties stood in the way, and never ceased to draw towards him preeminent talents, such as Ferdinand David, Moschelles, Chopin, Hiller, Gade, Berlioz and other more or less permanent guests.

That all these manifold labours prevented, to a certain degree, the creation of new compositions, is not to be wondered at. Beside the publication of some minor compositions, "St. Paul" was finished. This Oratorio was performed for the first time in May, 1836, at the Rhenish Musical Festival in Duesseldorf, conducted by the master. The success of this magnificent work was splendid and it was given no less than fifty times in different parts of the musical world in the course of the next eighteen months.

From Duesseldorf, Mendelssohn went to Frankfurt to replace, for a short time, his friend Schelble, conductor of the Cecilia Society, who was temporarily incapacitated by sickness. This act of friendship was the means of his acquaintance with Cecilia Jeanrenaud, the daughter of a clergyman at Frankfurt, by whose beauty and fine character the master was captivated, and to whom he became engaged ere he left for Scheveningen, where he had to go, by the advice of the physicians, who recommended sea baths for the restoration of his suffering nervous system. After another winter of hard and successful labour in Leipzig, he returned to Frankfurt in the spring and entered upon his union with Miss Jeanrenaud, a union which proved a greater blessing than any, even to him who was so much favoured by Heaven.

The whole summer he staid in Frankfurt and on the Rhine, and spent a time as rich in happiness as it was in productiveness. The Concerto in Dminor, the 42nd Psalm and the Quartett in Eminor are the fruits of this sunny season. In September he went to Birmingham, where he conducted his "St. Paul" with unexampled success. This and the winter of next year, after a stay at Berlin during the summer, he continued his more and more successful labours at Leipzig, and again conducted the Rhenish Festivals at Coeln and Duesseldorf in 1838 and '39. The most remarkable productions at this time were the 95th and 114th Pslams, Serenade and Allegro giojoso, the Quartett in D and E flat, the Trio in D minor, and a great many songs for one or more voices, and minor compositions for piano, &c.

The year 1840 brought forth one of Mendelssohn's larger compositions, "The Hymn of Praise." It was written with some other smaller vocal compositions for the celebration of the fourth centenary of the invention of printing and first performed in St. Thomas Church at Leipzig, on the 25th June, 1840, and created an immense impression. It is one of the best of Mendelssohn's creations and characterized by pious feeling, noble enthusiasm, freshness, strength and complete mastery in every sense, and is brimful of that poetical charm which reaches its climax in the Duett "I waited for the Lord."

A few weeks later he offered another enjoyment to the musical world of Leipzig by giving an Organ Concert for the benefit of a monument to be erected in honour of Sebastian Bach. In nine com-

positions of Bach and a free fantasia, he proved himself a rare performer upon this highest of instruments.

All these extraordinary exertions brought in their train a not inconsiderable illness; nevertheless, hardly recovered from this, he conducted the Musical Festival at Birmingham, in September, and gained fresh successes for his "Hymn of Praise." The greatest triumph of his eminent talent as a conductor was, however, the performance of Bach's "Passion according to St. Matthew"—this greatest and most difficult of all vocal productions—in April, 1841. With this, for Leipzig so important event, closed Mendelssohn's first period of labour in that city, and in the month of July following he went to Berlin.

Mendelssohn left Leipzig very reluctantly, for his life there had been a very happy one, artistically and otherwise, and the warmest sympathies and acknowledgments had been offered to him from the very beginning. In 1836 already the University of Leipzig honoured him by making him a Doctor of Philosophy, and a few years after that the King of Saxony appointed him Royal Chapel Master; in all matters of art his views were decisive and it was in accordance with his wishes that the small salaries of the members of the "Gewandhaus" Orchestra were raised and that a large legacy left to the city was destined to be applied to founding a Conservatory of Music at Leipzig. The realization of the latter plan was deferred on account of the master's migration to Berlin.

The art-loving King of Prussia, Frederick William IV., prevailed upon him to come to the metropolis, where he wished him to occupy a prominent position. It was intended to transform the Academy of Fine Arts by dividing it into four classes, for Painting, Sculpture, Architecture and Music, at the head of each of which there was to be a Director, the presidency of the whole to be vested by turns in one of the four directors. Mendelssohn was to be at the head of the musical department, which would have in connection with it a large Conservatory of Music and several other institutions. There appeared, however, too many difficulties in the way of the accomplishment of this magnificent project and Mendelssohn was so little satisfied with the undecided position which he occupied in the meantime, and the musical life of the metropolis displeased him so much, that he returned to Leipzig after the lapse of about a year.

During his stay in Berlin the master appeared but rarely in public. He finished, however, and performed several times, one of his most magnificent works, the Melodrama "Antigone," which he had written by the King's particular desire. None was better fitted than he to accomplish the difficult task of uniting the poetry of Sophocles with music. From early childhood his mind had been nourished by the spirit of the ancient classics and his taste formed by studies of antique beauty. The dignity and nobleness of his music in this production made an indelible impression, and gained the complete approval of even the most earnest scholars. He also finished the Symphony in A minor, well known under the name of "The Scottish." It was per-

formed under his own conductorship at the Philharmonic Concerts in London, in 1842. He had conceived the first ideas of this work during a journey to Scotland, in 1829, and began writing at it during his stay in Italy. It is true, this Symphony, as well as the one in A major published some time before, have nothing of the pathos, the magnificent breadth or the overwhelming power of Beethoven's compositions of the same class, but they possess preeminently that charming gracefulness and delicacy of construction, that transparent purity of feeling and representation, which give such an enchantingly poetical character to all Mendelssohn's compositions.

The master's visit to England during this year was particularly rich in honour and distinction. Not only that Queen Victoria invited him to stay with her as a guest of her family, but his popularity became so great that ovations on the open street and in public places were of frequent occurrence. At the end of June he returned to Germany and spent the remainder of the summer on the Rhine and in Switzerland.

At the beginning of the season he was again in Leipzig and resumed his position as conductor of the "Gewandhaus" Concerts. In October he returned for a short time to Berlin to dissolve finally his connection with the King. The latter, however, would not consent to a final separation and obtained the master's promise that he would return to Berlin whenever a suitable sphere of action could be assigned him. His royal patron, to show the high esteem in which he was held, conferred upon him the order "pour le mérite" and the title of Royal General Director of all sacred and church music in Prussia. During the last weeks of this year Mendelssohn lost his mother, whom he had loved with a true and child-like affection, which was due to her, the faithful guide of his early days and the true friend and counsellor during his after life.

One of the most interesting occurrences during this winter, in Leipzig, is the first performance of the "Walpurgis Night," a work which through Goethe's influence, had been composed in Italy, but lately rewritten and published in the perfect form in which we now possess it. Another of the master's labours during this season was the opening of the Conservatory under the protectorate of the King of Saxony, on the 3rd April, 1843. Mendelssohn, himself, undertook the orchestral playing and the instructions in composition; Robert Schumann, pianoforte and composition; Moritz Hauptmann, harmony and counterpoint; Ferdinand David, violin; Becker, organ; Wenzel and Plaidy, also piano, and Boehme and Madame Grabau-Buenau, singing. The young institution made a flourishing beginning, and in a short time a large number of young artists gathered around Mendelssohn, who was the principal attraction.

The greater part of the summer of 1843, Mendelssohn remained in Leipzig, busy with the composition of works ordered by the King of Prussia, and with his Oratorio "Elijah." In the beginning of August we find him again at Berlin, where he undertook the conductorship of the newly erected Cathedral Choir and the Royal Orchestra, who im-

proved greatly under his masterly hand. In the month of October, he produced before a brilliant audience, at the Court Theatre in Potsdam, and a few days later at the Royal Theatre in Berlin, Shakspeare's "Mid-summer Night's Dream," with his music. It is well known how this composition found introduction and acknowledgment everywhere, and the credit of resuscitating this lovely poem of Shakspeare is due to Mendelssohn and his masterly treatment of the subject.

The same year brought Racine's "Athalia," set to music by the order of the King of Prussia, the 2nd, 91st and 98th Psalms, and a large number of other compositions.

During the summer of 1844, after a short stay at Leipzig and Frankfurt, we find him again in London conducting the Philharmonic and other concerts, and gathering fresh laurels. At the end of July he left for Zweibruecken, where he directed a musical festival, and spent the balance of the summer with his family at the Baths in Soden. Great want of rest determined him to retire for a time from all public labours and to spend his winter in Frankfurt. Not until the spring of 1845, did he resume his duties at the Conservatory in Leipzig, and in the autumn of the same year the conductorship at the "Gewandhaus." While at Frankfurt he had composed for the King of Prussia the music to Euripides' "Oedipus of Kolonos," which, however, like "Athalia," met with but mediocre success. The Musical Festivals, however, of the year 1846, in Aachen, Luettich, Coeln and Birmingham were perfect triumphs. For Luettich he had composed the "Lauda Sion," for Coeln Schiller's poem "To the Artists"; but the most magnificent success he had in Birmingham with his "Elijah."

It is frequently a matter of dispute as to whether "St. Paul" or "Elijah" is the better composition. Without wishing to enter upon this question we will only say, that while the "Elijah" bears the marks of greater maturity and manly strength, the "St. Paul" appears in softer, yet more complete form.

The impression which the "Elijah" created at Birmingham surprised the composer himself. "Never," thus he addresses his brother, "did a piece of my composing go better at a first performance; never was any of them more enthusiastically received by both performers and audience, as this Oratorio"; and in another place, "I doubt if I will ever hear the like again, because such favorable combinations can hardly be expected."

In the autumn Mendelssohn resumed his duties in Leipzig, assisted at the Conservatory by Ignaz Moschelles. At this time the master began to show a certain lassitude and a more and more longing desire for rest. His public avocations became burdensome, and the thought of giving up all engagements and living free and independent gained the ascendency in his mind. "It is my daily thought," he writes to his relatives, "to live through the summer in some beautiful neighbourhood (perhaps on the Rhine) and during the winter in Berlin, without being burdened by public duties. I feel drawn towards those with whom I enjoyed my childhood and youth, and whose reminiscences, friendships and experiences are also mine."

In spite of all these dreams of the future, we see him still doing his duty in the present. In the last year of his life (1847) he is still busy with the execution of two plans which he had carried about with him for some time; we mean the Oratorio "Christ" and the Opera "Loreley." With the former work it was his intention to complete a trilogy, whose subjects were to be the three pillars of God's Kingdom on earth, Elijah, St. Paul and Christ. We possess, however, but a few recitatives and Chorusses from the first and second parts of the intended work, which so much surpass anything by Mendelssohn, of the same kind, that it must ever remain a matter of deep regret that it was not permitted him to finish the glorious beginning. Of the Opera also fragments only remain.

In the spring of 1847 Mendelssohn went once more to London, where he conducted the "Elijah" three times, at Exeter Hall, and on the 11th of May, a Philharmonic Concert. A few days later he met his family at Frankfurt, where the apalling news of the death of his beloved sister Fanny reached him, She had died in the midst of artistic labours (14th May, 1847) while conducting one of her own compositions at the pianoforte.

This blow was a crushing one to the brother. In vain were the endeavours of his family and his friends to console him and chase away the melancholy that seemed to settle upon him,—the loss was too great, too unexpected; his labours had been too exhaustive for years past and both his mind and his body were unable to resist the depressing influence. "A great chapter is finished," he writes, "and of the following one we have so far neither the superscription nor the first word. But God will make it right; this is a good beginning and a good ending for all chapters."

Even the beauties of nature, for which he had ever shown an open heart, seemed to have lost their influence upon him, and his family tried in vain to produce a change in his depressed spirits by this remedy. He spent the month of June in Baden-Baden, travelled through Switzerland, and staid for some time at Interlaken. All this seemed to relieve him somewhat and he began again to work, but the joy and pleasure of labour would not return to him. He suffered frequently from excruciating headaches and music excited him to tears. "All is without form and void when I attempt to think of music," he writes to a friend. It seems as if a kind of presentiment of death had taken possession of him and urged him to work while it was yet day, to use "the time which was given him" to the last moment. "My time of rest will come," thus he consoled his wife when she begged of him to spare himself. Alas! the time of rest came too soon!

On the 18th September he returned with his family to Leipzig, after spending a few days, full of painful reminiscences with his friends in Berlin. On the 9th October, in the company of musical friends, and singing his lately composed "Hymn of the Night," he suddenly fainted away. He recovered, however, after a time, so that he could write to his brother, on the 25th October, that he felt his health improving. Three days after this, however, while out walk-

ing, another fainting fit overcame him; this the physicians declared to have been a paralytic stroke. For a long time he remained unconscious, and when reason partially returned at last, he complained of a violent headache; the physicians still had hopes of his recovery, but on the 3rd of November he had another stroke, and on the evening of the following day the pure soul of Felix Mendelssohn had taken her flight to her heavenly home.

Unbounded was the feeling of regret and mourning of all who had been happy enough to come into contact with him. Thousands pressed to see once more the beloved, noble features and to bring their last tribute of flowers and tears. Laurels, palms and blossoms without number proved what he had been to the city where he had lived and which gloried in being able to call him her own.

On the afternoon of the 7th of November an innumerable multitude followed his remains to St. Paul's Church, where the service for the dead was held, and on the same night what was mortal of the master was transferred to Berlin. Here he was buried in the family vault on the morning of the following day with becoming ceremonies. A plain white marble cross points out his last resting place by the side of his dearly beloved sister, whom he so soon followed.

May his pure image which ornaments the scene of his labours and his many triumphs in Leipzig, the Hall of the "Gewandhaus" shine through the future!—We cannot close this short sketch more appropriately than by quoting Robert Schumann's words, which are more true of him than of many: "To send light into the depths of the human heart—this is the artist's calling!"

A PIPE OF TOBACCO AND A PINCH OF SNUFF.*

By Henry F. Perley.

The use of tobacco in the civilized world dates back to the sixteenth century; but it is proved beyond a doubt that its use was well known to the aboriginal inhabitants of America. Researches into the state and condition of the Indian tribes of this Continent, and the discovery of pipes in their graves, tumuli, and ruins of fortified places, have shown the habitual use of the pipe, and that smoking was an ancient custom. The Indians considered tobacco a sacred gift, and they affect in their oral tales to have received it, like the *Zea-maize*, by an angelic messenger from the Great Spirit. With them smoking has (or had; for the Indian race and all its old associations have sadly deteriorated) a religious character, and is connected with their worship and their more important transactions. Thus the Calumet of Peace was an indispensable adjunct

*Read before the Natural History Society of New Brunswick, April, 1871.

to the ratification of a treaty; and smoking tobacco had even a greater significance of friendship than eating together has among other nations. When once the spiral wreaths of smoke ascend from the feathered pipe of peace, the compact that had just been made was considered as sacred and inviolable. They made offerings of tobacco to the Great Spirit, in the belief that he smelled an odour of sweet savour as the smoke of the sacred plant ascended to the heavens; and the pipe was in their hands a sacred censer from which arose the hallowed vapour,—as fitting a propitiatory odour as that which perfumed the precincts of many of the cathedrals of old, in the holy days when the church celebrated the high and holy mysteries of the Roman Catholic faith.

The ancient tribes made their *op-wa-gun*, or pipe, from various stones or mineral substances, or from clay. The Aztecs employed in the manufacture of the pipes used by them, green serpentine. An investigation of the mounds in the Scioto or Ohio valley, has revealed large numbers of these ancient pipes, with the bowls of most of them carved into figures of birds, beasts and reptiles. In these representations of natural history, the ancient sculptors appear to have lavished their artistic skill with a degree of care bestowed on none other of their less perishable works. Messrs. Squire & Davis, in their work, "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley,"—quoted by Wilson in "Pre-historic Man,"—observe: "Not only are the features of the various objects represented faithfully, but their peculiarities and habits are in some degree exhibited. The otter is shown in a characteristic attitude, holding a fish in his mouth; the heron also holds a fish; and the hawk grasps a small bird in its talons, which it tears with its beak. The panther, the lion, the wolf, the beaver, the otter, the squirrel, the raccoon, hawk, heron, crow, &c., all find their representatives." Specimens of equally good sculpture have been found in Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama and Florida, and as far north as lat. 46° in St. Mary's Straits, and from Grave Creek Mound.

The mound alluded to is one of a vast number scattered over the valley of the upper Mississippi and many of its branches—especially in the Scioto Valley of the Ohio. These were the work of a race utterly extinct, and raised to perpetuate the memory of their honoured dead, and for sacrificial purposes, in ages now beyond the power of man to determine, and of which no records exist as to what or who they were; and we are only left with a few pipes, articles of personal adornment, and domestic implements, recovered from these mounds, to tell us that a race of men once lived on this continent of whom we actually know nothing except that they once existed. The Grave Creek Mound in the Scioto Valley rose to the height of seventy feet, and measured one thousand feet in circumference at its base. These mounds have been designated as sacrificial, sepulchral, temple, and animal mounds; and these terms appear to be significant of the uses for which they were built and raised. Examinations of the sacrificial mounds have shown that they contain altars which invariably exhibit traces of having been subjected to the action of fire, and frequently of intense heat, long continued and oft-repeated. In some cases it has been shown that they had not only been often used, but, after having been destroyed by repeated exposures to

intense heat, they had several times been remodelled before they were finally enclosed by the superincumbent mound. Within the focus of the basin of these altars are found numerous relics: elaborate carvings in stone, ornaments cut in mica, copper implements, disks and tubes, pearl, shell and silver beads, pipes, and various other objects. In some cases the carved pipes and other works in stone have been split and calcined by the heat. It would appear that the offering of pipes on these altars was a religious rite; for particular altars were erected upon which nothing but pipes were offered—for they have been found on one altar to the number of hundreds, and on another nearly two hundred were discovered, all carved with ingenious skill from a red porphyritic stone into figures of animals, birds, reptiles, and human heads. In connection with these accumulations of pipes on a single altar, it is suggested that it was some ancient peace or war ceremonial, in which the peculiar American custom of smoking had its special and sacred significance; or it would appear that the offering of pipes was a religious rite, and, being held in peculiar veneration and esteem, they were deemed as fitting offerings by the ancient and long-forgotten people. It is thus obvious that these people were imbued with a superstitious religion, and that their peculiar rites were of frequent occurrence and accompanied with costly sacrifices.

Wisconsin abounds with a peculiar description of mounds, which have received the appellation of "animal mounds." These are masses of earth wrought in "relievo" in the surface of the ground, and include among them the devices of the lizard, elk, buffalo, bear, fox, otter, and other animals; nor are inanimate objects unrepresented, for many of the mounds are gigantic representations of the war-club, tobacco pipe, and other familiar implements. One mound is named appropriately "the tobacco pipe mound." These mounds do not contain relics of any kind, nor are they sepulchral.

We have direct proof that the aborigines of New Brunswick were accustomed to smoking tobacco and cultivating it, and also manufactured their own pipes. Champlain, in his work on America, published in France in 1613, in alluding to the Indians met with in 1505, in what is now New Brunswick, states that his party, on their first landing among the savages, were received with great rejoicings, and were given to understand that they were the first Christians who had been seen among them. They were invited to be seated, and then "all began to smoke, as seemed to be their custom before making any discourse."

It also appears that the Indians at that time raised Indian corn, beans, pumpkins, gourds and tobacco. In one place the Indians gave the Frenchmen a quantity of tobacco, which they had dried and reduced to powder. If so, our Indians were acquainted with the use and effects of snuff.

No pipes bearing any marks of antiquity have, it is believed, been discovered in New Brunswick; but it is known that the Indian was fully aware of the peculiar nature of "chlorite," for out of that mineral were all the pipes made in the early part of this century. Since that time many have been made from slate, a peculiar description of which is found at Kingsclear, above Fredericton, and also from Water-of-Ayr stone, a stone imported from Scotland for sharpening purposes. The pipes so

made principally exhibited representations of animals, carved with different degrees of skill and execution; and no doubt the dandy of the day had his pipe embellished with the "totem" of his tribe, and its stem decorated in the highest style of aboriginal art.

Up to the time of the discovery of America, iron was unknown to the Indian, and all his weapons of war and the chase, his implements of agriculture and the domestic arts, were formed of stone; but after the advent of the white man, its use became fully known and appreciated. Among the presents given by the French to conciliate the nations, were steel "tomahawks," or war axes, having a pipe-bowl affixed to the back, and the handle so arranged and perforated as to form a stem through which it could be smoked. The weapon could then be used either for attack or defence whilst on the war trail; or in the more peaceful times, as an emblem of friendship and amity.

Wilson, in "Pre-historic Man," tells the story of the institution of the "pipe of peace." "Between the Minnesota and Missouri rivers there stands a bold, perpendicular cliff, beautifully marked with distinct horizontal layers of light grey and rose, or flesh-coloured, quartz. Near this a famous red pipe-stone is procured. Traces of both ancient and modern excavation prove that it has been the resort, during many generations, of Indian tribes, seeking this famous red pipe-stone. A spot to which independent tribes came for the purpose, and for this only, became neutral ground—became a spot on which they might meet in peace, perhaps to discuss their points of difference; but in process of time it became a sacred spot, and the peace between hostile tribes was preserved by a religious sanction. There are marks on the rock resembling the track of a large bird. These were converted by the superstitious Indian into the footsteps of the Great Spirit. The Great Spirit, therefore, at one time descended upon the rock, and taught the sacred neutrality of the spot;—or as told by the Sioux: "Many ages after the red men were made, when all the different tribes were at war, the Great Spirit called them together at the red rocks. He stood on the top of the rocks, and the red nations were assembled in infinite numbers on the plain below. He took out of the rock a piece of the red stone, and made a large pipe. He smoked it over them all; told them that it was part of their flesh; that though they were at war, they must make their 'calumets' of it, and smoke them to him whenever they wished to appease him, or get his good-will. Th smoke from his big pipe rolled over them all, and he disappeared in the cloud."

It may here be mentioned that our Indians were in the habit of mixing with their tobacco the dried bark of the small branches of the red willow, (*Cornus stolonifera*) and called it "Kinne-kinnick." This has the effect of reducing the strong, acrid, and somewhat pungent flavor of the coarser kinds of tobacco.

The halcyon days of the red man of the forest have passed away; in a few years he will have disappeared from our midst, before the advancing strides of civilization and progress. His council fires are quenched—his calumet of peace is unlit and broken; no more will ascend to the Great Spirit those odours dedicated to him whom he acknowledged; no more

will he sit in silence around the council fire and pass the pipe, whilst deliberating on affairs of state, whether of war or peace. All is passed and gone, as are those wreaths of smoke; and in years to come, our descendants may ponder over these things as evidences of *our* antiquity, and perhaps rejoice that they live in a civilized age.

The discovery of tobacco was made in the early part of the 16th century by the Spaniards, and by them brought to Europe. Seeds of the plant were sent in 1560 from Portugal to Catherine de Medices by Jean Nicot, the French Ambassador in that country, and from whom it received its botanical name *Nicotiana*. The notion once so general, that the specific appellation "tobacco" was derived from "Tobago," the island from which it was first said to have been brought, is now admitted to be without foundation. Humboldt has shown that tobacco was the term used in the Haytian language to denote the "pipe," or instrument made use of by the natives in smoking the herb; and the term having been transferred by the Spaniards from the pipe to the herb itself, has been adopted by other nations, which is fully borne out by the similarity of the name given it in different countries. In English we have tobacco; in Danish, tobak; Dutch, tabak; French, tabac; German, taback; Italian, tabacco; Polish, tobaka; Russian, tabac; Spanish, tobaco; Arabic, bujjer-bhang; and Malay, tamtraceo.

To Sir Walter Raleigh is given the credit of having been the first who introduced tobacco into England, and to have taught his countrymen to smoke it. Dr. Cotton Mather, in his "Christian Philosopher," says that a Mr. Lane carried some of it from Virginia, which was the first time it had ever been seen in England. John Aubrey tells us that Sir Walter Long, who was intimate with Sir Walter Raleigh, was the first who brought the use of tobacco into the northern part of Wiltshire. "In those days they (meaning the gentlemen) had silver pipes; the ordinary sort made use of a walnut shell and a straw. I have heard my Grandfather Lyte say one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Within these 35 years 'twas scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was sold for its wayte in silver, and the biggest shillings were culled to lay on the scales against the tobacco."

Harriott, who accompanied the Raleigh expedition by which Virginia was discovered, tells, in his "Briefe and true Report of the new found land of Virginia," of a plant which has diverse names in the West Indies. The Spaniards generally call it tobacco, but it was named by the natives uppówoc. "The 'uppówoc' is of so precious estimation among them, that they think their gods are marvellously delighted therewith; whereupon, sometime they make halowed fires, and cast some of the powder therein for a sacrifice. Being in a storme upon the waters, to pacifie their gods they cast some up into the aire and into the water; so a weare for fish being newly set up, they cast some therein and into the aire; also after an escape from danger they cast some into the aire likewise; but all done with strange gestures, stamping, sometimes dancing, clapping of hands, holding up of hands, and staring up into the heavens, uttering therewithal, and chattering strange words and noises." The same writer further states that the English, during the time they were in Virginia,

and since their return to England, were accustomed to smoke tobacco after the fashion of the Indians, and "found many and rare experiments of the value thereof."

The practice of smoking became almost universal in England, and was indulged in by all classes of society; and to such an extent did the practice prevail, that King James issued his (now famous) Counterblast to Tobacco, in the hope of breaking down at once the pernicious habit which did not exempt either time or place. Large sums of money were expended upon tobacco—many of the wealthy lavishing three to four hundred pounds per annum upon this "precious stinke," which his Majesty grotesquely stigmatizes as a "custom loathesome to the eye; hateful to the nose; harmful to the braine; dangerous to the lungs; and in the blacke, stinking fume thereof, resembling the horrible stygian smoake of the pit that is bottomlesse."

The habit of smoking spread over the whole world, and must have been indulged in to an inordinate extent; for so early as 1624, Pope Urban VIII. issued a bull excommunicating those who smoked in churches; and Innocent XI. fulminated against the use of tobacco the thunders of the church. The Priests and Sultans of Turkey decreed smoking to be a crime, and smokers were punished by having their pipes thrust through their noses; whilst in Russia, during the early part of the 17th century, the Empress Elizabeth prohibited its use in churches; and the Grand Duke of Moscow cut of the noses of smokers, as also did the King of Prussia at that time. But the fear of punishment did not prevent the spread of the habit of smoking; the will of kings, the thunders of the church, and the edicts of despotic princes, all succumbed to the prevalent practice; and now we have the cultivation and importation of tobacco ranking high among the industries of the world.

The clay pipe made its appearance soon after that of tobacco, and the earliest made was of the shape shown in figure No. 1, which is a representation of the pipe of the time of Queen Elizabeth. It has its counterpart in the collection belonging to the Society; and it may be observed that the same shape is carried through a series, gradually increasing in size. The small pipes are called by antiquaries, elfin pipes—not that they have any connexion with fairy-land, but on account of their small size. They were used at a time when the price of tobacco was very high; and to obtain the full narcotic power of the herb, and the fullest amount of enjoyment from it, the smoke was expelled through the nose. The pipes marked in figure No. 2, are said to be of the 17th century, but they have nothing to correspond with in the collection. Those shown in the same plate, fig. No. 3, are of the time of William III., and were probably introduced from Holland. They have their counterparts in the collection. In the middle of the 18th century, the wide mouth bowl became the prevalent form; and the spur, which had been flat, and on which the pipe rested whilst in use, was elongated.

The manufacture of pipes in London grew to such an extent in 1601, that the pipe-makers had certain privileges in their trade which amounted to a monopoly, and in 1619 they were incorporated.

All are familiar with the clay pipe of the present day—of what it is

made and how manufactured—so that it will not be necessary to allude further to them. Wooden pipes have of late years come into extended use, the best being made of the root of the briar; but perhaps the two substances in nature which, together, have the most intimate connexion, are meerchaum and amber. The former substance is exclusively devoted to the manufacture of pipes; and the latter is largely used to form mouth pieces, ornaments to stems, and even whole stems.

So early as 1609, genuine meerchaum must have been known and held in estimation in England, since Dekker appears to refer to it in his "Gulls Hornbook," when he wishes his gallant to be able to discourse "which pipe has the best bore? which *burns black* and breaks in the smoking?—all being characteristics of genuine meerchaum.

Meerchaum (E'cume de Mer) is a mineral of somewhat rare occurrence. It consists of magnesia, silica and water, and may be called a hydrated silicate of magnesia. As a compound it is not crystalline; its constituents are variable, and silicates of iron and alumina are often found in combination with it. These affect the colour of meerchaum, which, when pure, is quite white. Silicate of iron gives it a tinge of colour, varying from the palest yellow to a deep brown. Good meerchaum is tolerably soft—resists the pressure of the hand, but is easily indented by the finger nail, and, especially after having been wetted, may be easily cut with a knife. The fracture is generally earthy, and rarely conchoidal. Even in its pure state, it has a marked difference in its specific gravity; some kinds will sink in water, and others will float on the surface. Those of medium density are preferred by the manufacturer; for he refuses the light variety as being subject to flaws and cavities, and suspects the heavy to be an artificial product.

Meerchaum is met with in various localities in Spain, Greece and Moravia; but by far the largest quantity is derived from Asia Minor, it being chiefly dug in the Peninsula of Natolia, near the town of Corriali. Formerly, the material was roughly fashioned on the spot into bowls, which were elegantly carved in Europe; Pesth and Vienna vying with each other in cultivating this important branch of trade. Now, meerchaum is exported in irregular shaped blocks, which find their way over the civilized world, and are manufactured to suit the peculiar fashions of the place.

After the bowl or pipe has been fashioned, and before receiving its final polish, it is soaked in a liquified unguent composed of wax-oil and fats. The wax and fats which the substance absorbs, cause the colours which meerchaum assumes after smoking. Under the influence of the heat produced by the burning tobacco, the wax and fats pass through all the stages of a true process of dry distillation; the substances thus formed become associated with the products of the distillation of the tobacco, and by their diffusion through the meerchaum, all the gradations of colour, which are so highly prized by the connoisseur, are produced.

The large quantity of parings left in the manufacture of meerchaum pipes, has been made use of. By the process of triturating these parings into fine powder, boiling in water, moulding them, either with

or without the addition of clay, and drying them for some time, to permit contraction to take place to its fullest extent, blocks are formed out of which bowls (known as massa bowls) are made.

Without amber the meerchaum pipe is incomplete—although in the ordinary and cheaper kinds, bone, horn and wood are used; but amber is, *par excellence*, the material for mouth-pieces, and for this purpose commands a high price among the Oriental nations. In the exhibition of 1851, an exhibitor in the Turkish department showed four mouth-pieces of choice amber which were together valued at £1000 sterling. There is a current belief in Turkey that amber is incapable of transmitting infection; and, as it is a great mark of politeness to offer a pipe to a stranger, this supposed negative property of amber accounts in some measure for the estimation in which it is held. Copal, which bears a strong resemblance to, but is much cheaper than, amber, is occasionally substituted for it.

The Turkish mouth-piece is almost universally of an egg shape, is perforated through its longest axis, and in smoking is placed against the lips. The colour held in highest estimation, and consequently in price, is that of a pale lemon—not transparent, but translucent. Glass is often used in imitation of these mouth-pieces; but to the initiated the difference can be detected at once by merely applying it to the lips. Amber, when first applied, always produces a warm sensation—glass invariably a cold one.

The greater part of the amber used in the arts is found on the coast of Prussia, especially between Königsberg and Dantzic. It is distinguished as terrestrial and marine amber; the former being procured from mines, generally in alluvial deposits of sand and clay, associated with fossil wood, iron pyrites, and alum shale. The marine amber is cast ashore during the autumnal gales on the coast of Pomerania and Prussia Proper, and is then picked up, or dredged for with small nets.

The opinions respecting the origin of amber are very divided, some holding to the view that it is a rosin exuded by certain coniferæ, traces of which are frequently found among the amber: others assume it to be a species of wax or fat, having undergone a slow process of putrefaction, and they base their views upon the fact, that chemists are able to convert cerous or fatty substances in succinic acid by inducing oxidation artificially. It is, however, quite certain, whatever may be the true theory of the origin of amber, that at one time it was in a liquid state, for the different bodies included in amber demonstrate this fact in a most convincing manner. Dr. Brewster states that these bodies have long exercised the skill of naturalists. They are generally insects or remains of insects, or sometimes leaves or other portions of vegetables. Certain families of insects occur more abundantly than others. Thus the *hymenoptera*, or insects with four naked membranaceous wings, as the bee and wasp; the *diptera* or insect with two wings, as gnats, flies, gadflies, &c.; then come the spider tribe; some *coleoptra*, insects with crustaceous shells, or elytra, which shut together, and form a longitudinal suture down the back; as beetles, principally those which live on trees, &c. Hitherto it has

not been found possible to refer them to any living species, but it has been observed in general, that they resemble more the insects of hot climates, than those of the temperate zone.

In the South Kensington Museum, London, several very fine specimens of "flies in amber" are exhibited, but the most perfect of all is a piece belonging to Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope, M. P., some 2½ inches long, in which is completely perceived a small fish, which appears to be of the stickleback family. This specimen is honoured by being mounted in gold. In the Exhibition of 1851, a specimen of amber from Prussia was exhibited, containing the leg of a toad.

There is evidence of the extreme antiquity of amber in the fact that the Phœnicians of old fetched it from Prussia. Since that period it has been obtained uninterruptedly, and no diminution in the quantity annually collected has been perceived. The different kinds of amber are distinguished by varieties of colour and degrees of transparency. It is found in all shades of yellow, from the palest primrose to the deepest orange, or even brown. In point of clearness amber varies from vitreous transparency to perfect opacity. The straw yellow, slightly clouded, translucent variety, is the most rare, and that which the orientals prefer to all others, and purchase at exhorbitant prices.

All are acquainted with the electrical properties of amber, and that from the original word "electron" we have the derivation of the word "electricity."

To return to the more immediate subject of pipes. The aborigines of British Guiana, use a tube called a "Winna," which resembles a cheroot in appearance and contains the tobacco.

The East Indian indulges in his luxurious hookah, with its snake like stem, jewelled, and adorned with silks, and the precious metals, the smoke passing through rose or perfumed water; and passing through all the gradations of pipes to the simple one made from bamboo, the bowl being one piece cut off at a knot, whilst a smaller piece serves as a stem. But a more primitive pipe than this is often extemporized; the native smoker makes two holes, one longer than another, with a stick in the clayey soil; into the shorter hole he places his tabacco, and applying his mouth to the other, luxuriates in the fumes of the herb he loves so well.

Besides tobacco, the Chinese smoke opium, the pipe for which purpose is usually made of nickel copper, with a very small bowl and long stem—but this kind of smoking is foreign to the intention of this paper.

The Turks are perhaps the most luxurious smokers of any nation. The *Narguilé*, or water pipe, is sometimes constructed of silver, ornamented with gems, whilst the smoke is inhaled through a long flexible tube (*Marpitch*) formed of a spiral wire covered with leather, over which another wire is coiled, so as to fall between the interstices of the inner spiral, the whole being again covered with different materials according to value. The Turks in smoking the *Narguilé* inhale the fumes into the lungs, and never consume the last portions of the tobacco, as the smoke then becomes too pungent. The long pipe is

called *Kablioum* and the short pipe *Chiboque*, having cherry, jasmin, wild plum or ebony tubes or stems. The bowls used are made from a red clay, often dug from the banks of the Nile. The Turk prefers a fresh bowl each time, and these plain bowls are used, on the score of economy, in prefereuce to those highly ornamented and embellished. It is not an unusual thing in Turkey to compute the duration of a journey by the number of pipes which might be smoked during the time necessary to accomplish it.

A pinch of snuff claims our attention for a little while. Manufactured as it is principally from the stems of the leaf, it soon, after the introduction of tobacco into England, came into use. In 1609, Dekker, in his "Gulls Hornbook," says:—"Before the meat came smoking on the board, our gallant must draw out his tobacco box, the ladle for the cold snuff into the nostril, the tongs and priming iron, all which artillery may be of gold or silver, if he can reach the price of it." But before this date snuff was known by the nations of this province, for Champlain relates, that the Indians gave to his men tobacco which had been dried and ground to powder. Both the practice of, and apparatus for, taking snuff are described as quite common in 1646. A writer of that period thus quaintly says: "The Spaniards and Irish take tobacco most common in powder or "smutchin," and it mightily refreshes the brain; and I believe there's as much taken in this way in Ireland, as there is in smoking in England. One shall commonly see the sewing-maid upon the washing block, and the swain upon the plough-share, when they are tired with laboured, take out their boxes of smutchin, and draw it into their nostrils with a quill, and it will beget new spirits in them with a fresh vigour to fall to their work again." The word "smutchin" is stated to be an erroneous misprint of the word "sneeshin," a vulgar name for snuff which causes sneezing; and hence "sneeshin mill," (sometimes corrupted into mull) is the Scottish name for snuff-box.

The name "mill" is derived from the fact that, when tobacco was first introduced into the country, those who wished to have snuff were accustomed to toast the leaves before the fire, and then bruise them to powder with a piece of wood in a box, which was then called a "mill" because snuff was ground in it. It is thus easy to perceive how a ram's horn, from its conical shape, became one of the primitive forms of Scotch snuff-box, although at the presen me it has become one of the most costly and luxurious.

Drayson, in "Sporting Scenes in South Africa," gives the following description of the manufacture of snuff by the Kaffirs:—"I took a seat at the door of the hut, and watched the old lady turn my tobacco into snuff. She first cut it up into little bits with an assagy (spear), and brought two large stones to the hut. Into the lower stone, which had a well worn hollow, she put all the bits of tobacco; and with the other stone, which was nearly circular, and about the size of an ostrich egg, she commenced grinding the tobacco. It seemed very hard work as she pressed heavily on the stone during the operation. After a time she added so.e water, which made the mass into a sort of paste,

something like a child's dirt-pie. After a deal of grinding and scraping, the composition really began to look like a snuff powder. She then got a wooden spoon nearly full of white wood ashes, and mixed them with the tobacco. More grinding seemed to amalgamate the two compositions, when she tried a pinch herself, and pronounced that it wanted drying in the sun, and then would be very good."

Ure, in his Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures, mentions that at one time he was called on to analyze a quantity of adulterated snuff, and found that "pearl-ash" was the vehicle used; and that to an inferior article of snuff it had imparted a decided improvement. The query here presents itself—what is the connexion between the "pearl-ash" detected by Dr. Ure, as used by dishonest people, and the spoonful of "white wood ashes" used by the old Kaffir woman?

PTARMIGAN SHOOTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

By Double Barrel.

"John, how is Shot's foot? Is he fit for a hard day's work?"

"He's healed up, sir, as well as ever."

"And how is Bob?"

"They are both in first-rate condition—as brisk as bees, and fit for anything."

"Well, get all ready and we'll drive out to Killrose to-morrow afternoon, stay the night there at Mrs. Whiston's, take old Robert Killy and next morning start for the Barrens; spend three or four days there, return to Killrose, send home the birds, and drive on to St. Mark's for a week. I hear there is capital shooting on the St. Mark's Barrens. Jud Prout and Jim Weller bagged fifty brace there last week, and I must beat them or I'll lose my character."

"No fear but you will, sir. I never saw you go in yet but you got them. What will I put up?"

"There is Robert and his son Mark, to carry the things; you and myself; four men and three dogs—for Mr. Budd has offered to lend me 'Dick.' He is whole brother to 'Bob,' and therefore well-bred, and I hear a fine dog. By the way, there is George,—I will have to take him. He'll never forgive me if I don't give him some tobacco, and a bag of birds to bring out from the Barrens. Put up the buffalo robe, India rubber covering in case of rain, a change of clothing, forty pounds of biscuit, a piece of pork, a tongue or a ham, some tea and sugar,—and don't forget the onions, Harvey's sauce, &c., for partridge soup; boat's kettle, tea kettle, mugs, &c.; and pack in my rifle barrels, for I hear that bears have been seen lately near Killrose, and there are good signs of deer."

"All right, sir. What time will we start?"

"To-morrow afternoon, about four or five o'clock."

In accordance with these arrangements, I started for Killrose with John at the appointed hour. Our two selves, with the three dogs, comestibles and wearables—the whole, except the living part, covered up with the large buffalo robe, well lashed and secured—formed a waggon load for an eighteen mile drive up and down steep hills, which made my horse sweat before he had reached the end of his journey.

"In with the dogs!" up we jump, crack goes the whip and off we start.

"John, I think our load is a little too far forward."

"She's a little by the head, sir; but I think we'll get along if the springs hold out."

After a delightful drive of about three hours (the latter part by the light of a full moon) with a fine westerly wind, and under a cloudless sky, through a wild country, with here and there a clearing and a shanty stuck in the middle, neither wind-tight nor water-tight, but holes all over to let in the air and let out the smoke. Sometimes, at an opening called the door, stood a woman, with three or four urchins outside making mud-pies, all in habiliments evincing a hearty contempt for shoes and fashions, but looking happy in nature's free costume.

We arrived in good spirits and with capital appetites at Killrose, where Mrs. Whiston's house was distinguished by having two flag-staffs in front, upon each of which a flag was hoisted on state occasions, such as the birth of a baby in Killrose, or when John Coddle and Bill Caplin returned from the Labrador with a good voyage of fish, and took Betsy or Kate to be his wedded wife; when, of course, the fiddle's lively sounds called out the young people of the settlement to show their agility upon the well-sanded floor.

"Well, Mrs. Whiston, is Robert at home, and the boys? Can you put up my horse, dog, and ourselves for the night?—and can you give us some supper, for I'm as hungry as a hunter?"

"Oh yes, sir; I'll try to make you comfortable. What will you please to have?"

"Anything at all. But first of all, where's Robert?"

"Uncle Robert went out to look at his traps this morning, and won't be back till to-morrow. He said he'd stay at his tilt to-night; and George is with him. Mark is gone off to the Island fishing; he'll not be home till Saturday. And vexed enough Uncle Robert will be: he expected you yesterday; but as you didn't come, he gave you up till next week."

"I'm sorry for that: but never mind—I daresay we'll manage some way. Send out that man-of-all-work you have in the corner, and let him bear a hand to get these dogs and things stowed away."

Off went Mrs. Whiston, and all was bustle and fizzing for a while. Horse and dogs were cared for, and a smoking dish of chops, fresh home-made bread, butter, and a first-rate cup of tea, were soon on the table. After I had done ample justice to these, Mrs. Whiston again made her appearance, with an intimation that her Uncle James and his

son would carry my baggage to the tilt, where I would meet her Uncle Robert. It was soon arranged that they should be on hand at dawn. We would have breakfast and start with the sun.

"Oh, then, it's proud George will be to be in with you, sir. He has been talking about you for a month, and wondering whether you'd take him again after he broke the bottle last time; but he said he knew you would."

Now, this said George was a son of Robert, the old hunter—not particularly bright in his intellect, but tremendous in his physical development. But George could give a good answer sometimes, and it generally hit hard. Some merry young officers, not long since, were upon a shooting expedition. One of them was rather awkward in his gait, and his lower limbs were shaped something like a bent bow. He, unfortunately, twitted George, and told him that he thought George was the last man made—there was not enough to finish him, and that was the reason he was such a fool. "Well, sir," said George, "not meaning no harm, I thinks your honour was the *first* man made: the mould warn't right like, and ye couldn't be brought out straight!"

All present were of course convulsed with laughter—one clapping him on the back, with "George, what'll you have to drink?"

The crestfallen joker retired, ever to be reminded of George's reply.

The sun was just rolling up in gorgeous splendour when we mounted the rocky ridge behind Killrose, dotted with immense boulders, some of which, on the very top, are many tons in weight, apparently so balanced that a slight push would only seem needed to send them down the hill. Then we entered a narrow path to penetrate the coastal belt of woods, and traverse the long leads of marshes. We pass the "Bald Rock," a lofty eminence, from which Consumption Bay, with its islands, long inlets, and dark, bold cliffs, is spread before the eye—a grand panorama. Up and on we go by the Soldier's Pond and Soldier's Look-out, in the former of which, tradition says, a soldier was drowned;—I suppose because he did not look out.

We halt for a spell under the latter, and here Uncle James says—"Do you know, sir, just here, many a year ago, a little boy was in with his mother and some women berry-picking, and he runs to his mother and says, 'Mother, I saw a little boy up there dressed just like myself,' and up they went but no boy was there; and do you know, sir, he died that day week. And here, sir, away by that pond, early in the morning and late at night, you'll hear a man screechin' and yellin' like— Oh! it's awfu' to hear."

But Uncle James was not much of a woodsman, and the screeching was the cry of the loo to his mate.

"Up with your loads again." On we go past the Woody Hill and Sullivan's Pond.

"Hark!" Crouk, crouk. "Wild geese; down, all of you! Ah, it's no go; they saw the dog mount the ridge. Heels! Shot, Bob, Dick." I advance, creeping behind tucks of wood to within about 150 yards of them, but they are off—seven splendid geese. It is most difficult, in this open country, to work a shot on wild geese at this

season, when they are preparing for their departure to a more genial clime, and, generally, are found by day in the little marshes on the hills, the old gander always on the look-out.

"Steady, good dogs!" Bob has just crept to the top of a small ridge and is crouching almost to the ground, with every muscle stiff and strained to its utmost, his eye fixed, gleaming with excitement, and nostrils distended to their full, hardly daring to draw his breath. Shot, galloping across to leeward, catches the scent, and as suddenly as if *shot*, throws his head at a right angle to his body and remains a fixture, whilst Dick is backing up beautifully a little distance to windward.

"There is a sight to make a sportsman's heart leap." Now for my part. It must be a covey;—not so. Whir-r-r, bang! A single bird —and down comes a fine old cock, weighing at least 1 lb. 12 oz.

A walk of about a couple of miles further, over marsh, and around many a "skeert of scrub," brings us to the tilt, which is constructed of a ridge pole resting upon crossed forked sticks, against which sticks close to each other are placed at an angle of 45 degrees. The sticks are *stogged* between with moss, which makes it almost water-tight. A fire is placed at one end, with the Hibernian "hole in the roof for the smoke to go through." To make it more secure, Robert had got some oil-cloth tacked up inside, "which makes it as snug and comfortable as a palace."

When we arrive there is nothing living in the tilt, but there is evidence of recent occupancy.

In a very short time a fire is lighted, the tea-kettle on, and bags unpacked. A cup of tea and other refreshments fortified me after a nine mile walk from Killrose, to spend the remainder of the day hunting.

"Now, Uncle James, take the game-bag and come along with me; and you, John, with the boy, make up the tilt in good order. Cut a new bed of boughs, and be particular in keeping all the *quils* under."

The bough bed is made from the small feathery branches of the spruce, which are laid one upon and after another, commencing at the head, so that the stems, or *quils*, are all under. When properly made it forms an elastic couch, upon which the weary hunter obtains the most refreshing rest, inhaling the clear bracing country air, perfumed by the refreshing odour of the young spruce.

Evening came, and I found myself wending my way towards the tilt, with Uncle James behind, and on his back a bag of nine birds, not one of which weighed less than 1 lb. 8 oz.

"Holloa, Robert, where have you been?"

"What sport, sir?"

"That's answering one question by asking another. What are you looking so gloomy about?"

"Ah then, sir, this is a sorry day for me. I'll niver have such a chance agin;—I'll be unlucky all this trip. I'm not fit to look up."

"What's the matter, man?"

"Ah then, I'll tell ye. This marnin' Jarge and me went over to the bottom of the tousand acre mesh, where I got an otter trap sot;

and jist arter I'd took out a fine old dog otter, I ge'ed en a clout in the head and pitched en down for dead—then turns round to sot my trap, and when I turns about agin he was gone!"

"Where was George?"

"That's not all. Jarge was up on a nap pickin' berries, and when I looks up I sees en lyin' down behind a alder bush, turnin' and twistin' hisself ivery way for me to kum up. I puts up my hand for en to be still, and up I creeps on my hands and knees; and there, dead to windward of us, kummin' down the mesh, was a fine old doe, like a big cow—as fas as butter, and grate big horns upon her as big as I iver see, with a tree year old buck by her side, and a fawn. We lied still—quat like a partridge—and up they kums feedin' away, till they kummed within ten yards of us, when the doe turned her broadside to us. I'd put in some swoil shot, and I levelled right behind the fore-shoulder, drawed the trigger, and me gun capped;—the mainspring of her had slipped out, and she wouldn't throw the hammer strong. With that the deer springs up and faces round for the bush, and looks dead into it. We was as still as eggs. In a few minits they went on feedin' agin. I puts on a fresh cap and levelled agin. She capped again!—and with that they jumps up and runs across the mesh to a little nap a hundred and fifty yards away. I shoved a bullet into the gun, and, tarmented as I was, I pulled agin. She went off this time, and so did the deer;—'twas too far. Oh my! oh my! I lost a great chance!"

"This has indeed been an unlucky day. Never mind, there's better luck in store. I cannot understand why there are so many single birds about this ground. I've only seen thirteen birds to-day, and they have been nearly all single."

"I can tell, then. You see, sir, the waufs were in about the soldier's look-out last week, and I expects they scattered them. I never seed finer sign of birds than there is on the Stony Ridge and Flakey Downs."

"How is the ship ground?"

"There are plenty of birds there, but I know you'll like the other ground best."

"All right then, there we'll go. Come boys, off with the skins of some partridges and get some soup under way. I see Robert has got a meal of potatoes there, put them in and some bread and anything else you can get, 'for the good of the voyage.'"

"What a pity we haven't a musk-rat to give it a flavour, aye John," said Robert, with a sly look at me; "that would make it high."

"Why Robert," said John, "you don't mean to say you'd put a musk-rat in the soup?"

"To be sure man, we eats anything in here. Did ye iver taste *baver?* Its the finest mael ye iver made. Well, the musk-rat feeds the same as the baver, and I don't see why they shouldn't be as good; but I must own I never ate one, the name somehow is again it."

We soon made a hearty supper on our partridge soup, &c., put a few logs on the fire, and after a whiff of tobacco, coiled ourselves up on the boughs, and I was soon in the land of forgetfulness to be awoke

by old Robert's voice saying: "It's near daunin' now, the wind's chopped round to the soudard and easterd and blaws a gale." I soon became alive to the fact of its raining very heavily, and all were busy securing everything under the oil-cloth. It continued to rain nearly all day, but we kept up a good fire, stowed ourselves as well as we could under cover, and I consoled myself with a book remembering that now the bushes were wet, and as soon as the sun did shine, all the birds would be out on the barrens.

About three o'clock, tired of remaining in my then position, I intimated to Robert that, as neither one of us was sugar nor salt and therefore not likely to melt, and the rain seeming to hold up a little, we should have a short cruise over the naps before dark, to stretch our legs: so off we went, soon however to return wet to the skin, with only a few birds.

Robert was a man about 66 years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, a little bent forward, as if always on the look out; his frame was slight, but every muscle and sinew as hard as iron; his hair, beard and moustache somewhat bleached; a merry blue eye, piercingly keen, quick as lightning, and when he smiled his countenance was calm, bright and joyous, like his dearly-loved wood-land, when the morning sun first beams upon it, without an intervening cloud. He was a fisherman, as was his father before him, and a sharp observer of the habits of animals. He always made a "voyage of fish," and generally could boast of "the best boat's catch." In the spring of the year, in his earlier days, he had always made "a good bill at the ice"—at the seal-fishery—and when not otherwise employed, he roamed the woods, —and then he seemed "at home,"—trapping the otter, beaver and martin, hunting the deer; and occasionally a black bear fell a victim to his unerring aim. Such was old Robert, who, for many years, had been in great demand as a guide to hunting parties, and many a tale he could tell of days gone by, and of many a sprightly youth, whose active, untrained limbs had started on a hunting expedition with juvenile enthusiasm, soon however to slacken his speed and to be told by old Robert that he must take his time, he'd want his wind, if he wished to hold his own for a full day's sport. Aye! many a youth now lies in the cold, cold grave, who has roamed the wilds of Newfoundland with Old Robert for his guide, and many a little souvenir he possesses as tokens of his faithful services performed.

The following morning we were early astir, and, packing up our traps, despatched the men, with the baggage, for the stony ridge, with instructions to take the shortest cut over it by Long Island Pond, and to hault under the Flakey Downs, a distance of about eight miles; whilst John, with two of the dogs in leash, Robert and myself, took a circuitous route, hunting over the naps, covered with the partridge-berry and the whortle-berry, through marshes, avoiding tucks of stunted juniper, spruce and fir, which, with numberless small ponds, form the face of the country on this side the stony ridge. We had only proceeded a short distance, when a low exclamation from John, "tallyho," called our attention to a fox trotting down behind a low

ridge. He had scarcely spoken, when the sharp little creature sprung upon a boulder in front of us about 200 yards off. We remained quite still, when he stood upon his hind legs and took a full survey. Whether the sun shining in his face dazzled his eyes or not, I don't know, but as a fact he seemed quite careless of our presence. Stealthily he crept along, bent, as we soon discovered, upon mischief, for he sprang forward, and up went a covey of partridges around him. No doubt the rogue had scented the birds, but he had missed his prey. He crouched down for a little, then glided slyly by the side of a small pond in the direction where the birds had pitched. As soon as he was hidden from our view, as quickly and as softly, old Robert glided away towards the other end of the pond, and as master reynard came along, his thoughts no doubt intent upon his breakfast not far ahead, he was saluted from Robert's little gun, and rolled over to yield his skin as an addition to Robert's collection of furs. There are four different coloured foxes in Newfoundland: the black, the silver-grey, the patch and the yellow. The first two are very valuable, the skins being worth from £10 to £30 each, according to season and quality, but these are scarce. Robert's prize was only a yellow.

The travelling over the marshes is very laborious, and not unattended with danger to the unwary. A false step may plunge one into a bog-hole from five to ten feet deep, and not two feet across at the top; or he may go down to his middle in black puddle. A short experience, however, soon makes one guarded against these treacherous localities. Some of the marshes are covered with a sedgy grass, others with moss, wet underneath and soft; the foot sinks at each step, requiring a vigorous effort to draw it up, which is especially trying to the knees. A great variety of mosses, some of which form the food of the caribou, are found in the marshes, and other varieties adorn the hills, snags and rocks; among which the stag-horn, trumpet and coral mosses are particularly beautiful.

Upon the edges of the marshes and near the tucks of wood, the ptarmigan, or, as it is called in Newfoundland, the partridge, breeds, usually bringing out from six to twelve in a brood. The chickens are early led to the dry naps, where their food consists chiefly of the eggs of ants, abounding in the ant-hills which are numerous. Upon the approach of danger, it is interesting to watch the old birds flutter away with drooping wings, as if wounded, to decoy the enemy from their young, which hide themselves beneath the bushwood. And oftentimes in the shooting season a young dog is led away from the brood by the old bird running for a distance of two or three hundred yards, then rising beyond the range of a shot, whilst far behind at the same time the covey rises, disappointing the hunter of his sport; but the old dogs are too well up to these tricks to be so cajoled. I was very highly amused at a scene like this. My dog drew up and up for a considerable way, when the old cock went to wing, cackling and flying but a short distance, pitched behind a boulder with his head peeping out at us. Just then we heard a whi-r-r behind and saw eight or ten birds going off in the other direction, and as soon as the

old bird saw they were off he, declining to wait our approach, flew round to join them. "Well, well, that's too bad," said Robert. "Ah Robert," said I, "you see there are other cute old cocks besides you."

The bird is identical with the Norwegian ptarmigan, differing but slightly in appearance from the Scotch grouse, but larger. In the summer the plumage is brown with a few white feathers about the body, partially white wings, and the long tailfeathers black. In September, October and November they are changing their colour, and by the time the winter snows have covered the ground, they are almost white. They are at perfection in October. Having well fed upon the berries, they are in good condition, strong upon the wings, and afford excellent sport; and when the cook has done his duty, they are not excelled in flavour by any bird that's trussed. The lie well until they pack, about the beginning of November, after which they frequent the high ridges, and are very wary and wild. The setter is better adapted for ptarmigan shooting than the pointer, as there is plenty of water for him and his shaggy coat protects him from the scrub, where the skin of the pointer suffers severely.

We arrived at our proposed camping ground about noon, I having bagged a dozen birds on our way. All hands, except Robert and myself, were soon at work, after some refreshments, erecting a windshed for the night, and fixing up the oil-cloth underneath. It was formed with a ridge-pole, supported by forked sticks, and at one side sticks resting against the pole, which were thatched over with boughs. I spent the evening in shooting eight brace of birds, and getting a thorough ducking. The rain continued all night and our shed was not impervious. We, however, kept up a roaring fire in front, and a fierce war raged between the two elements. Scarcely had the cooling drops fallen on us when they were converted into mist; and by making a jack of one's self, slowly turning, the body was kept warm with all the luxury of a vapour bath. By dint of coiling and squeezing together dogs and all, we managed to get a sort of shelter, and no one was drowned. We even indulged in sleep; and when the sun rose next morning, with a delicious south-west breeze, we soon forgot the pleasures of the past night. Everything was soon dried, and every one was fresh and joyous. There was not a seedy man among us, altho' we had spent a *wet* night.

"Cock, cock, cock, cock, cock, cock! c-a-u-k! kim-back, kim-back, kim-back!"

"Hark!"

"All right, sir. Here's one covey right out to the nordard, and another to the soudard and westard, close alongside."

"Aye, aye! We'll come back to you shortly."

Just at the dawn of day the covey takes a short flight from the roosting ground, led by the old cock, whose cackling indicates their whereabouts to the wide-awake sportsman.

After breakfast, we had scarcely gone two hundred yards from the camp with Bob, whose turn it was for work this morning (I find it better to work only one dog at a time; doing so with three dogs in ro-

tation for half a day each, they are always fresh and in good condition), when, with sparkling eye, the old dog threw his head up, casting a look over his shoulder at me with "all right" written in his face. He moved slowly to windward, his muscles steadily stiffening as he advanced. Little hillocks and lochs of water were in his course; but mounting over the first, and plunging through the latter—

> "He stopped not for brake, and he stayed not for stone;
> He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;"

and after going in a straight line for about four hundred yards, his body gradually lowering, he became at length fixed as a statue. Before him, at a distance of twenty-five yards, in open ground, upon a marsh, alike, as if transfixed, sideways stood the old cock, his head inclined towards Bob, his eye fastened upon him. Near and around the old bird were from twelve to fifteen others open to our view. "There's a fine pot shot for you, Robert," said John. "Fair play is a jewel, John, and ——." Whir-r-r, bang, bang, bang, two birds fell by my first barrel and one to the second, whilst Robert had singled out the bird furthest on his side, and brought him down. As quick as thought I had the two blank cartridges out and re-loaded, three more birds rose, bang, bang, and two more fell. "That's smart work, sir," said old Robert, "I wouldn't have fired only I see'd the bird I shot was far away beyond yer reach." "All right. I'm glad you fired." "Well, sir, if I'd had a gun like that and a dog like Bob all my life, I'd have made a fortune." And my breech-loader, an excellent and well-finished piece, recently sent me by Messrs. Cogswell & Harrison, of Strand, London, was forthwith eulogized in no measured terms.

The morning was spent with good sport. "I say, Robert," said John, "if he goes on at this rate we'll want help to carry the birds before night, I have twenty." "And I have a dozen," said Robert. "Sixteen brace," said I, "and as we must get to the other tilt before night it is time we moved in that direction." We arrived there as the sun was setting, having shot some birds on the way. I then scored up a bag of 31½ brace. Our stores would no longer respond to our appetites, and as they demanded satisfaction we were bound to yield to the demand.

I resolved upon changing my plans, by not going to St. Mark's, but getting further provisions, to spend the next few days upon these grounds, so I sent out the birds to be distributed among friends, and with a replenished bread-bag, was on Tuesday again upon the Flakey Downs, having exchanged Uncle James for Mark, who, with John, made a brace of as athletic fellows as could be wished for. Our camps were now more carefully constructed, and full attention bestowed on making our lodgings snug and comfortable. Fortunately we were favoured with fine bracing weather. Each day's excursion brought new scenes before us. Sometimes mounting to the top of a high hill more lofty than its fellows, an expansive view was obtained of the surrounding country. In one direction the eye was lost in impenetrable woods; in others long ridges, generally tending north-east and

south-west, thickly strewed with boulders, and here and there a peak; marshes, bare ragged rocks, tucks of stunted wood, dotted with the ever-present lakes and ponds, spread on and on beyond the reach of sight. No mark of the handiwork of man far or near—a wilderness, a silent wilderness. A careful examination under some of the boulders revealed the striated rock and the south-eastern ice current of the glacial age.

The season had almost passed for the hum of insect life, happily, or the musquito-pest of the woods would no doubt have left his mark upon us. Of insects, an occasional grasshopper alone seemed to be alive, except when one stepped upon an ant hill, and disturbed the treasured hoards of industry. But few small birds are seen, and there is no blithe song of thrush or linnet to greet the ear. Only sometimes in treading one's way through a marshy vale the chee-chee and blue jay hop out from a dwarf fir-tree, as if surprised to see so strange a being there. The time for wild flowers had likewise nearly gone, and I was left to imagine where, in some of the shallower ponds, the white water lily had shot up its stems from the black boggy mould beneath, to rest its broad leaves upon the surface of the dark still water, whilst the pure blossom unfolding offered perfumed incense to the noon-day sun.

The curiously shaped leaves of the pitcher-plant, or Indian cup, were numerous, each containing a host of flies and other insects which, no doubt, seeking shelter there, found it more easy to get in than to get out.

Our camp evenings were often enlivened by tales which consisted of old Robert's former experiences.

"John," said he, "did you ever see a black bear?"

"No; but they are not fierce, are they?"

"Only she-bears with cubs are so. I remember some years agone, I'd gone in as far as the quarries with the women to pick some berries. I took me gun, a long swoiling gun, and up I goes towards the Butter-Pot, thinking to get a pa'tridge. I'd only a load o' small shot in; I was goin' along putty quiet and had jist stooped down for some hurtz, when I heerd a leetle rustle close alongside. I looks through the bush, and right t'other side, not five feet from me, I sees a bear eatin' hurtz like a Christian. He was sittin' up takin' the branches in his arm and eatin' the berries off. I niver stopped to think but clapped the gun to me shoulder, and let drive. He put his paw to his side and lept away a dozin feet, then faces round for the bush. Somehow I know'd he didn't see me, for a bear's eyes isn't quick; they depinds more on scint. It was blowing hard and I was to leward of em; but I tell you, I felt quare when I seed em make for the bush. I'd jist time to throw in a handful of powder and a ball altogether, without any wad. 'Twas a flint gun. When I looks up agin, he hadn't come a stip but stood staggerin' and shakin' like mad. I put on the primin' but before I'd done he rolled over as dead as a mutton. He was a grate baste and I got £3 for his skin. If you'd seed the fat upon him —'twas like a swoil."

"You were near in an awkward fix then, Robert."

"If he'd come at me d'ye know what I'd have done? I'd have put my back agin a tree and the handle of me sheath-knife to my brist; the first thing they do is to hug; he'd have hugged me tree and all and the knife would have gone to his heart; when he felt it prick em he'd have hugged closer."

"But wouldn't he have bitten?"

"Not he; they niver bites till they've hugged, and be the time his bitin' time had come he'd have been quiet enough. Many a bear I've shot, but only that one with patridge shot, and I wouldn't like to try another in the same way."

"I wonder," said John, "how the Red Indians used to kill them and the wolves?"

"They used to dig holes in the ground and put spike sticks in the bottom, cover over the tops with boughs and put some bait in the middle. Did ye hear how that poor injin got served by the wolves a few years ago? He was comin' from Green Bay with some letters, and he brought his little boy, a lad about 14, with him. Just afore he comed to the tilt, where he was goin' to stop for the night, he shot a deer and paunched and quartered him. The snaw was thick on the groun' and he wint to the tilt and left his things with his gun too, and then he and the boy comed back for the deer, and when he gets to the place he seed a wolf tearin' away at him. The wolf turned right to the man, and he caught hold of the boy and shoves em afore em up a tree and gets op after. He jist got awa' in time, for the wolf made a lep, and tore his mocassin. Ginnerally, you know, a single wolf kips clear of a man. The wolf was there for an hour, and the injun told me he thought his poor boy would have dropped, it was freezin' so frightful. He took off his comforter and lashed him on to the branches and rubbed his feet and hands to keep life in him. At last the wolf geed a howl and prisently three others answered and kummed down to where the deer was; they soon eat up the whole and then made off. The Injin thought they got the scint of the others for there were five or six deer with the one he killed."

"Aren't wolves getting very plentiful now?"

"I think they're on the increase lately and they kills a sight of deer."

Few sports are more exhilarating than ptarmigan shooting such as I have endeavoured to describe. Plenty of exercise by day in the clear bracing air induces a sound refreshing sleep and a corresponding appetite. A little time so spent and one begins to find a new life within. He returns invigorated and realizes what it is to possess "*mens sana in corpore sano*."

My tour resulted in a bag of one hundred brace, which George declared to be "the biggest bag he iver seed brought out," and proudly her marched into Killrose with as many as he could carry.

The parting cup was passed around, and I and John bid adieu for a while to Mrs. Whiston, old Robert and his sons, Uncle James and all, and long may they, who have contributed so much to my recreation, live to enjoy the fruits of their honest labour in healthful happy homes.

BOOK NOTICES.

The poems of Joaquin Miller* have met with so much approval, and the adverse criticism has been so hesitating and weak, that it requires considerable courage to anticipate the judgment of the future and pronounce an unqualified condemnation on them now. By introducing the morals and voluptuous thought of the tropics into the cold and practical scenes of the Great West of America, Mr. Miller produced a most incongruous and unwholesome dish which he wisely carried to England where an ideal acquaintance only with either the one or the other shielded his false colouring and false scenery from the detection it would have met with in this country. He was lauded to the echo. The critics, weary perhaps with pointing out the beauties of the Laureate's ideals, and slightly cloyed with his sweetness, hailed the new poems with the joy with which school boys welcome a holiday. There were no secrets to discover, no delicate writing between the lines to decipher; all it required was laudation or condemnation; and the way for the latter had been opened by the bold Brete Harte's poems and sketches had taken of the public mind. Fortunately for the author, and unfortunately for the public and the reputations of the critics, the reviews were in the mood just then for praising anything with the slightest flavour of the wild life of the West. Having gained the praises of English critics, the rest followed as a natural consequence. American criticism is still under the English rule, and seldom dares rebel. The echoes of praise on this side the water have been weaker than the original notes, not only because echoes usually are, but because the falsity of the English judgment has been vividly felt, and a sense of humiliation in being forced to praise what they could not help but despise, has modified the tone of their remarks. The principal piece, "Arizonian," contains some good lines, but it is the most ludicrously inartistic poem in the language, and the only chance it has to escape condemnation is the inattention of the reader. A first reading may please, but the slightest analysis will disgust any one of ordinary perceptions and a general acquaintance with the scenes and types of character introduced. The hero, a rough, ignorant miner who has spent nearly his whole life beyond the pale of civilization, is made to describe his former home as follows:

> The pines bow'd over, the stream bent under
> The cabin cover'd with thatches of palm,
> Down in a canon so cleft asunder
> By sabre-stroke in the young world's prime,
> It looked as broken by bolts of thunder,
> And bursted asunder and rent and riven
> By earthquakes, driven, the turbulent time
> A red cross lifted red hands to heaven.
> And this in the land where the sun goes down,
> And gold is gathered by tide and by stream,

* Songs of the Sierras. By Joaquin Miller. Toronto: The Canadian News and Publishing Company.

And maidens are brown as the cocoa brown,
And a life is a love and a love is a dream;
Where the winds come in from the far cathay
With odor of spices and balm and bay,
And summer abideth for ever and aye,
Nor comes in a tour with the stately June,
And comes too late and returns too soon
To the land of the sun and the summer's noon.

Now, this as a bit of description may please some, and we will allow them to be pleased with it without expressing much admiration for their taste, although the effects of the "sabre-stroke," "bolts of thunder," and "earthquakes" must have been as confusing in the canon as it is to our minds; but the putting of such language in the mouth of an uncultivated miner shows what outrages on art may escape condemnation by critics already satiated with the artistic. Not being art, they mistake it for nature, and hold it up for the admiration of the world. This is the punishment that follows the reception given to "The Luck of Roaring Camp." Bret Harte was applauded when he made his roughs talk sentiment, and now Joaquin Miller is permitted to follow with mock heroics in the mouth of a man who acknowledges his brutishness. There is no more likeness between the hero of "Arizonian" and the residents of Poker Flat and Roaring Camp, than there is between Cooper's indians and those of the plains. The Outcasts of Poker Flat attract us by giving utterance, wicked and depraved as they are, to natural human emotions which we too often fancy confined to the breasts of the good, while in the poem under consideration we find the same type of character uttering the lines which we have quoted—lines that need no condemnation from us because they condemn themselves when claiming to have been spoken by their reputed author. The entire poem is marked by the same incongruity. But considering it apart from this fundamental error, we find the incidents, or rather the incident—the drowning of the girl who shared with the miner

The cabin cover'd with thatches of palm—

it having but one, improbable when the character of the victim is considered. She was a child of the mountains, and knew them in their every mood. Ask a returned miner if a native could be caught in the bed of a stream by the flood from the mountains, and he will smile at your simplicity. Mr. Miller seems to have a paradoxical faculty for making her characters say and do and suffer the things most out of keeping with their characters and supposed knowledge and circumstances. The miner had aroused her jealousy by brutally declaring of a girl in his own land:

She is fairer and I loved her first
And shall love her last come the worst to worst.

Then, instead of boiling a poisonous plant with his coffee, or stabbing him on the instant,

She turned from the door and down to the river,
And mirrored her face in the whimsical tide,

utterly regardless of the signs of the coming flood of which all nature was full. The catastrophe follows:

I lay in my hammock: the air was heavy
And hot and threat'ning; the very heaven
Was holding its breath; and bees in a bevy
Hid under my thatch; and birds were driven
In clouds to the rocks in a hurried whirr
As I peered down the path for her.
She stood like a bronze bent over the river,
The proud eyes fix'd, the passion unspoken—
When the heavens broke like a great dyke broken.
Then, ere I fairly had time to give her
A shout of warning, a rushing of wind
And the rolling of clouds and a deafening din
And a darkness that had been black to the blind,
Came down as I shouted, 'Come in! Come in!
Come under the roof, come up from the river,
As up from a grave—come now or come ever!'
The tassel'd tops of the pines were as weed,
The red-woods rock'd like to lake-side reeds,
And the world seem'd darken'd and drown'd forever.

Our author then permits his hero to go to sleep, knowing that his faithful companion is struggling with death outside. The purpose of putting him to sleep is evidently to permit him to dream a dream in which he sees

When the flood caught her hair as the flax in a wheel,
And wheeling and whirling her round like a reel,
Laugh'd loud her despair, then leapt like a steed,
Holding tight to her hair, holding fast to her heel.

The lines in which he relates how the brown face of the dead girl haunted him, and the manner in which he attempts to clear himself of all blame by repeating over and over that he called her to come in, would seem natural and affecting, if coming from a less heartless wretch. He gathered his gold and started for the East, where he had plighted faith with a blonde maiden twenty-one years before, thinking—

She has braided her tresses, and through her tears
Look'd away to the West, for years, the years
That I have wrought where the sun tans brown.

He reaches "the old town-pump" where "the tale was told," and finds the daughter of his betrothed and mistakes her for the one he seeks. He then goes into a most extravagant wail over his evil fate, using all the resounding adjectives in the language. And this is the best poem of the lot, and the one on which the author's fame is supposed to rest.

"With Walker in Nicaragua" is a weak attempt to glorify that plunder-seeking outlaw. He begins by saying "He was a brick," and if he had stopped there both the dead and the living would have been better served than they are by the twenty-six pages he has devoted to the subject. "Californian" is chiefly remarkable for having nothing suggestive of California in it. "Ina" we cannot speak of. We have not read it; we have heard of no one who has; and we fancy no one will. It looks dreary and there are forty pages of it. "The Tale of

the Tall Alcade" is spun out till it covers thirty pages, and is a watery production. "Kit Carson's Ride" has the merit of being short, and there is considerable fire and dash in it. But it is outrageously false to nature, and out of all keeping with the well known character of the hero—a hero indeed in the pages of Fremont's account of his exploration and in the traditionary lore of the plains, but a mountebank, a fool, and a cowardly despicable cur as described by Miller, who evidently thought he was doing a great work for the famous Indian-fighter. He makes him mount his horse and engage in a race for life with a prairie fire, to the intense disgust of every one acquainted with life on the plains. Kit, in such an emergency would have kindled a fire at the first sign of danger, and burnt over a safe retreat for himself and his "stolen brown bride," if his hatred of the Indian would ever have permitted him to choose a squaw for a companion. He escapes on his bride's horse, leaving her to perish in the flames. Shade of Carson! forgive this man, and have patience with those who laud such libels on you yet a little while.

The best book for children that has appeared for a long while is a collection of Mr. Hale's contributions to "Our Young Folks." This little volume* is full of wise councils expressed in the most attractive and kindly manner. It is the wisdom of age and experience imparted in language intelligible to childhood. The author never for a moment seems to take for granted a knowledge that it is not usual to find in the young. He indulges in no sarcasms or witticisms of the artificial order that require a certain degree of acquaintance with society to understand. The position he occupies is the happy mean between childhood and youth—wise of head and young of heart. In the chapter headed "Talk," he illustrates and enforces the necessity for telling the truth, and enjoins his young readers not to talk about their own affairs, to confess ignorance, to pay attention to the persons talking to them, not to underrate their interlocutors, and to be short. In "How to Write" he teaches the maxims: know what you want to say, say it, use your own language, leave out all the fine passages, a short word is better than a long one, and the fewer words the better. There are thousands of grown-up children who need to learn the lessons taught in these two chapters. Did the author address children on the subject as a grim sarcasm on the endless talkers and the writers of long sentences that abound everywhere, or has he given up the idea of reforming these and concluded to devote all his energies to the young? How happy would society and newspaper readers be if the lessons taught in this little book had been learned by the talkers and writers of the day. In that case we should not have to endure inflictions like the following specimen—and a fair example of the ruling style it is—from a "local" in a recent issue of a daily newspaper —— "The echo of the clocks striking the solemn hour of midnight had died away among the mountains of Jonestown and the neighbouring valleys," etc. He meant to say "At midnight in Jonestown," etc.

* How to do It. By Edward Everett Hale. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.

Let us pray that this little book may save a future generation from such inflictions. The remaining chapters are on how to go into society, to travel, life at school, in vacation, alone with children; habits in church and habits of reading.

Another book for children, "William Henry and His Friends,"* is from the pen of Mrs. A. M. Diaz, and forms a sequel to the "William Henry Letters" that attracted some attention in "Our Young Folks." It is a more ambitious work than "How to do It," more elaborate, more artificial, more fanciful; but not so pleasing or profitable.

There seems to be no end to books of travel, every season producing its supply. One of those recently issued is a lady's account of a trip through the land of the Czars.† The style of the work is sketchy, the different chapters being reminiscences of particular scenes rather than a continuous narration. The language is simple, but the style is rather ornamental, and exclamation points are made to do frequent service.

In striking contrast with these glimpses by the way are the studies of Spanish society given us in Col. Hay's charming essays‡ He has entered very deeply into the Peninsula mind, and has learned many things that have escaped the attention of more prejudiced inquirers. With more faith in human nature than is ordinarily possessed, and with a broad charity for all the weaknesses of humanity, he sketches the customs and superstitions of the countrymen of Don Quixote and Gil Blas with a due appreciation of the influences that have tended to produce them. Any one who has not been in Spain, and many who have written about her, may learn much about that country from this little work.

No man is better qualified to write a biography at once accurate and popular of the Wizard of the North than the author of the latest work§ on the subject. Taking Lockhart as his chief authority he has condensed the facts given by him very much, and has lightened them with all the new and really valuable anecdotes of his subject. His own personal experiences with Scott are related with much modesty. It is, at this time, the best book on the subject to be obtained.

Several of Higginson's interesting essays‖ in the *Atlantic Monthly*, have been collected into a handsome volume. They are well worth permanent preservation, as they are both readable and valuable. Mr. Higginson does not attempt the brilliancy which sparkles unrestingly on the pages of many American essayists, but his ideas are always expressed clearly and his style is easy and racy.

* Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.
† A Russian Journey. By Edna Dean Proctor. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.
‡ Castilian Days. By John Hay. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.
§ Sir Walter Scott. The Story of his Life. By R. Shelton Mackenzie. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.
‖ Atlantic Essays. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.

LITERARY NOTICES.

OLD AND NEW has been steadily broadening its base and widening its grasp upon the sympathies of the public. The inventive genius of the author of that plausible hoax—"The Man without a Country"—has displayed itself in the new and popular features that have almost monthly been added to the magazine. It contains a new feature in periodical literature—a story written by six writers, each one writing a single part. The names of all the authors are given, and the public left to guess which one of the six is the author of particular chapters. "The Vicar's Daughter" promises to be one of MacDonald's best stories. This magazine discusses the gravest questions of politics, religion, social order, and history. New subscribers will get the October, November and December numbers, and *The Christmas Locket*, free.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY offers many attractions for 1872. A new "Autocrat" series will appear from Dr. Holmes's pen, entitled "The Poet at the Breakfast Table"; Mr. DeMille will furnish "The Comedy of Terrors;" in "The Diversions of the Echo Club," prominent poets will be criticised and travestied; and the Editorial Department will be enlarged.

LIPPINCOTT has secured a new story from the most popular of living novelists, George MacDonald, and will continue Edward Whymper's exquisitely illustrated "Scrambles among the Alps." The number of pages will be increased, and a great variety of tales and sketches have already been secured. The current number has the typographical excellence for which Lippincott is famous, and contains some articles of more than ordinary merit.

HARPER is as sensible and practical as ever, and its range as wide and popular. "The Eternal City," an elegantly illustrated article; "The Haunted Lake"; "French Royal Chateaux"; and a curious statistical article entitled "The Arithmetic of God," are the gems of the December number.

SCRIBNER has secured the promise of a series of articles from Mr. Gladstone for the coming year, and many other attractions are promised. The current number is embellished with some fine illustrations. "Sights in and around Yeddo," "Pictures from the Plains," and "Cyprus—Afloat and Ashore," are excellent articles.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is progressive and reformatory in tone. The December number contains an able review of Beecher's Life of Christ, a scholarly article on some recent scientific developments, and much other interesting matter.

EVERY SATURDAY, after a brilliant career as an illustrated paper, will go back to its original form the first of January. Its illustrations have been first-class, and it will be missed by all lovers of artistic journalism.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, a new monthly, is soon to be issued by Messrs. Adam, Stevenson and Company, Toronto.