

STEWART'S LITERARY QUARTERLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

Light and Entertaining Literature.

JANUARY.

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GEORGE STEWART, Jr.,

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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No. 4.

COLUMBUS.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, St. John's, Newfoundland.

“CHANCES have laws as fixed as planets have,
And disappointment's dry and bitter root,
Envy's harsh berries, and the choking pool
Of the world's scorn, are the right mother-milk
To the tough hearts that pioneer their kind
And break a pathway to those unknown realms
That in the earth's broad shadow lie enthralled.
Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts.
These are their stay; and when the leaden world
Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,
And brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,
Crashes his huge mace down in the other scale,
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe:
One faith against a whole world's unbelief—
One soul against the flesh of all mankind.”

The heroic life of Columbus is a striking commentary on these noble lines. The achievement by which he wreathed around his brow the laurel crown of earth's immortals was reached by endurance and patience such as even the bravest souls have rarely displayed, and amid contumely, scorn and disappointment such as furnished an ample supply of this strong “mother's milk” to his “tough heart.” When we turn the magic lantern of history on Columbus, the figure presented is grand and heroic in the highest degree. Still, we must beware of the tricks of fancy, when shaping our image of the hero. His great discovery and immense fame are apt to suggest to us the idea of a vast mind and iron will, driving right onward to a destined end, tossing obstacles aside as playthings, and making the powers of earth yield to his behests. Or perhaps we think of him as some immense, unapproachable phantom of the sea, playing fearlessly with “ocean's bristled neck,” holding a gigantic rudder, and ruling sublimely over the world of waters. The reality, however, shows us a man of “like passions with ourselves,” who was sorely tried at times with the folly and stupidity of those around him, and hindered by their selfishness and envy; stung often by the reptiles of society; fighting his way to success, inch by inch, amid disappointments and partial failures; benefiting the world, and reaping the world's ingratitude. The strong will that tramples down all opposition, and ever translates its thought into

victorious deed—the unity of action that swerves not from its purpose till it is fully realised—rarely exist but in the fancy of the dramatist. To struggle and be beaten back, and painfully renew the conflict; to gain a little by sore toil, and to be humbled at times by shameful failure; to stumble on, amid “broken lights” and foiled endeavours, and to die at last with a great hope burning in the soul, but unfulfilled,—this is too frequently the fate of humanity.

So it was with Columbus. He was truly one of earth's great ones, with less intermixture of human weakness and littleness than usually falls to the lot of mortal greatness. Not because he discovered a world is he to be reckoned great, for a fisherman driven westward in a storm might possibly have done that by accident; but because in the depths of his own soul he conceived the great idea that, by sailing westward into the unexplored abysses of ocean, he would reach land: and having struck out the daring project, he held to it with a grasp like that of gravitation, and accomplished it in spite of mountains of difficulties and yawning dangers, and all the obstacles that ignorance and stupidity could fling in his path. In realising his great design, he cheerfully sacrificed self, renounced ease and pleasure, chose laborious days and sleepless nights, and bore patiently the world's scorn, in order that he might benefit the world. This is the truest moral greatness. In itself, his work was great beyond all comparison. History has crowned him as the completer of the globe—the conqueror who threw open the gates of ocean, and subjected to us mighty realms; who scattered the dark phantoms that brooded over the watery abysses, and gave us the waves for our ships, and the greatest of the continents as a home for the crowded populations of Europe: laying open vast fields for human energy and enterprise, widening the thoughts of men, and enlarging immensely the materials on which they were to work. But great as was the man's work, the spirit in which he wrought was greater still. No ignoble motive animated the heroic soul of Columbus; no base, selfish end led him on to victory. His enthusiasm was pure and profoundly religious. He believed himself to be marked out by Heaven to perform a high, spiritual work—to open up new realms, then blind and pagan, before the onward march of christianity. In the profoundest depths of his being dwelt the conviction that he was God's appointed minister for a mighty, beneficent purpose to the race of man. He read this in the solemn whispers of his own solitary soul, and also in the pages of the Bible, of which he was a diligent student. In its far-reaching prophecies he saw the shadow of that future whose curtain he was to raise. It was this faith in the invisible that scattered all doubt, and enabled him to see “the land that was very far off.” This infused a solemn enthusiasm into his soul, cast out doubt and fear, gave a lofty dignity to the whole man, made him a poet in feeling and thought, and marked his actions with sublimity and energy. This firm conviction, that he was God's appointed servant, enabled him to front a scoffing, opposing world with his cherished thought, and to brave difficulty and danger on its behalf. And when envy and malice pursued him, and he was sent back in chains from his own New World, and an old age of poverty, disease and neglect became the lot of the world's benefactor, this faith sustained him still, and enabled him to depart in the calm consciousness of having accomplished a noble deed, leaving a priceless legacy to the world, and to after ages the memory of a heroic, religious soul, who faithfully served God and man. Among all his noble qualities, therefore, the profound religiousness of his nature stands foremost. According to the light he had, he was under all circumstances a devout, worshipping man. On whatever new soil he landed, his first act was to worship

God. Out on the great ocean he never failed, morning and evening, to call his crew to prayers. He vowed to devote a large portion of his share of the profits of the enterprise to initiate a new crusade, in order to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the Infidel,—one of the great religious ideas of his age. Whatever human weakness clung to him, in this at least he was strong—in that religious hope and trust which led him to refer immediately to God, whatever of clear knowledge and new illumination he possessed. Here was the secret of his strength.

Great men are not the mere products of the times in which they live—the epitome of their age—the creations of those formative currents of thought that are traversing the masses. Great men are the gifts of kind Heaven to our poor world; instruments by which the Highest One works out his designs; light-radiators to give guidance and blessing to the travellers of time. Though far above us, they are felt to be our brothers; and their elevation shows us what vast possibilities are wrapped up in our common humanity. They beckon us up the gleaming heights to whose summits they have climbed. Their deeds are the woof of this world's history. In their minds the mighty thoughts, the discoveries, the enterprises that create epochs and mould the masses of men, first take shape. These heroic souls have toiled to smooth for us the rough surface of earth: they have braved danger and death, and laid the spoils at our feet. Still, though not the mere outgrowth of their age, they are, of necessity, influenced and limited by it. Thus it was with Columbus. However far in advance of his fellows, he was still a man of the fifteenth century. The impulses and ideas then current, the discoveries then made, told on his sensitive, largely-inquiring mind, fired his imagination, and gave a bent to his thoughts. It was a stirring era—the age of geographical discoveries and maritime adventures. In the preceding century the Mariner's Compass had been constructed; and in 1452 printing was invented—the most momentous of all the creations of man's inventive brain. New ideas, regarding the world and man's destiny in it, began to make way. Blind subjection to the past was repudiated. Science entered on her great career. A wider theatre was needed for the development of the new life of men. The narrow strip of earth, consisting of parts of Europe, Asia and Africa, on which history had hitherto transacted itself, was suspected not to be the whole. The Portuguese led the way in the new career of discovery. Away down the African Coast their daring mariners crept, passing Cape Bojador—"the fearful out-stretcher," as the name signifies,—which had barred the way for twenty years, penetrating the dreaded torrid zone, crossing the line, losing sight of the North Polar Star, and gazing in rapture on the Southern Cross and the luminaries of another hemisphere, till at length Vasco De Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope and reached the shores of India. Thus the earth was continually widening in man's view. What new discoveries might not the abysses of ocean yet disclose! What stirring tales these Portuguese voyagers were telling of strange lands, of new races of men, of the terrors and wonders of the deep! Everything was fresh and romantic to these mariners, who gazed on all with the ready credulity and simple fancy of children.

Deep in the soul of one man these wonders and mysteries had sunk.—Columbus began to ponder on the secrets of the world that were now coming to light. Born in Genoa in 1435, the son of an honest wool-comber, he acquired when a youth a good knowledge of the Latin language, and studied geography, geometry, astronomy and navigation. At the age of fourteen he took to sea, being drawn to it by an irresistible longing. For twenty years

almost nothing is known of him, except that he was afloat during the greater part of that time, battling with storm and billow, fighting pirates and infidels, familiarizing himself with strange lands and men, learning how to lay his hand fearlessly on ocean's mane when its wrath is roused, how to be patient, enduring and watchful of opportunity. Thus the future sea-king served his apprenticeship of twenty years, developing the hardihood and courage that rendered him one of the most skilful and intrepid navigators of his day. About the end of this period he arrived in Lisbon, being then thirty-five years of age. He was attracted, no doubt, by the fame of the Portugese discoveries, and wished to profit by intercourse with her famous captains. In the prime of life at this time, he is described as tall, muscular, well formed; his eyes light grey, full of depth and fire; his demeanour dignified, indicating one born to command. In Lisbon he settled, married, and was naturalized. For several years he voyaged frequently to the coast of Guinea; and when on shore supported himself by making maps and charts, an art in which he greatly excelled.

Our curiosity yearns to know in what way, and under what conjuncture of circumstances, his great idea first arose in his mind,—at what moment his mighty hope dawned. We only know that during these years when he was voyaging, the thought that afterwards rose to imperial power in his soul was slowly evolved and pondered in the depths of his spirit. In solitude all great thoughts are born:—

“ If the chosen soul could never be alone
 In deep mid-silence, open-doored to God,
 No greatness ever had been dreamed or done.
 Among dull hearts a prophet never grew :
 The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude.”

No great discovery has ever yet been reached at a bound; but slowly, painfully, and with many a hesitating step. It was so in the case of Columbus. A dim expectancy, a trembling hope, (Heaven-awakened surely, as he believed,) began to throb. Each new scrap of knowledge, slowly gathered, fed and strengthened it. Above all was it nourished into power by his religious faith, drawing every element of beauty and strength into its own high, inward service. Dim and vague at first, the idea slowly took definite shape that he, too, by Heaven's grace, might achieve some great discovery, bringing glory to God and good to man. Not without many “fightings without and fears within,” did the throbbing thought advance. We may picture him, at this time, pacing the deck of his little bark, the rough, thoughtless sailors around, gazing wistfully over those watery wastes to the west, as yet unfurrowed by a keel, and longing for the hour when he would find himself afloat, with his prow towards the setting sun. And then when night has closed in, we may fancy him in his little cabin poring over Toscanelli's map of the world, by the flickering light of his poor lamp; then opening the marvellous pages of Marco Polo, and pondering his glowing descriptions of Cathay and Cipango; and then turning to the burning words of Isaiah, Ezekiel and Daniel, and weighing the meaning of their dark sayings, and at length seeing the foreshadowing of his own high hopes gleaming from the mystic page, and so building up into certainty his formless conceptions, till a sacred rapture pervades his soul.

No special sources of information were open to Columbus, on which to found his great expectancy. The materials at his command were open to all, and were poor enough. These were, the cosmographical speculations of the day, in which imagination largely mingled; the dreams of learned men;

the dim prophetic notices of unknown lands ; Portuguese discoveries, and vague reports among mariners of drift-wood seen upon the ocean. It required the quick instinct of genius, on the part of Columbus, to link all these together, and divine from them a new world in the west, with that strong-winged conviction that bore him to its shores. Did not Shakespeare construct his immortal dramas out of the roughest materials—traditions, stupid old chronicles, plays and histories? These, fused by the fire of his genius, came forth deathless creations, to delight and instruct the world. How little others made of the same materials that were available to Columbus, appears from the fact that for years he was in a minority of one, and that all the scientific men of the day condemned his scheme as visionary. In spite of all this, he arrived at the fixed conclusion that there was a way by the west to the Indies ; that he could discover that way, and so arrive at Cipango, Cathay, and the countries described in such glowing phrases by Marco Polo. He by no means calculated on finding a mighty continent, untrodden by the foot of any European. His theory was, that, as the earth is a sphere, it might be travelled round from east to west ; that only a third of its circumference yet remained unexplored ; that this space was partly filled up by the eastern regions of Asia, which he imagined extended so far as to approach within a moderate distance of the western shores of Europe and Africa ; and that, by sailing due west across the intervening ocean, he would land on the eastern shores of Asia, or, as he always termed it, India. Thus, what Columbus actually accomplished, proved to be far greater than anything he proposed. He hoped to find a new way to India ; he discovered instead a mighty continent, undreamed of before, cut off from the Old World by mighty oceans. The gifts of genius are far greater than the givers themselves venture to suppose. Two fortunate errors entered into Columbus's calculations :—He fancied the globe much smaller than it is ; and he imagined Asia to stretch much further eastward than it really does. These happy mistakes encouraged him to venture out into the western waters, under the impression that his voyage could not be unduly lengthened before he touched some of the islands off the coast of Eastern Asia. Thus, then, the great thought, dimly seen at first, rose grander and grander, like a great sun on his soul, and at length possessed and enthralled his whole being. Doubts vanished. The long arms of his faith reached across and touched the promised land, while he stood on the shores of Spain.

We have all looked with interest on the picture that represents Columbus expounding to the Prior of La Rabida the grounds of his mighty hope. Seated at a table, with a map before him and compasses in hand, is the stately figure of the hero, his little son Diego by his side. A striking portrait it is : tall, majestic, grave and lofty in bearing ; the face lighted up with that enthusiasm which marks the hero and the saint ; the ruddy cheek, bronzed by exposure to the ocean winds ; the hair prematurely white ; the man himself fresh and courageous—battered but not overthrown by misfortune. He had arrived at the Franciscan Convent of Santa Maria de Rabida, in Andalusia, on foot, leading by the hand his little boy. Weary, dust-covered and thread bare, he begged at the Convent gate for a crust of bread. He had turned his back in disgust on Portugal, whose king had meanly tried to act on his plans when confidentially submitted, without his concurrence or aid, and so rob him of his reward. Now he was on his way to the capital of Spain. The Prior of the Convent, Juan Perez by name, entered into conversation with the careworn wayfarer ; and being a man of education and intelligence, he soon found that he was entertaining no ordinary traveller. Hour after hour he listened,

as, with earnest and honest simplicity, the stranger discoursed of his designs and convictions, and announced the grounds on which his vast expectancy rested. The Prior was charmed, amazed, and finally convinced. He found his guest was no foolish dreamer, no sordid adventurer, and that his project had a solid foundation in fact and science. Then the rough mariner went on to tell the story of his life: how he had made the offer of discovering a new world to his native city, Genoa, and had met only scorn and ridicule; then how the treacherous John of Portugal had deceived him, and that now he was in search of a worthier employer. The good Prior was fairly won over, entered heartily into his enterprise, took charge of his son, and gave him an introduction at court to the reigning sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella. Honour to thee, Juan Perez! Thy clear-seeing eye and open, generous heart enabled thee to put aside the beggar's garb, and discover the noble spirit within. Thou didst nobly and disinterestedly reach the kind hand of help to genius in its sore struggles and disappointments! Thou didst believe in the hero when all else scoffed at him, and didst side with him and truth against the world: and therefore thy name shall go down to the latest posterity in connection with the discoverer of the New World.

“ Then to side with truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they have denied.”

The brief limits of this paper forbid our following the fortunes of our hero in detail. We cannot now tell how he spent six weary years at court, pressing his suit for leave to give new and boundless dominions to Spain, hope deferred making his heart sick; ignorance, stupidity and prejudice throwing obstructions in his way, and scoffing at his great hope. Nor can we describe the scene in the hall of the Dominican Convent at Salamanca, where a grand council of all the learned, reverend and distinguished men of the kingdom met to consider his design, and solemnly pronounced it visionary and presumptuous. How could these learned doctors and great and dignified men submit to be taught by this obscure navigator, the son of a Genoese wool-comber! After hovering for six years about the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, getting only vague promises, he at last turned away in disappointment, though not in despair, and resolved to set out for France. Once more he reached La Rabida, and the kind Prior listened patiently to his tale of grief and disappointment. He was deeply moved, and resolved to make one last effort by appealing in person to Isabella, whose confessor he had been, and in whose favour he stood high. The magnanimous heart of Isabella was profoundly moved when the great enterprise was fairly propounded to her. She entered heartily into it, and declared that, if needful, she would pledge her jewels to meet expenses. Once more Columbus returned to court, his heart now beating high with hope.

Now at length the prophet of the New World saw his star in the ascendant. After long years of struggle and waiting, his great scheme was to be fairly launched. It is once more a single man against the world; but on his side are truth and fact. The grandest scene in world-history is about to open. The man who is about to burst the gates of the Atlantic stands ready for his task; and the only souls that really believe in him and cheer him on, are the queenly Isabella and the kind-hearted Prior of La Rabida.

Friday, the 3rd August, 1492, is a memorable day in the annals of the world. On that day the little squadron of Columbus sailed from the port of

Pales. Never had hero such wretched tools wherewith to work. Let us look at him as he embarks. He has under his command three small vessels, the crews in all numbering about 120 men, most of them pressed into the service, all hating it, and expecting no other issue than death in such a mad venture. With heavy hearts and dreary forebodings they bade adieu to their friends. The three ships, called *caravels* in the language of the day, were of the poorest description, about 50 or 70 tons burden, not much better than our river craft: two of them with oars and no deck—crazy, leaky, scarcely sea-worthy. In these frail craft, with nothing but compass and quadrant to guide him, with sullen, terror-stricken, disheartened crews, our hero has to brave the Atlantic's billows, and penetrate the shoreless, unexplored waste of water, darkness and danger before him, faithless, cowardly hearts around, and no alternative to success but failure, scorn and dishonour. Courage, brave heart! Thou hast need of all thy patient fortitude and stern resolve. Thou art alone—no sympathising soul with thee; “the beating heart of this great enterprise.” and wanting thee it falls in ruins. These black billows, leaping madly under pressure of the tempest's wing, thou hast to tame and make helping ministers to bear thee on. These rude winds, pursuing their wild revels from pole to pole, thou hast to watch and render subservient to thy designs. With strong hand and resolute heart, thou hast to beat down mutiny, rebuke cowardice, and rouse the weak and timid. Courage, my hero! The invisible calls thee; the voice that errs not whispers in thine ear; thy triumph gleams over the blank ocean from afar, beckoning thee onward. Bravest of ocean rangers, thou art greater than all this tumultuous world of waters around thee, with thy strong heart and trust in God!

Never in this world's history was there a grander sight than that of Columbus, with his little *caravels*, sailing boldly to the west. See him as he paces the deck, resolute of heart, his white hairs tossing in the wind, his eyes kindling with the fires of faith and hope; his resolution inexorable as doom. See him, as “fortune's full sail strains onward,” blessing the heaven-sent breezes that waft him away from the habitations of civilized men, and bear him into the unknown; reckoning up with grateful heart, each hour, the increasing leagues that separate him from Spain. Vigilant, cheerful, joyous, triumphant at times, he is ready for any emergency: his quick eye takes in every movement, marks every change. Onward the crazy *caravels* career over the waves—mere specks upon the waters—far beyond the bounds where the most daring have ever ventured before; onward they glide, and still the brief word to the helmsman is “westward.” Is it wonderful that the terrified sailors begin to collect in groups on the deck, and to whisper their suspicions that their captain is wholly mad, or a reckless desperado, to carry them into these abysses, provisions failing, and hope of return each day lessening? Or that their muttered threats of throwing him overboard and returning to Spain are heard? But, somehow, a glance from that calm, clear eye quells the mutinous spirits; and as the commanding voice thunders out orders, they reluctantly obey. But what new horror is this that is whispered round the decks with white lips? Their only guide, the compass, begins to forsake them; and, for the first time, points no longer to the Polar Star, in this region of terrors, but declines to the north-west! Surely the reckless commander will now turn back! But no!—onward, “westward” still. And now they enter that portion of the ocean called afterwards the Saragossa Sea, covered with sea-weed, looking, to the frightened sailors, like a vast inundated meadow. There is little wind, and the clotted masses of sea-weed seem likely to

arrest the motion of the ships. The fate of the ancient mariner threatens these daring men—"the first that ever burst into this lonely sea." Now it is that the greatness of Columbus rises into sublimity. His confidence mounts higher as difficulties thicken. By firmness, patience and kindness he is able to control this crowd of superstitious, frightened men; to repress their rage and despair, and to lure them on. What though the dash of endless waves is in his ear, a hand is stretched to him from out the darkness, and grasping it fearlessly he is led onward. As the sea heaves beneath the stern, and the cordage rattles in the wind, he seems to hear from afar the plunge of mighty Amazon, as it leaps from its Continent into Atlantic's arms; and with clear-glancing, prophetic eye he already beholds the billows laving the green isles that lie before him, and breaking in foam on the shores he has dreamed of.

Onward glide the caravels. To all remonstrances the daring captain's answer is, that he has come out in search of the Indies, and, by the blessing of Heaven, he will not turn back till he has done his work. His faith flings the mountains of doubt and difficulty into the sea. But now, at last, the star of hope rises: messengers from the land of promise, in the shape of strange, bright birds, come around the ships. Another day, and lo! a thorn-branch, with berries on it, floating past. What a blessed sight to the despairing seamen! Then a board is picked up, and then a rudely-carved staff—the work of human hands. Doubt vanishes; land is near; gloom gives way to confidence. It is now the evening of 11th October, 1492, the thirty-sixth day out. The sun goes down on the same weary round of waters which, for so long a time, their eyes had ached to see beyond. Every eye is eagerly peering into the darkness for the first glimpse of land. It is the eagle glance of the heroic commander that gets the first vision of his own New World. At ten o'clock he is ranging the dusky horizon; sees a light ashore and points it out to others. At two o'clock in the morning, the leading ship gives the signal of land by firing a gun. What a night was this, when with the morning's sun the curtain shall rise on a new world, on which the eyes of European had never gazed! How impatiently the sleepless eyes look out for the dawn! Slowly the morning mists rise; and lo! before their eager gaze lies a small, green island, beautiful exceedingly, its shores lined with the Red-men, the children of another hemisphere. Columbus named it San Salvador. With becoming pomp and ceremony, and attended by a retinue of his followers, the heroic leader lands; and by one common impulse they all fall on their knees with tears—tears of that deepest kind that men know not the cause of—and "poured forth their immense thanksgiving to Almighty God." The noble deed is done, not to be done again at all for ever: one that must stand alone in the records of time, encircling the name of the doer with imperishable renown. The secret of the great deep is disclosed: once and forever a knowledge of the New World is secured for all men.

The hour of triumph for Columbus has arrived. He returns to Spain; lands at Palos amid the ringing plaudits of the populace; marches in triumphal procession, like a Roman conqueror, to Barcelona, surrounded by his peaceful spoils—his Indians, gold, strange animals and plants—the joy-bells ringing as he passes through the towns; the people crowding the house-tops to view the peaceful victor of the hour. Seated on their thrones, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, Ferdinand and Isabella await his approach; and as he enters the magnificent saloon, they rise to receive him, bid him be seated in their presence, and having listened to his wondrous tale, they all fall on their knees and give thanks to God with many tears, and rising chant the

Te Deum. From end to end of Europe the trumpet blast rings out "a new world found"—a world of romance, too, abounding in gold and pearls, with strange vegetable forms and animal races, and man in forms and stages of civilization untraced of before. New light breaks in on the learned. The whole current of men's thoughts receives a new direction. Multitudes of adventurous spirits, despising danger and privations, prepare to explore the secrets of the new hemisphere. The poor Genoese sailor is now the most famous man in all the world.

But never was the worthlessness of popularity more strikingly illustrated than in the case of Columbus. Only seven years after this royal reception, envy and malignity did their work; the minds of the sovereigns were poisoned against him by false accusations; and in an evil hour they sent out Bobadilla, a coarse, violent man, to supersede Columbus in Hispaniola. Exulting in the opportunity of insulting a great man, Bobadilla put Columbus in irons and sent him to Spain. It is true Ferdinand and Isabella repudiated the deed, struck off his fetters, ignored the false charges made against him, and received him with kindness and honour. But those irons sank deep into the soul of Columbus. He kept them hanging in his room till the day of his death, and ordered them to be buried in his grave. This was the way in which the great-hearted benefactor of a world protested against the ingratitude and injuries heaped upon him. Yet this is but the oft-recurring fate of genius in every age. The world knows not its prophets: stones them when living, leaving after ages to build their sepulchres.

Columbus made three more voyages to the lands he had found; and, amid terrible perils and hardships, greatly enlarged his discoveries. Besides Hispaniola and Cuba, he reached Jamaica, the Caribbee Islands and Trinidad; and in his last voyage explored a part of the coast of the Continent, in the neighbourhood of Veragua and Honduras. Yet, strange to say, he never knew that he had discovered a new Continent, and died in the belief that the land he found was the eastern coast of Asia. Broken in health and spirits by the sufferings and disasters of his final expedition, he returned to Spain, hoping to find repose after all his toils. Vain hope! Isabella, his patroness, was dead; and the ungrateful Ferdinand treated him coldly; refused to restore him the offices, dignities and property of which he had been unjustly deprived; and, amid the torments of a painful disease, the great man spent his last days in poverty and neglect.

And now we shall hastily glance at one other scene in his eventful history. Let us reverently draw aside the curtains and look into the dying chamber of the hero at Valladolid. A venerable figure is seated in a chair, propped up with pillows—feeble and suffering, but with God's patent of nobility still stamped upon his countenance. Near him stand his sons, and a few dear friends who are true to the last. The old man is bound on his last voyage to that country where "there is no more sea;" and he has loved the sea so well, and played with its wild waves so long, that we can almost fancy he regrets its absence from "the New Earth." He is now embarking on that ocean where we shall each of us, one day, make great discoveries. That old room where he is dying is adorned with many a strange object—trophies of his exploits,—dried plants and skins of animals from another hemisphere; tattered maps and charts on which his voyages are marked: and above all the thorn-branch and carved stick that first assured him of nearing the new world. A set of irons, too, occupy a conspicuous place, the meaning of which we know. And now he gives his last charges to those around his chair, the old

enthusiasm flashing out at times, as, with devout thankfulness, he speaks of God's wondrous, merciful dealings with himself. He tells how he, the son of a poor wool-comber, had been called by the Highest One to a mighty work, such as is seldom given to man to perform; and obtained strength and guidance to do it, and to unlock the ponderous gates of ocean that had been closed from the beginning of time. Devoutly he recounts how he was led, step by step, to his great enterprise. Then he goes on to give wise and tender counsels to his children: and having settled all his earthly concerns, he turned his whole thoughts heavenward. On the 20th day of May, 1506, he lies dead—being almost seventy years of age—the hail-storms all over, the quiet haven reached at last

His remains were interred at first in Valladolid; afterwards were carried to Seville; then, in accordance with a request expressed in his will, they were borne to Hispaniola, and finally to Havanna, in the island of Cuba. Here, as was fitting, in the land he discovered, his ashes found a final resting-place. In the time-worn Cathedral Church of the Havanna, on the right hand of the high altar, is an insignificant mural tablet, with a Latin inscription and a rude likeness carved upon it. There is nothing else to mark the grave of the Discoverer of the New World. In the wall behind his remains are built up. He, whose monument is a whole continent, needs no inscription on marble to perpetuate his deeds, which are indelibly inscribed on the memory of mankind.

“ What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
 'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
 In dews that heavens for distant weep,
 Their turf may bloom:
 Or genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb.
 But strew his ashes to the wind, ~
 Whose sword or voice has served mankind,—
 And is he dead whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high?
 To live in hearts we leave behind
 Is not to die.”

NO MORE.

BY C.

Sad memory turns the leaves
 That tell of a fruitless life;
 And my weary spirit grieves
 That it can endure the strife
 No more, no more.

For dead is the bloom of my days—
 Dead as the withered flowers:
 Hope's rosy, illusive rays
 Enlighten the dreary hours
 No more, no more.

On through the darkened years
 I pass to the unknown shore,
 Still seeking, through blinding tears,
 The love that returns no more,
 No more, no more.

L'HIRONDELLE ET DAMOISELLE.

By GEORGE COVENTRY, Cobourg, Ontario.

Au temps des hirondelles,
 Lorsque les damoiselles
 Du reflet de leurs ailes,
 Dorent les Nénuphars
 'A travers la prairie,
 S'en va ma reverie,
 Cherchant l'herbe fleurie
 Qui chatoie aux regards.

TRANSLATION.

THE SWALLOW AND DRAGON-FLY.

Dreary winter's fled away—
 Joyous spring once more returns ;
 Nature all around is gay :
 Thus the seasons take their turne.
 Bounding billows cease their strife :
 Creation thus returns to life.

See the sportive swallow flying,
 Wafted by some genial breeze,
 Watch the new-born lambkin lying—
 Everything around to please.
 Gentle zephyrs o'er me blowing :
 The tender grass is quickly growing.

In yon limpid water gliding,
 Near the verdant bank in sight,
 The water-lily takes a pride in
 Being richly dressed in white :
 The fleecy clouds above its head
 Cast a shadow o'er the bed.

O'er its bosom gaily sporting,
 Dragon-flies display their hue ;
 All the gayest colours courting,
 There most gorgeous meet our view—
 Tinting with a golden ray
 A blush, to make the plant more gay.

Vain is richest satin vying
 With a couch of purest white.
 See the insect softly lying
 Ere the dewy shades of night
 Silently on down reposes,
 Softer than a bed of roses.

Thus I pass a tranquil hour :
 Fancy leads me to some tree—
 There I cull my favourite flower.
 Every moment light and free ;
 All my troubles lulled to rest :
 Not a pang disturbs my breast.

CANADIAN HOMES.

By J. M. LEMOINE, Quebec.

IN the detached papers which constitute the *Maple Leaves*, and in several sketches subsequently published, it has been our aim to place before the reader the early history of Canada, with its peculiar institutions in a light, readable form—more than once delineating men and events under their representative aspect—as types and exponents of epochs. Luc de la Corne St. Luc, redolent of the memories of Carillon, was exhibited as the stalwart defender of the soil—true to his country under the rule of the Bourbons, not deserting it when foreign conquest inaugurated a new *regime*—on the contrary, taking an active part in politics, and in-war under General Burgoyne in 1776. The youthful and self-sacrificing Commander, Dollard des Ormeaux, shone forth in his true colours in 1660—a veritable Leonidas—the bulwark of Canada against Indian ferocity.

D'Iberville, the *Cid* of New France, becomingly typified the proud era when lion-hearted Frontenac, reigning in solitary grandeur at the Chateau St. Louis, warned off summarily Admiral Phipps and all such invaders. Brebocuf and Lalemant, wending calmly their steps through impenetrable forests, to cull the laurels of martyrdom on the fertile banks of Lake Simcoe, fittingly portrayed that epoch of religious enthusiasm and ascetic devotion which characterized the seventeenth century in the French Colonies—the *heroic* times of Canada. Representative men to be found everywhere in our writings, were, in “Canadian Homes,” peculiar types for times and classes, without even forgetting the Great Northern Hunter,* now located for years in the secluded glens of Sillery. Following on the same course, we purpose here depicting the home surroundings and aspirations of an enlightened descendant of one of our oldest feudal houses of Canada—one who traces back to the fourteenth century, as calculated to open out unexplored vistas in the history of the Colony.

POINTE PLATON.

One balmy afternoon in September, 1868, found me cosily seated next to a friend, Fred. O. * * * * *, on the upper deck of the little steamer *L'Etoile*, en route for Pointe Platon, thirty-six miles higher up than Quebec. Rapidly indeed did steam, wind and tide waft us past the numerous ships in the harbour, amongst which loomed out several men-of-war; first the French Corvette *D'Estrees*, next H. B. M. Paddle Steamer *Baracouta*, commanded by courteous Captain Beavan, the screw gunboat *Philomel*, the majestic *Constance*, and last the ponderous (Iron-clad) *Royal Alfred*, Admiral Sir Rodney Mundy—“tritons amongst minnows.” On ye shot, under the overhanging crags of Cape Diamond, close to the mossy heights of Sillery, just then donning their gorgeous russet suit of autumn; soon we reached the entrance of the Cap Rouge river, taking in at one glance the *Dock Company's* solitary piers—and calling on memory to unveil the works of the past—huts, ports, towers, earthworks, such as crowned Charlesbury Royal in those by-gone days when

* Colonel Rhodes.

the intrepid St. Malo Mariner wintered there in 1540-'41,—a name which his fellow countryman, Roberval, changed eighteen months afterwards, in 1542, into *France Roy*, in honour of his sovereign, Frances I. How graphically too, are these same localities described in their narratives written more than three centuries ago! One can recognize, to this day, Cap Rouge and St. Augustin, by the luxuriant wild vines which line the shores, and the undulating green meadows and serpentine stream “which windeth to the north” of St. Augustin, without forgetting the forests of oaks and pines which line the top of Cap Rouge, where stands “Redelyffe,” the seat of Joseph B. Forsyth, Esq.

In a few minutes, we are abreast of the little point at St. Augustin, where sank the ill-starred steamer *Montreal* in June, 1858, a seething mass of flames, consigning to a watery grave some four hundred human beings, whose groans of anguish and despair, before taking the fatal plunge, the survivors will ever remember. Nor must we forget as we scud past to salute St. Augustin, the parish which gave birth to the historian of Canada, F. X. Garneau. Further up a few miles, *Pointe aux Trembles* nestles close to the river's edge, reflecting its shining church spire far across the blue waters of the St. Lawrence. From this identical spot in April, 1760, an exciting spectacle might have been witnessed—the unequal contest of the French Frigate *L'Alatante*, commanded by Capt. de Vaublain, against the English men-of-war sent to destroy and sink the French ships.

Next stands in bold relief at the entrance of the river Jacques Cartier, the bluff, whereon had been erected in 1759, a large, solid earthwork, or fort, now completely destroyed, in which Levi's jaded squadrons, after their hurried flight from the camp at Beauport, rested their wearied limbs, on the 14th of September of that eventful year—dispirited but unsubdued *braves*, longing to be led again against the traditional enemy, and scenting in the distance the splendid victory, which awaited them on the St. Foye heights, on the 23rd April following. A very few acres to the east of this Cape, and uncovering each tide, we noticed a well known land mark, *le roche à Jacques Cartier*, on which Bacqueville de la Potherie's boat was stranded in 1698, and whereon according to him and to Charlevoix, Jacques Cartier himself came nigh finding a watery grave, though other historians and Jacques Cartier's own narrative are silent as to this later circumstance.

On we sped on the bosom of the famed river, until the picturesque horse-shoe point, *Pointe Platon* was in view: loud sounds the steam whistle, and the *L'Étoile* hugs closely the wharf. Three hundred and thirty-four years ago, from this time day for day, another craft carrying the destinies of New France, *l'Emerillon*, Jacques Cartier, Commander, of 40 tons burthen, was spreading her canvass to the breeze opposite this same point, then known as *Achelacy*. Captain the Right Honourable Admiral Cartier, as a Cockney exquisite once styled him, tells us in his Diary (page 40) that he was here met by a *grand Seigneur du pays*, who by dint of “words, signs, and ceremonies” strived to inform him that the river higher up was dangerous on account of rocks and rapids.

It was our friend's good fortune and our own to be welcomed also by a *grand Seigneur du pays*, who neither by words, signs, nor ceremonies, cautioned us against attempting the rapids or rocks of the Richelieu, (as our voyage of discovery, unlike Jacques Cartier's, was not to extend further) but on the contrary made us welcome to his hospitable manor, and for the night and ensuing day there did we sojourn.

POINTE PLATON HOUSE.

The time was when the Province of Quebec could count many old manors, whose loop-holes and massive stone walls had been designed as much to protect their inmates against marauding Indians, as they helped to furnish warm lodgings during January frosts, or cool retreats pending July's tropical heats. Of this class was the old manor house of Beauport (a portion of which is still standing south of Col. Gogy's residence). When sold, it was remarked that for two hundred years it had been in the occupation of the warlike race of the Duchesnays. Cape Sante, Vercheres, Montmagny have also their old seigniorial manors, but they cannot hold out very long under all-devouring time, *tempus edax*. Probably the most extensive structure of this kind was that of the Baron of Longueuil—it formerly stood at Longueuil, where the R. C. temple of Worship has since been erected, and a drawing of its ruins may be seen in the celebrated Album of the late Jacques Viger, the Montreal antiquarian.

On reference to history we find that it comprised a dwelling, armed tower, bakery, brewery, &c.; all these old piles were located less with an eye to the picturesque, than for the safety of the seignior in times of war, and war was the order of the day in that remote period, and for the general convenience of the *ceusitaires* in their intercourse with the Lord of the Manor. Pointe Platon House does not belong to that age. It is a modern structure: the site having been selected by the respected father of its present occupant solely for its natural beauty; some six hundred acres of corn fields, with here and there groves of maple, oak and fir.—Properly speaking, it lies beyond the limits of the populous seignior of Lotbinière, owned by its occupant. Three cultivated *plateaux* descend from the heights of land to the level of the St. Lawrence; on the centre one, stands Pointe Platon House—a commodious, airy dwelling—in a form, looking towards the St. Lawrence. It is surrounded by ample double verandahs, with maple leaves neatly carved in the wood work. In rear, and hid by young firs, pine and maple trees, stands the billiard-room, out-houses, stables, grainaries, in which are stored flax, hemp, and tobacco, the cultivation of which the proprietor has taken much pains to introduce amongst the farmers—the specimens of each exhibited to us were of marvellous size. In front of the House is a sloping lawn, intersected with flower-beds, and crowned directly in front of the dwelling with a terraced flower garden, separated from the lawn by an embankment, surrounded by an evergreen hedge, with an inner zone of sweet briar; adjoining is the orchard, fruit and vegetable garden, and a new vinery, which bids fair to furnish shortly its annual tribute of ambrosial fruit; the whole skirted by a tiny lake, fed by some underground, perennial springs; in the centre a diminutive green islet offers a refuge to yonder quacking squad of Aylesbury ducks, now convoyed round the lake by a pair of snow white Bremen geese. A wire fence shuts out from the “young hopefuls” of the *chateau* all access to this sheet of water which finds its outlet in the hill skirting the garden. From the house verandah a most extensive landscape unfolds on all sides. To the east the vast Bay of St. Croix, in a graceful curve expands—once a dreaded locality to raftsmen, in the days when steamers lent them not their aid, in their downward course, on their timber cribs. To the west the Parish of Cap Santé settles down to the water's edge; next, you see Portneuf and its spacious temple of R. C. worship, the massive pile overshadowing the many surrounding roofs—the mother watching over the welfare of her young. Six

miles more to the east another sprightly village, *Pointeaux Trembles*, shoots up its glittering spire. In the full blaze of the setting sun, to the west of the dwelling, sits a small rustic bower with a flagstaff, crowning a bluff or pointe, known as *Pointe à Papineau*, it having been a favourite resort of the Nestor of our statesman, Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau, when formerly he made his annual visit to Pointe Platon House, in the days of the father of the present possessor.

In the course of our various rambles over mountains and in glens, many a gorgeous panorama has been disclosed to our dazzled gaze, in this our sweet land of Canada. Some spots we found exactly as they had left the mould of omnipotence; fresh in their perennial youth and majesty; the hand of man had neither altered nor defiled them; others showed in every lineament the impress of human ingenuity, cultivated taste, wealth and progress. The first, in their solitary grandeur, we liked to view, like altars, which the great Being had erected for his especial glory; we approached them occasionally, and with reverence. The others, associated with human joys and sorrows, pregnant with family memories, health producing, appeared to us as the natural abodes of men, far from the pestilential breath of the crowded city—these spots we never could tire of seeing—we felt the better from viewing them—from dwelling in their midst. Our visit to Pointe Platon House was too much mingled with the latter thoughts for us to be entirely silent on this score.

On a lovely September afternoon, a few hours before sun set, we stood musing on the spot consecrated by our great Parliamentary Orator, L. J. Papineau; at our feet the wide, murmuring waters, *coeruleum mare*, washing softly the foot of the cape, glorified by the oblique rays of the departing luminary—a sheet of molten gold. More than three centuries ago, a white pennoned bark was doubling possibly at this same hour, this same promontory. What then were the thoughts—the utterings of its historic crew? Were they pondering in their minds the mysterious meaning of the salutation which had greeted them: *A-ca-nada—There is nothing here?* Or were their youthful voices making the welkin ring with amorous ditties in honour of their beloved King and master, Francis I, the royal lover of the beautiful Diana of Poitiers? We looked in vain in our reverie for the *Emerillon* of other days: aught could we see except the black hull of a Montreal deal *bateau*, whose lusty sailors were shouting like stentors, as they purchased the anchor to take advantage of the flood tide:

Oh! Bob Ridly, Oh!
Oh! Bob Ridly, Oh!

Towards the land, our eye followed the successive *plateaux* which close in with the beach; here and there green meadows or fields shorn of their golden harvest; to the east, the model barn, which farmers from the neighbouring counties came to look at and wonder—the last *plateaux* fringed by lofty forest trees, as a back-ground to the scene—presently our eyes caught sight of a horseman cantering in the direction of the manor; it was the *seigneur*, whom his trusty black steed *Corbeau* was carrying homeward from his daily tour of inspection of the farm, where extensive subsoil drainage was being carried on. A few strides more and the Laird is welcomed home by *la Chatelaine* and all the “young hopefuls.” Had all the ancient Canadian seigniors lavished as much money on the promotion of agriculture, and for the benefit of the *censitaires*, few indeed would have been the *cerfs* hardy enough to ask the interference of the Legislature against feudal burthens. The Laird of Lotbinière, though young in years, has already represented his country in the

Canadian Commons for several parliaments: a two-fold mandate has been intrusted to him since Confederation; he is a member of the Local and Dominion Parliaments. But enough has been said to exhibit progress in agriculture and socially as it now stands at Lotbinière and Pointe Platon; a great deal too much has been uttered for the retiring tastes of its worthy Seigneur.

Henri G. Joly, by his mother Julie de Lotbinière, is a lineal descendant of one of the proudest, wealthiest, and most distinguished Canadian houses, that of Chartier de Lotbinière. Let us open the learned* compilation of the Abbé Daniel, a French ecclesiastic, now residing in Montreal. "This family," says the learned Abbé, "connected with the (French) families of Chateaubriand, La Rochefoucauld, Polinac, Montfort, De Vaudreuil, Des Melioses, Soulange, Duchesnay, as represented amongst us by the Harwood and Joly, is one of the most ancient and most illustrious."

Its head on the soil of Canada was Louis Theantre Chartier de Lotbinière, whose first French ancestor by name was Phillippe Chartier, "Receveur General des Comptes in 1374." One of his sons became Bishop of Paris—Alain, the fourth son, was the most illustrious of all. He was Secretary of State to Louis VI, who granted him titles of nobility. His extraordinary eloquence struck so forcibly Margaret of Scotland, the Queen of Louis XI., that she publicly showed him tokens of her esteem. One of his sons, Clement, married a wealthy heiress of Brittany in France, Mlle. de Chateaubauy. To him is traced the name of Lotbinière in his family. Having purchased an estate in Maine, called Binieres, which he wished to distinguish from another which he owned in Dyormais, called Bignines, he added the word *Lot* to the name, which was that of a species of fish found in the ponds of the Chateau, and made Lotbinière. A few years subsequently this domain was erected into a Barony. Clement de Lotbinière died in 1560, aged 104 years; one of his daughters married Joseph de Chateaubriand, an ancestor of the illustrious author of the "*Genie du Christianisme*." He left three sons, of whom Alain, who after entering the army and subsequently studying for the bar, became the great grand-father of the founder of the Lotbinière family in Canada.

Passing over a portion of the family records, we find in Canada, about 1650, Theantre de Lotbinière. The date of the concession of his seigniory is 3rd Nov., 1672. His ability soon brought him into notice, and he was made "*Lieutenant General and Criminel de la Prevosté de Quebec*." It was in 1685 that his son Revels Chartier de Lotbinière obtained the grant of the seigniory "sur la riviere du Chesne," at Lotbinière, which is still in the possession of the family. This old feudal nabob died at Quebec 5th May, 1710, leaving to his son, Eustache Chartier de Lotbinière, immense territorial possessions. We next find in order of date, as his successor, Michel Eustache Gaspard de Lotbinière, a distinguished officer of Engineers, who was intrusted with the building of Fort Carillon (Ticonderoga). He distinguished himself at the memorable battle of Carillon, where General Abercromby with some sixteen thousand men was repulsed by Montcalm at the head of less than one-fourth that number. His services merited him a title of "*Chevalier de St. Louis*," and he was made a Marquis. When these honours were pouring on him, he was the possessor of some most valuable seigniories on Lake Champlain, named *Allainville*. After the conquest, he acquired the seig-

* *Histoire des Grandes Familles Francaises du Canada, Eusibe Senutial, Montreal, 1867.* This beautifully illustrated volume, the materials for which have been recently compiled in France and in Canada, ought to be in the hands of every student of Canadian history.

niorities of Rigaud, Vaudreuil, and Lotbinière, in the District of Montreal. He was, however, unjustly dispossessed by the American Government of his seigniories on Lake Champlain, and, notwithstanding repeated demands, his claim has remained in abeyance to this day. He died in 1799.

Eustache Gaspard Michel Chartier de Lotbinière inherited from his father the estates of Vaudreuil, Rigaud, and Lotbinière, as likewise the title of Marquis, which, however, he never assumed. He took an active part in favour of the British in 1775, and in 1793, succeeded to Mr. Panetthe, Speaker of the Canadian Commons, as Speaker of that House. He died in his seigniory in 1821, and his lady, generally known as the Marquise de Lotbinière, expired in 1834, leaving to transmit the old family name, which had seen thirteen generations, no sons, but three daughters. The eldest married in 1823, the Hon. Robert Unwin Harwood, a member of the Legislative Council. The second, the beautiful Charlotte de Lotbinière, married in 1821 William Bingham, the wealthy son of Mr. Bingham, of Philadelphia, a senator, whose daughter married Lord Ashburton. Mrs. Bingham left two sons, who died young, and three daughters. Mlle. Louise, the eldest, married Count Abner Brian de Bois Gilbert, a descendant of the famous family of the Brian de Bois Gilbert, the renowned Templar mentioned by Sir Walter in *Ivanhoe*. The second married Count de Douay; Mlle. Georgiana, the youngest, married Count Raoul d'Epresmenil. They all three reside in France.

The youngest daughter of the Marquise, Julie de Lotbinière, the aunt of the three young ladies just mentioned, married in 1830 a French gentleman, Gustave Joly, who died in France in 1866. He was the father of Henri G. Joly, the present seignior of Lotbinière, and member of Parliament for both Houses, whilst his younger brother, Edmond, a British officer, fell at the siege of Lucknow in India.

We have not hesitated in entering into these genealogical details, which may appear of secondary importance to some of our readers, but which must find their place in these sketches of *Canadian Homes*, and which in this instance are intimately associated with the early history of Canada.



SKETCH OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD 2ND.—FROM THE ELIZABETHAN TO THE AUGUSTAN AGE.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

“There never was anything,” says Lord Jeffrey, in one of those fine critiques re-published from the *Edinburgh Review*, “like the 60 or 70 years that elapsed from the middle of Elizabeth’s reign to the period of the Revolution. In point of real force and originality of genius, neither the age of Pericles, nor the age of Augustus, nor the times of Leo 10th, nor of Louis 14th, can come at all into comparison; for in that short period we shall find the names of all the very great men that the nation has ever produced, the names of Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Spenser, and Sidney, and Hooker, and Taylor, and Barrow, and Raleigh, and Napier, and Hobbes, and many

others; men, all of them, not merely of great talents and accomplishments, but of vast compass and reach of understanding, and of minds truly creative and original; not perfecting art by the delicacy of their taste, or digesting knowledge by the greatness of their reasonings, but making vast and substantial additions to the materials upon which taste and reason must hereafter be employed, and enlarging to an incredible and unparalleled extent both the stores and the resources of the human faculties."

It is impossible to account for so great a fertility of mind at one period. The strong impulse of the Reformation could not but have its influence, and it was then too that England became more widely acquainted with the literature of the Continent, as well as with the classical writers of antiquity. Elizabeth too was a great encourager of learning and genius; nor did her successor fail in this respect. But none of these causes seem adequate to the effect. Jeffrey's analogy does not help us, when he compares the works of that period to "the productions of a soil for the first time broken up, when all indigenous plants spring up with a rank and irrepressible fertility, and display whatever is peculiar and excellent on a scale the most conspicuous and magnificent." We are inclined to think this is an illustration rather than a real analogy. There may, for aught we know, be a correspondence between the mind and the soil in the circumstances described; but we cannot definitely pronounce that it is so. To make the analogy good we must be prepared to say, that as the cultivation of a nation's mind proceeds, mind itself decreases, great and original powers decay, productive talent diminishes or disappears. This surely could not be maintained. It is not the same mind, as it is the same soil, that is wrought upon by successive cultivation: the soil may be exhausted, but there is ever new mind coming forward; besides, it were strange if mental cultivation exhausted the mind as physical does the soil. Indeed what is called cultivation, in the one instance, is rather simply taking out of the soil, in the way of crops, what may or may not be returned to it, under a wise or an ignorant system of husbandry: is mental cultivation anything like this? There followed indeed on the revival of learning in Italy something like what took place in England at the Reformation; and that was just the period of Italy's greatest names, of Dante and Petrarch; and it was then too that Giotto gave its new impulse to Art. The most useful discoveries and inventions also followed upon, or soon after, the revival of learning. The fresh stimulus given to thought by any such event may have an effect both as to the originality and the vigour which mind may exhibit. There seems to be some connexion between any great event and the development of mind. The struggles immediately preceding the commonwealth would appear to have had their influence in the production of such characters as Hampden and Pym, and such writers as the great Puritans, and Milton, and the ruling spirit of Cromwell. Thought is called out at such periods, and has scope for exercise, and materials upon which to be exercised. Has America yet exhibited an equal to Washington and Franklin? But instead of seeking an explanation in any secondary causes, shall we not rather find it in the designs of Providence, which has at particular periods great purposes to accomplish, and raises up the instruments for their accomplishment? Such results, too, are seldom brought about by any one cause or influence, but generally by a number of conspiring causes, converging to one point, a climax or consummation. It is perhaps "the long result of time," the outcome of many previous years, the blossom of the ages, the product of centuries.

It would be impossible to dwell at length upon individual writers of this

age or period, each of which would require more space than we can devote to all of them together, if we would fairly express or criticise their merits. This is the less necessary as the writers are so familiar to every one who boasts even a tolerable acquaintance with the literature of his country. Who has not read the dramas of Shakspeare, or been led by the magic spell of Spenser among the shadowy scenes of his allegory, or been captivated by the eloquence of Jeremy Taylor, or been carried along with the powerful argument of Barrow, or been instructed by the wisdom of Hooker, or heard of the logarithms of Napier, or found at least matter for reflection, and perhaps re-utation, in the philosophy of Hobbes?

It is but a very general view that we can venture to present of these and other such writers, and the most general criticisms that we can offer.

Literature in this period—as it must in every period—divides itself again into Poetry and Prose. Poetry, we have said, generally takes the precedence of Prose in a nation's literature. During what are called the Dark and Middle Ages, and until the Reformation, there is not a single writer of prose of any eminence; while during the same period we have several poets of high name, such as Chaucer, Gower, James 1st of Scotland, Dunbar, Surrey and Sackville. The questions of the Reformation required some other vehicle than poetry for their expression, if they were to find expression at all; and these questions were such as could not limit themselves to a mere oral communication or utterance. The logical faculty as well as the poetical was now developed. Zeno, the first Logician, the father of Dialectics, was the first Greek prose writer. Parmenides, his master, announcing his views oracularly, not needing to defend them dialectically, uttered himself in Greek hexameters, as did also his immediate predecessor Xenophanes. Herodotus, the earliest historian of Greece, was about contemporary with Zeno.

On the threshold of this period we confront the theological productions of Cranmer and Jewell and Ridley; and we have the sermons, or popular addresses, *conciones ad populum*, of Latimer, the Spurgeon of our own day. It was he who said to Ridley when on the way to the stake: "Be of good comfort, Doctor Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust, shall never be put out."

Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" is the first writing in the form of a regular treatise that we possess in our language. Roger Ascham indeed had written his "Schoolmaster" sometime before, in good English, and in a pleasing and lively manner, but it is not so sustained and methodical a work as Hooker's, and is not to be named with it in point of either thought or style. Hooker's work called forth the commendation of the then reigning Pontiff, who pronounced it on a level with the best treatise that had been written in any age. This fact, I think, is noticed in the life of Hooker in that very fascinating book "Walton's Lives," itself a gem of biographical composition, as his "Angler" is on its peculiar subject.

It is worthy of notice that our early English prose is modelled evidently upon the Latin language, which had hitherto been in vogue in all prose compositions, and with which all claiming any amount of education in that age were familiar. Hence the inversions so noticeable in our earlier prose writers, especially in the stately style of Hooker, and in the march of Bacon's thought; although in his "Moral Essays" Bacon approaches much more to the unaffected ease of a later period. These inversions are particularly observable in Milton's prose, which is more involved, if possible, and, if

we may be allowed the paradox, in some parts more poetical than his poetry.

Another reason for this peculiarity in prose writing, when first attempted, may have been, that it could not be all at once seen that prose should be, far more than poetry, the language of conversation or of ordinary spoken address. It should be this, pruned of the merest colloquialisms; and to this it arrived in the age of Addison, and even earlier. Cowley and Dryden had already found out the secret, and wrote in charming prose. But even the conversation of that age partook of the picturesqueness of the age itself: it was still formed after the chivalresque model in life and manners which was just passing away, or which lingered on into the time of the Charleses. The euphuisms of the age of Elizabeth were a remnant of the same institutions and manners, but perverted into a fashion, and degenerating into foppery. Still another reason perhaps was that a certain inversion and stateliness of language are always the effect of high, if not strong emotion; and that was an age, or these were ages, of much higher and intenser feeling than the frivolous times of Charles the Second, or the more disciplined and practical period of Swift and Pope and Addison.

It must, we think, have struck the attentive peruser of English Literature that the poetry of the period we are considering exhibits actually less inversion than the prose, and is more the language of ordinary conversation and familiar speech. This is particularly to be noted in the drama of the Elizabethan period. It cannot, we think, have failed to suggest itself to the thoughtful student of this age of our Literature, why it was that the prose was so inverted and stilted, so twisted out of its natural order and flow, while the poetry, for the most part, maintains the very construction and arrangement that would be adopted at the present day, is even a model which the writers of the present day can hardly approach. The blank verse of Milton indeed partakes more of a latinised order or construction than is observable, or obtains, in the dramatists, but that was perhaps from Milton's peculiarly classic character of mind and habits, while the elevation of his theme admitted of it, and even in some degree invited it. The dialogue of the early dramatists is the model to us of poetic composition, especially in drama. It would be in vain indeed to attempt to copy after Shakspeare, or imitate *his* style, but that is for another reason than its thoroughly idiomatic and appropriate English. And yet Alexander Smith, author of the "Life Drama," not untruly says of Shakspeare, what all must have felt, although the thought may not have taken any very positive form or shape, that "In Shakspeare's characters, as in his language, there is *surplusage, superabundance*; the measure is heaped and running over. From his sheer wealth he is often the most *undramatic* of writers. He is so frequently greater than his occasion, he has no small change to suit his emergencies, and we have guineas instead of groats. Romeo is more than a mortal lover, and Mercutio more than a mortal wit; the kings in the Shakspearian world are more kingly than earthly sovereigns; Rosalind's laughter was never heard save in the forest of Arden. His very clowns are transcendental, with scraps of wisdom springing out of their foolishness." We think this is a true criticism; and yet, for the most part, it never occurs to us to think that this surplusage is any other than it ought to be—that the different characters speak in a language at all beyond themselves, and utter thoughts, and sport themselves with wit, which only Shakspeare could have put into their mouths. It seems but the most natural utterance of the occasion and the character. The truth is we are imbued by Shakspeare with a higher instinct ourselves: there is a keener edge put upon

our own intellect, and we think and speak and feel with the thought and feeling and speech of the interlocutors of the drama. Shakspeare's world is not exactly the world of reality, but only by an intensifying of all the faculties with which human nature is endowed.

But why this comparative perfection of poetic composition, while prose possesses the stilted character to which we have alluded? The reason seems to be, that a certain inversion being proper to poetry, both on account of the verse itself, and the more exalted style of thought, it is not out of place there: while poetry, from the very laws of verse, and exigencies of that style of composition, imposes its own limits upon the arrangement of words, and order of sentences, and does not admit of every varying caprice of mind and thought. Poetry, accordingly, arrives at greater perfection sooner than prose; and hence the earlier poets of any nation are for the most part as perfect as those of a later age; in some cases—as with Homer and Dante, not to say Chaucer—more so. No one quarrels with the early ballads of England and Scotland: on the contrary, they are still regarded in some respects—for simplicity and pathos—the models of that kind of composition. The simplicity and picturesqueness of the age undoubtedly impressed themselves upon them, but they do not exhibit the infantile character of the prose of those earlier periods.

Hooker's famous work is a defence of the Church recently established and organized in the land, as against the Puritanism which was just setting in, and which at length acquired such power in the Kingdom. The argument, though characterised by great candour, is still often more plausible than just, and the Polity is too much argued for, from the model of the Old Testament Scriptures, and the theory of Church and State as one, as well as from strictly monarchical views of civil institutions. We do not think the well-built argument, would have served to prevent the disestablishing of the Irish Church at the present day; and we are not sure but the Puritans, after all, upon most points, had the best of the argument, notwithstanding the profound views, and the many just principles, enunciated. The "Ecclesiastical Polity" is still a standard authority on all moral and political subjects, and is often appealed to for its principles, apart from the particular argument which it maintains. There can be but one view regarding the sobriety, and wisdom, and well-weighed expression, of the following passage on a subject which is controverted in our own day, as it was in the days of the Puritans, and on which it may not be impertinent to adduce such a statement of opinion entertained by one who has been preeminently styled the "judicious Hooker." "The prophet David," he says, "having singular knowledge, not in poetry alone, but in music also, judged them both to be things most necessary for the house of God, left behind him to that purpose a number of divinely-indited poems, and was further the author of adding unto poetry melody in public prayer; melody, both vocal and instrumental, for the raising up of men's hearts, and the sweetening of their affections towards God. In which considerations the Church of Christ doth likewise at this present day retain it as an ornament to God's service, and an help to our own devotion. They which, under pretence of the law ceremonial abrogated, require the abrogation of instrumental music, approving, nevertheless, the use of vocal melody to remain, must show some reason wherefore the one should be thought a legal ceremony, and not the other. In church music, curiosity or ostentation of art, wanton, or light, or unsuitable harmony, such as only pleaseth the ear, and doth not naturally serve to the very kind and degree of

those impressions which the matter that goeth with it leaveth, or is apt to leave, in men's minds, doth rather blemish and disgrace that we do, than add either beauty or furtherance unto it. On the other side, the faults prevented, the force and efficacy of the thing itself, when it drowneth not utterly, but fitly suiteth with matter altogether sounding to the praise of God, is in truth most admirable, and doth much edify, if not the understanding, because it teacheth not, yet surely the affection because therein it worketh much." There is a fine amplitude, and volume, and harmonious rhythm, it will be seen, in Hooker's style, and everywhere we descry, in single expressions, a suggestion or indication of the most amiable mind, and kindly nature, as well as admirable moral principles, inviting the confidence, and inspiring the love of the reader towards the man. We forget the author for the while in the fine human sympathies, and generous feelings, which are ever displaying themselves.

Bacon, it is well known, wrote chiefly in latin, although part of his great work—"*Instauratio Scientiarum*"—was originally published in English under the title, "Of the Proficiency and Advancement of Learning Divine and Human," composed while he was yet a young man, and a practising barrister. The "*Instauratio Scientiarum*" includes, as its second part, the famous "*Novum Organon*"—the first part, "*De Augmentis Scientiarum*," being the latin form of the English work we have just alluded to. The one work—"*Instauratio Scientiarum*"—embracing both parts, contains those views as to the true method of Science which have given Bacon that preeminent place in Philosophy which none can dispute with him, making him the Legislator of Science, if not the actual discoverer—the Bilboa who first looked upon the Pacific which others with their keels were to explore. His "Moral Essays," a volume of small bulk, which one may peruse at a sitting, each Essay being not more than two or three pages in length, is in some respects the most important of his works, and that in which Dugald Stewart truly says "the superiority of his genius appears to the greatest advantage." He there shows himself as prescient in Moral Science as he was in physical. It has almost the far-forecasting views of an inspired work, and yet it is written in the most pleasing and simple style—terse and idiomatic—like a string of aphorisms rather than a series of Essays. The fertility and peculiar character of his imagination, striking out the most unexpected analogies, finely illustrative as well as highly poetic, is conspicuous in every page of the Essays. The work is the more valued too that it gives one an insight into the character of the man—shows what he is, and what he thinks, in his inmost sentiments. when he is most under the view of himself, if we may so speak—the man and not the Judge, or the High Chancellor. It makes us willing to welcome any attempt to throw the shield over his public acts—at least to the extent that Macaulay has done in his celebrated Essay: it affords almost a solution of the paradox condensed in the famous line of Pope, as applicable to Bacon—

'The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind:

We are willing to hold with Macaulay, that the last of these epithets, taking into account all the circumstances of his public life, in connection with the times in which he lived, cannot be applicable to Bacon.

Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, was brought up at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, who used playfully to call him "her young Lord Keeper;" but he became actually "Lord Keeper" under James the Sixth, and wrote his immortal works in the reign of that Monarch. There perhaps has no such intellect appeared in England either before or since: an intellect so constructive, so

profound, which opened up the way for Newton, and all who have pursued the same path of "Inductive Inquiry" till the present hour, when we see Science in possession of almost the whole field of knowledge, and yet no limit to its future advances.

Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the great geniuses of this most fertile age. He wrote, or at least commenced writing, a "History of the World"—a vast theme, but, to the extent to which he was allowed to accomplish it, well handled. It is a work full of genius, exhibiting great learning, the most extensive knowledge on all subjects, the result of wide experience, profound political sagacity, and a fine vein of philosophic reflection, under the guidance of a truly religious spirit. The style is freer from the faults of the age than most of the writings of the period—is flowing, animated, copious, and has a dash of the adventurous and knightly character of the author—which is the more wonderful that the work was written when Raleigh was confined in the Tower of London on a charge of treason, with no prospect before him but a prolonged imprisonment or a public death. For twelve years he prosecuted the task of composition, and left the work unfinished, as might easily be believed, having reached only the downfall of the Macedonian Empire. Such a work was altogether too vast for one mind to accomplish, on such a scale as was contemplated, and has in part been carried out.

Raleigh was the bold soldier, the gallant naval commander, the adventurous voyager, and withal the Knightly Courtier: at one time he stood high in the favour of Elizabeth, led in many of her enterprises, acquitted himself with great bravery in several engagements, military and naval, thought he had opened up an El-dorado in what is now British Guiana, attempted to colonize Virginia: and all this—such was the gratitude of the times, and such the enlightenment of the reigning Monarch—was to end at last in an imprisonment and an execution. One of the expeditions which he equipped, though he did not personally accompany it, to what is now the State of Virginia in America, introduced into England the favourite article of tobacco, a questionable benefit, though for this, we daresay, some will honour his memory more than for his "History of the World," or all his other exploits together.

Spenser and Shakspeare are by far the greatest names in Poetry of the period we are considering. Spenser's mind seems to have been largely creative, and delighted especially in the quaint inventions of allegory. His allegory is always true to the idea embodied: and the personage, although allegorical, becomes to us a living reality—a flesh and blood being, in whose destinies for the while we feel an actual interest. The sylvan scenery through which we are led—the haunts by stream and fountain—in wood and dell—the caverns peopled by his imaginary creations—the wanderings of Una and her "milk-white lamb," attended by her champion, the Red-cross Knight—their separation by the artifices of Archimago—and their mishaps and adventures in consequence—the allegorical representation of the virtues and vices—their several abodes, as the "Palace of Lucifera"—the House of Richesse"—and that "Auncient House"

"Renown'd throughout the world for sacred lore
And pure unspotted life"—

All this affords matter of description of which the poet has availed himself with the utmost skill:—he has woven scenery and allegorical representations as in a moving panorama; while in individual descriptions we feel ourselves

on the scene, and identified with the characters portrayed, and with all that befalls or happens: a sunny light, for the most part, lies over the landscape, and umbrageous woods wave their huge branches above our heads and wandering footsteps, or while we recline by some stream, whose voice is scarcely heard in that intense sunlight, and under that sleeping foliage.

Spenser wrote in the quaint old English style, which, with its antique spelling, suits admirably, while it enhances the charm of his great allegory. He contemplated other six books in addition to the six we already possess, but it is thought to be not a matter of regret that these were never completed—the poem being perhaps too long as it is—the poet's mind already flagging under the vast attempt. We do not pretend ourselves to have read all the six books, and therefore we do not offer any analysis of their subjects. Any interpretation of the allegory, or allegories, too, were out of place in our brief sketch.

The prominent characteristics of Spenser, in his great poem, are luxuriance of fancy, and exuberance, not to say strength, of imagination, with a never-failing power of quaint suggestion, and faithful moral reflection. His imagination was not intense or impassioned: it was picturesque and meditative. It is inventive or creative in the highest degree: all the beings of elf-land are obedient to its summons: all fair things in heaven and earth muster at its call, and are plastic under its touch: every form and feature of nature take shape at its will, and group or arrange themselves into the loveliest and most enchanting scenes, or express all the horror of the wildest and most forbidding: a dreamy light lies upon creation, or wierd shadows creep over its surface: nature is vocal with the finest notes of forest and woodland—with the rustle of leaves and the murmur of fountains,—or the thunder rolls above, and the rocks and caverns reply beneath: sunlight or starlight is in the sky, or the heavens are black with the scowl of darkest storms: good and evil spirits are agents in his plot, and contribute to the development of his story. His language, steeped in the colours of imagination, and suffused with the light of fancy, gives to his poetry all the effect of the most exquisite painting. He is the painter among poets, and he has been happily called the Rubens of English Poetry.

The stanza of the "Fairy Queen," called after himself the "Spenserian Stanza," is just the "*Ottava rima*" of Italian poetry, with an added Alexandrine line, giving a finer cadence and finish to its close. The Alexandrine forms a kind of base or pediment to the stanza—speaking architecturally—or it is like the swell of the trumpet or the organ at the close of a bar or piece, gathering into itself the whole strain—the prolonged cadence of the individual notes that had already died away upon the ear. This stanza, so rythmical, so finely adapted to more meditative compositions, has been adopted into our verse, and has been employed by our best writers—Thomson in his "Castle of Indolence," Beattie in his "Minstrel," Shenstone in his "Schoolmistress," Byron in his "Childe Harold," and Campbell in his "Gertrude of Wyoming." It is also the stanza of Burns in his "Cotter's Saturday Night;" and Scott has frequently employed it in those fine verses with which he introduces the different cantos of several of his poems.

Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar," a pastoral in twelve eclogues—an eclogue for every month in the year—a happy idea, if it had been successfully carried out—contains some fine poetry, and in many parts exhibits the true attributes of the Pastoral—the rusticity, the simplicity, the style of thought of shepherd swains; but it is by no means equal. It is rugged in its verse and structure: there is a want of finish and of care in the verses; and the shepherds are

often ecclesiastical censors in disguise, who compare the merits of the Popish and the Reformed Churches, and discourse of the careless or faithful pastor of Christ's flock, blending politics meanwhile with their more ecclesiastical discussions, and praising or blaming, under fictitious names, some of the existing bishops of the church. This of course is foreign to the objects of pastoral poetry, and gives us an ill-disguised polemic in the form and with many of the features of the pastoral. That it is often in the true pastoral vein, however, everyone will admit; and to those familiar with Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," it not unfrequently recalls the style and the manner of that most perfect of eclogues.

The "Epithalamium," composed on the occasion of the poet's own nuptials, is a magnificent poem. The stanza is perfect for the purpose: its gently swaying cadence, its shorter and more majestic lines, ever recurring in regular alternations, with its repetition or recitative at the close of each stanza, make it the happiest measure that could have been chosen; it is the very expression of sustained and subdued passion, and of gentlest hopes and best and fondest wishes. The prodigality of imagery, and of ideas appropriate to the occasion, is wonderful, and is equal to anything in any poet. It is interesting to compare the grander style in which Spenser, of that more chivalric age, welcomed his wife to Kilcolman Castle on the Mulla, with the humbler, but as impassioned, manner in which Burns in his song—

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," &c.,

welcomed his Jean to Ellisland on the banks of the Nith. We have the difference of the two ages as well as the two minds in the compositions.

On Spenser's sonnets and his other poems we cannot here dwell. They are worthy of him, and of the perusal and study of every lover of poetry.

It would be idle, with the limits we have at our disposal, to venture upon any minute criticism of Shakspeare, on whom volumes have been written without exhausting the subject. Every reader of Shakspeare, however, has formed his own idea of his merits, and every one is warranted, as he may feel himself prompted or inclined, to express that idea, although it may still be far enough from any adequate estimate of so transcendent and universal a genius.

The grand peculiarity of Shakspeare, which distinguishes him from every other writer, and gives him such a pre-eminence above every other, is his universality. He seems defective in no one faculty of the human mind, but rather to possess every one in a transcendent degree. Nothing seems shut out from him, or beyond his capacity and capability: all departments of being seem open to him: the very spirit-world discloses its secrets; he is familiar with every phase and aspect of life and character; every changing mode of thought and feeling. It is as if he had been actually himself in every condition of being, or, Proteus-like, passed through every possible character. He can be the king or the clown, the noble or the peasant, the patrician or one of the "plebs," the courtier or the fopling; he can impersonate the saint or the villain; and he can do, or be, all this in a degree that goes beyond, if we may say so, every several character in its own way. He can talk more royally than the Monarch, more wittily than the clown: never did any noble or courtier enact it so in his liege's presence: never had we such dialogues in the case of any actual lord or waiter-on at court: never did fancy play so subtly as does a Mercurio's, or wit flash so electrically as Benedicts', or humour laugh

so broadly as Falstaff's: what Sage ever talked or moralized so profoundly as Hamlet—or as Jacques in the forest of Arden—as Henry 4th on the cares that oppress a crowned head—or even as Hal or Falstaff in their several ways? We do not say there never was a Desdemona or an Imogen, a Catherine or a Constance, an Ophelia or a Miranda; but Shakspeare was adequate to the conception of these characters, and he has portrayed them without a flaw. And how varied, especially, are Shakspeare's female characters! We have a Viola and a Perdita, a Rosalind and a Beatrice, a Portia and a Jessica, a Cordelia and a Juliet—an Imogen and a Miranda—each different from another by some distinctive feature, or features, and all forming a gallery of portraiture, every one perfect in its own idiosyncrasies. Shakspeare's imagination was almost boundless—he creates such fine regions of thought—he embodies fancies, weaves plots, so subtle and graceful, so novel and unexpected—and with all the ease that an ordinary mind would think the most common place conception—that we are astounded by the resources of a mind so vast, a genius so limitless.

Shakspeare's *intellect* was as powerful as his *imagination*. His thought is as far-reaching as his imagination is creative. There is a play, a subtlety and ingenuity, which is continually taking you by surprise, flashing new lights upon old truths, or uttering thoughts as novel as they are exquisite and profound. And there is such a mastery in the apprehension of these that they take a mould or channel, or find an expression, so simple and familiar, that they seem to us no more than we might ourselves have given utterance to or embodied. The whole world of imagination is at his command: his wealth of imagery is unbounded: he deals not only with simile, but with analogies the subtlest and the most recondite—not far-fetched or strained, or if ingenious, never simply a conceit, like the tropes and figures of a somewhat later age.—Shakspeare's historic plays are valuable even as history: they give us the "form and pressure of the times": make the different characters live and act before us: resuscitate from the tomb of ages the very manners of the past: rivet the events of history upon the mind more than history itself. An exception perhaps must be made in the case of the classic plays. And yet Coriolanus is the thorough Roman: Volunna is the true Roman mother: Cæsar is every inch the Cæsar of history: Antony is the subtle Antony, the actual friend of Cæsar: Brutus is the stern patriot and Republican: Cassius the dark plotter, the jealous and envious citizen: Portia the genuine Roman matron, worthy of Brutus—Cleopatra the luxurious Queen of Egypt in whose coils Antony was made fast, and who was in her turn so enamoured of her Roman hero—who, hero-like herself, could inhale the poison of the asp with the queenly qualities with which she infused or imbibed the poison of love. In "Troilus and Cressida," however, we have neither Homer's heroes, nor Homer's times. What sublime anachronisms there! To make Hector quote the authority of Aristotle! Shakspeare forgets that Pluto was the only devil known to classic ages, and he was the legitimate god of Hell.—Shakspeare is often poor enough in his plot: he is careless indeed of his plot: it is enough that it gives him something to hang his drama upon, to allow of his delineation of character, and those noble passages of poetic invention which lighten up the worst of his plays. Even in the "Merchant of Venice" it is questionable if that circumstance on which the plot turns—the bond, the pound of flesh—could ever have occurred, or been admitted in fact. It was perhaps a piece of sport on the part of Antonio, and yet that is not in keeping with Antonio's character. The extrication of the plot, by which Shylock

was both cheated of his pound of flesh, and the principal in money, is perhaps rather ingenious, but it is immensely clever. Would a strict administration of justice have contemplated the pound of flesh *without the blood*? Shakspeare's genius triumphs over these little points, or what would be inconsistencies in stricter drama. The plot of the "Winter's Tale"—apart altogether from the violation of the unities—especially the unity in time—Perdita growing up from an infant to a marriageable woman in the course of the play—the plot in this drama is altogether improbable: it is worse: it is feeble and even silly. Yet, Florizel and Perdita could not be wanted out of Shakspeare's characters. "Cymbeline" is the most confused of dramas. Posthumus's conduct is preposterous and impossible—Jachimo was ingenious, but it is a clumsy ingenuity, and very operose for the compassing his object: Cymbeline is a weak, uxorious prince, who gets himself into his manifold scrapes with some industry, as if he invited them—while he demeans himself in them with the utmost coolness and indifference: the unravelling of the plot is absurdly formal and ingenious:—and yet Imogen is one of the most beautiful of Shakspeare's creations—and the play itself allows us to project our minds into the past, and body for ourselves those early times of internuncios between Britain and Rome—of Roman armies on British soil—Rome's far-extending invasions and conquests.

It is a peculiarity of Shakspeare, that after pages perhaps of flat enough dialogue, and abortive, though laboured, efforts at ingenuity and wit, where often we lose the meaning in the verbiage and play of words, and we feel it is hardly worth while to endeavour to extricate the sense, there come some glorious passages, with which, perhaps, we have long been familiar, and which break upon us like the burst of sunshine through a cloud, passages which would redeem any amount of flat or stale writing, and any degree of unlikely incident and improbable invention. It is perhaps in those very places that such passages are found. They come upon us with some surprise, and with all the pleasure with which we would find stray children in a forest, or wandering on a trackless heath. It is like the greeting of an old friend in most unexpected circumstances, on familiar terms with far from equal associates.

Shakspeare is comparatively free from the blemishes which disfigure the dramatists of his age—but he is not altogether innocent in this respect. There are frequently passages which blur his compositions, and which we would wish far enough from such noble dramas. This however, as well as the remark about his plots, applies chiefly to his earlier comedies, and minor plays, not to his great dramas, written when his mind was mature, and his faculties were at their zenith.

As examples of Shakspeare's prodigality of invention, profuse beauty, originality and exquisiteness of imagery, and his incomparable language, we may refer to the dialogue between Romeo and Juliet in that love scene which, we suppose, could only be exemplified between Italian lovers, and under Italian skies:—or that pretty colloquy between Lorenzo and Jessica, beginning:

"The moon shines bright: in such a night as this," &c.,

interrupted by Stephano and Launcelot, only to be renewed with finer effect and more perfect beauty. As an instance of passion the most true to nature, the most impassioned, the most dignified, and the most beautiful in a mother, of noble rank—in her own right Duchess of Brittany, and mother of the rightful heir of England's throne—but a mother still, we refer to the interviews of Constance with King Philip of France, and with Pandulph, the

Pope's legate. It is amazing the force of passion and dignity of sentiment which Constance exhibits in reply to the attempts of Philip to reconcile her to his alliance with King John, the usurper of her son's rights, and of Pandulph to give her ghostly advice, and administer consolation to her grief.

We need not instance the profound thought and fine philosophy of Hamlet—the wild tragic power of the murder scene, or the supernatural element in the weird witch scene, of Macbeth—the remarkable impersonation of fiendish malignity and cunning in the character of Iago, of jealousy in Othello, and patient and constant love in Desdemona—the terrific outburst of passion in King Lear, and the appalling examples of filial ingratitude and baseness in two of his daughters, with the noble exception, and beautiful fidelity and affection of the third. “The Tempest,” and “Midsummer Night's Dream,” show Shakspeare's power in the fairy and supernatural worlds, and there are passages in these plays of exquisite and marvellous beauty.

The humour of Shakspeare is equal to his other qualities. There has been no comedy like his, and it may be questioned if any humorist, in any age or country, has equalled him. He did not give himself professedly to humour as did Le Sage or Cervantes, or like the purely comic writers such as Moliere and Congreve, or such humorists as Rabelais, Swift, Fielding, or Smollett, not to mention those of our own day; but he perhaps, notwithstanding, excelled them all in creations of broad humour, hearty merriment, and genuine comedy.

On Shakspeare's minor poems it would be useless to enlarge. His “Venus and Adonis” is not the most modest of compositions. His Sonnets, though not written according to the regular laws of Sonnet, are fine productions. They give us Shakspeare in his most relaxed moods and moments, wearing neither the cothurnus nor the buskin, but Shakspeare himself. They are full of Shakspearean touches—lines, thoughts, images, which only Shakspeare could have embodied or produced. They form almost the only materials by which we can get an insight into the personal character and peculiarities of the great dramatist and poet. They are a sort of mirror in which his mental image is reflected to us. It is but little that we know of him otherwise. There is no writer that is more *impersonal*. He is something like the “Impersonal Reason” of which a certain philosopher speaks, except as regards his intellect—all that concerns his intellectual endowments. He retires himself behind his great creations—is merged in them; and yet we would gather that he was the most genial and loveable of men. He was known as the “gentle Shakspeare” among his companions; and it is perhaps the highest tribute to his character, that he had so few *peculiarities* to mark him out from his fellows, and to hand down his portrait to future times.

The other dramatists after Shakspeare—after in point of merit though contemporaneous in time—some of them were even prior in time, and were Shakspeare's precursors in the drama:—Heywood and Marlowe and Dekker—Ford, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher—Webster, Ben Jonson, and Shirley—with many others—were characterised by great power in delineating character, masterly dialogue, often much beauty and sway over the passions; vivid fancy and powerful imagination. They fail, perhaps in the natural construction of plot, and they are deformed by great licentiousness. Ben Jonson wrote more after the classic model of antiquity, and condemns even Shakspeare's plays as departing from this. Shakspeare, however, may be amply vindicated in this respect; and it is exactly in a more unrestricted liberty in the matter of the *unities* that the modern drama, and especially Shakspeare's.

excels the ancient. Larger time and wider space are embraced in the modern drama: the destinies of the play sweep through longer periods, and are not narrowed to so limited confines, and we have in consequence something more in accordance with actual events; as in the admission, also, of the light and humorous, mingling with the darker events of tragedy, like the grave and the gay, the tragic and the more comic incidents, ever touching upon each other in real life.

It is a somewhat interesting question why the drama was so much in vogue in that age, so that such numbers of really great writers adopted it in preference to every other mode of composition, but we cannot enter upon that now. It is certainly remarkable, however, that the drama should attract so many great and original minds at this time, and perhaps, the different fields in literary effort, occupied in different ages, might be an interesting topic for discussion, and might give us valuable results in estimating the intellect and literature of the period. We may perhaps have an opportunity of referring to the subject at a subsequent stage.

(*Period 2nd to be continued.*)

THE MODERN HERCULES.

BY EVAN MACCOLL, Kingston, Ontario.

Offspring renowned of Water and of Fire!
Thy triumphs, Steam, to sing I would aspire:
Let critics who may deem my effort tame
Confess at least the greatness of my theme.

Power unmatched! what wonders hast thou wrought!
What feats sublime beyond the reach of thought!
In thee we gladly realize at length
The fabled Titans' all-compelling strength—
A might that dwarfs what Grecian bards have told
Of deeds Herculean done in days of old.
The winged Mercury of *their* proud day
Were, matched with thee, a lagger on the way:
Scornful of distance, unfatigued by toil,
No task thy temper or thy strength can spoil,—
Whate'er thou doest doing with a will,
At such a speed as seems a miracle.
Man's mightiest ally upon land and sea,
He owns indeed a glorious gift in thee!

Not mine the skill to sketch in fitting phrase
How Science yokes thee to her car,—the maze
Of tubes metallic, wondrous as a spell,
In which like to a spirit thou dost dwell—
A worker with a zeal that naught can tire,
Determined, prompt, impetuous as fire,—

Seeming as almost taught to think and feel
 With that complex anatomy of steel!
 To this let others fitting homage pay,
 'Tis the result alone inspires my lay.

Darer of danger in a thousand forms,
 Thou canst not brave, but thou canst scorn the storms;
 Where zig-zag slowly toils the sail-urged bark
 As if she'd never reach her destined mark,
 How grand to see upon her ocean way
 Some stately ship beneath thy potent sway
 Cleaving the waters in her swift career,
 Resistless, as a thunderbolt the air!
 Nought recketh she of adverse winds or tides,
 No canvass needs she as the wave she rides;
 Straight as an arrow on her way she goes,
 Uncaring though Leviathan oppose,
 Till, as wide wilderness of waters past,
 Her anchor in her wished-for port is cast.

Lo!—dashing on through forest, glen and glade—
 O'er rushing rivers—gorges deep and dread—
 Now lost, now seen, far o'er the landscape's face—
 Yon fiery steed so peerless in his pace,
 A steed whose speed annihilateth space!
 Each passing minute over miles he sweeps;
 Matched with his flight the hurricane but creeps:
 You'd think him and his chariot, madly hurl'd,
 Just off to make the circuit of the world,
 Resolved to verify how may be done
 What Fiction feigned of Coursers of the Sun!
 But see!—his goal emerging into view,
 His speed he slackens with a shrill halloo,
 And, as if conscious of a welcome wide,
 Into the city's heart doth proudly glide.
 Murmur'd applauses through the crowd prevail,
 Long-parted friends once more each other hail,—
 Friends who but for the feats thus frequent wrought
 Had ne'er again, perchance, each other seen or sought.

All-conquering Steam! where'er thy aid is found,
 Progress at once is stamped on all around;
 The forests vanish, deserts change amain,
 To busy marts and fields of golden grain;
 Adventure flourishes; inventions rare
 Are brought to birth; art spreads her treasures fair;
 Abounds each social element designed
 To sweeten life and elevate mankind.
 Of modes barbaric the reformer bold—
 No grace giv'st thou the plea of "customs old";
 Thy stoutest rivals to thy prowess yield,
 Content to leave thee master of the field.

Power surpassing fancy's wildest flight,
 No less for thy docility than might:
 Unlike old Scotia's Brownie, wayward loon,
 Who wrought such marvels at night's silent noon;
 Once at thy work by day and night the same,
 No respite from thy labours dost thou claim.
 I see thee toiling in the busy mill,
 The faithful doer of thy master's will:

Ever submissive; if but he commands,
 'Thine is the labour of a thousand hands.
 The shuttle darteth with the speed of thought,
 The fabric grows as if by magic wrought;
 'Th' astonished gazer freely must allow
 'Penelope less diligent than thou.
 Less complex work, but valued not the less—
 We see thee yoked now to the plough and press;
 Our corn thou thrashest and our grain dost grind—
 We yet may teach thee both to reap and bind.
 Thy aid is asked, and from the lake below
 The limpid wave ascends in copious flow,
 On to the distant city coursing, where
 Thou art confessed a benefactor rare.
 The oak that long has stood the forest's pride,
 Thou with a speed like lightning dost divide:
 Thou strikest the anvil with such force as might
 Make Vulcan stare with wonder and delight:
 Thou heaviest up from earth's internal store
 Pile upon pile of ever-precious ore—
 Such weight, I trow, as Atlas never bore.
 O wonder-worker, with results so grand,
 Well may thy praises ring throughout the land;
 Well may the muse repeat exultingly,
 Man owns indeed a glorious gift in thee.

With eye prophetic, vain would I pursue
 Thy future triumphs crowding on my view,—
 How to earth's utmost limits they extend,
 Age after age increasing to the end;
 How the far Isles now 'neath barbaric sway
 Shall smile and flourish in thy better day;
 How the swart Indian, quitting club and spear,
 Shall be himself, in time, thy chamotéer—
 His savage appetites all laid aside,
 His hunting grounds transformed to cornfields wide
 "A stoic of the woods" no longer now,
 But going forth to toil with cheerful brow,
 Grateful to Him who framed the social plan,
 Thus reaching the true dignity of man.

Peerless discovery! Blessing rich and true!
 When such thy pow'r, and such thy promise, too,
 We well may hope in thee at last to find
 A chain that shall in peace the nations bind—
 A chain of love embracing all mankind.

Immortal WARR! I surely were to blame
 If ceased my song forgetful of thy fame:
 By thee a secret, long by all-wise Heaven
 Conceal'd from man, at last to man was given.
 Though some there be who with presumption vain
 Would call their own the fruitage of thy brain,
 Justice and Truth must scout the base design,
 And own the great achievement to be thine
 That has enriched the nations tenfold more
 Than all earth's boasted mines of golden ore,
 And makes thy name a more enduring sound
 Than if among the gods thou hadst been crowned.
 Scotland, with thee her son, is more than classic ground.

NELLIE'S GUARDIAN.—A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY BEATRICE J—S.

CHAPTER I.—HYDE PARK.

It was not a pleasant day. Heavy masses of dark golden-edged clouds floated over the sky; now obscuring the sun, then allowing it to burst forth into a flood of glorious, fitful light. But it was one in which an ardent, enthusiastic temperament would have particularly delighted; all sunshine and shadow, with a glowing north wind to put new life into everything.

It was the day before Christmas, and all London was preparing to attire itself in gala costume. The shop windows presented a brilliant panorama of fashion and wealth. The nobleman's carriage, with its richly comparisoned horses, standing before the dazzlingly lighted jeweller's; the dainty dame inside purchasing diamonds and pearls to deck the brow of some fair daughter on the morrow; the tradesman passing by, loaded with innumerable parcels and packages of various shapes and sizes; his face as he turns it to the light has, for once in the year, lost its business-look of care and his steps are light and buoyant, eager to be at home, where little ones are looking very anxiously for "Papa" to-night. As he passes, another appear on the "tapis," a worn, tired looking woman, whose eyes turn wistfully to the wealth within. Is she—woman-like—wishing that some of those glittering baubles were her's? Yes, for one of those little shining stones would purchase her great, unspeakable happiness, on this Christmas-eve. It would give her children bread! One more glance, and she draws the thin shawl, tighter than before, round her shoulders, then passes on into the crowd and is forgotten. The lady inside has finished her purchases and, attended by the courteous shopman, is proceeding to enter her carriage, when the fourth actor appears on the scene. She has a heart, and daintily drops a small piece of silver into the dirty little hand extended for her bounty. Then nestling among the soft, rich cushions, the horse's heads are turned towards Piccadilly, and she is swiftly carried in the direction of Belgravia. The owner of the dirty little hand pockets his Christmas-box and proceeds to await another opportunity. Ah! he sees it, and darts off to accost a portly old gentleman in furs, with his piteous cry of "Give's a penny, sir," but the old gentleman being accustomed to the cry, calls him an "impudent little rascal" and passes on.

Four o'clock had just boomed out from the great bell of St. Paul's, as a gentleman, in a long grey overcoat, white muffler and black fur cap, turned the corner of Regent's street, and hastened with rapid steps, along Piccadilly. He did not pause once in his walk, but kept up the same brisk pace, until he had reached Hyde Park corner. Entering the row, he walked on hastily for a couple of yards, then turned and proceeded at the same pace towards a more secluded portion of the Park. Traversing each walk after the other, he struck into one whose quiet and loneliness was undisturbed, save by the swift movements of a slight girlish figure coming towards him. A sudden gleam of sunshine showed that the girl was very pretty, lighting up the large blue eyes, that were turned questionably on his face:

"Arthur, you are late?" she murmured reproachfully.

"I know it, Nellie," the young man replied, drawing the little hand thro' his arm, and walking slowly forward, "I could not help it dear, I was just leaving the office when a telegram was handed me from Southampton. The 'Margurette' got into port this morning, and Uncle George wishes me to be at the terminus to-night, as he comes by the seven o'clock train to London."

"Why how will you know him? I dare say he's as yellow as a guinea—a regular old Indian nabob: I should be afraid to go near him," she laughed. "Forgive me, Arthur, but it *does* seem strange to go in search of a person you have never seen, and at such a place as a London railway station."

"O that's all settled," he replied. "Studly, who was with him four years in India, goes with me; so there will be little fear of us missing each other. Are you cold, Nellie?" He drew the furs closer around her, and both walked on for a short time without speaking. At length Arthur broke the silence by repeating the one word "Nellie." His voice was low, musical, tender; and for a moment the girl trembled as she caught the pleading look in his dark eyes.

"Arthur," she said at length, "it's of no use—we must wait: he is inexorable."

"And is my happiness nothing?" asked the young man passionately. "Must I, too, yield to the unjust decision of a guardian who is as yet a stranger to you? You try my love sorely, Nellie."

There was a tinge of impatience in the tone, and for an instant a look of intense grief flitted over Nellie Ashleigh's face; but when she answered, it had entirely passed.

"You *know* I love you," she replied, looking up to him, "and that I have promised, some day, to be your wife; but dearly as I love you, Arthur, and sweet as is the hope of sharing my future with you, the promise I gave Father on his death-bed—to be guided in all things by the advice of Mr. Burton—must be to me sacred. If Father had lived it might all have been different, and—and—" She was crying now, but so softly that at first Arthur Knightbridge did not notice it, and waited patiently for her to continue.

"Don't, Nellie," he pleaded, becoming aware that the hand on his arm was trembling strangely. "Forgive me, darling; I was selfish, unkind, and am not worthy of your affection to try it in this way. Only I *do* love you from my very soul, Nellie; and it grieves me deeply that on this Christmas eve I cannot take you to my heart, and there shelter you from all the whims of this tyrannical old—. Well, well, pet, I'll say no more, but will wait for you as patiently as Jacob of old did for Rachel, if you will promise that when you are of age the waiting shall cease."

"If we are both alive two years hence, the day that I am twenty-one, I will be your wife, Arthur."

The voice was gentle, decisive, kind; and Arthur could do no more than press a kiss on the sweet lips and promise to be content. Retracing their steps, they were soon standing by the beautiful bronze statue of Achilles,* that occupies a site near the south-east entrance of the Park from Piccadilly. Hailing a couple of cabs, Arthur placed Miss Ashleigh in one, giving the direction—105 Westbourne Terrace; and jumping into his own, called out to the driver, "Knightbridge & Studly, Fleet street," and was taken to his destination accordingly.

* "Erected to the Duke of Wellington and his companions in arms," and cast from the cannon taken at the battles of Salamanca and Waterloo.—(See Chamber's "Guide to London.")

Nellie Ashleigh was an orphan: her mother had died in her infancy; and her father, a very wealthy ship-owner, had, while on his death-bed, intrusted his only daughter, then scarcely sixteen, to the guardianship of George Burton, one of his oldest friends, but then, unhappily, absent in India. This, however, was arranged; and Nellie, for the present, was to remain with a maternal aunt, occupying one of his mansions at the west end, until he could return and fix her future residence. Three years had passed, and now he was coming for the first time to make the acquaintance of his ward. A year previous to this, while riding one day in the Row, Miss Ashleigh had received an introduction to Arthur Knightbridge. This soon ripened into a warm friendship, which in its turn took the natural course in such cases, and resulted in a mutual attachment.

In birth, social position, etc., they were equal. Like his betrothed, Arthur was also an orphan, and, with the exception of the Uncle George before mentioned, was, as far as relations were concerned, entirely alone in the world. The news of his father's death had reached him while at Oxford, when he was on the point of graduating with the highest honours. After leaving College, by the assistance of this uncle, Mr. Knightbridge, he entered a lawyer's office, and applied himself so steadily to the work, that in a short time he had won the reputation of a rapidly rising man in the profession.

Nellie had written to her guardian, with an inclosed letter from Arthur, asking his consent to their marriage. Mr. Burton wrote that he could not think of such a thing, without first seeing the young man; and that she was quite young enough as yet. To Arthur's note he returned no answer whatever, which was certainly very ungentlemanly, to make the best of it. And now, on this particular day, when Mr. Knightbridge had come to the conclusion to await quietly the course of events, Mr. Burton's arrival in England was anxiously expected by the inhabitants of 105 Westbourne Terrace, and which fact Nellie had, while talking with her lover, completely forgotten—an oversight that seems scarcely possible, as he was mostly the theme of their conversation; but which was nevertheless quite true.

Stopping before a large stone mansion, Miss Ashleigh alighted, dismissed the cabman, and running lightly up the steps, rang the bell. Her first question was, "Has my guardian arrived?" and being answered in the affirmative, she went at once to her own apartment, to prepare for an interview to which her heart whispered she must look forward with dread.

CHAPTER II.—MR. GEORGE BURTON.

An hour later and Nellie was standing outside the library, wishing, yet fearing, to enter. At length, assuming a cold, stern expression, she resolutely grasped the handle of the door and pushed it open.

No sooner did she stand on the threshold than the unbecoming look on her face passed away, giving place to a warm, genial smile. Had he not come, then, after all? You shall see. Standing there, she looked on a very pleasant picture—one essentially home-like and comfortable. The room was not large, but everything in it was arranged with regard to the most perfect taste. Heavy folds of rich, crimson satin draped each window; while the walls were covered from ceiling to floor with cases of beautifully bound volumes, comprising the choicest works of the first authors. A cheerful fire glowed in the highly-polished steel grate, reflecting its warmth on all around; and in the centre of the apartment a tea-table was daintily laid for three persons. Nellie

saw her aunt sitting behind the urn, evidently awaiting her entry to commence pouring tea. Mrs. Barber gave her a kind, encouraging smile, at the same time glancing across the table, to where, seated in a large resting chair, so that he could enjoy the heat of the fire, was a gentleman who appeared to be between fifty and sixty years of age. The door by which Miss Ashleigh had entered was directly opposite this portion of the room, so that she could at first only see her guardian in profile. If the expression of a countenance could be, in all cases, relied on, she certainly was not wrong in thinking that the character of Mr. Burton had been very much misjudged. A pleasant, almost genial face was that which turned to greet her; but alas! no sooner had he spoken the first few words than all her old prejudice returned.

“Umph! Miss Ashleigh, I presume,” he said, without rising: “rather slow in letting one know it: been in the house two hours and couldn’t catch a glimpse of you. Please be seated, Miss Ashleigh: we have waited for you precisely fifteen minutes. I detest waiting, and never make a practice of it for anybody. In the future you must be more punctual.”

Nellie quietly took the chair assigned her, and began to drink her tea in silence, while Mr. Burton and her aunt endeavoured to carry on a broken conversation. Was this the man to whom, for the next two years, she must yield implicit obedience?—this he, at whose command she was to put her own happiness aside, and endure in silence, because of the promise to her dead father, the torture of daily intercourse? The thought was humiliating; and to her proud nature this term of guardianship resembled more a sort of bondage. She was trying to repress the tears of mortification that seemed almost to choke her, when, carefully adjusting his spectacles, he turned to her and abruptly asked—

“Did you communicate the contents of my last letter to that very love-sick young man? On my word, his profession stands him in good stead: he pleads admirably.”

“I have told Mr. Knightbridge that I cannot give him my hand until I am of age,” she answered quietly, “when, of course, I will be the mistress of my own actions.”

Mrs. Barber looked reprovingly at her niece, as she said, addressing Mr. Burton,—

“My dear sir, we must not be too severe with these young people. They are well suited to each other; and in a social point of view, I am sure the young man is everything that can be desired. And besides,” she continued, a smile playing over her kind, matronly face, “we must not forget that we, too, have been young, and perhaps felt once exactly as they do now: even you—”

“Never experienced anything of the sort, madam,” sharply interrupted the irate old gentleman, turning and poking the fire vigorously. “It’s all a pack of nonsense, and the sooner the complaint is got rid of the better. My ward must be cured, and it’s for this purpose, madam, I’ve come to England.”

Here he glanced at Nellie, who, while he was speaking, had been gazing at the face that seemed so very much at variance with the disposition. She raised her eyes fearlessly to his as she replied,—

“Mr. Burton, if you are a gentleman you will please allow the discussion of this subject to cease entirely for the future; as I assure you, your interference can in no possible way have the desired effect. So long as you respect my wishes in this matter, I will observe yours in others: if not, I cannot an-

swer for the result. And, sir," she continued with emotion, "my father appointed you the guardian of my *property*, not the controller of those sentiments which a man of honour would respect."

Here she rose from the table, intending to leave the room; for at the mention of her father, the old choking sensation had returned, and she would not let this grim old tyrant see her weakness.

"Not so fast, Miss Nellie, if you please," he called out, as she had gained the door, "I wish for a little more conversation with you on this subject, that is to be tabooed in the future. Better have it out at once. Pray be seated." She declined, and standing with her hand resting on the table, waited calmly for him to begin.

"My dear young lady," the voice sounded kinder, "you are no doubt perfectly aware that this is Christmas eve. Now, as you have pleased me exceedingly by your prompt compliance with my wishes, in a matter that shall be nameless, I will in return give you what I think will prove a slight pleasure to you. We will have Mr. Arthur Knightbridge here to dinner on Christmas day."

Mrs. Barber looked at her niece, expecting to see the quiet face light up with this intelligence, but she was disappointed. Turning to Mr. Burton, Nellie said supplicatingly,—

"If you please, sir, I would much rather you did not."

"Did not what?"

"Invite Arthur—Mr. Knightbridge—here to-morrow."

"Eh? What do you say?" questioned the old man in astonishment.

"I mean, sir," she replied, "that I think it would be better if he did not come."

"Then, madam, I say he shall," roared the old tornado. "And you may as well learn now as at any other time, that whatever I command in *this* house I expect to be obeyed. When I say a thing *must* be done it *shall* be done, or else you may depend on't there'll be a scene. And now, if you please, ring for writing materials: I will send the invitation at once."

His ward, not caring to witness the "scene" in question, hastened herself to wheel a small writing table in front of his chair, when he began to pen the note to Arthur, without loss of time. Having finished, he bade Nellie address it, and after looking at the direction, told her she might retire, and see to its being dispatched immediately.

When the door had closed, Mrs. Barber drew her chair near the fire, with the resolve to remonstrate with this touchy old piece of humanity, on the needless severity he was displaying towards her niece; but alas for her praiseworthy resolutions! The old man's quick perception had doubtless divined the object of this gentle manœuvre; and being extremely averse to a lecture of this kind, he quickly conceived a desire to see London by gas-light, and before Mrs. Barber could interpose a word, he begged she would excuse him, and hastily left the room.

Pausing in the hall to put on a heavy over-coat, and to draw a warm seal-skin cap down over his ears, he took his gloves and walking-stick and left the house, causing the front door to vibrate rather unpleasantly. Once outside, he hailed a cab, and jumping into it, called out to the driver, "Knightbridge & Studly, Fleet street," and was driven off in the darkness; while Nellie went to her room, to pass the night in sad thoughts and forebodings of the future.

CHAPTER III.—NELLIE'S CHRISTMAS-BOX.

Next day shone clear and bright throughout merry England. The younger portion of the inhabitants of London, going into ecstasies over the keen frost of the night before, that enabled over-worked clerks and apprentices to enjoy, for once in a season, the luxury of skating on the smooth surface of the Serpentine. At an early hour many parties could be seen emerging from the vicinity of Hyde Park and Kensington, all ardour and enthusiasm, in expectation of the coming sport. In the morning Nellie and her guardian attended divine service, after which they returned home in time for luncheon, and to await the arrival of their guests, for Mr. Studly, Arthur's partner, a gentleman nearly as old as Mr. Burton, had also been invited. Miss Ashleigh had just completed the neat dinner toilet she usually wore, a plain black silk dress with linen collar and cuffs, when her maid handed her a small casket, of exquisite workmanship, with a note in her guardian's hand-writing. She hastily broke the seal, and took out of the envelope a small golden key, and slip of paper, the writing on the paper ran as follows: "Inclosed is the key of the casket, which contains a portion of your mother's jewels, her wedding present. Your father desired they should be given to you on your nineteenth birthday, and as you attain that age to-day, oblige me by wearing them." Her next act was to open the jewel case, eager—not to possess the gems it contained—but to touch those which once had been worn by her mother; the mother whom she had never known save by the sweet memory that ever clings round lost-loved ones.

Reverently she took out, one by one, the magnificent set of diamonds and laid them on the toilet table, then dismissing her maid, she kneeled down in front of them and kissed each little stone passionately, weeping bitterly all the while, from her loneliness on this Christmas day, when so many girls of her own age would be surrounded by a pleasant home circle of kind parents and loving brothers and sisters, and she had only this *silent* remembrance of a parent's love.

Presently she grew calmer, thinking it might be wrong to indulge in a grief that seemed to murmur against God's holy will, that had called her parents to himself. Then she thought of Arthur, how very dearly he loved her, and remembering this, grew calmer still, till at last she bowed her head and prayed that God would comfort and guard those that were even more lonely than she, —who had to toil in poverty for the bread they would eat to-day. Rising, she fastened a diamond of uncommon size and lustre, to which was attached a fine gold chain, in her short curly hair; then, loosening the brooch that pinned her collar, she replaced it by the one that had been her mother's, and putting the necklace, bracelet, &c., back into the casket, turned the key and slowly left the room. She was descending the broad oak staircase, when a gentleman in the hall, busily divesting himself of his overcoat and gloves, caught her attention.

"A merry Christmas Mr. Knightbridge," she called out gaily, for before Arthur she must try and be cheerful, "a merry Christmas. Has your Uncle come?"

"The same to you Nellie," replied the young man, taking her hand, "You look charming to-day, *petite*," he murmured, looking into the eyes which his presence had caused to shine more brightly, and entirely ignoring the question concerning his Uncle.

"O you naughty boy, you know that compliments are——"

"Just in season, and very pleasant when they speak the truth."

"I declare Arthur, you should have lived in the time of Queen Bess," she laughed, "you would have made a splendid courtier."

"I fear not Nellie," answered her lover merrily, "as I only see charms where they really *do* exist, and cannot invent new ones even for my liege lady, like Essex of old did for his."

"Indeed you had better not," returned Nellie, "else you might receive Essex's reward, not for a breach of gallantry, but for talking what you know to be downright nonsense."

"At all events you will not have the pleasure of saying it was bestowed unmerited," and Arthur very saucily stooped and snatched a kiss from the laughing lips; but while thus employed, he did not see the little hand rise softly and in close proximity to his head, till he experienced rather a strange sensation in his left ear, and thus, Mr. Arthur Knightbridge received his Christmas-box.

"Mr. Knightbridge, Mr. Burton, Mr. Burton, Mr. Knightbridge," Mrs. Barber said when Nellie and Arthur had entered the drawing-room. The gentlemen bowed in acknowledgement of the introduction, and shook hands.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Knightbridge, I have long wished it," began Mr. Burton.

"Believe me, my dear sir, the wish is mutual," Arthur rejoined smiling cordially, but then he was speaking to Nellie's guardian and it was for his interest to be polite.

"By the way, where's Studly?" questioned Mr. Burton, after they had been conversing for some time on various subjects, and noticing for the first time, the absence of his second guest.

"O, I beg your pardon, I quite forgot to mention it," Arthur said, "Fred wished me to convey his apology for not coming at the time appointed, but important business compelled him to run up to Richmond at half-past two, however, he will be here."

"O, that'll do," assented his host, "we dine at four, and——"

A ring was heard at the front door, "Ah, that's him now, I would know his ring anywhere," Arthur was saying, as Mr. Studly entered the room. The new-comer advanced with a courtly bow, and was proceeding to shake hands with Mrs. Barber, when his gaze became fixed on the master of the house who was standing with his back to the fire, a strange smile playing round the corners of his really fine mouth. Dropping the lady's hand, Mr. Studly turned and fairly ran towards his host.

"What? How?" he ejaculated, "my dear Knightbridge, *you* here? Ah, I see, you have prepared this pleasant surprise for me on Christmas day! Welcome to England, old fellow. Arthur, my boy, don't you know your Uncle; but bless me, how should he?" the old gentlemen went on, "when he never clapped eyes on him in his life till this blessed moment."

Before Nellie and Arthur could recover from the astonishment of this astounding revelation, the cross old guardian was undergoing a wonderful transformation. He laughed till he could not stand, and was obliged to sit down, then got up and laughed again until each person in the room, becoming affected with his risibility, stood laughing at each other like so many grinning hyenas.

"Let me have it out my friends," he gasped, "I never went so long without a laugh since I was born."

"Ah, sir," Nellie said, the first to recover her composure, "what trick is this you have been playing us? for I see you are not Mr. Burton, you are

not my guardian." Then she almost wished that he was, fearing the real personage might in reality resemble the false one.

"My dear little Nellie," replied the old man, "I am both the one and the other of the gentlemen you have now named. Your father always knew me as George Burton, and when, through my marriage with Miss Knightbridge, Arthur's aunt, I had, at her father's request, to assume the old family name. I did not undeceive him, and in fact he never knew that I was married at all, for my wife lived but three short months after our wedding, and I could not then bear to write about my loss. So it was to the George Burton of his college days, that my old friend intrusted the guardianship of his orphan daughter. Forgive me my darling child, and you too Arthur, but when I learned how matters had turned out, that *my* nephew was the chosen one of this young lady's heart—O you need'nt blush my dear, you know you told me as much last night—I then saw I could make quite a little romance out of it: A gallant knight, ready to brave all the danger of a silken ladder; a distressed damsel, who talked of love and duty in a breath; and last of all, *myself*, the 'tyrannical old guardian.' O dear, when I thought of it, I nearly died from laughing, for Arthur had not the remotest idea that his old Uncle, who had lived twenty years in India, was the veritable destroyer of his happiness, &c. Well, you all know the remainder, only I could not stand it any longer. Last night this little girl's sorrowful face struck a pang to my heart, and I went straight down to Fleet street, intending to tell you all about it and have a pleasant surprise for her to-day, but of course you were both out, as I might have known you would be, gone to Charing-cross to meet *me*; ha, ha, ha. However, I am glad it's all out at last, for upon my soul I would'nt endure such another twenty-four hours, for—for—"

"*This*, you dear old guardy," and both Nellie's arms were round his neck.

"Bless the child," he murmured, stroking her hair, "she is the very image of her father, and last night, when she looked at me with her large blue eyes, I thought that Harry was reproaching me for playing this trick upon his child. Come here Arthur," he called, and gently disengaging Miss Ashleigh, grasped his nephew's hand, "I believe," he went on in a tone of mock gravity, "that it is customary in England, as in all other European countries, to present gifts of some description to those we esteem, on the anniversary of our Saviour's birth, and not wishing to be an exception to the general rule, nor to any longer sustain the *role* of 'tyrannical guardian,' I here present Miss Nellie with her 'Christmas-box.'"

The "Box" opened its arms and Nellie glided into them, so we suppose the present was satisfactory to both parties.

The old gentleman was happily prevented from listening to the profuse expressions of gratitude, which his nephew was preparing to bestow, by the loud ringing of the dinner bell.

"Ah, you rogue," he said merrily, as he offered his arm to Mrs. Barber, and addressing Arthur, "I see how it is, you want *your* Christmas-box too. Well we mus'nt have the same thing over again, so to vary it a little, I will—on this day week—make you a present of my ward, and call her a 'New Year's Gift.'"

Arthur read his answer in Nellie's blue eyes, and a look of heart-felt gratitude followed the old man, who had given him this great, unspeakable happiness, and drawing his betrothed closer to his side, he stooped and whispered "Thank God, darling, it was all for the best; you were right, we now have our reward," and his listener, also, thanked in her heart, that Heavenly

Father, who had after all, given her such a very, very happy Christmas day. Little remains now to be told that the reader has not already surmised. On New Year's night a gay assembly was collected in the hospitable mansion of Mr. Burton Knightbridge, which company, it is needless to say, was in honour of Arthur's receiving his New Year's gift, for his uncle, as he kissed Nellie's glowing cheeks, was heard to call her "his dearest niece," and to confirm it. But in the words of Mr. Studly who, after a short conference with Mrs. Barker, in a moon-lit window, whispered in her ear, "That now all things were as they should be," we close this story, wishing to all who read it,—“A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!”

MUSINGS ON THE ESK, NEAR INVERESK.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

'Tis twilight, and a sombre screen
Of clouds is drawn across the sky;
'Tis Sabbath, and methinks the scene
Feels its solemnity:
All nature's mute, save the breezes still
Whisper along the sleeping hill.

And hark! a streamlet's murmuring sound
Comes sweetly softened to the ear;
But nothing else; around, around,
Breaks the bless'd quiet here:
All nature, ceas'd its sabbath hymn,
Is hushed as towers of cloister dim.

I see a churchyard; there the stone
But looks to stone, and grave to grave:
No voice, all calmly slumbering on,
The silent, dead, conclave!
And who shall break that seal'd sleep?
His voice that stills, or wakes, the deep.

The pages of our history tell
Here once a mail-ed army stood:
The helm and glaive besem'd them well—
They thought not of a shroud;
But shrouds were strew'd beneath their feet,
And the dead were there they were to meet.

And still where yonder fields extend,
Unconscious of the gazer's eye,
Historic recollections blend—
A scene of memory!
There Scotland's, England's, rival host,
Met to maintain their country's boast.

And onward still, another field—
 Preston! thy scene of civil strife;
 But broken now the spear and shield,
 Or turn'd into the pruning knife:—
 There met a christian hero's grave,
 Gardiner, at once the good and brave.

Yon lonely rock amid the sea,
 That lifts itself to giant height,
 Round which the billows ceaselessly,
 Chafe in their restless night:
 'Twas there the martyrs of the Rock
 Defied the Tyrant's rudest shock.

Tuntallan, from the neighbouring steep—
 The proudest stronghold of the land—
 Still grandly looks o'er half the deep,
 Where once it held command:—
 Faint relic of its former day—
 Its feudal, all but regal sway!

Ah! well that war has hush'd its notes:
 The trumpet peals not to the ear:
 No more the hostile banner floats
 O'er citadel and mere:
 Thy triumphs, Christian truth, are seen
 In what is now, and what has been.

Now Scotland, England's, host, is one:
 Rebellion lifts not now its head:
 No more the foray raid is run,
 And peace, with wing outspread,
 Now broods o'er all the landscape wide,
 More peaceful in this Sabbath tide.

The feudal hate, the civic strife,
 The mustering host, the gathering clan:
 For these, the amenities of life
 That flow 'twixt man and man:
 The hostile shock, the battle-cry
 Contend not now for victory.

Surely this calm has something holy:
 The stillness of the mourner's room;
 Which yet is not all melancholy:
 The dead has not the sinner's doom.—
 How happy when the soul subdued
 Thus finds repose in its own mood!

It seems that I could linger here,
 If I might always feel as now,
 With scarce a hope, and scarce a fear,
 And sorrow banish'd from my brow:
 The quiet of this twilight hour—
 How deep, how hallow'd is its power!

THE OARSMEN OF ST. JOHN.*

BY CHARLES SANGSTEE, Ottawa.

A song for manly muscle, a garland for the brave,
A lyric round for the homeward-bound, the champions of the wave,
Flushed with the pride of victory as bloodless as a fleece,
Victory worthy of the days so famed of ancient Greece,
When the stout wrestler's strength prevailed against contending odds,
Admired of mighty Emperors, beloved of men and gods.
No crowned Olympian Athlete or Pythian proud could don
A more deserving chaplet than THE OARSMEN OF ST. JOHN.

Through all the wide Dominion the welcome strains shall roll,
Wherever beats true heart or burns a patriotic soul;
From stern New Brunswick's coast where foam the Atlantic billows grand
To where the broad Pacific laves the boundaries of our land.
Men of the West! as bold and blest as ever chose to be
The vent'rous children of the wave, the toilers of the sea,—
The spirit of the Norseman, the Orkney fisher's brawn,
These bring you strength of soul and limb, brave Oarsmen of St. John.

When Cartier dreamed his dream of fame, he trimmed his drooping sails,
And for the distant new world steered, unawed by calms or gales;
But when the summons from afar the cheery challenge told,
Ye dreamed of honours to be won, and sought them in the old;
And there, before the admiring eyes of every land and clime,
Your prowess wrote four manly names upon the scroll of time;
Names that will ring on aged lips when an hundred years are gone,
And grandsires to hot youth will boast of the Oarsmen of St. John.

Yet once again the challenge came, and once again like men
Their swift blades flashed, as they dipped, as they dashed to victory again;
As the bright waters from their prow in rippling crescents curled,
Amid ten thousand cheers they sweep, the champions of the world.
Go, tell it to the climes afar, ye merry wandering breeze,
We feel a nation's sober pride in experts such as these;
Go, stand apart my valiant men, all eyes would gaze upon
The honoured four from your rock-bound shore, brave Oarsmen of St. John.

All honour to such social strife as makes the nations one;
All honour to the strength of arm, to the valiant deed well done.
A song for manly muscle, then, bring garlands for the brave,
And with fadeless laurels crown the brows of these champions of the wave,
Fair hands would twine the chaplet, sweet loving lips would raise
Brave lyric strains and sweet refrains to fitly sing your praise;
A welcome strong of soulful song—whole nations looking on—
What less should we do for the gallant crew—THE OARSMEN OF ST. JOHN!

* [The "Oarsmen of St. John" who won such fine laurels for themselves at Paris on 5th July, 1867, and at Springfield, Mass., October 21, 1868, are GEORGE PRICE, (Bow), ROBERT FULTON, (Stroke), ELIJAH ROSS, (Aft Midship), and SAMUEL HUTTON, (Fore Midship).]

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

By DANIEL CLARK, M. D., Princeton, Ontario.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BEING supplied with a letter of introduction to the late President Lincoln, by a member of the Canadian Government, the writer had an interview with him in the autumn of 1864. The President's office for the transaction of business was in the well-known "White House," immediately above the southern part of the reception room in the east wing. From the window there is a fine view of the placid Potomac and Arlington heights. The room was not carpeted, and contained a few substantial oak chairs and one long and high writing-desk, which was loaded with official documents and referential books of law and statutes. Adjoining his room to the west is a small waiting room, also furnished very sparingly. The walls were decorated with a few maps, and there were some plaster busts of distinguished statesmen on the mantelpiece. In one corner of the room, near the door, were the remains of a portion of the machinery of the ill-fated "Merrimac," presented by the Hon. Mr. Washburne to the President. After waiting nearly an hour, with about three dozen other expectants—the temper of some of these seething over in intermittent ejaculations of a laconic and pointed kind, against some distinguished member of the diplomatic corps, whose *tete-a-tete* with Lincoln was more lengthy than agreeable to the most of us—we were indiscriminately admitted to the audience chamber. Mr. Lincoln could be recognized among a thousand by the portraits of him seen everywhere. He was tall and angular in body, with long, sinewy arms. The large mouth, sunken eyes and prominent cheek bones, made the contour of his face decidedly Scottish. When he shook hands with you his grip was such as would make a Sayers wince; and although at that moment I had no anxieties, griefs or regrets, I confess the tears came into my eyes, I presume in sympathy for my unfortunate digitats, which were at that moment in limbo. When he spoke to you he looked you straight in the face, as if he desired and was determined to read your inmost thoughts and wishes. You were sure, from the impression produced upon you from his searching gaze, that he possessed an intuitive tact in reading much of a man's character from his countenance, and that he himself was not destitute of moral courage; and the firmly compressed lips indicated great determination if the quiescent lion was once thoroughly aroused. In the eyes, however, there was an ever-present twinkle of humour, which no volition could suppress. The mouth might utter stern words, but the eyes would belie all. His voice was a baritone, with no edges to its sound. His speech was slow, distinct, deep and mellow; and he spoke with an earnestness which carried conviction to the hearer. It was evident to all who came in contact with him that he meant all he said, and that is no small commendation in this age of consummate cunning, deception, intrigue and pretentious honesty of purpose. The great fund of anecdotes at Lincoln's command was constantly used to pourtray some character, or to illustrate some principle, or to relieve his presence of some obsequious office-seeker. The latter class was the very bane of his life. While the writer was present he decided

three cases that came before him in a summary manner. The first was a gentleman who wished to ship goods to Newbern on a man-of-war, and for private speculation. Mr. Lincoln said to him, "your petition cannot be granted; for our ships have other work to do besides carrying goods to the South for personal aggrandizement." The second applicant was an elderly lady, dressed in deep mourning, who held a petition in her hand, and weeping bitterly, presented it to Mr. Lincoln. He read it carefully, and said to her in great kindness, "my good woman, this petition signed by your neighbours vouches for your respectability and your loyalty, and in it you ask me to release your rebel son, now in prison. I regret it cannot be done consistently with the public welfare. During the first year of this rebellion, my heart was grieved when the sad stories were brought to me by relatives of prisoners ill in health, repentant and dying. I released many on account of these entreaties, and on promise of future good behaviour. Well, what was the result? When they reached their homes they threw away their paroles, forgot their honour, and once more took up arms against us, and were taken prisoners again. If your son is sick, he shall be cared for: if he is not fed the wholesome though plain food of a prisoner, in abundance, I shall see to it. You can visit your son at seasonable hours; but I cannot liberate any more on such pleas as you now present. I am sorry for you, but you have my answer." Sorrow was plainly printed on his countenance as she turned away. The third petitioner was a young lady from Kentucky, with a similar request on behalf of her brother. The President looked earnestly at the petition and then at her countenance, and said emphatically: "Were you not here Saturday on the same errand?" She answered, "I was." "Did I not consider this matter then?" She said, "you did." "What was my answer to you at that time? Did I not say I would not liberate him, as it was the third offence, either of which should have condemned him to death? Did you think I had changed my mind, or that you would torment me until I had granted your request?" "O, sir," she cried, as the tears rolled down her cheeks, "if you will only permit him to go home with me, he will *never, never* fight against you again: indeed, sir, he will not; I promise you that. He is dying where he is. Let me take him away,—let me take him away and nurse him until he dies." Duty and pity had a brief struggle, but the former won. "Your brother shall be cared for," he said; "but he cannot be liberated." She drew herself up to her full height in an instant, and in the most haughty manner; and after deigning to give the chief magistrate a fierce look of some significance, as much as to say "we meet at Phillipi," she withdrew. He was thus importuned day after day by all classes of the republic. He was a man of acute discrimination and keen observation,—one who had studied his countrymen well in all the multifarious phases of their erratic hero-worship, and to a great extent had humoured them in many of their demands, if these calls were not diametrically opposed to a settled policy or course of action. When the people thought him vacillating, the oak was only bending before the storm, soon to regain its former uprightness and elasticity when the tempest was overpast. He was an emancipator at heart when he read his first inaugural in doubt and sorrow from the steps of the Capitol; but "the better angel of his nature" told him that it was best to allow public opinion to precede and concur in his proclamation of freedom. The press, under his control, paved the way, and did it well. He struck the iron when it was hot, and moulded the plastic elements of national power with a willing hand, until the long-sought-for goal was reached. No siren song lured him; no threats

intimidated; no failures discouraged; no victories vaunted; no cruelties to his friends made him vindictive; and no toils or anxieties brought forth a word of complaint. With wonderful equanimity of mind—no revilings and unworthy reproaches ruffled his temper, or changed him in the main from his purposes—yet he was not dogmatic, but humbly acknowledged his errors. In his first letter to General Grant, occurs the memorable and noble sentence: "You were right and I was wrong." He had his faults and failings like other mortals; but these will be remembered no more. His inmost soul would revolt at the senseless panegyrics and *eulogia*, spoken and written in *memoriam*. The comparisons of him to ancient worthies of Holy Writ are odious and blasphemous, and show utter want of taste, not to say truthfulness, in parallel. Any writer, whose exuberance of feeling or fancy may lead him to predicate of Abraham Lincoln all that is great and good and glorious, in language which is the quintessence of *fineness*, may make a good mediæval poet, but not a very reliable historian. These exuberant ebullitions of feeling may be creditable to the heart of the writer or speaker; but they are not always consonant with facts, or such as the eminent dead deserve. Lincoln was not a demi-god; nor was he unique in excellence or probity. He has left in the United States many equals behind, who, did the opportunity occur, would not need a tragic end to stamp them also with immortality. Lincoln's great virtue was honesty, and who, in the discharge of his public duties, did what he could with disinterested patriotism. He doubtless was guilty of many errors in judgment, of which the world will never know; but "let him that is without sin cast the first stone;" and now let the dead past bury its dead. Honesty is a valuable inheritance, now-a-days seldom bequeathed to politicians; and for that cardinal virtue alone, the world should hold Lincoln in grateful remembrance. To some extent it is true, "an honest man is the noblest work of God;" and now that he has gone to the world of spirits, let us deal honestly with his name, and "keep ourselves from idols;" for, however we may admire him as a ruler of a mighty republic, and as a man in his social relations, he was only mortal, and as such, was not the ethereal and distorted caricature drawn of him by his worshippers. As Britons, we are not jealous of a nation which can produce and support in a worthy position such a man, in spite of all the horrors incident to a fratricidal war: and as Anglo-Saxons, we cheerfully accord to him a proud pre-eminence in the temple of fame, whose niches are being filled with the great and undying names of those of whom the world was not worthy.

SECRETARY SEWARD.

There were more pomp and etiquette in the surroundings of Mr. Seward, than in all the White House of Mr. Lincoln. There was a profusion of semi-uniformed servants, "dressed in a little brief authority," that would not disgrace an eastern pasha. Visitors have to bide his Excellency's time in a large hall which runs through the whole length of the building. Mr. Welles, the Secretary of the Navy, has his offices in the same building. The house is small and unpretending and made of brick, and is situated near the U. S. Treasury—(a beautiful, pilliared building) on the north side. In the hall Mr. Seward's son had a desk at which he was busily writing. We sent in to the Secretary of State our letters of introduction, and after exercising our patience about half an hour, while the Russian Ambassador had his interview, we were ushered into a small parlour by a huge janitor, whose dignity and formality a mandarin might envy. This room was neatly furnished,

but could not boast of many superfluities in furniture or adornings. The walls were studded by a few pictures, one of which was a grouping of the busts of men of genius, such as Watt, Stephenson, Brunel, &c., with two fine steel engravings of Cobden and Bright. The most severe republican, who has faith in the aphorism "when unadorned, adorned the most," would be delighted with *this severe* simplicity in the arcana of one of the chiefs of the nation. While cogitating on such matters, the Cerberus of the Secretary called my name in a *sotto voce* manner, that would put a bass singer into fits of ecstacy. We could scarcely credit our organs of sight when Mr. Seward rose up from behind a large desk to shake hands, to see a small thin person, at the most not five feet six inches in height—sallow in countenance, thin in body, small sunken eyes, shaggy eye-brows, thin lips, small round chin, and generally emaciated muscles. Had he the massive head and burning eyes of Sir William Hamilton, the prince of metaphysicians, his outlines would correspond with the matchless Knight, at least in the distance. He was evidently out of health and had a nervous manner that made his visitors doubtlessly uncomfortable. He has a studied reserve about his conversation which is not in keeping with his despatches to the foreign ministers of the Republic. During the rebellion he was perpetually writing oracular sayings and making prophetic announcements that were never fulfilled and that were looked upon by foreign powers as harmless *Sewardisms*—a sort of pap to satisfy the cravings of a restless, discontented and frefull public. He fed the American people for many a weary day with such husks, but the voracious maw of public opinion at last saw the cunning cheat and asked for more solid condiment. The infant nation was then cutting its wisdom teeth and required from time to time an anodyne to soothe its fits of anglo-phobia. No man could prescribe a more potent remedy to a convulsive people than Wm. H. Seward. His despatch to Minister Adams, in the Spring of 1861, declaring that the rebellion would be crushed in ninety days, is in keeping with his wonderful assurance ever since. His manner indicates impatience and irritability. We could imagine him penning dispatches on the impulse of the moment, full of gall and wormwood, and boiling hot, which prudence, good judgment and discretion would never pen, or if written in a moment of weakness, would be committed immediately to the flames. Doubtless, during the lifetime of Lincoln, the President was a huge balance-wheel, that regulated the power and velocity of this restless engine of war. Seward does not seem like one who would be actuated by vindictive feelings and unforgiving hatred, on the contrary, his voluminous correspondence indicate his moods to be like the summer sky, all sunshine the most resplendent, or all cloud and portentous thunder storms, the blackest in which there is *some* danger and much noise—vengeful and furious for a time—but nature is only righting itself, for the clear atmosphere is sure to follow. The phillipics of Seward may not equal those of the Athenian orator against the Macedonian king in satire the most pe verful and bitter, but they are often desperate efforts to annihilate his enemies at home and abroad by venom, virulence and biting sarcasm. The Republican Convention, of Chicago, that nominated Lincoln, did well to eschew his claims as a candidate for the presidency, for although his mentality is not by any means deficient, yet his conceptions and perceptions are crude in their "working out" and in their practical bearings, being too ardent a politician to see aught good in his opponents and being totally blind to the wishes of any government that is not democratic, or of any people that are not believers in the Monroe doctrine, and of the manifest destiny of all

nationalities on this continent to bow down in meekness to the would-be conqueror, or be bought soul, body and possessions, like ice-ribbed Walrussia or volcanic and tempest-torn St. Thomas. He has often in his self-will and intermittent obstinacy, been a thorn in the side of the Cabinet and has spoiled by "red tape" and the "circumlocution office" the matured and otherwise approved plans of many a general; but being shrewd as a tactician, able, earnest, and ever plodding, he retains a surprising hold on the good opinions of a people, who, during the war had been most fickle in attachments to public men, who through extraneous circumstances were partially unsuccessful. The man who has paeans sung in his praise to-day, may be the object of vile vituperation to-morrow. Seward has not been exempt from blame, nor has he passed unscathed through an eventful period in his country's history, nor has he escaped the shafts of low scurrility, which have been hurled *ad libitum* at conspicuous men, yet with great tenacity he has comparatively kept his reputation good and his influence unimpaired north and south, with democrats as well as with republicans. This is more to be wondered at when we consider how abrupt, pointed and sharp he is in his manner of speech to all and sundry who transact business with him. In fact he may be called "crusty" were it not you saw that his manner was natural and his laconic, *brusque*, replies unintentionally such. His labours are very arduous, and have very little pleasautness in their details; but Seward is fond of power and popularity and no doubt enjoys his position. The snarls he has engaged in against our august mother—Great Britain—indicate a normal habit rather than vicious propensities, and have been as harmless as those of a lapdog or the echo of his own voice. He is a representative man and as such must *pretend* to possess innate chronic hatred to old staunch Britannia, yet at heart, he possibly may not be unfriendly to us and our institutions. We have not the gift of prophecy, but we would not be surprised to see him installed as Secretary of State in the Grant administration. A more laborious statesman could not be found in the Republic, nor do we know of one better versed in international law. It has been his "speciality" and his delight since he came into public notice, and has done him good service during the recent delicate complications between Britain, France, Spain and the United States.

GENERAL MEADE.

Very little was known of General Meade, outside of military circles, until he was called to the command of the army of the Potomac a few days previous to the battle of Gettysburgh. His partial success at that time gained him some credit, but not as much as he deserved, for if his army had been routed and demoralized to the extent the same forces were under McDowall, McClellan, Pope and Hooker, Washington could not escape capture and a new impetus given to the struggle. But the tenacity, bravery and well-planned tactics of jaded soldiers and anxious leaders repeatedly repulsed, saved the Northern army and people a disgrace, and virtually broke the back of the rebellion! The lowest depths had been reached and the ascent had commenced. Although Meade did not utterly discomfit Gen. Lee's army, yet he checked the enemy's victorious career through Maryland and Pennsylvania. His tardiness after the battle was looked upon much more leniently than was that of Gen. McClellan after the battle of Antietam. The people had been taught patience. The clamorous and spit-fire press which had forced many a general to fight unprepared, was being taught caution. All the American people knew that Lee was repulsed but not defeated and that he could still, on the

defensive, strike a telling blow that might be disastrous to the union cause. Defeat at that time would be serious. Gen. Meade being a military engineer, was more capable of acting on the defensive than the offensive; his *forte* lay more in well digested plans, assisted by diagrams and typography, than in sudden and unexpected combinations, *cu passant*, during a battle. His caution and carefulness of the lives of his soldiers were barriers to sudden and unlooked for victory and also to rash crude plans which might bring on defeat. Stonewall Jackson, Sherman, or Sheridan, to use a Scotch proverb, "would make a spoon or spoil a horn," while Meade was studying the process by which it was done. It is not in his nature to tempt fickle fortune by a *coup d'état*. His sense of responsibility is too keen, and his finer feelings are in too lively exercise to risk precious lives in mere experiment or hap-hazard, yet it is doubtful if such a general could successfully hold supreme command of a large army, in the face of a skilful and daring foe, and *cacteris paribus*, lead it to victory when success depended not on siege operations, but on sudden and unlooked for manœuvre—taking advantage of emergencies—and in indomitable perseverance and pluck in pursuing and striking a partially beaten and retreating foe. Meade was faithful and industrious, and a good tactician and well-beloved by his army; but his fears and doubts robbed him of decision. The American leaders knew that the army was safe with him until it was ready to strike the final blow, then, Grant, as generalissimo, with dogged determination, and a well drilled countless host, led the way "on that line" in the bloody march to Richmond. How many can remember with shuddering the horrors of the way from the Rapidan to the Weldon railroad—the marches and counter-marches—the trail of mangled corpses—the moans of dying men—the dripping ambulances—the terrible symphony of battle! All, all, now reminiscences of what seemed a heinous night-mare or some strange phantasmata of the brain, which, like the "baseless fabric of a vision, leaves not a wreck behind," but alas, it was reality.

The writer found Meade's head-quarters in 1864 at City Point, and at that time not far from the extreme left of his army. Shortly after the battles of Ream's station, and the taking of the Weldon railroad, and the occupation of the forts at the Peebles house, the Pegram farm and Hatcher's Run, his tent was pitched near the historic Jerusalem plank road, at the well-known Yellow Tavern. Meade's tent could not be distinguished from those of his staff, except by a small American flag on a pole about six feet high, and six yards away from the tent door. In the entrance to the tent was a small stove, composed of Russian iron, sliding together after the manner of a spy-glass, so that when removed it could be stowed away into the smallest compass. He extolled it as a model for camp purposes. His bed was a stretcher, such as is used on the field for carrying the wounded. It had spread on it a few army blankets, and rested about a foot from the ground on two billets of wood. On a barrel was perched a small writing-desk, and by its side were two camp stools. These, with a small portmanteau, were the furniture of his tent. A detachment of Zouaves was his body-guard, whose fantastic costume—the red trousers, tight leggings, blue jackets with yellow facings, and night-cap head piece above bronzed faces—struck the eye pleasantly, in contrast with the everlasting blue of the regiments tented around. Could we divest ourselves of the real for a time, the ideal and imaginative would soon carry us to the Boulevards, Tuilleries, Palais Royale, or Place la Concorde, of Paris, where the traveller meets at almost every step the Chasseur d'Afrique; or we would be spirited away to Algeria, the natal place of this uniform, the sight of which

struck terror into the Arabs, and which has made Muscovite and Hapsburgh tremble at Alma, Inkerman and the Malakoff, and at Magenta and Solferino on the plains of Piedmont. In the United States, this uniform, as a general rule, when the war first broke out, was adopted by regiments composed of the scum of the cities, such as the "bruisers" and the "plug-uglies," who fought well, but whose ethics did not involve very clear conceptions of *meum* and *teum*, either among friends or foes; but as the war went on, the respectable bone and sinew of the American youth filled up the *hiatus* made by disease and powder and shot. The grotesque appearance of a body of men in Zouave costume is very attractive; but like that of a British soldier (high authority to the contrary notwithstanding,) is an excellent mark for the enemy's sharpshooters. Gen. Meade informed the writer that he received letters daily from deserters who had fled to Canada "from the wrath to come," begging and pleading to be pardoned, so that they might return to their respective regiments. The General did not say whether their prayers were granted or not. We are sure if public interest permitted it he would be ready to place on probation the miserable exiles. Meade deserves the gratitude of the Canadian people for his conscientious discharge of duty during the Fenian raid. Although other officers of the U. S. Army were faithless to their trust, he was willing and eager and prompt to disarm and send back these bandits and marauders to the foul dens of infamy from whence they sprung, with the understanding that he at least would *interpret literally, and without any mental reservation*, the orders of the President. Let him be remembered by us as faithful among the many of his compeers, who were eager for revenge because of imaginary wrongs by an innocent people. His simplicity in manners, urbanity, humanity, lack of "fussiness," and retiring habits, are not appreciated as they ought to be; but it is an old adage "that republics are always ungrateful;" or at least the gratitude of historic republics was very transitory. The hero of a party may have his ears filled with the multitudinous voices of the populace shouting "all hail!" to-day: and to-morrow he may be ostracized blindly and ignorantly at the command of an ascendant faction. Meade has, so far, not been caught in the maelstrom of popular clamour, for which no doubt he is thankful; but when the *true* history of the American war has been written, he will be acknowledged as a general whose prudence, discretion, sound judgment and skill have contributed a large share to the re-establishment of United States' authority. He is not a bully nor a knave—two characteristics which have had great prominence, and have been well developed in many generals of the Union; but which, even among an industrious, enterprising and volatile people, will eventually cover the unfortunate possessor with just and lasting dishonour.

CANADIAN CHARACTERS.

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME.)

No. 1.—NEIGHBOUR JOHN.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

There's neighbour John, dull as a stone,
 An earthy man is he:
 In nature's face no single trace
 Of beauty can he see.

He's wrought with her for sixty years—
 Believes he did his duty;
 Yet all that time saw naught sublime,
 Nor drank one draught of beauty.

His only joy as man and boy
 Was but to plod and moil,
 Until his very soul itself
 Has grown into the soil.
 He sees no vision, hears no voice
 To make his spirit smart;
 The glory and the mystery
 Ne'er sett'ld on his heart.

The great vault's hanging o'er his head,
 The earth is rolling under,
 On which he's borne from night till morn
 With not one look of wonder.
 Talk not to him of yonder clouds
 In glory mass'd together,
 John but beholds in all their folds
 Some index of the weather.

Talk not of old cathedral woods
 Their gothic arches throwing;
 John only sees in all those trees
 So many saw-logs growing.
 For, in the woods no spirit broods,
 The grove's no longer haunted;
 The gods have gone to realms unknown,
 And earth is disenanted.

In Day, with all his bright array,
 And black Night still returning,
 He never saw one gleam of awe
 Tho' all their lamps were burning.
 Their seasons in their mystic round
 Their magic work are doing;
 Spring comes and goes, the wild flower blows.
 And Winter's storms are brewing.

And Indian Summer steps between,
 In robes of purple gleaming,
 Or in a maze of golden haze
 The live-long day is dreaming.
 John stands with dull insensate look,
 His very soul's grown hoary!
 And sees in all but sear leaves fall,
 And not one gleam of glory.

For beauty and sublimity,
 Are but a useless blunder;
 And naught can start awe in his heart,
 No nothing short of thunder.
 He know the world's a solid world,
 And that a spade's à spade,
 And that for food and raiment, all
 The heavens and earth were made.

He laughs at all our ecstasies,
 And he keeps still repeating
 "You say 'tis fair, but will it wear?
 Or is it good for eating?"
 And we can only say to him
 "That it is very tragic
 To see but kites and appetites
 Powl in this Hall of Magic."

COLOUR AS APPLIED TO LADIES' DRESS.

PART 2.—BY J. W. G.

It is not our intention to discuss whether the dress of the present day has assumed the proportions of extravagance as some have asserted. The most inveterate grumbler cannot deny that it takes very little to make a bonnet. We will leave the discussion in the hands of the ladies, and depend upon it if you are a bachelor friend of their's and attempt the argument, you will be worsted, and we cannot extend to you any sympathy. They will not only point out how little it takes to make a lady's garment, but call your attention to the fact, that it is the spring that moves the many hands of industry, furnishing food and labour for millions; that it stimulates man's fancy, skill, taste and inventive genius, and even impels him to study and scientific research.

Nor will we stop to enquire how the fair sex may be said to lay claim to the exclusive right of colour, leaving to us but black, white and brown. We do not repine, if they have the pleasure, we enjoy the sight, which is some compensation. Imagine, if by a freak of fashion, they were to adopt a costume as unvaried as the present masculine attire, and our shop windows—that now display all that is chaste and lovely in colour and exquisite in design—nothing more attractive than broad cloth or black stuff, what a depressing effect it would have. Then if colour, in regard to dress, may be said to be the prerogative of woman, it becomes her to use it with good taste. This can only be done by proper attention to its laws and not by open violation of them; not by wearing a dress of various colours regardless of all harmony.

We do not wish to be understood to advocate the wearing of a particular colour by a person at all times because it is in harmony. Let us denounce fashion as we will, we cannot resist the tide; in spite of every effort we will float with the stream more or less. Few have the moral courage to reject it altogether; then what is wanted is a correct knowledge of the laws of harmonious colour, so that you will be prepared to adapt yourself to the times. We dislike to see persons make themselves what is termed “odd,” by appearing in the garb of ancient days, or again give all their time and means to dress, caring nothing about the cultivation of their minds.

The rules of society compel ladies to dress according to the sphere in which they move, but it does not compel them to dress extravagantly; for nothing can be in worse taste than an over-dressed person. And how often do we see one plainly but neatly dressed, yet we are struck by her lady-like appearance. Again, others seem to love colour to such an extent that they decorate their person in all the colours of the rainbow; nor do they show any choice of delicate tones, but use them as strongly as possible. What can such an individual want, only to be stared at by the vulgar crowd who are caught by the glitter and show? No one, possessed of a cultivated taste, can admire it, but will immediately begin to read something of the character of the wearer—her tastes and habits—and too often the reading will not be very flattering.

We are very much inclined to think that it was sensible advice of a writer, when telling how to prepare a hare for dinner, to say “first catch your hare.” In our case we do not want our lady friends to perform any such feat, but

simply to know their complexion. This is of the utmost importance, and really requisite before you can tell what will harmonize with it; and we certainly should not offer such advice did we not hear so many conflicting opinions regarding, not only the colour of the hair, eyes and face of their intimate friends, but of their own families.

For our present purpose it is sufficient to divide the complexion into two types, the blonde and brunette, and it cannot fail to be apparent to the most casual observer that there are different degrees of colour in the blonde and also in the brunette. Each degree marked by some prevailing tint, the blonde may have more orange than roseate tint, or more of the latter than the former, for these two form the basis of colour in the blonde complexion. In the brunette it may partake more of the red than the orange, or the orange may predominate. By examination you will find that in this type the red is a more decided red, than the roseate tint, observable in the complexion of the blonde, which the word *brunette* implies. We find associated with the blonde light coloured hair and blue eyes; with the brunette dark brown or black hair, and black, hazel, or grey eyes. Again, we meet with faces not belonging, strictly speaking, to either type, which are generally styled pale complexions. Then what is wanted is a correct study of your own complexion, after that the laws of contrasts and harmonies of colour to enable you to lower or give greater value to a tone. For instance, if you want to lower the orange, or there is too much red in the face, or again, these are lacking, they can be lowered or forced up by a proper knowledge of these laws, or in other words, you can improve or not the colour of your complexion as you use a becoming or an unbecoming colour in juxtaposition with the face.

We have heard it said by ladies, "my sister can wear a colour which is very becoming to her and quite the reverse to me." The cause will be found in some slight difference of colour in the complexion, or else in the method of separating the colour from the face; for instance, rose-red cannot be put in contact with even the rosiest complexions without causing them to lose some of their freshness, for rose-red and crimson cause the complexion to look more or less green, yet these colours may be worn if separated from the face by a border of tulle or a wreath of white flowers in the midst of green leaves, and in this manner a bonnet may be worn by either blonde or brunette, if proper care is taken to separate it from the face by some more becoming colour.

It will be found, by experiment, that coloured bonnets produce more effect by contrast, arising from juxtaposition with the flesh tints, than by the coloured reflections which it imparts to them. All reflected colour is feeble except on the temples; and in such parts of the face feebly illuminated by daylight, the contrasting colour will be slightly called up. A green bonnet will impart a rosy tint to the face in those parts feebly lighted by daylight; yellow a violet. rose-red a green, sky-blue an orange, and an orange a blue.

In the blonde it is more the harmony of analogy of hue; in the brunette it is the harmony of contrast that predominates. The hair, eye-brows and eyes contrast in tone with the white of the skin, while the hair and eye-brows of the blonde are what may be called a subdued orange-brown, and the colour of the skin is of the same hue but lower in tone, tinged more or less with a roseate tint. It is only in the blue eyes of this type we find any contrast, while in the brunette the contrast is often very marked both in the colour of the hair and eyes.

It seems almost needless to point out a particular colour of bonnet which

may be worn by either type, for fashion is so arbitrary in its demands, and of late years, such importance has been given to some one particular colour as the fashionable one; nor is it to be expected that a blonde will wear a blue bonnet continually or a brunette a buff one, because it harmonizes with her complexion; still it would be much better to do even this than to make herself ridiculous by wearing an unbecoming colour merely because it is fashionable.

It is a fact that few will, I think, gainsay, that those ladies who do not dress in the extreme of fashion or yet altogether out of it, who possess the good sense to follow a middle path, appear to the best advantage. It would be strange and somewhat contrary to human nature if we did not want a change; we soon tire of the same colour no matter how beautiful it may be, and it would be absurd to expect a lady to wear one colour continually. Even the staid and strict sect of quakers have made changes in their dress of late years. How would we know when a young lady put on a new bonnet or dress if she did not change the colour? It is a common expression, and one often heard, "I wore that colour last summer, I want a change." Change then, and if you have not previously made it your study, do so now, and let your choice at all times be guided by the harmonious laws of colour; make yourself acquainted with the effect produced by placing one colour side by side with another, so that you can give a good and correct reason for what you do.

The better to understand this, let us suppose you intend to purchase a black velvet *Sac*, you will, of course, be very particular about its being a good shade of black, and it is your intention to wear it over a purple dress. What will be the effect of these colours brought in juxtaposition and tested by the laws of colour? The black you were so particular about will look like a rusty greenish black, and why? because the purple being a secondary colour, has the power of calling up the primary yellow, and when the eye leaves the purple it carries the yellow to the black causing it to appear so. Now, try the following experiment, take a white cloth and a purple cloth, and on each of them place a piece of black velvet, and if the eye is not defective, you cannot help observing that the black upon the white cloth is more intensely black. while that upon the purple becomes a greenish black. A blue dress would call up the complementary colour orange, which would in the same manner change the colour of your *Sac*, tinging it more or less with the orange. Do not, for one moment, suppose I wish you to wear the colour, yellow, orange, or white with your black *Sac*, for these colours are not easily managed. if we except the white, and you will at all times find it difficult to use the primary colours, because they act with greater power on the eye than the secondaries, and the secondary colours than the tertiaries.

Again, you will find it important to study colour in reference to its power over the eye, with regard to making objects appear large or small. For an example of this, note the difference of any lady friend when dressed in white. how much larger she will appear than when dressed in black; or your hands when wearing white or light-coloured kid gloves; or on your feet light boots. Black absorbs light, while white reflects it. For this reason a photographer uses a white screen, to reflect the light upon the shaded side of the face. when taking your likeness.

This power of reflection is often seen when a lady is dressed in black. with no white to relieve the face, more especially if dark complexioned. Even the addition of a small white collar and a pair of white cuffs will produce an important change upon the complexion, imparting to it a brighter and clearer effect.

Let us glance for a moment at the dress of man, which may be said to consist principally of black. We believe that few, if asked the question, could give a satisfactory answer why so much white shirt bosom was shown in former days; or why they have to resort to the white or light-coloured neckties, so much worn at present. The white shirt bosom reflected light back to the face; and as the present style of vest came in fashion, less white being visible, it became necessary to adopt the white or light necktie to supply the deficiency.

It is a custom, very prevalent among men at the present day, to purchase suits of clothes of a light colour for summer wear—coat, vest and pants one shade. Now if we look at this from an economical point of view, it is a mistake. It certainly looks well, and is particularly adapted to some men; but there is this consideration, one part invariably gets more wear than another, and the contrast becomes very marked, which would not be the case if the pants and vest were one colour and the coat another. I think no man possessed of good judgment would wear new black pants and vest with a rusty black coat, for the reason that the one would cause the other to look much worse by contrast.

I have made this slight digression, not so much for imparting information as to show that we of the sterner sex are not by any means faultless, as regards dress, any more than the ladies; and it is not our fault if we do not oftener transgress the laws of harmony. We have little colour to transgress with; yet it is matter for consideration, how to use the little we have rightly. We do our best to follow the caprice of fashion: our boots are sharp-toed, or round, or square, or, still more absurd, stubbed-toed. One season our pants are wide; next, tight-fitting, till one wonders how some men get into them; or they are spring-bottoms or peg-tops. Our hats are high or low, narrow in the brim or wide; and our vests and coats are cut in an endless variety of shapes.

Some of our lady readers may not think it amiss if we offer for their consideration (we say consideration, for we do not consider that they should adopt without a test, and that test subject to the laws of harmony,) a list of bonnets suitable to either blonde or brunette; because, as we remarked before, there are many complexions that do not, strictly speaking, belong to either type. We often find faces with the hair of the blonde, and not one particle of roseate tint in the complexion; and the same may be said of the brunette—dark hair and eyes, and yet the face almost devoid of colour. It is for this reason we so strongly advise every lady to study her own complexion; yet the laws of harmony and contrast are so fixed, that, for general guidance, the following hints may prove useful:—

A black bonnet trimmed with white does not contrast so well with a brunette, as it does with a blonde. It is requisite for the brunette to use more white, and that near the face.

A white bonnet composed of gauze, crape or lace, if worn by a blonde, the trimming best adapted will be found to be blue flowers; and if worn by a brunette, yellow flowers are preferable.

A blue bonnet trimmed with white flowers is particularly suited to a blonde complexion.

A buff bonnet suits a brunette very well, and receives with advantage violet or blue accessories. Care should be taken to let the hair separate it from the face.

A green bonnet is suitable to a fair and light, rosy complexion. The trimmings should consist of rose-red and white.

A violet bonnet does not accord with either blonde or brunette, since no face requires an additional yellow colour imparted to it; yet even violet may be worn if separated by the hair, or with yellow accessories.

In fact a bonnet of any colour may be worn if properly adjusted by a more becoming colour, which will be found to be the complementary colour to the bonnet; or the bonnet well separated by the hair from the face. Care should also be taken in regard to harmony of colour with the hair. Nor must it be forgotten that the eye is not only acted on by colour. Lines also exercise an influence upon it, and when they show beautiful combinations the eye takes pleasure in beholding them; for beauty, in whatever form it is presented, affords us pleasure. And not only should there be harmony of colour, but harmony of form—one is as requisite as the other; and it is just as important that proper attention should be paid to the *contour* of the face, as to the choice of colour.

If we look upon the face of nature we find both the laws of harmony, of colour and form, speaking in silent language wherever we turn—telling us God made all things beautiful; and if so, what right have we to disobey the laws of nature, and deck our persons in unbecoming colours, or distort our forms, falsely imagining we are improving them.

DREAMLAND AND OTHER POEMS.*

THE title for praising a work because it is of home manufacture is past, and books now must stand or fall on their merits alone. No author should fear honest criticism, but rather desire it. If he put a production of his brain into the literary field and it prove unsatisfactory, let the verdict of his readers rather stimulate him to renewed energy and perseverance, than tend to make him give up altogether in despondency. It is far better for him in the end to know just how much his labours are worth, than to be for the time the recipient of a few empty compliments—good enough, perhaps, in their way, but of no permanent value to the person for whom they are intended. We are led to make these remarks from the receipt of a volume of poems entitled “*Dreamland and other Poems,*” by Mr. Chas. Mair, of Perth, Ontario. With the exception of a few minor faults—a limping line here and there—the poems in question are vastly superior to many books of the kind we have read. Mr. Mair is a young man of rising abilities, and will yet make his mark among the men of letters of the Dominion. Some strikingly original ideas pervade the work; and the musical rhythm and rich vein of thought, everywhere apparent, hold the reader in “*admiration’s silken bonds.*”

The first poem is *Dreamland*. “*God bless the man who first invented sleep,*” cried Sancho Panza; while Mair pronounces it

“ * * * a palace of delight,
 Built beyond fear of storms by day or night;
 And whose enters doth his station keep,
 Unmindful of the stain upon his birth.”

* “*Dreamland and other Poems,*” by Chas. Mair: Montreal, Dawson Bros.; London, Sampson, Low, Son & Marston.

There are some fine passages throughout the whole. The hero wanders into the blissful realms of dreamland. Soon the drowsy god's magic influence overpowers him: he fancies that he is falling:

"So numb of sense, so dead with fear was I.

"O blessed was the hand that caught my hand,
Unseen, and swung me thrice throughout all space!
Blessed, that sought me at the ocean's brink,
And gave me hope as food and love as drink.
And fanned with snowy flowers mine anguished face.
And soothed me with her kisses as she fanned."

Of this ethereal maiden the poet says:

"Lo! she was holy and most strangely fair,
Sleek-throated like a dove, and solemn-eyed;
Her lips were, as an infant's, small and sweet,
And as an infant's were her naked feet;
And, scarf-like, flowed and shimmered at each side,
Her cloven tresses of untrammelled hair."

The two then roam through the heavenly regions on the "wings of love." Ever and anon he sipped the sweet nectar from her lips and sang:

"Oh, could I sleep for ever in a dream,
Or dream such dreams for ever while I slept!"

But 'twas all a dream. We can imagine how chagrined he felt when

"That moment there was darkness, and the lists
Of heav'n gave place unto the gloom of day;
Whereat I woke to deadly fears and pain,
To misery of the thunder and the rain,
And crime, and subterfuge, and fierce affray
Of warring creeds and brawling mammonists."

In our estimation the verses on the "Pines" are the best in the book. They are eminently Canadian in their tone. How bold and real!

"Oh! heard ye the pines in their solitude sigh,
When the winds were awakened and night was nigh?
When the elms breathed out a sorrowful tale,
Which was wafted away on the wings of the gale;

When the aspen leaf whispered a legend dread,
And the willows waved darkly over the dead;
And the poplar shone with a silvery gleam,
And trembled like one in a troublesome dream;

And the cypresses murmured of grief and woe,
And the linden waved solemnly to and fro,
And the sumach seemed wrapt in a golden mist,
And the soft maple blushed where the frost had kissed.

* * * * *

I heard the pines in their solitude sighing,
When the winds were awakened, and day was dying;
And fiercer the storm grew, and darker its pall;
But the voice of the pines was louder than all."

We are then made acquainted with what the lofty pines say in their wild song.
The whistling wind carries over the earth the strain :

“ We nod to the sun ere the glimmering morn
Prints her sandals on the mere :
We part with the sun when the stars are borne
By the silv’ry waters clear.
And when lovers are breathing a thousand vows,
With their hearts and cheeks aglow,
We chant a love-strain ’mid our breezy boughs,
Of a thousand years ago.

* * * * *

Cold winter, who filches the flying leaf,
And steals the floweret’s sheen,
Can injure us not, or work us grief,
Or make our tops less green :
And spring, who awakens her sleeping train,
By meadow and hill and lea,
Brings no new life to our old domain,
Unfading, stern and free.

Sublime is our solitude, changeless, vast.
While men build, work and save,
We mock : for their years glide away to the past,
And we grimly look on their grave.
Our voice is eternal, our song sublime,
For its theme is the days of yore :
Back thousands of years of misty time,
When we first grew old and hoar.”

The *North Wind’s Tale* is another fine poem. What a natural picture is drawn in these verses :

“ Men shrink aghast while I draw nigh,
And quake as seized with sudden dread ;
Then quickly to their cov’rings fly—
To mansion, cottage, or to shed.

The parents gather round the fire,
The youngsters perch upon each knee,
And all are still, while higher, higher
My tingling tongue shrieks mournfully.

All night I hunt with snow and storm
The wretched mother, wandering, lost ;
And shake with sleet her tender form,
And bind her tears with links of frost.

And when the infant, mute-mouthed, slips,
Dead, from the sighing mother’s teat,
I freeze the milk which slowly drips
A down, and steal her besom’s heat.

And chiller, fiercer in my glee
I blow along the paths of night ;
Till o’er them sweeps the winter free,
And buries them from mortal sight.”

Mr. Mair is very happy in his description of *Summer*: It is another purely Canadian poem, and had we the space we would gladly quote from it.
There are many other pieces of good matter, of easy flowing versification,

in the book. The sonnets are with but two or three exceptions rather good. "To a Sleeping Infant" is above the average, and we transcribe it in full.

"Smile on! thou tiny mystery, nor ope
 Those tear-fed eyes now curtained down by sleep.
 Wake not nor start, thou mother's tender hope!
 A mother's fond eye doth a vigil keep.
 Now bends she o'er thee, and recalls the kiss
 And throes which gave thee being on a time,
 And made thee doubly dear. Be hers the bliss
 Of building summer castles for thy prime.
 'Tis left for me to sigh; yea I could weep
 To think how care and grief may come and flood
 Thy cheeks with tears—rough-visaged pards which creep
 Into men's hearts and steal their vigorous blood.
 Then wilt thou pray release from mortal pain,
 And wish thou wert a sleeping child again."

We are happy to claim "Dreamland" as another creditable volume to our rapidly increasing library of home authors, and hope Mr. Mair will succeed with his work in a pecuniary point of view. The volume is handsomely bound, contains 150 pages, and is neatly printed. Our booksellers should order a supply. It is time we had a literature of our own, and these attempts to found one should be encouraged by every Canadian who has the interests of the country at heart. Without a national literature what is a nation?

POLITICAL NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.*

The "oldest inhabitant" has a vivid remembrance of the year 1842. Then it was that New Brunswick was in a perfect furor of depression. Trade in every part of the Province languished, politics were at a low ebb, the public purse rejoiced in a "beggary account" of emptiness, the public credit was *nil* and the demands upon the exchequer were largely on the increase. The city of St. John was almost prostrate from the effects of large fires and many of the "poor of the land" were reduced to a state of abject poverty. Sir Wm. Colebrooke had, at this unfortunate time, just entered on his career as Lieutenant Governor.

The form of government, at this period of provincial history, was called "Constitutional." The high offices and emoluments descended from father to son or the nearest of kin. The old aristocratic families reigned supreme and the talented but poor "plebian" remained "out in the cold," forced by the established *regime* to calmly submit to the inevitable. No matter how badly the department was managed, the appointment was made for life. Year after year rolled away, the reckless mismanagement was made apparent and in 1842 we find the result—everything swallowed up in the lavish and extravagant expenditure of the existing government. But though this was hard to bear, the sore was inflamed when the people found that no redress could be obtained. 'Tis true, an appeal could be made to the Colonial office; but

* "Political Notes and Observations" by George E. Fenety, (Queen's Printer.) Fred-erickton, S. R. Miller; St. John, J. & A. McMillan.

what did this amount to when in nine cases out of ten, that department knew nought of the matters at issue? The Provincial Legislature was altogether a nonentity.

How to remedy this sad state of affairs was the question that occupied the attention of a few clear heads filled with brains. The cure was found in that greatest of political boons—Responsible government. Throughout the provinces of British North America was this question agitated. In every hamlet and town its merits and demerits were debated. The influential families, who saw far into the future, who beheld their castles and bulwarks tottering and falling before the advancing tide, who looked upon the storm gathering in the clouds, now no “larger than a man’s hand,” which in a short time would, during its march through the political horizon, sweep down upon them in its unabated fury, carrying all they held most dear with it. “The old form of government must and shall be preserved” was the cry these men raised and the motto was emblazoned on their banners.

The little army, eager for the fray, mustered all its strength and awaited with impatience the coming election which was to teach those in power, so dire a lesson. But they were doomed to disappointment. The “other side,” seeing all hopes for success rapidly crumbling beneath them, proclaimed and scattered broadcast among the loyal people the intelligence that were responsible government established, in a little time the step would lead to the ultimate independence of the provinces and a severance of the tie which bound them to Great Britain. The troops would then be withdrawn, and the defenceless Colonies, left to themselves, would be at the mercy of any power strong enough to seize them. This report gained ground with the descendants of the noble and patriotic loyalists: and at the polls the result of the campaign showed a large opposition to Responsible Government.

But nothing daunted by this overwhelming defeat, the little party ceased not from exertions on behalf of the great question. The few members they had returned, made their voices heard on the floors of the House, on every opportunity that presented itself. In Great Britain, too, the “Reform” was but imperfectly understood. Lord John Russell was among its most strenuous opposers. But in 1854, Responsible Government was carried in principle; a short time after that it was in full working operation.

The volume before us gives a full account of this great conflict. The whole history, from its first inception to its completion, is laid bare to the public eye. The different questions that occupied the attention of the House, the attitude taken upon them by the legislators and assemblymen, from 1842 to 1854 (when the Conservative form of government ceased) all appear in panoramic order on the political canvass. The next volume will commence with the Liberal Government, Hon. Manners-Sutton, Governor, and continue to the end of the administration of Hon. A. H. Gordon.

Occasionally, throughout the book, when we come upon a subject on which party feeling ran high, the author contents himself with merely giving an outline of the matter, shutting from our gaze, the remarks made by Hon. members. We regret this, because we consider it not only necessary, but of very great interest to know just what was said. The author seems to have made it a standing rule, for whenever any excitement occurs, he tells us he keeps back the conversation that took place at that time. We hope this omission will not happen in the second volume of this work, which ought to be in the library of every one interested in his country’s history.

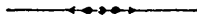
At the outset Mr. Fenety says he gives these “Notes and Observations”

from an impartial stand point; but we are happy to say the intention is either intentionally or otherwise relinquished: for, as the author "warms up" into his work, when he sees the abuses from which his province suffers, when the action of those in power became so vile, he grasps his pen with a firmer hand and trenchantly denounces the then existing government and their mode of administration.

The history is written by one who was "on the spot" and not compiled from the relics of a by-gone age. Musty old volumes and papers from Acadian archives have not been used to produce this work. It is by "our own reporter" who took part in the great agitation and who now tells the story of our "famous victory" for the benefit of future generations, who will study this work long after its author is no more.

Apart from the subject matter directly treated, there are at the end of the volume, a number of "Local Occurrences" which are very interesting and convey to the reader a fund of valuable information respecting a portion of our early history. It is somewhat instructive to glance over names prominent in our country's annals; some are now living and others are consigned to the dark vale of the "city of the dead," leaving nought but their actions by which they may be judged.

We sincerely hope Mr. Fenety's work, which involves so much labour, will find a place in every household. Not only should every politician have a copy; but every student of New Brunswick should likewise provide himself with one. The work is well got up and contains nearly 500 pages.



FLOWERS OF THE YEAR.*

WE regret we cannot award to this volume the high meed of praise we should wish. We have so few purely Dominion books, that when one does come before us we like to judge it with as little harshness as can be compatible with the interests of those we serve. Sometimes we think, however, if these "first fruits" were criticized on their merits alone, without any reference being made to the author or reason of publication, it would be better for all concerned. Though the task is a painful one, yet, in order to do justice to all, we must adopt it. No one is of a more sensitive temperament than an author, particularly a poet. Sometimes the *dictum* of an editor, viewed by the general reader as a passing remark, strikes deeply into the heart of the author, causing a painful wound. We should be sorry to hurt anyone's feelings in this way, and hope our criticisms will be taken in the spirit in which they are given. The outside world little knows why a book is published. Often works are pronounced trashy by the reader, who, if he knew the cause that led to publication, would call back hastily his remark. Sometimes a poor, struggling author writes to give his family bread. He toils on, overtaxing his brain, and in the end produces a very namby-pamby story or poem. This, if he can procure a kind-hearted publisher, he gives to a cold, selfish world, who freely abuse or praise it.

* "Flowers of the Year and other Poems," by Letitia F. Simson: St. John, N. B., J. & A. McMillan.

The preface tells us that this book was printed to satisfy a few friends, who desired to possess the author's writings in a collected form.

We have many faults to find with the leading poem, "Flowers of the Year." The rhythm is very uneven, and the sense is often obscured, so much so as to frequently render it nonsensical. We quote :

" There are flowers that bloom on the mountain's top,
And by the river's glassy slope;
And far in the woodland's sunny glade
The modest violet droops its head."

We protest against making "top" rhyme with "slope," and "glade" with "head." Some of the other verses are even worse: "hope" gingles with "drop," "fill" with "coronal," "love" with "grove," "breeze" with "leaves," "blows" with "hues," and so on throughout the whole. This may be a mark of genius, but it is contrary to all rules of poesy. Here is another verse :

" The Humming-bird plays on the ivy leaf,
And hides in the tiny woodbine cell;
The butterfly sports his hours, so brief,
On the leaf of the rose he loves so well."

In the whole poem there is not one original or striking idea;—nothing more than a mere imperfect and often laboured gingle.

The song addressed to the Skaters of the St. John Rink is decidedly flat.

" What a picture of beauty before my sight
Like a vision of fancy, so fair and bright;
Beautiful faces, and costumes rare,
Gliding like meteors through the air.
Merrily round the Rink they fly,
Happiness beaming in every eye."

Now skaters do not "glide like meteors through the air," notwithstanding the assertion of the poetess.

But let us drop for a moment the trash and look for something in the volume worth reading. This however is very hard to find, for there are not more than three or four pieces of any merit whatever, and even they are not devoid of error, either in versification or sense. The "Homes of England," after Mrs. Heman's fine poem of the same name, should not have been attempted: still, it is pretty fair. We give a few samples :

" The pleasant homes of England!
Oh! how we love to praise
The dear old country of our birth,
The scenes of early days.
The daisied fields and heath-brown hills,
O'er which we used to roam,
Ere yet ambition stirred our hearts
To seek our distant home.

The lines written while walking in the old Burying-ground are above the average.

" And can this be a hallowed spot?
No trace of love is here:
Have those you left behind forgot
To shed the sacred tear?

Neglected graves and withered leaves in silent sorrow speak,
In deep and touching eloquence that bids my spirit weep."

But they are tame when compared to that plaintive dirge by Murdoch, "The City of the Dead." We quote a stanza of the latter :

" Along thy wild, romantic ridge,
 In nooks dark, drear and lone,
 I read the tales of other years
 On tablet and on stone.
 Here from his toil the soldier rests,
 — Who for his country bled,
 Now prison'd in thy charnel mould—
 Grim city of the dead."

We have given enough specimens to enable our readers to form some opinion of the work under review. "Flowers of the Year" is handsomely printed on an excellent quality of paper, fine, clear type, and bound in cloth, gilt edges. It will serve as a parlour-table ornament, if nothing else, and for that purpose we cordially recommend it.

LECTURES, LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL.*

To enter the lecture room and listen to the eloquence of a popular lecturer on some "taking" topic, is one thing; but to go home and take up a volume of lectures and read them is quite another. Lectures are in most cases considered excessively dry reading; and the present generation of lecture-going people are not of the sober, logical, thinking order, but eminently ephemeral in their composition. A lecturer, now-a-days, does not give his auditors his best and most pains-taking thoughts; but, to gain anything like a "fair house," he has to resort to clap-trap, indulge in comic stories, and delight his hearers with his wit. For the "girl of the period," who consults "Planchette," costumes herself *a la* "Grecian bend," and only goes into the lecture room to admire and be admired, he must have a good supply of poetry of a very inferior type; for Spenser and Byron are entirely beyond her comprehension.

But these remarks cannot be said to apply to Harvey's Lectures. They are as far removed from the ephemeral lecture of to-day, as the "heavens from the earth," and will, for many years to come, have hosts of appreciative readers. We confess to having read this pleasant volume with a great deal of gratification. The author possesses the power of making the character he delineates real. As he tells you of the heart-rending sufferings of his heroes, you unconsciously feel a tear trickling down your cheek; and when a phase is touched upon, in which the hero comes off best, you enter into the enjoyment of the scene just as if you were there and took part in it yourself.

In that beautifully poetic lecture (why did the author choose so bad a title for his book? "Had it been called by any other name than this," how rapidly the editions would succeed each other.) on two of Ireland's brightest gems, "Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith," the author appears to the best advantage. Noble-hearted Oliver, how overworked was he when, from sheer exhaustion, he laid himself down to take his last long sleep. Truly, as the Canadian poet, Carroll Ryan, says:

* "Lectures, Literary and Biographical," by Rev. M. Harvey: Edinburgh, Andrew Elliot.

“ At last, O Heaven! has thy blow been dealt,
 And he is gone forever from our sight—
 How deep the anguish for his loss is felt,
 And sorrow wraps my spirit in its might,
 As cold, damp earth enwraps his form to-night,
 With chill, unyielding, sorrowful embrace;
 While his free spirit, to the spheres of light
 Hath been conducted by the angel face
 Of one who went before to that mysterious place.”

Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* and *Traveller* are two of the finest poems in the English language. Burke compared the former to the creations of Pope and Spenser, and said that in some of the pastoral images it surpassed the efforts of those fine writers. Gray, the author of the *Elegy*, and Gœthe both were in raptures with this beautiful poem. Of his prose writings, *The Vicar of Wakefield* is probably the most prominent. What a grand old English picture is here drawn! How many homes have been, and will continue to be, delighted with this sublime creation!

Edmund Burke's career is vividly sketched. The more notable events of his remarkable life are touched upon. His literary and parliamentary labours, his fine oratorical powers, his great speeches, all receive their full meed of attention at the hands of Mr. Harvey.

English, Scotch, and Americans is a wide subject, and the lecturer handles it without gloves. He goes directly into the root of these different nationalities, and explains his theme in an easy, graceful manner. The author has the happy faculty of clothing what appears to be dry and dull in very agreeable, poetical language. The information disseminated throughout this article is varied, and of a valuable and most interesting character.

The lecture on *Tom Hood* is a fine sketch of that immortal punster and poet. A few extracts from his serious poems are given, together with a clear account of his early life, when Hood wrote for the *Dundee Advertiser* and *Dundee Magazine*, which, as he remarked, “published his writings *without charging anything for insertion*.” Then we are told of Poor Tom's painful illness, the gathering of his friends at his dying bedside. His heart-broken wife and sobbing children, listened one night, while he, in his mental aberrations, repeated the pathetic lines:

“ I'm fading awa', Jean,
 Like snow-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
 I'm fading awa
 To the land o' the leal.

“ But weep na, my ain Jean,
 The world's care's in vain, Jean,
 We'll meet and aye be fain
 In the land o' the leal.”

Then the last hour came. The hard-wrought poet (whose comicalities were often penned when he was lying on a bed of sickness, propped up by pillows) blessed his little family, and calmly awaited the final moment. Death entered and Thomas Hood was no more.

There are eleven lectures in all, and each one of them are treated in a most admirable manner. We might take umbrage with a few slips here and there observable; but the author accounts for these by attributing them to a too hasty revision of the proof sheets. The mode adopted by Mr. Harvey is what is termed the “pictorial style.” There are many original thoughts, characteristic of the writer, in the book, and its easy, flowing style renders it delightful reading.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Prospectus of that old favourite—THE ATLANTIC—for 1869 promises well. Some of America's most prominent *literati* are on the staff of this Magazine and the articles, stories and poetry are noted for their finely polished character. Oliver Wendell Holmes—the author of the entertaining *Guardian Angel*—James Parton, E. P. Whipple, W. D. Howells, Jas. R. Lowell, John G. Whittier, Bayard Taylor and other great writers all “come out” in the issue for January. By all means, begin your subscriptions with this No. Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS begins the new year with a brilliant table of contents. Edward Everett Hale, author of the “Man without a Country,” appears during the year in several papers on practical matters. T. B. Aldrich is to contribute a continued story full of exciting adventures about a *Bad Boy*. The juveniles will be charmed with this publication. Same publishers.

Chas. Dickens' “New Uncommercial Samples,” from advance sheets from “All the Year Round,” the continuation of that excellent and admirably told story, “He Knew he was Right,” by Anthony Trollope, together with all that is worth reprinting from the foreign periodicals and reviews, are the principal features in the programme of EVERY SATURDAY for the coming year. The capitably compiled “Foreign Notes” are no mean attraction. Same pub'ers.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC.—No. 2 of this beautifully printed annual has reached us. The engravings are very fine, far eclipsing those of the *Illustrated London Almanac* in tone and finish, whilst its lesser “lights” are well done. The letter press is full of instructive, valuable and amusing information. We are particularly delighted with Oliver Wendell Holmes' “Talk concerning the human body and its management.” Some valuable hints are disseminated throughout the article, which the public would do well to ponder. This “Almanac” forms a sort of “Christmas” or “Extra” number of the “Atlantic Monthly.” Same publishers.

The subscribers to PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE will be vastly pleased to learn of the liberal provision the publishers have made in their favour. The first number of the third volume leads off with a brilliant staff of writers. “To-Day” is the main continued story, and it will run through several numbers. Besides this there are many shorter tales, articles, essays and poetry of a high order. “Literature, Art and Science” and the “Monthly Chronicle,” are always pleasing and instructive. The price of this leading New York Monthly is only \$4, U. S. currency, a year. G. P. Putnam & Son, New York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—This fine epitomizer of Europe's “best and greatest,” has commenced the publication of an interesting story translated from the German, entitled “The Country-House on the Rhine.” The author's name is Berthold Auerbach. The selections are, as usual, made with care and taste. A new volume will shortly be commenced. Littell & Gay, Boston.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is as good as ever and begins the new year with some capitably written articles. We like the *Journal* for the honesty and truthfulness of its biographies. Its other matter is also written with candour and no pains or expense are spared to make this monthly class A 1. Fowler & Wells, New York.

HARPER'S BAZAR.—The ladies will be delighted with No. 1 of the new volume of this great fashion paper. Very often its patrons receive, in addition to paper patterns, a finely engraved coloured supplement, showing at a glance the latest Paris, London and New York styles. Harper & Bro., N. Y.

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