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Stewart's Quarterly:

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE,

Conducted by GEORGE STEWART, Jr.

Volume IV.

St. John, N. B.:
H. Chubb & Co., Printers,
65 Prince Wm. Street.

1871.

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65 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

STEWART'S QUARTERLY.

GEORGE STEWART, Jr., EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. IV. SAINT JOHN, N. B., APRIL, 1870. No. 1.

WHO IS "ENYLLA ALLYNE?"

SOME three months ago the literary world of Canada became aware *of the fact that a poet of no ordinary powers was among them.* Yet so modest has been this lady (for who else but a woman was it who joined together such strings of "linked sweetness long drawn out," as Milton hath it) that, though her graceful compositions have attracted the attention of admiring thousands, she still holds from the public eye her name, and suffers only her mysterious signature, which reads the same backwards and forwards, to accompany the fruits of her muse. In the columns of the DAILY TELEGRAPH AND JOURNAL this new light sought fame, and in that widely circulated journal she obtained it.

As a sonnet writer "Enylla Allyne" appears to most advantage, though some of her poems shine conspicuously forth as productions of great brilliancy. A placid serenity seems to pervade all that this writer gives to us. A charming choice of words and a rich felicity of expression are her leading characteristics. Witness the following tribute to our own gentle Mayflower. Has there been anything so chaste and beautiful ever written among the myriad poems and sonnets, of which this unpretending little flower is the theme?

Watched by the stars the sleeping Mayflower lies,
On craggy mountain slope—in bosky dell,
Beneath the red and yellow leaves that fell
Ere Autumn yielded to bleak Winter's reign;
But when, at Spring's approach, the Winter flies,
Our Mayflower wakes and buds and blooms again.
Queen of the forest—flower of flowers most sweet—
Delight and wonder of a thousand eyes—
Thou dost recall a day that flew too fleet—
A hope that perished in a sea of sighs.
We all have hoped for that which might not be,
But thou, sweet flower, forbidst that we despair;
After the Winter, Spring doth welcome thee,
And, ever hoping, we may conquer Care.

Here is another picture! a sad, silent one, full of quiet thought! *Unconsciously the mind wanders back as we read.* With the poet our steps slowly meander through death's great city. Slabs, some rude and old, and others new and costly, rise on either side. We stop to look at one; and, seemingly lost in a wondrous trance, we stand transfixed and ponder o'er the strange mystery of life. The quaint inscription rises to our view, and with blurred eye we trace the worn

characters, roughly carved on the aged tomb-stone. "Here lies the grief of a fond mother, and the blasted expectation of an indulgent father." Or, perhaps, it is a friend of our early youth over whose grave we are contemplating. Or it may be a near and dear relative with whose boyish sports and pastimes we have mingled our own, in days gone by, who now sleeps his last sleep beneath the cold, dank earth, with "heart at rest, beyond the reach of ill." But let us leave these meditations and place before our readers the beautiful sonnet which called them forth.

A quaint inscription of the olden time,
In letters rudely carved and choked with moss,
"Our Fears are puerile—our Trust sublime—
Life is not Gayne—and Death, it is not Loss."
Above the sleeper bloomed the fern and rose,
As if kind Nature would such trust repay,
And there at morn, at noon, at evening's close,
The birds sang many a sweet and soothing lay,
And there, we fondly thought, the orb of day,
The moon, the stars, looked down with kindliest ray.
Ah, heart at rest, beyond the reach of ill—
Ah, slumber blest, and peace without alloy!—
Not vain thy quest to reach the Heavenly Hill—
The Sunlit Land—the Elysian fields of joy.

Sonnet No. 3, is a sort of companion to the second one, and though not so finely conceived, or so carefully written, is still, on the whole, above mediocrity. There seems to be a straining after effect, a following in the beaten track in this sonnet, and yet there are passages in it of power and strength. Perhaps too much haste in the preparation is the cause of the little obscurity apparent. However, our readers can judge of its merits for themselves.

The twilight shadows creep along the wall,
Without, the sobbing of the wind I hear,
And from the vine-clad elm that marks the mere,
The ivy leaves in crimson eddies fall.
Deeper and deeper grow the shades of night,
And, gazing in the fire, to me appears
The form of one departed with the years—
The buried years of hope, and faith, and light.
"Oh, that those lips had language"—would they tell
The old, old story of the by-gone days,—
Ere on our hearts the blighting shadow fell,
And we henceforward followed parted ways?
I ask, but as I ask the embers die,—
The vision fades—and answers none have I.

No. 4 seems like the bursting of a captive from his chains: so powerfully dramatic is it. Every line is perfect, the idea, the diction, everything connected with it is sublimely grand. Imagine a man walking to and fro along the beach, with nought but the moaning sea for a companion. He hears from beneath the proud waves that dash against the shore, ever and anon, in wild fury, a voice shrieking aloud such a sentence as this, so full of lofty grandeur and reflective imagery:

"Time mosses o'er a world of unknown graves."

Surely there can hardly be a finer line in the language. Shakspeare and Wordsworth have both written many sonnets of great beauty and force; Tennyson and Jean Ingelow, too, have given us much that will live forever in our hearts; but we can say with truth that either of the great quartette might feel justly proud of the sublime passage quoted above. There is no extravagance about it, no grasping after a misty something that is really nothing, no more than a plain, modest sentence; but oh, so expressive!

Upon the beach I walked at eve alone,
And listened to the moaning of the Sea,
And watched the sails that in the moonlight shone
At the horizon: Unto me
There came a voice, as from below the waves,—
"The less'ning sail will soon be seen no more,
"And as I sweep thy footprints from the shore,
"Time mosses o'er a world of unknown graves.
"And it is well. If men could not forget,
"With phantoms all the earth would peopled be;
"The ghosts of buried joys their hearts would fret,—
"A flood of tears, like blood, would drown the Sea.
"Rail not at Time—the healer of thy woes—
"As of those thou hast forgotten, shall be thy last repose."

Of equal sublimity are some portions of the next sonnet which we transcribe. The whistling of the wind through pine forests has ever been a happy conceit. Chas. Mair's very beautiful poem of the "Pines" has many good points.

"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."

But then Mair's is a poem of some length. "Enylla Allyne" finds fourteen lines all sufficient for *her* pretty idea. Right eloquently she says:

In the dim distance, lo, the morn declines—
Astarte brightens in the purple sky;
The south winds woo in whispers soft the pines—
The slumberous pines in murmurs weird reply.
Thou, from afar, perchance, dost watch with me
The full orbed moon descending in the sea—
Thou, from afar, may'st count the stars that beam
Alike on this blue Bay and Jordan's stream—
And thou, perchance, in some half waking dream
Dost hear these whispering winds—these murmuring pines dost see.
Nor time nor space is to kind Nature known—
Nor Past nor Future—now embraces all;—
Her hand doth clasp all men have overthrown,
And all that men hereafter shall befall.

Enough sonnets have been given for our purpose. Though perhaps sonnet writing is the more difficult form of poetical composition, since certain rules must be adhered to, and the poet must take only fourteen lines for the illustration of his subject; yet we cannot say that we are great admirers of the sonnet. We much prefer the open, bold style

of poetry with nothing in it to contract or throw into obscurity the meaning of the versifier. It is not often that the deep pathos of our nature, or our more refined sensibilities, can be touched by the sonnet. The poet is bound within a narrow limit, and experiences difficulty in "blossoming into song." The author under review proves that in addition to being a clever sonnet writer, and one, too, that appeals to our hearts and affections, she is also a true poet in every sense of the word.

The little poem of "the ship" is a master production, and is abundantly supplied with ideal fancy. The feelings of the writer have full play in "The Ship." Dashing and boisterous at times, and then suddenly falling into the reflective. We have enough in this gem to set us thinking a whole day. It fastens on one's memory with tenacity, and try as we will it cannot be shaken off. Very successfully has the poet hit the mark in her batch of verses.

How long, how long have I watched by the shore,
For the ship that never appears?
How long, how long has the sullen roar
Of the waves that beat on the desolate shore,
Filled my heart with nameless fears?

For a dainty craft was that ship of mine,—
I was proud when she left the bay,
With Youth at the helm and of Hopes a crew,—
They were sturdy and earnest and doubtless true,—
Ah, why of all ships should that ship of mine
Her coming so long delay?

A sail, a sail in the moonlight gleams,
Like a snowdrift against the sky!
Three times before I have seen it in dreams—
Is it a phantom? no—it seems—
It *is* the "WIN OR DIE!"

Alas, and alack! She comes not back—
'Twas a fancy—nothing more:
The moon goes down in the far, far west—
Darkness sinks on the ocean's breast,
And alone I pace the shore.

In "Poor Tom" our newly discovered treasure adopts a different measure and style. It is more after the manner of Hood. Curious and quaint are the lines, and mournfully sad is the subject. These four verses exhibit in a remarkable degree the rare ability of the poet, and we unhesitatingly declare this to be her best composition. We are certain that many will incline with us in this idea, and accord the palm ungrudgingly to

POOR TOM.

Dead?
Poor Tom is as dead as a post!
To-morrow, his clay
Will be trundled away—
That we can do for him—that is the most.

Prayers?
Well, of prayers I doubt if the ghost
Of one will be said
Over his head—
Let me help you to chicken—a slice of the roast?
And Sophia—for Tommoddy bring up the toast!

Tom was a child once—
Meek-eyed and mild once—
They say the best scholar for twenty miles round—
The pet of his mother—
The pride of his brother—
The joy of his father—a man that was "sound!"
I remember him well—he was whole-souled and free,
And a heavy importer of brandy and tea!
But taste of this Claret—
Here's Port, do not spare it—
That this salad is excellent I think you'll agree.

But at last the old gentleman went to the dogs—
He endorsed for his friends—and in tempests and fogs
His best ships were lost,
And by fortune so crossed
He gave up the ghost—like a good man he died;
And his wife—broken hearted—she sleeps by his side!
Pray try a cigar,
Superior far
To any you've smoked since the close of the War!

And Tom?
In his history
Is nothing of mystery;
He was snubbed by the rich—he was cut by his friends;—
And you know on the plane how fast one descends.
With no one to guide him he went to the bad,
And at last he was either half crazy or mad.
So to-morrow his clay
Will be trundled away,
And no tear will be shed, and no heart will be sad.

We find as we pursue our search through the columns of THE TELEGRAPH many other pieces of considerable merit. "In the clouds" possesses more than a mere modicum of ability; so do the lines bearing the unprepossessing title of "Original Poetry."

If we have any faults to find with this new star in the poetical firmament it is in her frequent repetitions. *Shore* and *sea*, *valley* and *hill-top* seem to be used unsparingly. *Sunbeams*, too, *play* at least half a dozen times in an equal number of pieces. But these are but specks on the sun, and none but those hypercritical beings, who could not exist did they not find fault with everything, will care to make a few repetitions on the part of the poet, which time and more experience will amend, a just ground of censure. We feel proud to think that out of many aspirants we have another who bids fair to earn an enviable place on the roll of true poets. "Enylla Allyne" has been too long "under a cloud." There is no reason why the disguise should be longer worn. She has established herself, now let the mask be removed, so

that we can obtain a closer view of the gentle disciple of song. It is to be hoped that the light which burst forth with such effulgence, and created so great a furore among our *literati*, will not "hide under a bushel," but continue to delight us with more sonnets and poems of the same calibre as those which have been given us. Considerable pleasure would be caused to the poet's admirers, were "Enylla Allyne" to write more verses, and with those already published, embody the whole in a neat volume, and so save from the ephemeral newspaper gems that should live and have an existence, long after we sleep beneath the whited slab.

MORE ABOUT NEWFOUNDLAND.

SECOND PAPER.

By Rev. M. Harvey, St. John's, N. F.

FRENCH NEWFOUNDLAND.

Among Britain's forty colonies the position of Newfoundland is, in one respect, unique. The sovereignty of the entire territory belongs exclusively to Great Britain, but the French have the right of fishing along more than half the entire shore of the Island, and of using that portion of the coast for such purposes as may be necessary in the prosecution of their fishery. In addition to this important privilege, the French have had ceded to them possession of the two small islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, at the entrance of Fortune bay, as a shelter for their fishermen, the only condition attached being, that no fortifications are to be erected, and no buildings, except such as are indispensable in carrying on the fishery. These rights have been secured to France, first by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, confirmed and modified by the first treaty of Paris in 1763, by that of Versailles in 1783, and by the second treaty of Paris in 1814. Thus, it must be admitted that French rights in Newfoundland have been guaranteed repeatedly, in the most solemn manner, by national treaties, and have been exercised for a hundred and fifty-eight years. The line of coast to which these claims apply extends from Cape Ray, at the south-western extremity of the Island, around the western, northern and eastern shores, to Cape St. John, at the mouth of Notre Dame bay, being fully half the entire coast of the island, and that by far the most fertile and valuable portion.

This anomalous political position of Newfoundland has resulted most injuriously, as far as the interests of the colony are concerned; and has retarded its prosperity more than all other causes combined. The practical effect has been to exclude the people from the use of the last half of the coast, whether for fishing purposes or agricultural settlements. It is true the French have no territorial rights, and are prohibited from forming any permanent settlements or any erections, ex-

cept such as are required for fishery purposes, during the season. It is also true that their right of fishing along this line of coast is not exclusive, but concurrent; and that, notwithstanding the persistent and repeated attempts of the French so to interpret the treaties as to establish an exclusive right to the fisheries, such claim has never been formally recognized by Britain, and is utterly repudiated by the people of Newfoundland. Still the French have exercised their rights with such stringency, within the defined limits, and have shown such jealousy regarding them, that they have succeeded in practically preventing Newfoundland fishermen from using the concurrent right which they justly claim, by fishing within the French bounds. Besides, although Britain has never expressly prohibited her subjects from fishing along with the French, within their limits, yet, dreading no doubt the results of quarrels arising between the fishermen of the two nations, when prosecuting their callings in the same waters, she has discouraged the exercise of the concurrent right, while still recognizing its existence. Complaints made by the French, regarding any encroachments or interferences on the part of British subjects, have received immediate attention; and the policy of successive Imperial Governments has invariably been to discountenance any efforts to fish along that portion of the shore claimed by France. The consequence has been that the "concurrent right" has fallen into abeyance, and that, for all practical purposes, that portion of the coast is closed against the people to whom belongs the soil of the island. The same cause has operated to prevent the inhabitants of the island from settling in the fine, fertile regions along the western coast; and has cooped them up along the comparatively barren southern and eastern shores, and driven them to subsist mainly by fishing. It is true the French cannot cultivate the soil or open a mine, but the method in which they have been allowed to exercise their fishery rights practically excludes British subjects from the soil that is confessedly their own. It is surely time that this wretched "dog-in-the-manger" policy were ended. Now that the resources of the western portion of the Island are known to be such as I described in a former article, in the pages of this magazine,—the soil fertile and easily cleared, the timber valuable and abundant, and the mineral treasures immense, is it to be supposed that to satisfy the extravagant claims of France, the people of this island are to be forever excluded from the fairest portion of the home Providence has allotted them? Are they, with a rapidly increasing population and failing means of support, to be contented to cling to the eastern shores in a state of semi-starvation, when the fertile lands of the west invite them to prosperity and abundance? Is it not preposterous to imagine that in order to secure to a few hundreds of French fishermen liberty to catch and cure some 100,000 quintals of fish, during three months in the year, five hundred miles of coast are to be sealed up, and the half of an island larger than Ireland is to be doomed to remain an uncultivated wilderness? It is surely within the compass of human ingenuity to devise some remedy for such a grievance. British statesmanship, that has grappled with

Indian difficulties and Irish grievances, can surely discover some method of removing such a bar to the prosperity of England's most ancient colony. As matters now stand, progress can hardly be looked for. In one direction, these French claims bar the way to improvement. How would Nova Scotians or New Brunswickers feel were half their coast in the hands of Frenchmen, and they debarred from settlement as well as fishing along the best portions of their territory? Murmurs loud and deep would be heard and threats of rebellion and annexation; but Newfoundland calmly submits to what she has got to regard as her inevitable destiny. As the old man of the sea bestrode the shoulders of poor Sinbad, so does the Frenchman triumphantly bestride unhappy Newfoundland; and she has not yet discovered the way of throwing him off. The Imperial Mother has not yet discovered the value of her dependency; and still regards it as a barren rock, on which the fisherman may spread his nets. As soon as she understands that it is really one of her most valuable colonial possessions, she will find out ways and means of loosening the Frenchman's grasp.

HOW FRENCH CLAIMS MAY BE GOT RID OF.

To Newfoundland the most important of all questions is, the possibility of getting clear of these French claims. Her prosperity, nay, her very existence, depends on the successful opening up of her western territory. Were these fine lands colonized, extensive and prosperous agricultural settlements would take root; and mining, lumbering, shipbuilding and an immense extension of the fisheries would follow. The stream of emigration from the old country would be attracted to an island that lies so comparatively near the British shores, and whose climate, especially on the western shore, is much milder than that of Canada. Should no solution of the difficulty be arrived at, it is hard to say how the increasing population of the island are to find a subsistence in farming the sea alone. Their misery will deepen, and many of them will be driven to other lands, more especially should they refuse to unite their destiny with the Dominion of Canada, and choose continued isolation and stagnation.

No one is foolish enough to expect that England will extricate the Colony from its present difficulties, by violating the stipulations of her treaties with France. International treaties must, at all hazards, be scrupulously respected. Neither is it reasonable to expect that England will sternly insist on the exercise of the right of her subjects to fish *concurrently* with the French. That right she has hitherto held in abeyance, mainly to avoid the risk of collision; and now that the desire to preserve a good understanding with France is paramount in the minds of English statesmen, it is not to be supposed that, in the interests of Newfoundland fishermen, they will imperil the present friendly relations of the two nations. The French have shown, all along, that they attach the greatest importance to these fishery rights, and have guarded them with the most jealous care. They are regarded as essential to the efficient maintenance of their navy, by training a race of hardy sailors to man their ships of war. The death-like tenacity with which,

for a century and a half, they have clung to them, proves how vain is the expectation that they will now easily forego any portion of their claims. The time was when England might have insisted on the entire renunciation of French claims on the fishing grounds of Newfoundland. Such an opportunity occurred when, after a long war, France was weakened and humiliated, and glad to accept peace on any terms—in 1713, in 1783, and again in 1814. But though John Bull fights manfully, when he comes to shake hands his feelings overcome him, he blubbers, embraces his late enemy and gives up everything for which he had fought. It was surely an excess of magnanimity that led Great Britain, after all her victories, to renew, confirm and even extend French privileges in the Newfoundland fisheries. Not only did she thus continue an occasion for future disputes and complications, but she did more to strengthen the navy of a rival power than any efforts of France could possibly have done. The French fisheries in Newfoundland have continually supplied recruits for their navy, wanting which it could never have attained such dimensions as to create a panic, again and again, among a nation whose "home is on the deep," and to threaten with invasion the land over which waves the "meteor flag of England." It was against this suicidal policy that the great Pitt protested so energetically but vainly. But even this was not all—the treaty of Versailles was so unhappily worded, in the stipulations relating to the Newfoundland fisheries, as to appear to enlarge the privileges previously enjoyed by the French. In that treaty, his Britannic majesty, "in order that the fishermen of the two nations may not give cause for daily quarrels, was pleased to engage that he would take the most positive measures for preventing his subjects from *interrupting in any manner, by their competition*, the fishing of the French during the temporary exercise thereof, which was granted to them upon the coasts of the island of Newfoundland." Ever since, the French have endeavoured to found on the phraseology here employed an *exclusive claim* to the coasts and waters in question, but such claim has never been allowed. The crown law officers of England have declared, as their interpretation of the language of the treaty, "that if there be room in these districts for the fishermen of both nations to fish without interfering with each other, this country is not bound to prevent her subjects from fishing there." There is, no doubt, a certain degree of ambiguity enveloping the question. The vital point is, which party is to be judge as to whether the fishing of English subjects is, or is not "an interruption by competition" of French fishing in the debatable waters. If the French alone are to decide this point, then they can warn off British fishermen from the whole coast, on the plea that they are "interrupting them by their competition;" but if, as common sense suggests, the British are to have a voice in such decision, then a joint tribunal would be required to adjust conflicting claims, and to pronounce whether the exercise of the concurrent right was in any case a violation of the treaty. It is evident that the whole question hinges on this point; and that the present arrangement is loose and unsatisfactory, and urgently needs re-adjustment.

It has again and again been proposed to settle the whole affair by a compromise—by allowing the French to have an exclusive right to certain portions of the western and northern shores, on condition that they should entirely withdraw from certain other sections over which their rights now extend. The people of Newfoundland have wisely set their faces against any such compromise, and sternly rejected all suggestions that would lead in that direction, knowing full well that if France once obtained exclusive possession of any portion of their coasts, her grasp would never after be relaxed, and that the *territory* thus obtained would be virtually her own. To recognize any territorial claim on the part of the French would be ruinous: and to admit even an *exclusive fishery* right would be highly injurious. Not by any such compromise is deliverance to be looked for.

There is, however, another method of solving the difficulty that seems much more practicable. Were Newfoundland to cast in her lot with the New Dominion of Canada, a fair opportunity would be presented for a revision of existing treaties, where the Colony was about to pass into a new relation and become a member of a powerful Confederacy. To enable Newfoundland to enter untrammelled into this new connection, would be an object worthy the most strenuous efforts of the Imperial Parliament. The redemption of such a valuable possession from its present unnatural position, so that it might strengthen and complete the Dominion of Canada, to which its geographical position renders it indispensable, would be an object worthy of some national sacrifice, and one for which England's abundant wealth might well be drawn upon. If the transfer of the North West Territory to the Dominion, free of all encumbrances arising from previous ownership, was considered a worthy object of Imperial policy, would not a similar transfer of Newfoundland, clear of all French claims, be a still more desirable measure, and one still more likely to call forth British liberality? Once Newfoundland forms a portion of the Dominion of Canada, as sooner or later she will, the question regarding French rights will be taken up in earnest, and pressed energetically on the attention of the British Government, by the statesmen of Canada, whose voice will make itself heard in the Councils of the nation. At present, little importance is attached to the complaints and grievances of an insignificant Colony, numbering only 150,000 inhabitants, which is regarded chiefly as a fishing station. Let its interests be identified with those of the Dominion, its wrongs taken up by the Ottawa Parliament, and redress demanded in the name of four millions of British subjects, and the Parliament of England will find means of freeing the Colony from the incubus that represses its energies and checks its development. As a dependency of Britain, the prospect of freedom from the French yoke is hopeless. The utmost that local efforts can accomplish is to check the aggressive efforts of the French to obtain an exclusive right to the fisheries.

It does not seem at all improbable were due compensation offered, but that France might be induced to give up her fishery rights on the Newfoundland shores. She does not care nearly so much for the coast

fishery as for the bank fishery, the latter being the chief nursery of her seamen. It is probable that the quantity of fish caught by the French on *the shores* of Newfoundland, as distinct from the *banks*, does not exceed 100,000 quintals annually. Could not some compensating advantage be offered for the relinquishment of this branch of industry, the value of which to the French does not probably much exceed £30,000 per annum? A cheap and abundant supply of bait for their bank fishery, the whole of which is now obtained by smuggling, would go a long way to compensate them for the loss of their shore fishery; and other facilities and advantages for prosecuting this industry might easily be added; or, by arrangement between the Dominion and Britain, the French claims might be purchased out, as in the case of the Hudson's Bay Company. Once freed from French interference, Newfoundland would bound forward on the path of prosperity, and the profits of the capital embarked in her industries would be immensely augmented.

Even should diplomacy fail in untying the knot, union with Canada would solve the difficulty in another way. A railway right through the island, as projected by Mr. Sandford Fleming, and described in a former paper, would lead to the opening up of those fine western regions; and once they are colonized, the French fishery rights will give little trouble. The construction of such a railroad would be a result of Confederation, international interests rendering it a necessity. As it is, the matter is receiving a partial solution by the gradual occupation of the western shore by British settlers. In St. George's Bay alone there are some 2, or 3000 residents; and the Bay of Islands has a considerable population. The fine Codroy region contains but sixty families, most of whom have come from Cape Breton Island. Every effort should be made to induce settlers to locate themselves in these lands. Quite recently, the Imperial Government have taken a step in the right direction by authorizing the Newfoundland Government to make grants of land, or issue licenses to search for minerals on any portion of the coast over which the French claims extend, merely reserving a strip half a mile in breadth, along the shore, for the use of the French fishermen. All difficulty about the settlement of the "French Shore" is thus removed. The use of the harbours for commercial purposes cannot be construed into an interference with French fishing. The Newfoundland Government can now give a title to settlers, the price for land being but two shillings an acre. No finer districts for the farmer, the lumberer or the miner can be found in any part of British America.

Relics of French Empire in America.

It is curious to note that of all the vast possessions, in North America, over which the flag of France once waved, nothing now remains to her but the two small islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, close to the shores of Newfoundland, and the fishery rights referred to in the foregoing pages. At one time, France had the prospect of founding an Empire in the New World. The lilies of France waved over the St.

Lawrence before the flag of Britain was on the James or the Potomac. New France or Canada was colonized before New England, and Quebec was older than Boston. The followers of Loyola founded Montreal, and the meek, single-hearted missionary, Marquette, explored the Mississippi from its head-waters to its junction with the Arkansas—one of the most heroic exploits on record; while the barque of another chivalrous Frenchman, La Salle, was the first European craft that emerged from the mouth of "The Father of Waters" after traversing its entire length. At one time France claimed the whole of Newfoundland, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, (then Acadie,) Hudson's Bay, part of Maine, Vermont and New York, the whole valley of the Mississippi with a portion of Texas. But as colonists, they could not hold their ground before the sturdy Anglo-Saxon, with his earth-hunger and indomitable industry. The New England colonists, backed by the power of England, drove back the Frenchmen step by step; the fall of Quebec sealed their doom; their shadowy power on the Mississippi vanished, and of all their great possessions only St. Pierre and Miquelon remain as if to show where their empire had been. Such names of places as *Placentia*, *La Poile* and *Port au Port* in Newfoundland, *Montreal* and *Montmorenci* in Canada and *New Orleans* at the mouth of the great river, serve to remind us that once the lilies of France proudly waved over all this immense territory.

French Bank Fishery.

Perhaps the most valuable relic of French power, in North America, is their Bank Fishery. For more than 300 years, France has carried on a cod-fishery on the Banks of Newfoundland, which was formerly prosecuted with much more vigour and success than at present. Each year, a fleet of French Banking vessels arrives at St. Pierre from France; and after obtaining bait from the Newfoundland fishermen at the annual cost of about £40,000, they proceed to the Banks. Each vessel makes three trips from St. Pierre to the Banks; the produce of the first two is taken ashore at St. Pierre and dried; that of the third is taken direct to France in a green state. The fishery is sustained by a bounty of eight shillings and four pence sterling per quintal, and notwithstanding, it has been for years steadily declining. In 1839, according to the *Constitutionel*, as quoted by Sir R. Bonny-castle in his book on Newfoundland, the French cod-fishery employed 600 ships and 13,000 men, and 50,000 tons of shipping, furnishing France with 12,000 able seamen, being one fourth of the whole number required for her navy. In 1848, according to the report of Captain Loch of H. M. S. *Alarm*, "there were 360 French Banking vessels of from 150 to 300 tons each, carrying from 16 to 17,000 Frenchmen, which vessels caught annually 1,200,000 quintals of fish on the Banks." In 1865, James S. Hayward, Esq., of H. M. Customs Newfoundland, visited St. Pierre and obtained access to the French records His report, which is thoroughly reliable, shows a very striking decline in the French fishery. He found that in 1864 there were employed in the fisheries 98 square rigged vessels, carrying 2,742 men, and 579 small craft and

boats, carrying 4,541 men; total 7,283 men. The catch that year was, dried codfish 196,997 quintals; green cod 46,940 quintals—(allowance being made of half as a deduction for drying.) Allowing twenty quintals a man for the last trip, the produce being taken to France green, we have 54,000 quintals; and the northern fishery, not reported at St. Pierre, would probably yield about 60,000 quintals. We have thus as the total catch on the Banks and along the Shores of Newfoundland, in the year 1864, 357,957 quintals. The returns for the three preceding years do not show a better state of matters. The shore fishery, along the whole western and northern shores does not appear now to exceed 100,000 quintals per annum. By a return which I have obtained signed G. J. Larue, Agent, in charge of Customs at St. Pierre, the report for 1868 shows a total catch of 217,645. Adding to this, as in the former case, 60,000 quintals for the North Shore, and 54,000 for the last trip, we have 331,646 as the total catch. That for 1869, similarly reckoned, is 275,5[illegible]3 quintals. The average catch at present does not exceed 350,000 quintals per annum on Banks and Shore The very striking reduction in the number of men and ships employed in the French fishery, and the consequent diminution in the catch, is probably owing to the fact that since the extension of their steam navy the French do not require so many trained seamen as formerly, and do not attach so much importance to these fisheries. Of the American Bank fishery we have no returns, but it probably greatly exceeds the French. Taking the British, French and American catch, it may be safely affirmed that the total value of all that is taken from the waters around Newfoundland annually, must exceed £3,000,000. A country that can show such a sea-harvest as this, one too that may be indefinitely increased, must have a great future before her.

Codfish.

The Cod fishery is the staple industry of Newfoundland. This splendid fish, which graces the table of the noble, and in its, dried and salted condition supplies a wholesome food for the poor man, is found in perfection around the shores of Newfoundland. Its chosen home is on the Great Banks, six hundred miles in length and two hundred in breadth. Here the aristocracy of the great race are found, the quality and size of Bank fish being superior to that caught near the shore, averaging thirty to the quintal when dried. The enormous colonies of fish on these Banks may be judged of from the fact that more than three hundred and sixty years of fishing, on an immense scale, have apparently made no impression on them in the way of reducing their numbers. It is questionable whether the smaller banks near the shores, where the dimensions of the fish colonies are but limited, are not suffering from over fishing. It is certain that there are localities where the fish are not near so plentiful as formerly, and some have been abandoned altogether. Since the day when the Red Indian lay over the rocks and transfixed the codfish with his spear, till now, when 70,000 men with the most ingenious instruments of capture are constantly at work, what myriads of codfish have been drawn from

these seas, and as yet there is no sensible diminution in the supply! Cuvier tells us that "almost all parts of the cod are adapted for the nourishment of man and animals, or for some other purpose of domestic economy. The tongue, for instance, whether fresh or salted, is a great delicacy; the gills are carefully preserved to be employed as baits in fishing; the liver which is large and good for eating, also furnishes an enormous quantity of oil, which is an excellent substitute for that of the whale, and applicable to all the same purposes; the swimming bladder furnishes an isinglass not inferior to that yielded by the sturgeon; the head, in places where the cod is taken, supplies the fishermen and their families with food. The Norwegians give it with marine plants to their cows, for the purpose of producing a greater proportion of milk. The vertebrae, the ribs and the bones in general, are given to their cattle by the Icelanders, and by the Kamtschatkadales to their dogs." These same parts, properly dried, are also employed as fuel, in the desolate steppes of the shores of the Icy Sea. Even their intestines and their eggs contribute to the luxury of the table. Since Cuvier's day, cod-liver oil has become world-renowned for its medicinal properties. The best is made without boiling, by applying to the livers a slight degree of heat, and straining through thin flannel or similar texture. When carefully prepared it is quite pure, nearly inodorous and of a crystalline transparency. The article however is largely adulterated in England and France. The common cod oil, made by the putrifying process, which deprives it of its iodine and consequently of its medicinal virtues, is refined by charcoal, filtered, and sold as the genuine article, by dishonest dealers. It is much to be regretted that means are not adopted in Newfoundland, such as a seal or label, to be affixed by a responsible officer on each bottle or vessel, so as to attest the genuine article. To invalids, who wish to get cod liver oil pure, this would be an inestimable boon. It has now become a valuable remedy in that wide-spread, formidable disease, consumption. The result of an extended trial of this medicine, in the hospital at London, for the treatment of consumptive patients, shows that about seventy per cent gain strength and weight and improve in health, while taking the cod liver oil; and the good effect, with a great many is permanent. Skate liver oil is also coming into use for medicinal purposes. The quantity of common cod oil extracted from the fish caught on the Banks and Shores of Newfoundland is estimated at 12,500 tons, the value of which, at £30 a ton is £375,000.

It is well known that the cod is most prolific in the perpetuation of its race. A cod-roe has more than once been found to be half the gross weight of the fish; and specimens of the female have been caught with upwards of eight millions of eggs. Were all these to come to maturity a pair of cod would, in a few years, fill the ocean; but of course, in the great waste of waters, only a portion of the eggs are fertilized, and only a small per centage of the fish ever arrives at maturity. The cod spawns in the mid winter, but its habits have not been observed with sufficient accuracy to determine when it becomes reproductive. The best authorities hold that the cod is an animal of slow growth, and that it is at least three years old before it is able to repeat the story of its birth. A ques-

tion of great interest to Newfoundland is, whether it is possible, by over fishing, to exhaust her cod fisheries, either partially or entirely? As yet no serious impression appears to have been made on the Bank fishery, after three and a half centuries of ceaseless fishing. The same, however, cannot be asserted in regard to the shore fishery, at least at certain points; and the frequent complaints of late years of the scarcity of fish in certain bays, as compared with former times, and the numerous failures in the summer fishery awaken the suspicion that the perpetual draughts, year after year, without any interval for recruiting, have seriously reduced the number of codfish, in certain localities. The scarcity of cod in Conception and Trinity bays, and other places, of late years, as compared with "the good old times," is generally allowed; and the bulk of the population of these bays now proceed to the Labrador for their summer fishing. The theory of the migration of fish, once a general notion, is now known to be a popular delusion, and has been abandoned by all scientific naturalists. The migratory instinct in fish is ascertained to be very limited, merely leading them to move about a little from their feeding ground to their spawning ground—from deep to shallow water. In fact there are, in the world of waters, great fish colonies, as there are great seats of population on land; and these colonies are stationery, having, comparatively speaking, but a limited range of water in which to live and die. All around the shores of Newfoundland are numerous banks, or submarine elevations, of greater or less extent, which constitute the feeding and breeding grounds of the cod; and each of these has its own fish colony that live and die within a limited range from their own *habitat*. They do not intermingle with other colonies or invade their domains. This is proved by the well-known fact that the cod of different localities are marked by distinctive features and qualities—the cod, for example, of Placentia bay being quite distinguishable from that taken in Bonavista bay. So, too, the vast fish colonies of the Great Banks, at a considerable distance from the shores, differ from shore fish, being larger and finer, and, excepting a few adventurous individuals that roam from home, are not found at any distance from the place of their birth. It is a favourite theory with Newfoundland fishermen that, were it not for the Frenchmen fishing on the Great Banks, and covering miles of the ocean with their *buttows*, the fine bank fish would come in on the shores, and swarm in every bay and creek. This is merely a popular fallacy. The bank and shore fish keep to their respective homes. If heavy draughts are made on the smaller colonies around the shores and in the bays, in the course of years, these will become seriously diminished in numbers. Facts seem to indicate that this is the case in many localities at present. The average catch of codfish now is not greater than it was fifty years ago, though many thousands more hands are now engaged in fishing. Hence the necessity of employing the increasing population in other industries than sea-farming; for if ruinous over fishing should go on, and increase as more mouths are to be fed, we shall, in the long run, kill the goose that lays the golden egg. The colonization of the west thus becomes a paramount consideration—almost a question of life or death to coming generations. One thing, however, seems certain—the demand for cod-

fish, in the markets of the world, is sure to continue and increase. The people of tropical countries must have it; and in Roman Catholic countries, the season of Lent creates a constantly recurring demand. The rapidly increasing populations of Cuba, Brazil, the West Indian Islands, Spain and Italy, dispel all fear of a falling off in the consumption of codfish: while in the British Isles, the advancing prices of beef and mutton is increasing the value of Newfoundland cod. Thus, with wise precautions in the working of their huge sea-farms, the people of Newfoundland may continue to draw on their oceanic mine of wealth for centuries to come, without fear of exhausting its treasures. At present, they have ceased to compete with the French and Americans in the Bank fishery; but as free trade doctrines prevail, the impolicy of bolstering up any industry, by bounties will become apparent; and, once these bounties are withdrawn, the proximity of Newfoundland to the Banks will give its fishermen an enormous advantage over their rivals, and, in the long run, will receive to them the lion's share of the Bank fishery, if not a monopoly of the whole. Then the vast submarine hills and valleys of the Great Bank and around the shores of the island, with their swarming fishery populations, will be practically under the control of Newfoundland. Let land-farming be added to sea-farming, and the great plains of the west and of the interior become the seats of a thriving rural population, and Newfoundland will rise into wealth and greatness, and count its population by millions.

Fish-Guano.

There is one other economic purpose for which the codfish are available, but which is yet undreamed of in Newfoundland I refer to the manufacture of fish-guano from fish offal. The French have invented a process by which the offal of all fish, and the coarse fish that are useless for food, can be converted into a fish-powder nearly as rich as the best Peruvian guano, equally transportable and possessed of the same fecundatory properties when employed in agriculture. The process is simple—the offal or fish are boiled—then subjected to pressure, in screw-presses, to extract as much as possible of the water and oil; then dried and reduced to powder which is found on analysis to contain 12 per cent of nitrogen and 14 per cent of bone earth. In fertilizing qualities, when applied to land, it competes advantageously with Peruvian guano. There are several large factories, for the manufacture of this fish-guano in France—the most extensive being at Concarneau, between Lorient and Brest, in the department of Finisterre, a fishing village, where the catching and preparation of Sardine are carried on. The success of this branch of industry has been great and decisive, and is now placed beyond the possibility of doubt. In the locality in which it is manufactured in France this fish-guano fetches eight shillings per cwt., and is eagerly sought by the farmers; while the oil, which constitutes about 2½ per cent of the raw fish, is worth three shillings and four pence per gallon. These figures show that the manufacture must be highly profitable. The establishment at Concarneau, where only six men and ten boys are employed, produces 2,000 tons of manure annually, which, at the rate of three cwt. per statute

acre, would suffice to manure 13,000 acres of land, and would represent, at 22 per cent of dried manure, a fishing of 9,000 or 10,000 tons. The quantity of coal used in the manufacture is about two cwt. to one ton of manure. The French have had one of these factories in operation for some years, at Quirpon, near the strait of Belle-Isle, on the north east coast of Newfoundland; but its existence is all but unknown to Newfoundlanders, few if any of whom are aware of the invention, and the immense field of industry which it opens up. This establishment at Quirpon furnishes from 8,000 to 10,000 tons of manure annually; and possibly there may be other factories at work along the "French Shore" of which we have no information.

A new and vast field of enterprise in Newfoundland might be opened up, in this manufacture, were persons possessed of skill and capital to enter on it. The cod, previous to being salted and dried, is deprived of its head, its intestines and the backbone, which together make about one half of its total weight. With the exception of the trifling portion of this offal that is mixed with bog and applied to the land in Newfoundland, the whole is lost without utility or is thrown into the sea. Hundreds of thousands of tons of offal are thus lost which might be turned to profitable account, to say nothing of the immense quantities of common fish which might be taken for this manufacture. I believe the sources, whence the supply of guano is now drawn, are becoming exhausted; so that the manufacture of an artificial guano will, in the future, become more remunerative. The worn-out soils of the densely populated countries of Europe seem destined to be renovated in this way from the inexhaustible wealth of the ocean. In the month of June each year, the shores of Newfoundland are visited by enormous shoals of caplin, for the purpose of spawning. The masses of them, in the various bays and harbours, are so great that two men with a small landing net will fill a boat in a couple of hours. They cover the surface of the ocean for miles and are devoured by the voracious cod by myriads. So little account is made of this delicious little fish that it is largely employed in manuring the fields and gardens.* Enormous quantities of herring too are at times lost from want of proper appliances for curing. These two sources of supply, for the material of fish-guano, might be added to those already named, so that the stock could never fall short. He would be a benefactor to Newfoundland, who would introduce this important branch of industry. It would be rash and unwarrantable to presume on the inexhaustible character of our fisheries. We should take warning in time from the failure of the cod-fishery elsewhere. The cod-bank at the Faroe Isles is now about exhausted; the great Dogger Bank fishery has also become affected by over-fishing, and the Rockall Bank has also fallen off seriously. With such instances before us it would be well to husband our resources in time.

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*Naturalists name the Caplin the *Salmo Articus*. The flavour of it when fresh is delicious, and its size about that of the Sardine. There is little doubt that, if properly cured, the Caplin might compete with either Sardines or anchovies which are so profitable to the fishermen of the Mediterranean. If merely pickled and dried it would be worth more than a dollar a barrel; but no attention is paid to this beautiful little denizen of the deep. The supply of it seems inexhaustible.

Herring and Salmon Fisheries.

On many portions of the Newfoundland coast, the herring are found in enormous quantities and of the finest quality; while the Labrador herring enjoy a world-wide reputation. The chief seats of the herring fishery are Fortune Bay, St. George's Bay, Bay of Islands and Bonne Bay. The herring taken in Bay of Islands are quite equal to the Labrador herring. This locality which seems destined to be the Amsterdam of Newfoundland, has a winter herring fishery which lasts from December till April. The Bay is frozen over; holes are cut in the ice and the herring taken in nets. No returns of the quantities taken are procurable; but these must be immense, as it is said, from fifty to a hundred vessels load there each winter. Hitherto little attention has been paid to the cure of herring, and in consequence Newfoundland herring have acquired a bad character in foreign markets. Within the last four or five years there has been some improvement in the cure, but there is urgent need of a system of inspection and of the introduction of some skilled curers from other countries, to impart to the natives a knowledge of the art. The importance of the herring fishery may be judged of from the fact that in 1867, 149,776 barrels of herring were exported the value at two dollars and a half per barrel being 358,752 dollars. The herring fishery of Newfoundland might be increased to almost any extent. The old theory about the herring migrating in shoals from the arctic seas towards the south is now abandoned. The herring is no more migratory than other fish, and never ventures far from the shore where it is taken. Different races of it exist at different places, and the fluctuations in the fisheries generally are attributable to over-fishing. The Newfoundland salmon is also abundant and of excellent quality. Unfortunately the best salmon fisheries are on the "French Shore" and are monopolized by the French, such as the splendid one at Bellevue Bay. In Gander Bay, White Bay and Exploits and Bonavista Bays the salmon fishery is large and constantly increasing. The method of taking the fish is generally in nets. So plentiful is the supply of fresh salmon in St. John's, during the short season, that it is often sold for five or six cents per pound. In 1867 the quantity of salmon exported was 5,340 tierces, the value being $80,100. The value of the seals taken the same year was $1,128,288. With such abundant sources of wealth, the mystery is how any poverty should exist in the country; and yet in the midst of all these bounties provided by nature, the fishing population, as a whole, live in a most impoverished condition, and frequently are little removed from starvation.

Mineral Resources.

In a former paper I supplied a brief summary of the available information regarding the mineral deposits of the Island. I am now in a position to supply a fuller statement on this important subject, and to furnish the most reliable information. The workings at Tilt Cove Copper Mine are carried on with increasing activity and success. The returns for 1869 have not yet been made public; but the quantity of

ore shipped will greatly exceed that for 1868, which reached 8,000 tons, the value being £64,000. From reliable sources I learn that the produce of the Mine, for 1869, will closely approach £90,000. The nickel recently discovered is yielding most satisfactory returns, and there are encouraging indications of other deposits of the same valuable metal, in several of the workings. A considerable number of experienced Cornish miners are now employed at high wages, and the works are carried on with energy and skill. A thriving village has sprung up where three years ago a few fishermen's huts stood. The whole district is benefited by the large sums paid in the shape of wages, and the increasing employment furnished. In his able report on this mine, Alexander Murray, Esq., the Geological Surveyor, says, "The general width of this ore-bearing, at the part where the mine is opened, is rather over four chains, or 264 feet; and it is underlaid on the hand south east by a bed about six or seven feet thick, of a soft steatitic character, greenish or dark grey on fracture, and occasionally streaked with red. This bed contains masses of serpentine and soapstone, magnetic iron being disseminated through it in grains and crystals." "The mine is opened upon a set of levels driven into the cliff where the mineralized rock exposes itself, generally following the course of the bedding. Of these levels there are four." Besides the copper ore, Mr. Murray mentions that magnetic iron ore is also met with in huge masses, which may prove to be of economic importance, while the serpentine, with which the ore is associated, "will, when properly selected, produce a very beautiful marble." Since his visit, nickel has been discovered, as I have already mentioned; so that the value of the mine is not dependent on the copper ore alone, rich and abundant as it is. As to "the geological horizon," to which the mineralized rock belongs, Mr. Murray says, "For the greater part at least, the rocks on the south side of this peninsula are of the age of the Quebec group; and further, the mineralogical and metaliferous character of a large portion of the strata seems to indicate the horizon of the Lauzon division of that group." This is the great metaliferous formation of North America. Dr. Sterry Hunt, of the Geological Survey of Canada, says of the Quebec group: "To it belongs the gold which is found along the Appalachian chain from Canada to Georgia, together with lead, zinc, copper, silver, cobalt, nickel, chrome and titanium. The immense deposits of copper ore in East Tennessee, and the similar ores in Lower Canada, both of which are in beds subordinate to the stratification, belong to this group. The lead, copper, zinc, cobalt and nickel of Missouri and the copper of Lake Superior, all occur in rocks of the same age, which appears to be pre-eminently the metaliferous period." We may gather from this extract, the value of Mr. Murray's discovery of the *Lauzon* division of the *Quebec* group, in extensive development, in Newfoundland. This, at once, gives a scientific foundation for the belief that it will become a great mining region.

Mr. Murray's survey of the Union Mine, Tilt Cove, was made in 1867. In his report of that survey he mentions a locality called Burton's Pond, about a dozen miles south of Tilt Cove, "where an open-

ing had recently been made and some good specimens of copper ore extracted." "The lode," he says, "at the entrance of the excavation, is from seven to ten feet wide, and consists of a soft, blackish, shaly and unctuous slate or 'Killas,' having strings of calc spar and some white quartz distributed through it irregularly, with the sulphurets of copper and iron. A wall of hard, fine-grained rock of a dark grayish colour on fracture, but weathering rusty brown, supports the lode on the east side, which, jutting out into the cove, and forming a small reef, displays yellow copper ore on its upper surface to the water's edge." It was not till four months ago, the beginning of last October, that the Notre Dame Mining Company, to which this locality belongs, commenced operations here, and already their success has been extraordinary. On the 23rd of December they had extracted 200 tons of copper ore of fine quality, by the labour of a dozen miners. Two levels are driven into the cliff, one on a line with the lode which shows itself at the water's edge, and which had only advanced twenty feet when the miners struck a lode of copper ore ten feet square, containing above twenty per cent. of pure copper. Before the first of May 600 or 800 tons of this splendid ore will be ready for shipment. The lucky shareholders are offered 125 per cent. premium on their shares, but wisely decline to sell on any terms. Licenses for the right of searching for minerals are now taken out for twenty miles along the coast, south of Tilt Cove, and for many other localities. The people are beginning to awaken to the fact that this rugged northern peninsula contains immense mineral treasures; and next summer will witness numerous mining enterprises initiated. The fever is rising rapidly. There can be little doubt but capital will find a profitable investment here. No further accounts have been received from the La Manche lead mine; but it is understood that operations there are progressing most favourably. Numerous indications of the presence of lead occur on the eastern shore of St. Mary's Bay, associated at times with specs of copper, iron pyrites and blende. On the south east side of the north east arm of Placentia Bay, galena is seen in small veins. Of this region in his report for 1868, Mr. Murray says "the rocks have many of the characteristics of the Huronian system in Canada, in which the well known Bruce and Wellington Mines of Lake Huron are situated, and which, in consequence of the frequency of its cupriferous, veins, has been termed the lower bearing series of Canada. It seems therefore highly probable that, by judicious selection of localities, and energetic application of skilled labour, copper may be mined in some parts of the region with advantage."

I referred, in a former paper, to the probability of gold being discovered. On the south shore of Conception Bay, near Topsail, where large masses of quartz are found, the formations being probably Lower Silurian, the indications of gold are such that recently a license has been taken out with a view of mining for gold—with what results time will show.

In an exceedingly valuable article on "the mineral resources of Newfoundland," contributed by Mr. Murray to *The Journal of the So-*

ciety of Arts, the prospects of mining, in various localities, are dwelt on in detail. The space at disposal will only permit a few extracts. Of Port au Port on the "French Shore," Mr. Murray says: "Inside the bay of Port au Port, beds of calciferous limestone run along the shore, dipping at a moderate angle to the north, but at the head of the coves or indentations of the coast, these rocks are brought abruptly against another set of calcarious strata by a fault, the fossils of which are of the lower carboniferous age. Running in the line of dislocation, galena, or the sulphuret of lead, reticulates in strings, associated with large rhomboidal crystals of calc spar. This fault shows itself at intervals, with its associated minerals, at the heads of several of the deeper coves at this part of the coast, and, as I am informed by a very intelligent resident, is again to be recognized at the westward, at a place called Piccadilly. The condition in which this galena occurs, is such as to warrant diligent investigation and trial, on the part of mineral explorers, as there is a great probability that in some parts of its course this lode may be found to produce a remunerative supply of ore." This region, of which the foregoing extract gives such hopeful account, is yet untouched—indeed, I believe, unvisited except by a few French fishermen. Mr. Murray mentions that traces of both gold and silver were found, on analysis, in specimens of quartz which he selected from Lower Silurian Strata, and that specimens of ruby silver, yielding on analysis 65.28 per cent. of the metal, were found at Lawn, and specs of gold in quartz near Ming's Bight, not far from Tilt Cove Mine. He further mentions that there is "a vast exposure of gypsum between Codroy Island and the Codroy River, where it may be quarried to any extent; while the same mineral occurs in various parts of St. George's Bay." "Besides the metallic ores and the more valuable substances, the island abounds in material of great economic importance. Marbles of almost every shade of colour have been produced from various parts of the coast, on both the eastern and western shores. Roofing slates of excellent quality are already known and partially worked in Trinity Bay. Plumbago occurs in the Bay of Despair. Indications of petroleum have been observed at a few localities, while building stone, whet-stones, grindstones and limestones are in ample profusion."

In his report for 1868 Mr. Murray says "the granites and syenites of the Laurentian Series are in many parts of the handsomest and most durable description, and their distribution throughout the Island cannot fail to prove of the highest advantage hereafter should any great public works, such as railways or canals, be carried on. The granites of La Poile and Rose Blanche afford this material to a boundless extent and of the most beautiful quality." He also points out that, should a railway be constructed across the country, at the very spot where most of the bridges would be required, granite of the finest description is producible. Good slates he considers might be worked in the neighbourhood of St. John's and on the western side of Conception Bay.

As to the great Coal field on the west, in the neighbourhood of St.

George's Bay, to which reference was made in a former article, Mr. Murray says in his last report, "to show the enormous importance of the existence of even one solitary seam of workable coal, I have made the following calculation of what might be expected within the area supposed to be underlaid by the one shown on my map. Taking the area of the plane of the seam at 38.4 square miles, and its thickness at three feet, there would be 54,720,000 chaldrons of coal, or 1.425,000 chaldrons per square mile." A very considerable portion of this he considers will be found within workable depth, and this is but one of many seams that may yet be found in the area between Cape Anguille and the head of St. George's Bay.

Looking at the whole of the evidence thus furnished, and the highly satisfactory results of the mining operations already initiated, and taking into account that only small sections of the coast line, at wide intervals, have yet been examined, and that the interior is yet unexplored, it is not too much to assert that Newfoundland is rich in the most valuable minerals and will speedily attract the attention of capitalists, as a most promising field for mining enterprise. I may add that Mr. Murray's geological survey has rendered most important service in directing attention to these mineral resources, and is destined as it advances, to become of still greater importance. When he advances into the interior, and extends his survey, as he intends, by the way of Bay Despair, thence across the Island to the Bay of Exploits, important results may be expected. He will thus reach that interesting locality in the centre of the Island, which the traveller Cormac named "Serpentine Mountain" and "Serpentine Lake" from the large development of "noble serpentine rock" here, with which the copper ore is so commonly associated, on the north-east coast. At this spot, whose mineralogical appearances are so remarkable, according to Cormac, is to be found probably the nearest out-crop of the *Lauzon* division of the Quebec group, going from east to west.

Imports and Exports.

The produce of the cod and seal fisheries, the two great staples of industry of the country, varies considerably, from year to year. In 1865 there were exported of dried codfish 1,019,081 quintals—the quintal containing 112lbs. Labrador is included in this return. In the same year 243,145 seal-skins were exported; 3,391 tuns of seal and whale oil: 2,917 tuns of common cod oil, and 401 tuns of refined cod oil. Besides these 3,644 tierces of salmon and 70,286 barrels of herring. In 1866 the exports were 930,447 quintals of codfish; 311,265 seal-skins; 4,861 tuns of seal oil; 3,011 tuns of common cod oil; 238 tuns refined cod oil; 4,319 tierces of salmon; and 203,782 barrels of herring. The following detailed statement, issued by the Chamber of Commerce, for the year 1867, will show the value of exports for that year:—

1,066,215 quintals codfish, at 15s.,		£799,661
389,672 seal-skins, at 4s.6d.		87,676
5,142 tuns seal oil, at £38,		194,396
64	" whale oil,	2,432
4,183	" cod oil, at £36,	150,588
272	" refined oil, at £65,	17,680
210	" blubber, at £6,	1,260
5,340 tierces salmon, at 75s.,		20,025
149,776 barrels herring, at 12s.,		89,865
1,137	" trout, at 40s.,	2,274
763	" cod roes, at 15s.,	572
1,317 cwt. halibut, at 10s.,		658
1,685	" haddock, at 8s.,	674
		£1,367,761 or $5,471,044

In addition, £30,000 worth of copper ore was exported, besides other ores, furs, &c., and about £40,000 or $160,000 worth of bait was sold to the French. The statement of exports for 1868 shows a considerable increase on the above, the total value being $5,658,174. It will be observed that the values attached to the different items, indicate the value of each in Newfoundland—or the price allowed by the exporting merchant to the fisherman, payable of course largely in supplies.

On going back twenty years, to the year 1849, we find that in that year the exports were 1,175,167 quintals of Codfish; 8,597 tuns of oil; 598,860 sealskins. In 1820, 901,159 quintals of codfish were exported, and 213,679 sealskins. On comparing these returns with those of recent years, it will be seen that the two great fisheries, the cod and seal, on which the population are chiefly dependent, have undergone no expansion during the last forty or fifty years; and yet double the number of inhabitants have to be supported. The state of poverty into which the working classes, as a body, have fallen, is thus accounted for; and the necessity of opening up other employments, in addition to the fisheries, is strongly indicated.

In 1866, the ships owned and registered in Newfoundland were 1497; the tonnage 83,204. The number of vessels entered was 1161; cleared 949.

The imports, as a general rule, fall short of the exports. For example—in 1857 the value of imports was £1,413,432; of exports £1,651,171. In 1862, imports reached £1,007,082; exports £1,171,723. The greater part of the food and the whole of the clothing of the people is imported. The annual importation of flour at present is 196,776 barrels; corn meal 49,557 barrels; butter 8,663 cwts. Cattle and agricultural produce are largely imported from Prince Edward Island. In winter, large quantities of beef, mutton, poultry, &c., are shipped from Halifax. If we are to consider the difference between the imports and exports as the profits of the country, then the Colony ought to be getting rich. The profit in the two years I have named above—1857 and 1862—would be respectively £237,739 and £164,461,—the one being a year of successful fisheries, the other the reverse. To this profit must be added that of the exporter, as the exports are

put down at their value in Newfoundland. Undoubtedly a healthy state of trade is thus indicated; but there is this serious drawback—the attractions of the country, hitherto, have not been sufficient to induce the upper classes to make it their home. With very few exceptions, they retire to the old country when their fortunes are made. When we take into account the isolated condition of the colony hitherto, the want of progress, of the ordinary appliances of civilization, of a good education for the young, it is not wonderful that the rich fly away to more favoured lands, and spend their money on the banks of the Clyde or Mersey. This state of things cannot be altered by senseless railing at people who have a right to do what they will with their honest gains. Only by getting the colony into the groove of progress,—by gradually accumulating the comforts and refinements of civilization, and institutions that will make a people proud of their country, by increasing facilities of communication with the Old World and the New, and by promoting the interests of education, can such a revolution be brought about as will secure a resident gentry who will take a hearty interest in the well-being of the community, and look to Newfoundland as their own home, and as a fair field for the energies of those who are to inherit their name and fortune. The absurd, narrow jealousy that would keep the Island as a sort of "preserve" for the advantage of a few, is rapidly giving way; and wider and more liberal views are gaining ground. People are getting to see that, not in isolation, but in multiplying the means of communication with other countries, and thus importing the more advanced ideas and methods of life of other communities that have got the start of them in the career of progress, are they to look for an onward impulse. Union with the Dominion of Canada, by which alone these requirements can be met, is now the grand *desideratum*. A railroad through the Island, the opening up of the fine western lands with their rich mines and fisheries, the establishment of a line of mail steamers between St. John's and Valentia, with the traffic and wealth which would follow,—these, with countless other advantages, would flow from Confederation.

Land and Settlers.

Since the publication of the article entitled "*Newfoundland as it is*," in the October number of this Magazine, I have received a number of letters from persons resident in Canada, New Brunswick and elsewhere, in which the writers ask for further information regarding the agricultural regions of the west, and the extent and quality of the marble beds referred to. These inquiries have suggested the propriety of more detailed information, which, however, the limited space at disposal will now render brief. In the article by Alexander Murray, Esq., already referred to, in *The Journal of the Society of Arts*, he says, "There is clearly a large proportion of the country perfectly capable of being reclaimed, and converted into fairly productive grazing or arable land. The most favoured tracts that have yet come under my own observation are in the coal measure districts, where the

surface is often flat or gently undulating over great areas. In my report of last year, 1866-67, I have shown by a rough calculation, that there are probably about 726 square miles, or 446,080 square acres, more or less available for settlement on the carboniferous country of the western part of the Island alone, which embraces the following districts:—

	Sq. miles.	Sq. acres.
Codroy Valley,.....	75	48,000
St. George's Bay,.....	222	142,080
Humber River,.....	429	256,000
TOTAL,....	726	446,080

These valleys are, for the most part, well wooded, producing in many instances large pines, juniper or tamarack (the latter a species of larch), fine yellow birch and other valuable timber. In the valley of the Humber, this is especially the case, where a large area of country appears to be provided with all the necessary material for shipbuilding, in a remarkable degree. With the exception of two inconsiderable rapids, there is no obstruction to the navigation of the river by large boats, for thirty-two miles up its course, where the timber of the various species is amply abundant (particularly at and between it and the Grand Pond Forks) which might be procured without difficulty. The construction of a few main lines of road, for which (with the exception of about three miles at the mouth of the Humber) the whole of the Humber region offers considerable facilities, together with the natural means of communication by water, might be made to open up a thriving settlement through the very heart of the Island. With regard to water power as a means for working machinery, the physical character of the country is such that it can be obtained at nearly every part in unlimited abundance. The climate of Newfoundland is not by any means so severe as is generally supposed. The range of the thermometer is very much less than it is in any part of the Canadas, the heat in summer seldom exceeding from 70° to 75° Fahr., while the cold in winter is seldom very much below zero. The fogs, generally supposed by those unacquainted with the country to envelope the whole island almost eternally, have but a limited existence in the interior, and are not by any means prevalent on the northern or western shores, although they certainly prevail on the southern shores generally, and at Placentia and Trinity Bays particularly."

In his report for 1867 Mr. Murray says:—"Marbles of various kinds occur at certain parts of the Bay of Islands. The cliffs at the entrance to the Humber River yield white, black and variegated red and white limestone, a large portion of which is capable of being used for many ornamental purposes, although, so far as I have yet been able to ascertain, the white variety seems usually to be too coarsely crystalline for statuary purposes. At a place called Cook's Cove, on the south side of the Humber Arm, a beautiful and homogeneous sample of jet black marble was obtained from a bed about six inches thick, and in immediate contact with a conglomerate limestone. Still another variety of marble may be found at York Harbour. The

colour is a dark bottle green, with black and sometimes white streaks."

In addition to the valuable testimony of such an accurate observer as Mr. Murray, I may refer to the opinion, furnished to me verbally, of an intelligent gentleman who spent a portion of last summer in exploring the regions referred to. Of the Humber valley he formed a very high estimate, in an agricultural point of view. The land he considers excellent in most places, but especially in the neighbourhood of Deer Pond. Even in Hall's Bay, to which he crossed, he found at intervals tracts of capital land. On the banks of Grand Lake, which is about sixty miles in length, and contains an island 25 miles long, he was informed that quantities of coal are washed up, which are probably carried into it by some of the brooks—a proof of its abundance in the neighbourhood. Many thousands of agricultural settlers, he considers might find a comfortable home in this valley; those living on the banks of the Sound could combine fishing, lumbering or shipbuilding with farming. He speaks highly of the genial climate of the interior, and, everywhere was struck with the richness of the vegetation. In crossing from Bay of Islands to Hall's Bay he observed the tracks of vast numbers of deer. He ascended Exploits River about a dozen miles and found the land equal to the best on the western shore, and abundance of large pine, birch and spruce. He is of opinion that there is room here for from 5,000 to 10,000 settlers. The heads of Bonavista and Trinity Bays contain large tract of excellent land. The scenery of Humber Sound he pronounces splendid. His report of the capabilities of the St. George's Bay and Codroy districts confirms previous accounts; indeed he considers that the half has not been told of these fine regions, where a rich soil, easily cleared, with gypsum and coal beds, invite the settler. On the Great Codroy River he found but sixty families settled, all of them from Cape Breton, and all doing well. On little Codroy River there are about a dozen families. My informant recommends the Codroy districts as the best on the western shore for farming, dairy purposes, and cattle raising.

James S. Hayward, Esq., of H. M. Customs, who visited these districts in 1865, says, in his Report to the House of Assembly:—"The land at Codroy and at the Great River appears very good for agricultural purposes and is availed of by the residents who are chiefly settlers from Cape Breton." Mr. Hayward visited one farmer six miles up the river who nine years before had commenced by purchasing a piece of land and a hut from an Indian for twenty shillings. "He now occupies 300 acres of land, 15 of which are under cultivation, and has 11 milch cows, 4 yoke oxen, 10 head cattle, 3 pigs and 45 sheep; cuts 21 tons hay, had 25 barrels oats and barley, and planted 10 barrels potatoes; had 30 ox-hides tanning." This settler reported "wheat as an uncertain crop, but that oats and barley always ripen, and that flax grows well on his farm. He manufactures all the clothing his family requires, and lives altogether by the produce of his farm." "It is estimated that there are at Codroy, including both rivers, 700 oxen, and cows and 1700 sheep." The population of St. George's Bay, Mr. Hayward estimates at 1500, and the quantity of herring

taken at 20,250 brls.; salmon 300 brls. "At Indian Head quantities of coal are to be found." The quantity of herring taken at Bay of Islands he puts down at 30,500 barrels in 1865. It has now probably doubled.

For the encouragement of agriculture and the relief of the poor, the Legislature of Newfoundland some years since, passed an Act, the provisions of which secure to all poor settlers on Crown Lands, eight dollars gratuity for the first acre cleared, and six dollars for each succeeding acre, until six acres are cleared, when the settler is entitled to a free grant of the portion he has thus reclaimed. Notwithstanding such a remarkably favourable arrangement, the number who have taken advantage of it is yet inconsiderable. In no other Colony, I believe, is such a boon held out to the poor man—a free grant of land, the best that can be found, and from six to eight dollars per acre for clearing it. When we take into account that the agricultural districts of Codroy, St. George's Bay and Bay of Islands are 1,000 miles nearer Britain than Canada, that they command the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, that a coaling station for steamers might be established here, that a large number of emigrants from the Old Country might find a comfortable home, and ere long reach independence and abundance, at a comparatively short distance from home, it is evident that the settlement of these regions becomes a matter of some national importance. The aid too that is offered to poor settlers by the Government of the Colony is of some importance, now that so many thousands are annually leaving the British Isles, to seek for new homes and a less crowded field of industry.

On the whole, then, it is apparent that with her gigantic fisheries, her unoccupied fertile plains waiting for the spade of the husbandman, her immense variety of mineral treasures, her important geographical position, rendering it in the highest degree probable that ere long a large proportion of the passenger traffic between the Old World and the New, as well as the mail matter, will find the safest and shortest route across her territory, Newfoundland has a great future before her, and is destined to rise into a populous and prosperous country. With all the difficulties against which she has been contending—with one half of her coast closed against her people, and stupid laws retarding her prosperity, still her progress has been considerable, though it is evident she now requires to get into a new groove, with a population for the support of which the fisheries are entirely insufficient. It is only eight years since the laws were repealed by which it was made a penal offence to build a house or enclose a piece of ground, or attempt settlement in any shape. Previously the policy of Britain was to keep the Island merely as a place for curing fish, and the fisheries as a nursery for seamen, and in carrying out this policy, settlement in the country was prohibited and the fishermen were ordered to return home each winter, when the fishing season was at an end. In spite of these absurd laws however, a resident population took root, and in the end, Britain was led to see the folly of such policy, and to treat Newfoundland as one of her colonies. The population has now reached 150,000,

the rate of increase being 33 per cent. in ten years. A century hence it will contain in all probability, at least two millions, without taking possible immigration into account. The people are a robust race, inured to toil and danger amid the billows—no stunted, degenerate breed reared amid factory smoke and the unwholesome surroundings that are so inimical to human life in the hot beds of civilization—but men of bone and muscle who can fearlessly "lay their hands on ocean's mane" and wrestle with the Atlantic's billows, in those ice-covered seas—men whose lives are mainly passed in the open air, in a *wholesome, bracing climate, and whose habits of life are simple.* What an element of strength they will form in the young Empire of Canada now getting organized! Like all fisher-folk, they have their peculiarities, and sorely need education; but they are a kindly, hospitable, generous people, and it is a striking proof of the absence of serious crime among them, that, at the present moment, there are only nine prisoners in the Penitentiary. We cannot doubt that Newfoundland is about to enter on a new career, in which her great capabilities will be turned to account, and her prosperity secured.

Another paper on the manners and customs of the people, the geology and natural history of the country, the civil government and educational institutions, will probably complete the account of Newfoundland in the pages of this magazine.

LEBEL, 1643.

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK.

About the year 1827 a stone, bearing the above inscription, was discovered on or near the farm now owned and occupied by Frederic Spencer, Esq., in Lower Granville, in the County of Annapolis, N. S. This stone is referred to in Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia, vol. II., p. 157, and may be now seen in the office of Edward C. Cowling, Esq., in Annapolis, whose family has had it in possession, I believe, from the time of its discovery. The farm referred to is in the vicinity of the remains of the old "Scotch Fort," which have not yet entirely disappeared. This fort was built some years before the date upon the stone, and certainly before the treaty of St. Germain.

Two hundred years ago and more,
Upon Taywoapsk's* wood-covered shore,
Which many a sylvan beauty bore,
To cheer its ceaseless ebb and swell;
As if a future age to mock,
Some human hand, upon a block
Of compact metamorphic rock,
Engraved the sounding name "Lebel."

*Taywoapsk is the Micmac name of the Annapolis River, and means the river of the rocky mouth.

'Twas in the year that victory bore
To Charles Latour,† by Carleton's shore,
The laurels he so justly wore,
As old Acadian annals tell;
But why 'twas graven or for what,
Hath long ago been quite forgot,—
Of many a human act the lot—
Yet still the stone exclaims "Lebel."

'Twas deeply cut as though to last,
When centuries had come and passed;
Through summer's calm and winter's blast,
To chance and change insensible;
Though if by priest or layman wrought,
Solicited, or done unsought,
Or carved for pay, or done for nought,
I do not know, nor doth "Lebel"!

Perhaps a husband's hand it was,
Constrained by love's mysterious laws,
Or by some other equal cause,—
Which traced the name he loved so well;
Of her, who shared his manhood's life
Of joy and hope, or toil and strife;
A good and amiable wife,
Who bore the gentle name "Lebel."

Or was't a lover's hand inscribed,
The name for one who early died,
Ere she became that lover's bride?
Alas, I'm sure I cannot tell;
Perhaps it merely marked the bounds,
Of some old settler's tillage grounds,
Whose soul still gladdens at the sounds,
We utter with the name "Lebel."

Or did a hand parental trace,
The letters which no years efface,
For one whose form was full of grace,
And beauty more than tongue can tell?
A fair-haired child, with lustrous eyes,
Serene and blue as summer's skies,
But severed now from human ties—
Was such a one the fair "Lebel."

The buried past so eloquent
Of things, perchance of less moment,
Has but the briefest record lent,
Of that of which my verse would tell;
And every effort made will fail,
To left the intervening veil,
That shrouds from human ken the tale,
Enfolded in the name "Lebel."

† It was in 1643 that D'Aulnay attacked Fort Latour at Carleton unsuccessfully. It will be remembered that Latour, with his noble wife, left the fort secretly during the siege: went to Boston; returned with a strong force and relieved the place. In the affair he exhibited in a high degree the qualities of a clever statesman and good commander.

Two hundred years the secret keep,
And none are left to mourn or weep,
For him or her, whose relics sleep,
Forgotten quite, though loved so well;
Two hundred more may come and go,
With footsteps solemn, grand and slow,
And still the story none shall know,
That lingers round the name "Lebel"!

MUSIC AND ITS POSITION IN POPULAR LIFE.

From the German.

By E. Peiler.

III.

Our attention will next be turned to the performance of single instruments; but this field being without limit, we can only take a superficial survey. The first and most powerful instrument is the human voice. This has been acknowledged by the greatest artists, and all composition for single instruments owes its perfection to approximation to the human voice, and every instrumental artist must take a great vocalist for a model. "It is no wonder," says the well-known violinist Rode, addressing the Dresden orchestra, "that your tone is so fine; you are continually listening to great singers."

We might as well attempt to say how much has been thought as to answer the question, how much has been sung or composed for the voice? With the last singer the last man will have departed from the earth, as Anastasius Gruen so beautifully says. It would be impossible to name all the vocalists who have for ages past enchanted all grades of people; and, indeed, are not their names engraved upon the hearts and memories of the millions who had the happiness of listening to them?

Next to the voice the pianoforte claims our attention. This instrument, which, in its completeness, is the representative of the orchestra, and has arrived at a high state of perfection, is universally adopted by all civilized nations. From the middle of the last century some of the finest intellects have exercised themselves upon the perfection of this noble instrument, and we will mention only a few whose names are as familiar as household words. Streicher of Vienna, Erard of Paris, Broadwood of London, and last, but indeed first in this line of artists, Steinway of New York, whose remarkable inventions have transformed the pianoforte and brought the quality of its tone as near the human voice as possible.

The musical catalogues show yearly some three to four thousand

new pieces adapted to the pianoforte, but the finest works for this instrument are the productions of the classic masters; still we cannot imagine anything more rounded in beauty, more flowing, more brilliant than a pianoforte performance carried out with all the modern perfection.

The amount of enjoyment, of refreshment, of enlivenment, of dissipation of care, of benefit the pianoforte has conferred on society, lies beyond the power of imagination to conceive or offer to describe.

We have already spoken of the power of the organ over the human mind, and need therefore not renew this subject. There are many remarkably fine masterpieces for this instrument, and among them most prominent the works of the immortal Sabastian Bach.

Owing to the deficiency of the pianoforte in regard to the retention of tone, and the difficulty of access to the organ, a new instrument has been invented as a substitute, the Physharmonica or Harmonium, which has reached its greatest perfection in Paris.

The origin of stringed instruments goes as far back into antiquity as that of Song. Apollo represents both these forms of spiritual manifestation which have their impulse deep within the human heart.

In their various degrees of height and depth of tone, the violin, the viola, the violoncello and the double bass, correspond with the various gradations of the human voice—the soprano, alto, tenor and bass. The violin is the queen of the orchestra and the most esteemed solo instrument in concerts. With a wider range, and less circumscribed in its effects, it is a very appropriate representative of the soprano voice. Its highest aim, therefore, is to compete with song. The violin advanced to its standard of perfection under the hands of the Italians; but the efforts of the French school must also be acknowledged, upon which Spohr improved, transplanting it to German soil.

It is strange that upon this little capriciously shaped instrument, which will not suffer itself to be modified in the slightest degree, such mighty performances should take place. The well-known Cremona violins made by Stradivari and by Peter and Joseph Guarneri and Amati, now about two hundred years old, surpass all others, notwithstanding the beauty of finish and structure of those made by Stainer and Villaume.

The violin, in accomplished hands, is undoubtedly the instrument that reveals the fullest emotion; it can be made to touch the chords of the human heart as effectually as the wind does those of the Aeolian harp.

Of the most prominent performers on this instrument we mention but a few, such as Rode, Spohr, Viotti, Kreutzer, Baillol, Paganini, De Beriot, Ernst, Vieuxtemps, Molique, Sivori, Ole Bull, Lipinski, Lvoff, Mlilanollo, and in quite recent times Joachim.

The treatment of the viola and violoncello is similar to that of the violin; but both instruments have their special character and their respective worshippers who give them the preference over the violin.

The viola approaches nearest to the human voice in the quality of

its tone, and the great masters have therefore employed it very frequently, although it is but seldom used for solo performances. It occupies a particularly conspicuous position in Weber's and Spontini's operas.

The violoncello is more generally adopted as a solo instrument, and proves a thing of rare beauty under the hands of such performers of the past and present as the following: Romberg, Dotzauer, Servais, Merk, Kummer, &c.

The double bass is the foundation of the whole bass power of the orchestra, and has in recent times received much cultivation, owing *principally to Beethoven, who uses it very extensively in his symphonies.* It is but seldom used as a solo instrument, although in former days Hindl of Vienna, and, more recently, Bottesini have delighted audiences by their performances.

In passing to the wind instruments we all know the peculiarly soft and clear tones of the flute; the hautboy with the tones of pain and humour; the clarinet with its impassioned notes; the bassoon with its *bass voice of pain or good-natured bluster;* the horn with its magical tone, full of forest associations; the trumpet with its martial and alarming sounds; and the majestic, profound and serious trombone.

The significance of the various instruments is best learned by their application. The best study for this purpose are the symphonies of Beethoven and the operas of Weber, wherein the listener discovers the most acute appreciation of the capacities and the finest perception of the use of the different instruments.

In earlier times instrumentation was much more simple than it is at present, and abuses have crept in, the great excess often thwarting its own ends, although great effects have been produced by men like Spontini, Berlioz and Meyerbeer. The latter has appropriated instruments that occur but seldom in the orchestra, which has frequently resulted in great effects.

The Guitar has received considerable cultivation from Guiliani and Stoll; and so has the Harp, in more recent times, especially through Parish Alvars, a man of great and surpassing talent.

The impression made by all music depends to a certain extent upon the peculiarities possessed by the instruments enumerated, but still more essentially upon the scale or mode, of which, it is well known, there are two, the major and the minor; the former distinguished for *its expression of cheerfulness, the latter more indicative of melancholy.* In these two modes the various gradations of musical thought are depicted, although other conditions assist in varying musical expression, which is far more diversified than that of words.

Having now taken all the different points of observation, from which to view the influence of music upon popular life, we have still to contemplate the subject in a more general way. To overlook the united influences of music upon *the life of the people must be impossible,* because the part of life so influenced is the best part; it is the inner life—the life of the soul and the mind. To almost every one music

brings refreshment and elevation, and often inspiration, and is, at the same time, a relief from the labours of the day. This applies to all classes of society, and beginning with the unpretending dance ascends thence to the higher enjoyment of the opera, or of the symphony. From these higher creations of the art the more susceptible and cultivated people have derived their most complete enjoyment; and it is incalculable how many have received new energy, new thoughts and refreshment, after the toils of the day, comfort in dark hours and fresh inward life; how many, forsaking the disjointed order and the disturbed harmony of the world, have sought and found a more perfect order, a more complete harmony, in that picture of a more lovely world—the world of tone!

WE'RE ALL AFLOAT.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

We 're all afloat in a leaky boat,
On Time's tempestuous sea;
Death at the helm steers for his realm,
And a motley crew are we.
Through waters wide on every side,
Away to the sunken shoals,
He steers us o'er to the Passion's roar,
And the heave of living souls.

We hear the splash and the heavy dash,
And the weary, weary moan,
And only know we embarked in woe,
And are bound for the great unknown:
Some telling tales of happy vales,
That lie beyond the gloom,
While Greed and Spite are at their fight
For another inch of room.

And Fraud and Pride how they push aside
The weak ones and the old,
While curses deep from the mad hearts leap
That they've huddled in the hold.
'Tis sad to hear, 'mid the tempest drear,
How the selfish crew go on;
How they curse and swear and snarl there,
As dogs do o'er a bone.

Anon, as a brief but sweet relief,
In the midst of the fighting throng,
Some poor waif starts to cheer our hearts
With the blessed voice of song:
He sings of Peace and the heart's increase
When Love o'er the crew shall reign;
And the rudest hear with a willing ear,
And each heart cries out 'Amen.'

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M. D., PRINCETON, ONTARIO.

DR. DICK, THE PHILOSOPHER.

CHILDHOOD and Credulity go hand in hand. There is no ogre so hideous that children will not believe in as a reality, and no fairy so spectral,—whether dancing to sweet music in the moon-beams on some grassy hillock, or playing fantastic tricks on humanity, or gathered in joyous groups around Queen Mab, to plot new raids and to celebrate recent exploits and triumphs—that juveniles will not acknowledge within the sphere of their magic circle. The monstrosities and extravaganzas of the imagination of some kindly intended soul, have been given to the youth of all countries to amuse, terrify or to instruct, and to such they are for the time being positive and tangible entities. Mother Hubbard and her intelligent dog, which canine like had no objections to pick a bone —Whittington and his precocious Cat—Jack the Giant Killer, and the luxuriant Beam Stalk,—Blue Beard, the worst of Mormons and the wonderful doings of the heroes of Hans Andersen, are even yet the staple commodities and material for building up incipient *brainhood.* Too often are put into the hands of youth, fearful accounts of ghosts, hobgoblins, "dead candles," witches, and "banshees" until every hillock or stump became at the gloaming a supernatural object, and the screech of the night owl, or the wail of the wind, or the grating sound of swaying and rusty hinges of some way-side gate, were supposed to be the wail of some lost spirit asking for sympathy or seeking re'ief. At one time or another we were all firm believers in the exploits of those heroes of antiquity, or in the existence of those weird-like beings who haunt persistently the scenes where murder had been committed, or hover reluctantly near the cities of the dead; we have heard them spoken of as realities by those in whose judgment and veracity we had implicit confidence. Our venerable granny or hoary-headed grand-father has often gathered us around the roaring winter fire and in graphic, earnest, and awe-inspiring words, recited experiences and sights on land and by sea and flood of those beings, which seemed to have a mission to frighten youngsters, and the subjects of superstition. I remember sitting hour after hour listening to these witch, fairy, and ghost stories until my hair felt as if growing erect on the top of my head, and the chirp of a cricket or the squeal of a mouse, or the howl of the wind as it whirled round the house or over the chimney top, would cause a shrinking and creeping sensation more potent than pleasant. As reason begins to open its eyelids and looks around, it sees much to believe in, but begins to doubt. It is not sufficiently sceptical to reject all, and therefore budding manhood and womanhood greedily devour such works as "The Arabian Nights," the wonders recorded by "Baron Munchausen," "Robinson Crusoe and his irrepressible man Friday," "Don Quixote and genial and credulous Sancho Panza." But it is not long before the realities of life shake us

into absolute infidelity. We perceive the mythical nature of our fireside friends and cast them aside as the worthless *debris* of past investigation and faith. At this stage of mental development the mind is omnivorous. It virtually cries "I have no faith in the past, give me a reality or I die." The hungry prodigal begins to eat husks for they are plentiful and present most inviting forms for the intellectual gourmand, one hundred-paged novels, lascivious song books, prurient medical works "sent free of charge;" and pretentious books of history and biography which covertly propagate foulest dogmas on social evils, and dubious ethics, and are truly "whited sepulchres," fill to plethora the rapidly expanding and absorbing and digesting human mind, until it ruminates and feels all the horrors of mental dyspepsia. The well wishers of the world have seen this, and have endeavoured to create a desire for more healthy *pabulum*. The Chambers' of Edinburgh stand first among philanthropists in this field of labour. Their books and periodicals are invaluable to the young student, who wishes wholesome information on all the absorbing topics of the day. In our *Index Expurgatorius* of their works, we enter one book, as unworthy a place in the valuable list. We refer to "The Vestiges of Creation" the arguments of which have been demolished by the geologic wand of Hugh Miller. In the United States the people owe much in the popular walks of science, to Carter & Brother, Harper & Brothers, and Ticknor & Fields. These, however, except the last mentioned firm, were simply publishers and laid no claim to being writers or compilers as Chambers or Ticknor. But as a Saul, head and shoulders above his fellows, in the field of popular, useful, scientific, and christian literature we place foremost in the list, the name of Thomas Dick. He saw that there was an *hiatus* between theological works, the abstractions of philosophy, and the arcana of science. At the beginning of this century there was a tendency among the master-minds of the day to indulge in abstractions with regard to everything which required the exercise of thought, whether sacred or secular. Science, at the time Dick first attempted to write, revelled in bare axioms, deductions, and "confusion worse confounded." He was among the first to popularize science and elucidate and illuminate Divine procedure, by that glorious lamp which shows how coincident and harmonious are all God's works, whether in nature or revelation. God's truth and these two sources of knowledge and wisdom are one and indivisible. We often hear that truth needs supporting, but the converse is true, for truth is our bulwark, and when truly read is its own interpreter. Dick took modern science by the right hand and introduced the stately dame to her colleague beautiful Revelation. So anxious was he to do this as sometimes to become prolix, but never wearisome. His ardour in this direction is sometimes so intense as to drive him to the verge of curious speculation and hypothesis. In his eyes war under all circumstances, is legalized murder. He is in fact a Quaker in this particular and does not seem to recognize the moral right of self defence, and that the same obligation which is binding on us to defend our persons from assault, or our houses from the depredations of burglars, is also binding on communities, and nations as regards a foreign foe. We visited him, a few months before his death, at Broughty Ferry,

a small town, a few miles seaward from Dundee, Scotland. The house was a story and a half in height, nearly square with a piazza, partly around it. In front of it is the shingled beach where the sea and the river Tay meet, westward could be seen smoky Dundee, and a conical hill of about 400 feet in height, towering behind it. Over the Red River lay in domestic serenity and beauty eastern Fifeshire, and at the furthest range of vision in a clear day could be seen the Towers of St. Andrews. Behind the house a hill rises somewhat abruptly, and obscures the view in that direction. We found the philosopher immersed in his studies. He was of medium height and spare in body. His hair was white and the forehead broad, but not very high. The eyes were grey and the nose large and aquiline. His voice was soft and of that persuasive tone that takes the heart by storm. His hand shook considerably—not from that nervousness which afflicts some people in the presence of strangers—but from that muscular weakness which inexorable time carries in his train. It was evident to an observant eye that his days were short, although he put on a great deal of cheerfulness and became quite loquacious after we received a formal introduction through a mutual friend. He took us with him to inspect his observatory on the top of the house. It was erected on a flat roof with two sliding windows facing respectively north and south. There was a telescope of medium size placed opposite each window, which included in their range the whole celestial hemisphere, except what was hidden by the hill in the rear of the house. On fine starlit nights he often made the top of this hill his tower of observation. A sort of stone parapet surmounted the top of the walls of the house. I remarked, in a jocular tone, that he could mount barbette guns on this miniature fort, that might command the river Tay. His face instantly assumed an expression of pain, and he said with deep emotion " my soul loathes war, and my inmost nature sickens at the mere mention of aught pertaining to the dread machinery of modern warfare." His finer feelings had the mastery, and through all his writings there stand out prominently benevolence, affection and love. His works are like household words, well known by all classes of society, and are a standard not only on both sides of the Atlantic, but also throughout christendom, and it afforded him great pleasure to hear that his writings were gratefully appreciated and read, not only in the mansions but also in the log cabins of Canada. He said that the finest editions of his works were those published in the United States, and specimen copies of which had been sent to him by his American friends. He showed me two superb copies. The British Government was petitioned to grant him an annuity, and it actually gave him ten pounds annually out of its abundance. Had he been the son of *somebody* who had served his country, and had been " born with a silver spoon in his mouth instead of a wooden ladle"—as some quaint writer says,—I have no doubt his annuity would have been thousands of pounds instead of tens of pounds. He did more honour, and granted a more lasting legacy of good to his country than even those *medalled* warriors—to whom all honour should be given,—who receive large bonuses for doing their duty, and whose largess extends to remotest generations, but he had no aristocratic friends to plead his cause, and no escutcheon, save that of

an unsullied reputation. The publishers of his works fleeced him, and his country's legislators "knew him not." During the summer months he rented one half of his small house to lodgers, that he might have food, and in the winter months, as his health permitted, he took up his pen and wrote for the religious press almost until his earthly day had closed forever, but the sun of his deathless fame shall shine with unclouded splendour co-equal with our history. Penury was the lot of both himself and his partner, and the voluntary contributions of his admirers and friends kept famine away from the door. How often is the same story the history of genius! Had he been a debauchee like erratic and gifted Byron, or a drunkard like immortal Burns, or a spendthrift like Goldsmith, then could we not complain if the world did forget; but of sterling piety—of famous talents—unobtrusive in manners, and toiling as a galley slave for the public weal in inciting far and near love of nature, its laws and its Infinite Author, who could have reproached "the old man eloquent," if he had died a misanthropist? We asked him if he did not think himself neglected by the world. His answer was "I am thankful for all mercies. I receive all I deserve." The star of true nobility shone *in* his breast, planted there by no earthly monarch; and now he is gazing with unclouded vision on the glories he loved to portray. His writings will have lasting renown, not because of great profundity of thought, but because of chasteness of style, elegance of diction, and endeavours to convey useful knowledge to all minds in such a way, as will lead the reader to contemplate the Fountain of all wisdom in his works. What a contrast do the productions of his pen present to those prurient and sensational works of even clever writers, who write immediately for gain and who are not conductors, but mirrors of public opinion; such as the former are benefactors and the latter a "delusion and a snare." Those leave us a priceless legacy—and these a fatal moral miasma which engenders a disease worse than death The canker worm of this day is that which feeds on these hot house plants of ideality, degenerated into exaggerated fiction, which is eating away at the heart of pure literature and morality. All honour to those who are stemming the tide.

THE KNIGHT OF THE AWL.

Mrs. Hemans, in the critique on the "Tasso" of Göethe, says truthfully that "some master-minds have, indeed, winged their way through the tumult of crowded life, like the sea-bird cleaving the storm, from which its pinions come forth unstained; but there needs a celestial panoply, with which few indeed are gifted, to bear the heirs of genius not only unwounded but unsoiled, through the battle; and too frequently the result of the poet's lingering afar from his better home has been mental and moral degradation and untimely death." This sentiment is applicable to the unfortunate subject of this sketch. William Knight, of Keith, was a shoemaker by trade. He was the illegitimate son of a "laird" in Banffshire. His mother, a servant of his father, was ruthlessly turned away from his father's door, with Willie in her arms, to battle with life as best she could, for the long gaunt finger of scorn had been pointed at her. Willie had received a good

training at the parish school, thanks to his mother's frugality and industry, who had a strong attachment to the son of her shame. His progress for his age was very rapid. He greedily devoured every literary and scientific work which came in his way. He was familiar with such classic works as Virgil, Horace, Xenophon, and Homer. Resolved to still further improve his mind, he trudged on foot—carrying a small bundle containing his all on his back—all the way to St. Andrew's University, and attended two winter sessions, in the meantime carrying off several prizes, and the chief bursary for Latin. He then returned to his mother at Aberdeen, hired an attic at the farthest end of Love Lane, and became a copyist in a lawyer's office: still pursuing his studies and writing poetry, for which his love was intense. Herein was genius. He could recite from memory stanza after stanza in the original, of the Illiad and the odes of Horace. He was familiar with all the Scottish poets from "Blind Harry" to Burns and Scott; and all the English poets, from the days of Chaucer to those of Tennyson. But his genial spirit, conversational powers and conviviality led him into intemperate habits, and so besotted did he become, that as an intermittently drivelling idiot, he was shunned by his boon companions and driven by starvation to seek employment as an apprentice shoemaker. Necessity forced him to occasional sobriety, and then his feelings of remorse were most poignant. He would shed tears of bitter repentance and vow reform, but only to sin again, when money came in his way. His experience was that of many unfortunate sons of genius who are caught in the snare of the fell destroyer. His aptitude to learn soon enabled him to earn a living by his trade, but in the meantime his mother died, and from that day he lost all self-respect, and strayed like a wandering Arab from place to place, until his constitution gave way from exposure to the storms of winter and summer. He would beg from door to door, and be only too glad to seek shelter by the side of a hay-stack—in the shelter of a hedge, or the hard floor of a friendly "bothy." Nature at last could hold out no longer, and he was conveyed into one of the wards of the Dundee Infirmary in the month of June, 1867. Here in a dark corner he suffered severely, with no tender hand to smooth his pillow and close his eyes as he passed into the land of spirits. During the last hours of his earthly existence he occasionally would utter snatches of poetry, and sometimes give expression to words of penitence and remorse, so heart-rending as to bring tears to the eyes of his fellow sufferers; but at last incoherent sentences feebly expressed that the sands of life were fast running out, and as the steel grey dawn appeared, as the harbinger of approaching day, he took his everlasting flight away from what had been to him truly "a vale of tears." His poems are, in plot, style, and beauty of execution, not inferior to any Scottish poetry we have had the pleasure to read; not even excepting those of Burns. One of them, "Twa nichts at Yule," will compare favourably with "Tam O'Shanter." Notwithstanding the rugged road he had travelled, and the coldness and ill usage he received from the world, he maintained his geniality to the end, and showed a heart welling over with the

sweetness of a soul-flowing kindness, which no acidity could sour. How many of such men have flashed athwart the shining firmament of literature—effulgent and beautiful—but whose brightness has never been photographed by some kindly pen dipped into the sunshine of immortality! What a pity it is that some one competent for the task does not collect and publish in the more durable form of a book, all such waifs of poetry which float on the sea of newspaper and magazine literature, and which would thus be as precious souvenirs of many a true nobleman, whose sterling thoughts are now, or will be, lost in oblivion. Some of Knight's songs should never die, and as very few have seen the following, we insert them in this article as specimens of his style. The writer of this paper hopes that the reader will notice particularly the master touches of tenderness in "Via Vitæ." Does the exquisite and justly popular ballad of "John Anderson my Joe" excel it? It was the last song poor Willie ever wrote. It has a ring of the true metal in its composition. This "more unfortunate" son of genius, in his *journey of life*, often "stachered into holes" and "lowdered deep in glaur," but in charity we hope that he has now "sunny glints" of "mony a gowden scene." These extracts will show how much he knew of the evils of intemperance, and how, in his sober moments, he detested the cause of his ruin, and untold misery:

My cronies, we've sitten owre lang at the yill,
The nicht's weerin' late, and the munes in the hill,
And our ain folks at hame will be thinkin' fu'lang
That we're no comin' to them—let's tadle alang.

Yestreen I was dreamin' that Peggy and I
Cam' in by the loanin frae milkin' the kye;
I thought that she grat, as she lookit at me,
Wi' a face fu' o' sadness richt waesome to see—

"Oh! Johnny," said she and her voice sounded drear,
Like the wind's hollow moan in the fa' o' the year,
"When ye bide frae hame we've a sair lot to dree—
There's a wraith that is killin' your bairnies and me."

"It rugs at my heart as 'twad rive it in twa,
It flegs me wi' gruesome-like shapes on the wa'—
It tooms oot their parritch, it rives a' their claes,
They darena e'en budge for't, sic cantrips it plays."

I thought that I grippit my muckle aik rung
To gird at the goblin, and forrit I sprung—
My bluid boilin' thro' me, to win to my hame—
When I waukened and tauld to my Peggy my dream.

"Its nae dream," said she, "for there's mair wraiths than ane
That glamp through the house, and rampage but and ben;
While ye're sittin' drinkin' out-bye late and air,
They're no growin' fewer but aye growin' mair."

"Grim hunger glowers 'oot at the edge o' the press,
And nakedness glints thro' our threadbare distress;
Dour grief wounds the heart, sair, and fear strangles sleep,
And Pourtith has threatened the fireside to keep."

Na mair said my Peggy, but drappit a tear,
And I've made her a promise, I'll keep ever dear;
That henceforth I'll hame, and drink na yill ava,
But lounder the wraiths oot, and keep them awa'.

SONG.

O weary fa', that waefu' drink,
O'er a' the ills we hae,
It mak's us scarce o' claes and chink,
And steeps the saul in wae;
It dings the elbows oot our coats,
And clours our heids fell sair;
It turns the brightest chiels to sots,
And dottles wit and lear.

But warst ava, out ow'er our een,
It draps its glamour screen—
We dinna see how crined and sma',
We're in the warld's gleg e'en.
The angel face o' youth it blurrs.
Gaes stalwart manhood shak;
Sends Eild a-hirplin thro' the dubs,
Wi death upon his back.

It beets the icy norlin' win',
That drives wi' keenest birr,
Mak's holes and bores to let him in,
And cosy riggins stirr.
Puts out the fire upon the hearth,
Ca's wives and weans a-bee;
Gars lairds as beggars trudge the earth,
And dings the warld agley.

VIA VITÆ.

Link ye to me, my auld gude man,
And dinna hurrying gang.
Ye're nae doot tired as weel as I,
But we'll win hame ere lang.
The snaws of eild are on our pows,
And hard we find the grun'.
But we are in the lithe, gude man,
And carena for the wun'.

'Twas morn, gude wife, when we set out,
Baith laughin' brisk and gay;
Sometimes we ran, sometimes we gaed;
Whiles dackled on the way.
Our limbs are nae so souple now,
We e'en maun creep's we may;
We've louped mony a burn, gude wife,
And breistit mony a brae.

And strappin lads I wat, gude man,
And mony a sonsy quean,
We've left upon the road behiud,
And never mair hae seen.
For some have wandered aff the way,
And gane they kentna where;
And some have stachered into holes,
Or ta'en to bogs to lair.

Like mony mair were we, gude wife.
We didna hain our strength,
But caed the road frae side to side.
Nor countit on its length;
Fell tired grew I 'gin afternoon,
Wi' yon long dreary howe.
And thankfu' was I when I fand
The sma'est wee bit knowe.

Troth, lang has been the road, gude man,
Sair criddered have we been;
But we've had sunny glints I wat—
Viewed mony a gowden scene.
And though we've had our share o' weel,
And lowdered deep in glaur,
We've seen as foul feet as our ain—
And scores a hantle waur.

Aweel, my ain gude wife, this road,
Had it no been for you—
Whase hopefu' word aye eezed my heart—
I ne'er had warstled thro'.
But now we're near the journey's end,
The nicht begins to fa',
The starns are gatherin' in the lift—
We 'se sithly stoit awa'.

Link close to me, my ain gude man;
I whiles might tak' the gee,
And fasht ye wi' my tantrum trips,
But only for a wee,
Now that's a' owre, and we'll jog on
Thegither a' the same.
And lang afore the dawn o' day
We'll baith get rest at hame.

I feel thankful that I am enabled, by the merest accident, to present these few extracts to the reader, and also to record the few facts known of Knight, and his erratic life and wanderings.

CANADIAN POETRY.

It is to be regretted that the reading Canadian public has not given that encouragement to Canadian authorship to which it is entitled; it is not because we are illiterate, for no people on the face of the earth has better educational advantages than we have, and very few countries can boast of a greater number of readers. The politics of the country, the denominational peculiarities, the general news of the world, and the resources of this country are well understood, but the literature of Canada is comparatively unknown to the masses. This is an unknown region to them. The sensational and amatory fervor of a Byron—the social and patriotic songs of a Burns—the tame and quiet versification of a Cowper—the smooth and flowing rhyme of a Wordsworth, a Tennyson or a Longfellow—the pathos and clarion notes of a Whittier—the humour of a Holmes or a Saxe, and the stilted and ambiguous verbiage of a so-called philosophic Tupper, are as familiar as nursery rhymes but our poets have made sweetest melody, sung in fervid poetry, and depicted

our matchless scenery in blank verse and Runic rhyme and heroic stanzas, but "charm they ever so wisely," we have turned a deaf ear to their sweetest strains, and shut our eyes to the brilliant scintillations of genius, and intellection which have illumined our historic page, so that foreign sages have wondered and admired. McLachlan has sung as sweet and noble strains as ever were penned by the Ayrshire bard or Motherwell; Charles Sangster has depicted with a pencil of poetic light our noble lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Thousand Isles, the Saguenay and the St. Clair. Heavysege has in "Saul" and "Jephthah's daughter" produced tragedies that remind one of Sophocles or Thespis, yet our patriotic countrymen and woman purchase by millions, yellow covered literature from our neighbours that in every page is a sink of iniquity.

The productions of prurient writers are eagerly sought for in the newspapers and periodicals of Leslie, Bonner or Ballou, but our writers have found no appreciation of their work, and often have been overwhelmed with financial ruin in giving their productions to the world. These are plain facts, and tell a severe lesson to us as regards our æsthetic tastes. It is true the Canadian public may plead in extenuation, that so far it has had a protracted struggle with stubborn forests, commercial depresions and all the discomforts of a new country; but genius is not a creation of luxury, but is innate. Its workings have oftener been seen in the hovels of dependency, and even penury, than in the gilded halls of affluence and independence, and it is something akin to this genius that appreciates its productions, and no toil, or hardships, or poverty can crush out of man's soul the aspirations of poetry, and the nobility of literature. What man or woman is there who can read "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," or Tennyson's "Charge of the Six Hundred," or "The Marseillaise Hymn," or "Rule Britannia" and not feel the blood flow quicker and the nerves strung to a greater tension when these accents catch the eye or fall upon the ear? Well let our readers read McLachlan's "Sir Colon Campbell at Balaclava" or "Garibaldi," or Sangster's "Battle of the Alma," or Heavysege's description of the battle of Gilboa, and not say truthfully that our bards have been crowned on Parnassus with the poet's immortal wreath.

The reader should keep in mind the fact that mind and matter have this peculiarity in common, viz: a generic similarity, yet a specific difference. There is a similitude in the forest leaves, but no two leaves are alike; every grain of sand seems like its fellow, but not one particle is exactly like another; each star differs in glory and appearance from its lambent companion, yet to the naked eye these twinkling sentinels seem almost one in outline and colour. Of all the myriads of the sons of Adam, who have lived, moved, and had their being, no two are exactly alike physically or mentally, and when the son of genius commits his thoughts to paper, these have stamped upon them the natural bias and individuality of the author. The writer cannot divest himself of this peculiarity any more than he can rob himself of his personal identity, and therefore a poet shows to vulgar gaze photographs of his inner life.

The most exalted kind of poetry embraces all the range of human thought in heaven, or earth, or hell; it scans with an eagle eye the modes of human intelligence in consciousness, reflection, judgment and all the multifarious forms of reasoning. It depicts as with a pencil of light all the sensations, passions and emotions of the human soul, grasping in its giant hand, and exposing to view that which Heavysege calls

> "The motley multitude,
> Magnanimous and mean."

Much has been done by our sweet singers to immortalize our country who seem to be doomed to die "unwept, unhonoured and unsung." We do well to erect monuments over a Wolf, a Montcalm, a Brock and over the Lime-ridge heroes, but our literature, if found worthy, will survive marble, brass or stone, and when these tangible monuments of a nation's gratitude have been forgotten, our Anglo Saxon worthies will only be adding fresh lustre to their names, and to the memory of those of "whom the world was not worthy."

We appeal to our young men and women to encourage in all possible ways native talent. Give it the right hand of fellowship; buy and read even works of mediocre pretentions lest you turn away unawares an angel of light from your doors, and quench by your coldness the first appearance of intellectual gems. You pride yourselves in showing at your exhibitions the domestic animals that dot your fields, and the cereals that press out in plentitude your granaries, and the fine arts that are budding in our midst; then let the same commendable emulation be evinced in offering a generous support to our poets, who are now springing up on all hands, and some of whom will give to our country more than ephemeral renown.

Let us encourage home productions and native talent in preference to even higher genius from abroad. It is worthy of censure that our best authors and our sweetest poets are comparatively unknown to the Canadian people, although they have commanded attention and respect from the master-minds of Britain, and the literati of the American Republic. What encouragement have we given to McLachlan, Heavysege, Saugster, and dozens such? How many of the masses have read the sweet lyrics of the first—the classic "Saul" of the second—the stirring strains of the third—and the various and pleasant melodies of the last? We can go in raptures over the lays of a Wordsworth or a Poe or a Danté, and often read the silliest effusions of those poets with unction and ecstacy? But however gifted, "a prophet has no honour in his own country." The poet may throw out corruscations of genius that may be seen in unusual splendour "afar off," by the generations following; but interest, or "malice aforethought," or culpable forgetfulness will crush the most brilliant scintillations of undoubted literary power if they spring from the log cabin or the work-bench. He, the poor son of toil, may ask for *bread* while he lives, and our children will give him a *stone* monument when he dies. He may sing sweetly of us, "our woods and lakes," and by inspiration utter wise sayings that "on the outstretched finger of all time sparkle forever," but

Canada gives no willing ear. Our population is as great as Scotland —our youth are as well educated—we have as much *brain power.* Why then do we not produce such men as Allan Ramsay, Scott, Alison, Burns, Jeffrey, Dick, Reid, Sir W. Hamilton, and Napier? Shall this generation of Canadians pass away and add no rill, however small, to the overflowing stream of Anglo Saxon literature? Shall the master-minds of four millions of people never soar above the rise and fall of stock—the profits and losses of commerce—the trickery of political warfare—and the terribly earnest, but ever necessary toils and anxieties of our common humanity? We have an earnest of better things to come, and it is our duty to encourage "home productions," be they mind or matter. Let Canadian genius be our first care, and let us extend to Canadian literature the right hand of fellowship, even if it is "homespun," and has not the fine "nap" upon it of the gorgeous periodicals of Britain and the United States. The mental and moral power are in our midst—"Let there be light."

A SKETCH OF TRAVEL.

BY PROFESSOR J. C. L. MORAZAIN.

I had read of the voyages of Captain Cook, Parry, and Dumont D'Urville, and perused the works of Gustave Aymard and Mayne Reid. I had travelled in imagination across the prairies of the far West, through Kansas and New Mexico; I had dreamed of buffalo hunting and calumet-smoking with Indians: I had fancied myself a second Humboldt exploring, always in my thoughts, the sources of some new Niger, or Colorado, some Blanco or Azul, or discovering some *terra incognita.* And all the while I had no idea that I should travel as I have since done.

Prompted by some motive or other, I found myself booked as a first-class passenger in the barque *Martha Allen*, Ingwersen, Master, bound to Buenos Ayres, and accordingly went on board on the morning of the 20th October, A. D., 1857. As this was not my first acquaintance with old Neptune, I very soon made myself at home. We left the docks, passed Millwall where the "Great Eastern," which our neighbours would have called "The Mammoth,"—"the naval wonder of the age," was built, fired a gun as we passed Gravesend, and in a few hours, having reached the Downs, were fairly in the Channel. Our pilot having first received, along with his certificate, a certain handsome allowance of rum, &c., wished us a safe and speedy passage, and we were left alone. As long as we were in the Channel it was all very pleasant. Here was the white cliff, from which is derived the name Albion; there Dungeness, Beachy Head, and the Eddystone Light. Many ships, homeward bound, passed us from time to time, and the

shores of Britain were yet to be seen, until having reached the Caskets, we entered on the ocean. Then a certain depression overcame us. We had seen the last of old Europe. The first day at sea was passed in solemn silence; and although it was of my own free will that I had started, still I could not help thinking of the friends and relations I was leaving behind me. The address of the Trojans to their dear country from which they were driven came to my mind. I transformed and adapted it to my situation by changing one or two words, and making it read thus:

"Gallia dilectaque tellus; valete paterni!"
"Supremum jam terra, tibi beata, lutetia vale!"

As I had with me a few cases of claret, I invited two or three of the passengers to join me in drinking a social glass of wine, which soon lightened our spirits and dispelled our sorrows, justifying the adage common in France, "Vinum laetificat cor hominus."

A few days' sailing brought us in sight of Madeira; but we did not approach very near that island. In a few days more we crossed the Equator; and then I saw for the first time a certain constellation which had the form or appearance of two clouds, and which consists, as I suppose, of a conglomeration of nebulous stars. The sailors gave it the name of *Mauritius and Bourbon*. We now caught some flying-fish—*Dactyloptera volitans*, and *Exocœtus volitans*. These flying-fish are quite small, and have two well-formed wings. It is thought, or rather supposed, by certain naturalists that so long as the membrane which composes the wings is wet, the fish can fly, but that it falls again into the water as soon as the membrane becomes dry. These fish are generally found in schools, as herrings and the mackerel are.

When we had arrived at about 32° or 33° south latitude, we met with albatrosses,—birds which, as the reader probably knows, belong to the order *Palmipedes* or *Natatores*, and we caught a few of them. A small bit of salt pork, a hook, a piece of wood cut out of a cigar-box, and a sufficient quantity of line form the apparatus for this curious kind of sport, which is hardly more bird-catching than fishing. But we soon perceived now that the water was of a rather greenish colour; and the captain told us that he expected soon to see Cape Maldonado. In fact, one or two days afterwards, we sighted the land; and as we came opposite Cape Santa Maria, a short, fat, plump fellow dashed alongside with his schooner and introduced himself as a pilot. Having replenished his vessel's locker with a considerable quantity of pork, beef, butter, tea, &c., he sent her away; and having taken the wheel for a few minutes, so as to satisfy himself of the ship's obedience to the helm, and having ordered the crew to brace and counterbrace, just enough to entitle them to an allowance of grog, he descended into the cabin and made himself quite at home in the company of a good-sized bottle of real "Schiedam." We soon arrived before the Isla Lobos, (Wolves' Island). It is only a mass of rocks, having no definite form, and covered with sea-wolves. A few miles further on is the Isla de Rosas, (Rosas' Island), so named after the ex-Dictator. On our left are the Ortiz banks and the English banks, on which so

many ships have been wrecked. What mountain is that in the distance, resembling a cone—I should rather say affecting the conoid form? Monte Video:—the name means, "I see the mount." As evening is coming on, it is quite dark, and we cannot see the town. The weather being extremely hot and the air suffocating, I put on a nice pair of white pantaloons, and lie down somewhere on deck. I soon fell into a profound sleep. Heigho! What is that? I am wet. There is a flash of lightning, followed instantaneously by thunder. The waters—so smooth half an hour ago—seem ready to swallow our ship, including my poor self. There is a smell of sulphur, of bitumen. The masts crack; the wind howls complainingly. There is a deep blue flash; another of a yellowish or orange hue; now one green and red, like the light of "Bengal fires," or of burning nitrate of strontium. I look at my watch; it is midnight; and I can read as easily as if it were bright noonday. Now the dome of the heavens seems coming down upon us. The horizon, instead of bearing that greyish, galvanized colour which characterises electric clouds, such as these above our heads, is black—blacker than ink. The water falling upon us is quite warm: I am persuaded that its temperature is not less than 15° Reamur. The wind seems to hold a parley with a stronger and more terrific wind. One mast is carried away. We are involved in a perfect cataclysm. The ship leaks. The captain calls—"All hands on deck; to the pumps." I must turn out with the rest. Cheerily, men: it is for life! Singing we pump. Death is over us; under our feet; all around us. Still we sing, we pump, and we pray. At last I sink exhausted. * * * * All that night and all the next day we worked and struggled to keep ourselves afloat. On the next evening, as if by enchantment, the veil is lifted and the blue skies, the glittering, rejoicing stars appear. A soft, sweet perfume, as of aromatic plants, reaches us. We smell the land. The *Pampero* is over. But where are my fine, white trousers, which I bought at Dusautoy's, in Paris, for forty-eight francs? Such was the first part of my experience on the river Plata.

We approach Barracas, where there is a large "*Saladero*," or slaughter-house for cattle. At a distance of two miles is Buenos Ayres; and on the other side we can perceive Colonia. There is the long wharf, and there the Paseo Julio. At last we come to an anchor. O River Plata! you are indeed a noble river; but the Pampero, your constant visitor, is a terrible friend. If I am to encounter it when passing across the Pampas, I think I shall be compelled to say, like a poor boy, "I wish I were at home," and to act accordingly.

I jump into the boat, with "the old man;" and in an hour afterwards I find myself in comfortable quarters at the "Bola de Oro," where, for the first time in fifty-two days, I enjoy a pleasant night on *terra firma*, in a fine, soft bed, and sleep soundly without disturbance, having first thanked Him who preserved me from the terrible power of the Pampero.

Some months before my arrival, a company of travellers had started for Neembucu, in the province of Paraguay, with the intention of reaching Cuyaba or Matto Grosso, in Brazil, thence descending the

Guapure, one of the affluents of the Madeira, and then proceeding by the Amazon to Belem or Para. I fancied that if I could travel through the provinces of Cordova, Santiago, La Rioja, Catamarca, Tucuman and Jujuy, visiting the capital of Bolivia. (La Plata or Sucre), and descending the Huapahis or Mamore, and so reach the Amazon, above the Madeira, I should accomplish a feat and become quite a somebody. (I was only nineteen, and had illusions.) In order to obtain funds for a proper and decent outfit, and to get a few letters to present to the Alcaides, &c., I went to my banker. Having paid for my passage in the steamer "*El Primero Argentino*," I sent my luggage on board, and two days afterwards I was in El Rosario.

Buenos Ayres was founded, if I mistake not, in the year 1530 or 1535 by Pedro Mendoza; but it is very difficult to determine who was the discoverer of the river Plata. Many say that it was Antonio de Solis, others, that Sebastian Cabot had explored the Parana and Paraguay as early as 1525 or 1530. So, after all, I should think that, although only some one performed the deed, many had the glory. And perhaps, like the great Latin poet, the real discoverer might say—"*Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores*,"—only that instead of "*tulit*" and "*alter*," we should read "*tulerunt*" and "*alteri*."

At the time of my visit, Buenos Ayres formed a separate State, and Rosario was the first port of what was properly called "The Argentine Confederation." It should be observed that the Plata is but the lower branch, or, if I may so express myself, the handle of the fantastical *upsilon*, Y, formed by the conflux of the Parana and the Uruguay. The Paraguay joins the Parana farther north, about latitude 27° south—nearly two degrees southward from Neembucu and Rio Vermejo. Although it is very wide at its mouth, La Plata is comparatively short. The Parana and the Uruguay meet, to form La Plata, at a point distant about 70 miles from Buenos Ayres. Their waters are rather turbid, and of a yellowish tint. A number of sand-banks, or bars, obstruct the free navigation of the stream, while a thousand islands, inhabited by a certain kind of deer and other game, seem to invite the voyager to disembark and become a hunter.

Let us return, however, to Rosario. It was in February, and on the next day was to be the celebration of the Carnival. Now I did not know anything about the *modus ludendi* of this people; and, as I afterwards found, the only thing I had neglected, which would have enabled me to enjoy their sports, was a waterproof, or as we used to call such articles in Paris ten years ago, a "MacIntosh." A waterproof! What is that for at such a season.—February being in Buenos Ayres what July or August is in St. John, N. B.? But there was a reason why I should have it, which you will understand presently, though not in so practical a way as I came to know it.

On the evening after my arrival, loitering along the streets, I was quite surprised at the immense number of eggs exposed for sale. I was prepared to write down in my journal that the principle articles of commerce in that city were eggs and poultry; and, seeing with what avidity the people seemed to buy eggs, I felt inclined to pronounce the in-

habitants a frugal, temperate and sober people. In this frame of mind I returned to the hotel of "La Union," and awaited impatiently the *Fiesta*. Next morning I rose rather early, and, having swallowed one or two cups of coffee, dressed myself. Being satisfied that my patent leather French boots were bright, my neck-tie irreproachable, and my new hat well fixed on my head, I went out, enjoying in anticipation a pleasure I was not destined to enjoy in reality nor to taste, although I did taste forcibly *something* else, *as you* will presently see.

Half-past eight o'clock! The population is all on the *azotea*, or roofs of the houses. But what a number of vessels they are heaving and passing up, of all sizes and descriptions, from the diminutive sauce-pan to the big thirty-gallon cask! I thought that cleanliness must be the chief virtue of this people, although it did seem to me that a good scraping, scrubbing and rubbing might effectually improve the prevailing colour of their own skins. Perhaps it was their custom to wash so thoroughly the roofs, as the weather was so warm and the season so dry, except when the Pampero visited them from time to time! Decidedly, this people must be very intelligent, highly civilized, quite enlightened!

Having thus inwardly paid my tribute of admiration to the supposed habits of my new friends, I fell again into my dreams, and fancied myself in the Pampas, mounted on a wild horse and galloping with the Gauchos who inhabit the Llanos. Impelled by the animation of my thoughts, I was walking very fastly until a profuse perspiration compelled me to shorten my steps. Thus I was at the moment quite naturally inclined to think of a river, especially as I was thirsty. So I fancied my noble, untamed Bucephalus on the point of crossing an imaginary river, but refusing to do so, causing me to suffer, mentally, of course—the torture of Tantalus. Bang! A gun has been fired. It is nine o'clock. The Carnival has commenced. What pleasure I shall have! Hallo! What is this? Has the Parana inundated the city? I find myself in the very middle of a column of water. Instinctively I think of the Typhoon, of a water-spout and of a gun fired to burst it! But,—Ah!—my left eye comes in contact, rather suddenly, with—an egg! Pah! here is another that divides itself on my proboscis! Swash!—another cataract! I turn round, and meet another. I am suffocated. I try to speak—to say, "enough." But as I open my mouth, flash! there is fire in it! The elements seem combined to overpower me,—to destroy my person and my fancied steed, and to annihilate my chimerical projects. What I really have got in my mouth I discover to be a mixture of flour and red pepper. I am burning now, now shivering. The homœopathist Hahnemann says, "*similia similibus curantur.*" What must be the effect when the prescription, "*contrasia contrarsiis*," is substituted?

At last there is a truce. My first movement is to wipe my eyes and look around me. People are laughing on every side, and appear quite ready to throw upon me more water, more eggs, more flour, more pepper! I take to my heels and run towards the hotel as fast as I can, without looking behind me.

I understand it all now. It is a custom here to salute the Carnival gun by precipitating all those agreeable and sticky matters upon those who happened to be in the streets when the gun is fired. And woe to the unlucky foreigner or the dandy ignorant of that custom! For at him they aim every projectile and every bucket or pump. I saw now why so many eggs were for sale yesterday. Escaping by a back-door from the hotel, I ran to the river, invoking, as I went, upon the city and its inhabitants, whom, half an hour ago, I was disposed to consider as models, the wrath of all the gods,—and raving when I saw my fine black suit spoiled and my new felt hat only fit now to be used as wadding.

Now, benevolent reader, you will comprehend the utility of "a water-proof" in Buenos Ayres at that season of the year.

Such was my first experience as a traveller in South America. I consoled myself, however, with the thought that, after all, what has so astonished and disconcerted me was only a national custom, like the Saturnalia of ancient Rome, and that fortunately it was not observed everywhere. I gradually recovered my equanimity; and when evening came, if anything flowed, it was something stronger than water, though not so fiery as red pepper.

THE SIMPLER FORMS OF LIFE.

PORIFERA.

By A. W. McKay, Streetsville, Ontario.

The place to be assigned to the *Porifera* or *Sponges* in the organic system, can hardly yet be said to be unanimously settled. The great majority of naturalists agree as to their animal nature; but there are still a few of the more conservative leaders who have, at least, not yet indicated their assent to the admission proposed to be granted them, to the privileges and honours of animal citizenship. It has been long a question keenly disputed, as to which kingdom they belong. In fact, there is hardly anything that looks less like an animal, or even the skeleton of an animal, than a piece of ordinary sponge. And even in the living state, they have so many points in common with some of the lower vegetable organisms, that it has been found extremely difficult to assign them a place among the members of the animal kingdom.

Now, however, that the animal nature of the *Rhizopoda* has been definitely fixed, there can be no longer any room for doubt as to the nature and affinities of the Sponge. A close examination and comparison of them with each other puts beyond all doubt the fact, that however unlike they may be in external appearance, to the

naked eye, they are essentially very closely related. The jelly-like substance, which forms the real living matter of the Sponge, is found when examined under the microscope, to be composed of an aggregation of small bodies, very nearly allied to *Amœba*. Looking at both as specimens of organic life, difficulties might still be raised, were the argument conducted on the ground of any very exact definition of what a plant or an animal is, in the abstract; but when, instead of this, we proceed to examine into the real affinities of either or both, we find these point decidedly in the direction of their animal nature.

The fact is, we are not yet able to frame any satisfactory definition of what an animal is, as distinguished from a vegetable. Looking at the whole system of organic life, including both plants and animals, they may be said to have four characteristics, in which they agree, and by which they are distinguished from inorganic bodies; these having reference to external form, internal structure, chemical constitution and mode of increase. Inorganic bodies are either amorphous or crystalline, while living beings are always more or less rounded. The structure of a mineral body is homogeneous, consisting of an assemblage of similar particles, either simple or compound; while that of a living being is heterogeneous, composed of a variety of distinct tissues. Again, the body of a living creature is composed of the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and more rarely nitrogen, while the composition of minerals is infinitely varied. And lastly, while minerals increase only by additions to their external surface, organic bodies grow by the assimilation of nutritive matter into their interior substances.

There are other points of agreement between the two great kingdoms of life, which, however, have no reference to inorganic substances, such as, for instance, the ultimate constituents of their structure, and the similarity of their origin from simple germs.

Turning to the consideration of their differences, we find it by no means so easy to fix upon any points by which they may be distinguished from each other. Various characteristics have been singled out, but not any of them has been found adequate to the purpose in view. It is easy enough to tell with which department a horse, or a tree, for instance, should be classed, but it becomes quite a different task, when it is required to point out a difference, which will hold good, between the very lowest members of both kingdoms, as well as the highest.

One of the earliest distinctions made between them, was that which has reference to locomotion. The plant, it was said, is stationary, the animal moves about. That this applies to a very large majority of the members of both kingdoms it cannot be denied. But it is by no means true of all. There are many aquatic organisms, such, for instance, as *oscillatoriæ* among the *confervæ*, whose vegetable nature is undoubted, but which are nevertheless endowed with the power of moving from place to place, in a manner strikingly similar to some of the lower animal organisms; while there are many of the latter again, which remain fixed during life, and in reference to whose real nature there can be no question.

The possession of a mouth and stomach, has often been considered an exclusive and universal characteristic of the members of the animal kingdom. But not to speak of the *Rhizopoda*, which, for the most part, extemporize their organs for the occasion, there are others, such as *Gregarina* and the tape-worm, which seem to sustain life, purely by absorption through pores and assimilative cells, in a manner similar to vegetable organisms.

Again, it has been said that plants exhale oxygen, and animals carbonic acid, each again consuming what the other gives off, and that thus a beautiful system of compensation is preserved between the two kingdoms, the atmosphere, the medium between them, being thereby preserved in a state of constant purity. This, while true of the higher groups, fails to hold good when we descend lower in the scale, towards the confines of the two kingdoms. There are animals which are known to eliminate pure oxygen, and plants which exhale carbonic acid.

It has been asserted, that the presence of nitrogen in the organic tissues is exclusively an animal characteristic; but it is found in algæ, fungi, and almost all cryptogamia.

In like manner, it is also true of a large proportion of the members of both kingdoms, that while plants draw their nourishment and subsistence from inorganic matter, animals depend upon plants for combining in the substance of the latter the elements necessary for their support. Plants grow from the soil; animals draw their food from the vegetable world, or prey upon each other. But there are members of both kingdoms, of which this is only partially true. Many of the astomatous polygastria seem to reduce carbonic acid directly from the atmosphere, fixing the carbon to form their fats and hydrates of carbon; while at the same time they assimilate ammonia, either directly, or by combining nitrogen with the hydrogen already existing in their substance. While, again, even some of the higher members of the vegetable kingdom seem to require decaying organic tissues, superadded to the air and water, to support their growth.

How then are we know an animal from a plant? The distinction seems not to be so easy as might at first sight appear. Perhaps the nearest approximation we can make to it is by way of a sort of accommodation. Neither of the characteristics of the two kingdoms respectively, above enumerated, seems of itself sufficient to distinguish them from each other. What is true of the one universally, seems also to be true of the other in several instances. But if, to take the case of the animal, we find several of the above characteristics combined together in one organism, we have no hesitation in assigning it a place among animals. An organism, for instance, with albuminous or gelatinous tissues, with a mouth or stomach, moving about, and exhaling carbonic acid, we do not hesitate to assign to the animal scale; while one with cellulose tissue, fixed to one spot, and exhaling oxygen, we as little hesitate to class among vegetables. The difficulty is not so much in pronouncing to which kingdom any particular organism belongs, as in framing an abstract definition, which will include the characteristic features that separate the two divisions of the organic world from each other.

It is on such grounds as these, that recent observers have felt themselves justified in assigning to the sponges a place in the animal kingdom. In the case of several points connected with their development, and the movements of certain cells produced from them, they closely resemble plants. But when we take into account, that the other departments of the *Protozoa*, such as *Rhizopoda* and *Infusoria*, are undoubtedly of animal nature; and when from this we proceed to observe the close affinities subsisting between them and the *Porifera*, we cannot hesitate as to what division to refer the latter. These affinities, however, will be better understood as we proceed to describe the nature and characters of the sponge, and its relation to the other *Protozoa*.

It is not to be understood, because we have reserved the consideration of sponges to succeed that of the *Rhizopoda*, that therefore the former must be held to occupy a higher place in the animal scale than the latter. The contrary seems rather to be the truth. Greater doubts have been entertained as to the animal nature of sponges, than any other of the lower members of the organic world. But when we turn our attention to their structure and development, we find that the examination of the *Rhizopoda* throws light upon these points, without which the true nature of the creatures could not be well understood.

The common form in which the sponge is known, is that of the soft, woolly, brown-coloured material with which all are, or should be, familiar, in their dressing-rooms. This, however, it should be known, is only the framework or skeleton of the creature, on which its real living flesh and blood is supported. In the earlier periods of its existence it is destitute of this skeleton altogether. In fact, a large number, perhaps the majority of the members of this class, never possess it at all, during the whole period of their existence.

The most familiar kinds of this framework consist of a substance of a horny nature, arranged in slender, elastic, translucent fibres, which branch and anastomose with each other in every direction, forming a most irregular and intricate piece of network. Throughout the body of this network, in most species, there are mixed up minute *spicula*, as they are termed, or needle-shaped bodies, composed of pure silex, and which are closely interlaced with it, and with each other. The proportions of these two substances to each other vary in different species almost indefinitely. In the finest sponges of commerce, for example, the siliceous spicules are almost entirely absent, and the mass is made up of the horny fibrous material. In the coarser kinds, again, the siliceous spicules predominate, and the chitinous substance decreases, while in many of the smaller specimens found in northern latitudes, it is altogether wanting.

The horny fibres above referred to seem to be generally of the same form and solid throughout, branching from, and growing into, each other, and forming an organic connection throughout the whole aggregate creature. It is different, however, with the spicula. Their forms vary to a large extent, though the same forms are always constant in each species. They vary, however, in different parts of the same creature, the skeleton, and the softer portion, having each a form of spicula

peculiar to itself. The most common are simply acicular, slender and cylindrical, and pointed at both ends. Others again resemble common pins, being pointed at one end, with a knob like the head at the other. In a third form they are forked; in a fourth triradiate, and so on. It should be observed, too, that instead of their always consisting of silex, they are often composed of calcareous matter. Though of exceedingly minute size, they appear to be, in reality, hollow tubes, closed at both ends. Dr. Grant, to whose labours in this department, we are indebted for most of our knowledge of the creatures belonging to it, says of these calcareous and silicious bodies, "that when they are examined through the microscope, after exposure to heat, we distinctly perceive a shut cavity within them, extending from one point to the other; and on the inflated part of each spiculum, we observe a ragged opening, as if a portion had been driven out by the expansion of some contained fluid."

In its living state, the skeleton thus composed, and which alone is familiar to all, under the name of *sponge*, is covered over with a glairy, gelatinous substance, which in many species is so soft and unsubstantial, that it runs away freely from the creature, in the process of removal from the water. To the naked eye this substance seems without form or defined shape, altogether amorphous; but when examined under the microscope, it is found to consist of an aggregation of small round bodies, or sarcode cells, exactly resembling the simplest forms of *Rhizopoda*, such, for instance, as *Amœba*. Like this, the cells of which the gelatinous covering of the sponge is composed, seem each to enjoy an independent existence, while they present in their substance one or more of those contractile spaces, which we have seen to characterize the *Amœba*, and, when separated from each other, move about in a similar way, by means of extemporized pseudopodia, which they contract and extend at pleasure. Even while still forming part of the body of the mass of sponge, they are continually changing their forms, and to all appearance, even then, take their food, and perform all the functions of life, independently of each other.

When we examine a piece of ordinary dried sponge, we find that it is everywhere perforated, by comparatively large openings, passing through and through it in every direction, and that, between these there extend innumerable minute apertures, all communicating with the surface, and again with each other, and with the larger ones throughout the body of the creature. The former have been denominated "oscula," and the latter "pores." The use and nature of these were for a long time unknown. It was Grant who first discovered the purpose to which they are applied by the creature in its living state. The following is his description of the observations made by him, on one of the most common species found in the British seas, as given in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal:—

"I put a small branch of *Spongia Coalita* with some sea-water into a watch-glass, under the microscope, and on moving the watch-glass, so as to bring one of the apertures on the side of the sponge fully into view, I beheld, for the first time, the splendid spectacle of this living

fountain vomiting forth, from a circular cavity, an impetuous torrent of liquid matter, and hurling along, in rapid succession, opaque masses, which it strewed everywhere around. The beauty and novelty of such a scene, in the animal kingdom, long arrested my attention; but after twenty-five minutes of constant observation, I was obliged to withdraw my eye from fatigue, without having seen the torrent for one instant change its direction, or diminish in the slightest degree the rapidity of its course. I continued to watch the same orifice, at short intervals, for five hours,—sometimes observing it for a quarter of an hour at a time,—but still the stream rolled on with a constant and equal velocity."

It was thus conclusively established, that through these openings a constant circulation was kept up, for the purpose, no doubt, in the first place, of supporting the creature's life by aerating its nutrient fluids, and carrying to the amœbiform bodies, of which it was composed, the food necessary for their sustenance, and secondly, of removing effete matter from its interior.

The question, however, still remained to be decided. By what means were these currents produced? and the attention of students of this department, was earnestly directed to the investigation of it. Dr. Bowerbank, a high authority in marine zoology, was one of the first to detect the true cause. It had been from the first suspected that the only thing which would adequately account for the phenomenon was the action of cilia, such as those which had been observed in the higher provinces of marine life, and the suspicion was confirmed into certainty, by the experiments of Dr. Bowerbank on a curious species known as the *Grantia Compressa*, or Sack Sponge.

This creature has the form of a small flattened bag, composed of thin woolly tissue, and is often found in British seas, suspended by a narrow base to branches of floating sea-weed or brushwood. At the distal end or apex, is found a single large opening, through which the current of water passes in its escape from the interior. In specimens of larger size, it sometimes assumes a triangular pentagonal, or hexagonal form, with an opening at each angle. On cutting a specimen of these open, the substance of it was found to be almost entirely composed of calcareous crystals, some resembling stars, with three radiating points, and others being simple linear needles, pointed at both ends, or, as in other specimens, pointed at one end, with a club-like knob at the other. The interior was occupied by a perforated diaphragm, through which the current passed, the perforations being the termination of the minuter pores communicating with it; while along the walls of this diaphragm were observed long gentle-waving cilia, actively at work, driving the current of water in the direction of the opening at the apex, through which it was finally discharged. It will be observed, that in the presence of these cilia, we have another strong proof of the animal nature and affinities of the sponge.

These cilia,—the nature of which is well-known, having been studied in the higher groups of marine life—consist of long, hairlike appendages, broader at the base than at the tip, usually somewhat flattened,

and varying in length from one-fiftieth to one-twenty-thousandth of an inch. They move in a uniform waving manner, bending from base to point, and returning again to their original upright form. Sometimes these movements suddenly cease, for a moment, and are again resumed in the same or the opposite direction. It is frequently difficult to observe them, but their presence may be inferred from the movements they produce in the water, and the floating particles that are set in motion by them. In the sponge they are usually confined to the interior of the "oscula" or larger openings. It is curious that in some fresh-water species, they disappear altogether at the approach of winter, again to reappear with the warmer season of spring.

In one of his very interesting and readable volumes on the zoology of the British shores, Mr. Gosse records the following observations, made by him on *Halichondria Sanguinea*:—

"When carefully watched under a power of seventy diameters, this brilliant species exhibits the following appearances:—At first we discover an uneven surface, with little eminences here and there, like hills in an undulating country. A great number of very slender glassy rods project at various angles from the surface, perfectly straight, equal in thickness in every part, with blunt tips. Webs of the investing membrane cling around the bases of these rods, (*spicula*) and are a little elevated with them.

"Presently, from one and another of the hillocks, a round bladder is seen pushing out, which gradually lengthens, until it becomes elliptical. It is composed of a clear gelatinous membrane, excessively subtile, with a yellowish granular film spread irregularly over its surface. Orifices are now perceived in the rounded tip of the bladder, the formation and increase of which are so very gradual as to defy detection, except by the result. These orifices slowly alter, increasing or diminishing; sometimes a minute one appears at the margin of a large one, augmenting at the expense of the latter, until the dividing film stretches across,—a narrow, straight isthmus between two lakes of equal dimensions. Sometimes the whole bladder wrinkles and partially collapses into a rugose column, and then slowly distends again, when the openings are seen as they were before.

"The efferent stream pours out at each of these orifices, carrying with it fœcal matters from the interior, and any light-floating atoms that may be in the vicinity, as I saw with beautiful distinctness, by making the surrounding water slightly turbid.

"On my touching the bladder with the point of a needle, it at once shrank up into a wrinkled column, but did not retract, and presently distended again. Thus the specimen exhibited very distinctly those characteristics of animal life,—sensibility to touch, and spontaneous movements."

The development of the Sponge so far as it has yet been observed, is effected in several distinct ways. Sometimes small ciliated gemmules are detached, from the interior of the mass of sarcode of which the creature is composed, and after swimming about for some time in the water, after the manner of other infusoria, at length attach themselves

to some foreign body, and there, in the course of time, become developed into perfect sponges.

In *Spongilla*, a well-known fresh-water species, peculiar seed-like bodies are formed, within the central substance of the sponge, which in their earlier stages, consist of an aggregation of cells, loosely united together into a globular or ovoid mass, and lying freely in their place. In course of time, this mass assumes a more definite shape, and becomes enveloped in a coriaceous capsule, which when examined under the microscope, presents a hexagonal tesselated appearance, produced by certain peculiarly-shaped spicula, each of which is composed of a pair of toothed wheels united together by a slender cylindrical axle, and embedded in a coating of gelatinous matter. These capsules contain a mass of transparent globular egg-bearing cells, which again are occupied by germs and granules. After a certain period of growth, these cells arrive at maturity, and effect their escape from the capsule by an aperture in its wall, when they rapidly swell up and burst, setting free their contained germs, which subsequently collect together, into small groups, forming distinct masses enclosed in a gelatinous substance. These eventually grow into fully-developed sponges. When the germs first escape from their parent cells, they are of exceedingly minute size, often not more than 1-3000th of an inch in diameter, and resemble in some respects common blood-corpuscles. They exhibit the various appearances of ordinary infusorial animalcules, moving about from point to point with great rapidity, assuming the most various and fantastic shapes, and preying upon each other with insatiable voracity.

True reproduction, by means of ova and spermatozoa, is also a common mode of reproduction among this class of creatures. It has been particularly observed in *Zethya*, a species which has been carefully examined by Professor Huxley. He found it to consist of three layers, a central, intermediate, and cortical. The intermediate was to a large extent made up of ova and spermatozoa, in every shape of development. "The ova" he says "are of various sizes. The largest are oval and about 1-350th of an inch in long diameter. They have a very distinct vitellary membrane, which contains an opaque, coarsely granular yolk. In the centre of each, surrounded by a clear space, may be noticed the 'germinal vesicle,' and within the latter a minute 'germinal spot' may sometimes be seen."

Though several members of the *Porifera* have been carefully studied by various competent observers, no trustworthy classification has yet been arrived at. They are sometimes separated into groups, according to the substances horny, siliceous, or calcareous, of which their solid parts are composed. They are also distinguished from each other, by the form of the contained spicules, and the extent to which these occur in their substance. These, however, form but rough lines of separation, though they may eventually constitute the foundation of a more perfect classification, when our increased knowledge of the whole group shall warrant such an attempt.

The forms which they assume are infinitely varied. Some occur as dense compact masses, which often attain considerable size. Others

are mere encrustations, spread over the surface of rocks and other substances. Some again are erect and cup-shaped. And a fourth kind are branched and arborescent in their structure.

To the latter class belong a genus, (*Cliona*), the members of which are remarkable for the power they possess of boring into the hardest substances, and even burying themselves in shells and corals. The means by which they effect this is not very well understood, but Mr. Hancock attributes it to the presence of a number of minute siliceous particles which adhere to their surface, and which he supposes are moved in some such manner as the cilia, and which by rubbing wear their way into the substance on which they act.

The remains of sponges of this class are numerous in the strata of the secondary and tertiary geological formations. Like the *Foraminifera*, sponges were widely distributed in geological time, from the Lower Silurian, in which *Palæospongia* is found, up to the chalk, in which the species are almost innumerable. This last formation is distinguished by the flint nodules which are numerous in it, and which are believed to be the product of the sponge of that period. But until we have a better knowledge of existing forms, our acquaintance with the nature and relations of the extinct members of the class must remain to a large extent conjectural.

Sponges are also widely distributed in nature, attaching themselves where they occur, to anything that will serve them as a point of support, rocks, abandoned shells, and even other living marine creatures. A few are found in fresh water; but they are for the most part marine, and, though occurring in all latitudes, they are found of more varied forms, and of more luxuriant growth, in the warm seas of the tropics. West India and Turkey sponges, it is well known, are the most valuable of commerce. In the eastern parts of the Mediterranean, among the numerous islands of the Grecian Archipelago, they are found in immense quantites. Smyrna is the great emporium of the trade, whence the finest and best kinds are obtained. A coarser description comes from the West Indies—the Bahamas and Barbadoes being the principal centres of export. These have larger pores, and are less coherent, and are known commonly as "rotten." They are used for the coarser kinds of work. The annual imports into Great Britain alone amount to some 60,000 lbs.

Their use has been known from remote antiquity. Aristotle refers to them as being used to line certain parts of the armour of the Greeks. They are spoken of by Homer in the Odyssey, when the "handmaid train" were called to dispose of "the ghastly heaps of death"

> "With *thirsty sponge* they rub the tables o'er,
> (The swains unite their toil) the walls, the floor,
> Washed with the effusive wave, are purged of gore."

And again in the Iliad, after "the lame artist" had

> Locked in their chests his instruments of trade
> There with a *sponge* the sooty workman dressed
> His brawny arms embrowned, and hairy breast. POPE.

That they were known to the Jews appears from the reference to their use, in connection with the crucifixion of our Lord.

The peculiar quality of the sponge, to which it owes its utility as an article of commerce, is, as is well known, its immense capacity for imbibing liquids, owing to the multitude of pores and oscula, by which it is penetrated in every direction, throughout its substance. This, however, must be distinguished from the power which, as already noticed, it possesses, in a living state, of producing currents of water by the action of its cilia, and forcing them to every part of its substance, for the purpose of sustaining life. The power of dead sponge to absorb liquids is purely mechanical, and depends upon that law of attraction which regulates the absorption of liquids by any other porous substance, and is precisely similar to that by which it is drawn up a capillary tube by the near contact of its walls.

DISTINGUISHED CANADIANS.

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK.

I.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON.

While Wit and Humour have the power to charm,
And men their subtle utt'rances admire,
One great Canadian name shall yet inspire
His countrymen, and critics arts disarm
Of power, its fame to lessen or to harm;
And fill the kindred soul with emulous fire,
And bid it to sublimer heights aspire.
He gained his laurels and inscribed his name,
As only they—the genius-gifted—can;
And Fame—with herald and with trumpet—Fame
Proclaimed him henceforth cosmopolitan,
And gave the world—not Canada—the man.
Wit, Humorist, Historian—all in one,
Acadia proudly calls him still her son.

II.

SIR WILLIAM E. LOGAN.

Canadia gazes with a kindling eye,
Upon the roll that bears the favourite name
Of Logan, known to Geologic fame,
Wherever learning lives, 'neath ev'ry sky.
His genius doth our admiration claim;
His worth the coming years shall magnify;
His works his fitting monument shall stand,
Memorial lasting as his native land.
He wrested from Laurentian* rocks, a tale
Of life, unknown before to mortal ken;
And sternly bade an old belief turn pale,
And shrink forever from the hearts of men
And Science, in her grateful ecstacies,
Linked his great name with her Laurentides.

*Eozoon Canadense.

III.

SIR JOHN EARDLEY WILMOT INGLIS.

Of all the heroes of the recent years.
Whose name shall 'blazon future history's page,
And lend a lustre to the coming age,
Thine gallant Inglis prominent appears,
And claims Acadia's homage and her tears.
When savage Sepoys, charged with murderous rage,
Filled India's plains with horror and dismay,
And rape and rapine held demoniac sway;
Then courage which no coward fears could bend,
Nor carnage blanch, nor spectral famine quell,
Alone could victory bring, or succour lend;
And doth not Lucknow's tragic story tell,
How thine was equal to the task assigned—
To all things else but sternest Duty blind?

THE COMMONS OF CANADA.

By J. E. B. McCready, Ottawa.

When on the 6th day of November, 1867, the first Parliament of the Dominion of Canada assembled at Ottawa, an event of some importance in the history of this continent may be assumed to have taken place. Those assembled were reminded by the presence of the representative of British Royalty, by the uniforms of the armed defenders of the nation, and by the strains of her martial music that we were yet a part of a grand nationality, the marvel of modern days. Within the Chamber the Speaker in his official robes, the gilded mace upon the table, the sergeant girt with his sword of office, and the ceremonious entrance of the gentleman Usher of the Black Rod as he came to command the attendance of the House in the Senate Chamber, brought to mind the history and achievements of that greater parliament beyond the sea, from which these traditional appointments were borrowed, and which had moulded the destinies of the nation to their present success. That, parliament, now six hundred years old, has in the importance of its legislation and in the steady development of its powers and prerogatives, taken the lead of all the national assemblies of the world. Indeed, so world-wide are the effects which its labours have wrought that if to-day some overwhelming calamity should sink the great centre of the British empire beneath the sea, there would still remain in other lands, sufficient evidence to establish its right to be considered the foremost deliberative assembly ever convened upon the earth. In the long roll of the illustrious men that it has evolved are many names that will for all time, live in the grateful and proud remembrance of the English speaking world, and continue to elicit the warm admiration of many who neither speak the same language nor obey the same government.

Yet, when compared with what the parliament of England was in its early days, the parliament of Canada may justly lay claim to a greater dignity, a higher standard of intelligence and a better conception of its rights and duties. We have the advantage of all that they have learned and all that they have achieved, and are enabled to commence our career with the aid of the success which they only, after struggles of centuries in duration have eliminated. In the early days of the first parliament of England the prerogative of the Crown was all-powerful, and its revenues in its own right so ample, that the duty of legislation was scarcely touched upon by the assembly, and its power of voting or with-holding supplies was only called in requisition on rare and extraordinary occasions. When money was required at such times, it was expected that parliament would assist the Crown in obtaining it, and in those days parliament was amply subservient.

It does not come within the limits of this article, however interesting such a course might be, to trace the long struggle between the royal prerogative and the popular rights which resulted in the establishment of Parliamentary Government in England. But we cannot better convey a just conception of the standing and position of the parliament of Canada, than by contrasting and comparing it with other deliberative and legislative assemblies, and first of all, with that after which it is modelled. And the better to arrive at a proper conclusion we may advert at the outset, to the first principles of our representative institutions. The men who sit in the Commons are there, not in their own right; they cannot be spoken of by name in that place, but only in their capacity of representatives of certain popular elements. There is, then, a power behind the parliament that is greater than the parliament. It is a power which has the creative prerogative; it can make and unmake, reconstruct or sweep away the parliamentary body which, for its own purposes, it has constructed. The men who engage in the active duties of legislation are but the agents of the electoral body, and agents, not for life, but for a limited period. The time comes when their powers and prerogatives cease, but the powers and prerogatives of the electoral body are perpetual. On examination we find that the electoral body is also representative in its character. The elector, in giving his vote at the polls, speaks not for himself alone. One half the population is on account of sex debarred from the franchise. Other members of the social fabric, from immature age or the absence of certain qualifications, are also excluded from the polls. For all these, by tacit understanding, the electors speak in as true a sense as the member of the Commons speaks for the body of electors in his constituency.

We cannot, therefore, in our progress, omit to consider this great parliament out of doors, from which and by which parliament in-doors is chosen. The primary organization must of necessity, in a great measure, determine the character of that which springs from it. If the mass of the electors are ignorant and venal, unscrupulous men of ambitious aspirations will not fail to take advantage of the fact, in which case the representative becomes corrupt. Or if the majority of

the electors are so situated as to be under the power of the higher classes, their choice at the polls is not a free one, and the election must fail of its proper object. In this respect we are manifestly better situated than the electors of England. There the masses are poor, and compelled to look for employment, and the means of daily subsistence, to the class of employers. The great land-holders, the proprietors of collieries, of mines and manufactories, hold enormous power over the masses, and do not scruple to use it to control their suffrage at the polls. The system of government in Britain was designed to give expression to the views,and wishes,and redress to the wrongs of all classes. In the Crown, the House of Lords and the House of Commons, the king, the nobility and the common people are each, theoretically, supposed to be represented in their own branch of the legislature, while the three branches are to act together to secure the highest good of all. In the two upper branches what was designed in theory has been found true in actual working. In the House of Commons, on the contrary, the great landed interests, the manufacturers,railway directors,bankers,&c., in a word, the rich employers, have been able, through the influence of wealth and position, to exclude the masses almost entirely from representation by men of their own class. The functions of legislation in the lower House have been assumed by persons differing not only in education and social position. but in their feelings and pursuits, from those whom they represent. The legislator has but infrequent and uncordial communication with the elector, save at the polls, and there the intercourse is not always of a character that we can approve. It becomes known that a constituency is entirely in the power of some earl or lord, or great landed proprietor, and the candidate for parliamentary honour seeks first to gain the favour of the controlling interest, and when elected seeks to retain it, rather than the good-will of the masses, whom, by a constitutional fiction, he is supposed to represent. We are told that six great families in England, whose heads sit in the House of Lords by hereditary privilege, can elect, and control when elected, the members who fill one hundred seats in the House of Commons. Beside these are other families that control from one to five seats each in the same manner. This is certainly a great evil, and one which would be intolerable were it not that party questions divide the aristocracy, and compel each section to make concessions to the popular element, in order to obtain support against the other.

Here we can congratulate ourselves on the absence of an hereditary aristocracy as well as upon the fact that, that the landed interests of the country, are so distributed as to give to a very large number of citizens a proprietary right in the soil. Our manufacturing interests have not yet attained such development as to make their influence felt appreciably in matters political. Hence the great mass of the electors here are in a position to speak independently for themselves and those whom they represent, in the choice of members to legislate for them. The superior intelligence of the masses here compared with the masses in Britain, their better circumstances in life, and the spirit of independence generated by the free pursuit of their own affairs uncontrolled.

by employers, and without the depressing influence of a class claiming superiority over them, invests the electoral body in the Dominion with a status and dignity unknown except in America. The greater uniformity in the distribution of wealth, and the absence of a numerous class of persons in opulent circumstances, have served as a preventive to bribery, and with the other causes mentioned, have had the effect of rendering the parliament of Canada a truer exponent of the views and wishes of those it represents, than any other representative assembly in the world.

Of less importance, but still affording a contrast strongly in favour of the Canadian system, is the matter of the distribution of seats. Here, as far as circumstances will permit, something like equality in the population of the different electoral districts has been preserved, and each constituency returns a single member. In Britain it is widely different. Not only is the distribution of seats most unequal, but there is nothing at all approximating to uniformity in the size of the constituencies. Premising that in England and Wales there is one member of the Commons to forty thousand of the population—(in Canada the rate is one to 22,000), and a mere glance at the roll of the constituencies and the numbers of their population, will make this palpably apparent. The West Riding of Yorkshire, for instance, is now represented by *four* members, while at the rate proportioned to its population it should be represented by *twenty-two*. On the other hand, in fifty-three boroughs returning eighty-three members, there is one member to each three thousand eight hundred of the population. Here we have four members each representing 220,000 persons—the four speaking for a population greater than that of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia added, and on the other hand eighty-three members representing a less population than that of New Brunswick alone. Such startling inequalities would not be tolerated for a year in this country, but strangely enough have escaped the repeated reforms made in the British representative system. The result is that parliament for this reason frequently fails to speak the wishes of the electoral body. A considerable majority in parliament represents but a minority in the country, and the small boroughs are able to override and control by the votes of their representatives, the Counties and populous cities, thus virtually disfranchising the latter.

The parliament of Canada is essentially democratic in its character. It springs from the people and is of the people. The English House is essentially aristocratic, as we have shown, and from this reason, while it fails in sympathy and accord with parliament out of doors, it gains on the other hand in the higher qualifications of its members. They are, as a class, highly educated. A single English University has in the House of Commons a number of members trained within its halls, greater than the whole number of members in the Commons of Canada. With us schoolmen and graduates are the exception, there they are the rule. But what is more important, a large proportion of the members of the Imperial House have been trained to give attention, from early life, to the political affairs of the nation, in pre-

paration for taking a share in the public business. There, a member rarely claims the ear of the House unless specially qualified to treat the matter in hand, or endowed with a thorough knowledge of the views of the leading writers on political economy, free trade and protection, and an intelligent comprehension of the situation, resources, alliances and history of the nation. Here, it would be difficult to find ten persons in the Commons thoroughly conversant with the science of political economy.

In this respect, as regards a previous training for parliamentary life, and in exacting a knowledge of political science, as a pre-requisite to entering upon the duties of legislation, we have greatly failed in Canada. A course of systematic training is scarcely thought of, and the *debutante* in politics is left to learn the elementary lessons of statesmanship in the field of its active duties. It is no wonder that grave mistakes are made, and the high office of the legislator, in many cases, shorn of its wonted respectability, and the constituency driven to change its representative, only to obtain another novice and a second humiliation.

Notwithstanding this defect in the working of our system—a defect that arises from the youth of the country, it should be stated that the standard of natural ability in our parliament is not less high than in the Imperial House, and our culture and acquirements, if not all that could be wished, are more than proportionate to our opportunities and the immature age of the community. There is in our legislature a thoroughly practical, common-sense understanding of the questions generally at issue, and a facility of coming directly and forcibly at the work of argumentation upon them, that is as admirable as it is characteristic of the country.

If, in passing from these considerations, we should venture to contrast the Parliament of Canada with that of the mother country in respect of their importance in the world's eye, we would do so with a result such as would attend the contrast of our little backwoods capital with London and its teeming millions, its world-wide commerce, and its institutions of art and learning. Within the scope of English legislation international questions, and to some extent the affairs of the whole world, are included; intricate questions of diplomacy with foreign governments, the settlement of a difficulty with China or the United States, have to-day to be pronounced upon, to-morrow a policy toward France or India to be declared. Here, we are confined to matters of internal polity almost exclusively, and are excluded from the higher ground of statesmanship and international politics. Hence our country does not fill that space in the world's eye that its resources, extended territory and commercial enterprise entitle it to.

There can be no doubt that the narrower field to which their operations are limited, and the contracted scope of their legislative and administrative functions operate seriously to the disadvantage of our statesmen as compared with those of the mother country. We must remember that men are as able, as comprehensive in their grasp of intellect, as aspiring and ambitious on this as on the other side of the

Atlantic. But wanting the wider field, the greater occasion and the larger responsibility, they must fail of attaining the full development and more extended fame open to their equals in intellect elsewhere. And it is not at all unlikely that a consciousness of this on the part of the leading minds of the Dominion, may induce them to anticipate the actual needs of the country by precipitating a termination of our dependent state, in the same manner that it so largely assisted in urging forward the measure of Confederation. Already British America is a territory larger than any of the great powers of the world, excepting two, and is third only in the extent of its commerce. No colony that has hitherto matured into nationality, remained in the colonial state to attain anything like these proportions, or a population so numerous as ours. To legislate upon its internal polity and make laws for its good government, is the elevated and dignified duty of the Canadian Parliament, but to speak for it as a member of the family of nations, to give expression to its views and carry the weight of its influence into the councils of the world, is a dignity not yet conferred. It awaits us in the future.

Hitherto we have made some comparisons between the representative assembly of the Dominion and that of the mother country. It may serve to assist in determining our real standing if we advert briefly to another parliament, also British, but of a less imposing character, and less important in its position and influence. In the neighbouring island of Prince Edward in the year 1773 the first parliament of that colony assembled. There was Captain General Patterson, the representative of royalty, there was the Council of twelve, the Lords in miniature, and last but not least there was the popular Assembly of good men and true, elected by His Majesty's subjects resident on the Island. These latter were not numerous, as we learn that some thirteen months previous the entire population of the island amounted to but *two hundred and seventy-one*, of whom *two hundred and three* were prisoners of war. In the year following the first session of the parliament the population had increased to 1,215 persons only. Small as was the number of the population, it is satisfactory to learn that the parliament had a proper sense of the dignity attaching to it as a representative Assembly. A feeling of respect for the High Court for the first time convened, was not, however, unanimous, as we shall see. The House, after the delivery of His Excellency's speech adjourned for dinner. After dinner it was reported in the House "that Edward Ryan, the "doorkeeper, had in the hearing of *many* of the members made use of "insolent and unbecoming language relating to this House and derogatory to the dignity of it." In respect to his rights as a Briton the offending Edward was heard in his own defence before parliament, but was none the less found guilty. Like most culprits, on being found guilty Edward became penitent, and exercising another of his inalienable rights petitioned to parliament, asking to be again brought to the bar of the House, not to plead anything in extenuation of his offence, but to make confession. Upon this proposition a debate arose in parliament, of which, from the want of a Hansard, no report is ex-

tant. It resulted in this, that Edward, who had asked leave to come, was ordered to come, and to ask the pardon, of the House, upon his knees. He did this, but instead of receiving pardon reinstatement in his honourable position of doorkeeper, was discharged. The king, lords and commons were at this time convened at a tavern, where, after sitting for ten days, they passed a resolution appropriating "the sum of one pound, out of the first public moneys," to James Richardson for the trouble and expense occasioned by their meeting at his house. And after having thus vindicated its outraged dignity, and made provision for the remuneration of their entertainer, the Parliament of Prince Edward Island was prorogued.

It is but just to add that the Commons of Canada is a grave and dignified assembly, which well sustains the position it is designed to fill. Such a burlesque of the institutions of the mother country as that just adverted to, would scarcely contrast more strongly with the English than with the Canadian Commons. In the stately edifice which gives it shelter and in all its varied appointments,—in the individually able men who lead in the direction of its legislation, and the official staff as well, who attend to its more clerical duties, this character is well sustained. Compared with the local legislatures which most of my readers are best accustomed to, it transacts a great deal of business in a short time. It is, perhaps, a hard place for a man to make his mark. Men who have attracted much attention and raised exalted hopes in their behalf elsewhere, have quite failed of realizing their own or their friends' expectations in the Commons. It is no place for claptrap, declamation or windy words full of sound and fury, and all who have no higher claim to its hearing than these will fail. But there is no want of appreciation for sound argument, for clear convincing logic, and concise, forcible statement. While a much higher standard as regards correctness in language, connection and sequence in ideas, and dignity in personal demeanour, is required than in the local assemblies, there is no unjust or improper restraint that would retard the advancement of the aspiring and vigorous minded legislator, who, with a high and honourable aim, and a zeal tempered with discretion, seeks at once his country's good and his own advancement.

In the Commons of Canada there are men, whose breadth of mind, clear and comprehensive views and political forecast and shrewdness would command respect in any legislative Assembly. A number of these have won high honours beyond the bounds of the Dominion. At the head of the treasury benches sits a gallant Knight who won his spurs in the field of Canadian politics, and afterward was repeatedly honored with the governorships of dependencies of the crown. Beside him sits another Knight whose large ability and pre-eminent shrewdness and tact have raised him to highest position yet attained by Canadian statesmen, as the successful leader of the House for a long term of years. Next in order we find one of another race and language, one upon whose head thirty years ago a price was set, but who at the hands of the same sovereign that signed the proclamation of his outlawry has received the high and honorable dignity of a baronetcy and

the warmest approbation of his loyalty and patriotism. A little farther down the brilliant line, we find another Knight, one who has carved out his fortune and won his position by his own abilities and efforts,—one whose name is inseparable from the financial history of the country, and honorably associated with its great public works. Opposite sits one of high reputation as a political speaker and journalist, who in a short but brilliant career won the decoration of the Bath, and the offer of a Governorship. There are others too, the foremost in their several Provinces who have received at the hands of the Imperial authorities titles and honours. Questionable as may be the propriety of introducing old world titles and decorations among a people so democratic in views and feelings as Canadians are, it is nevertheless a source of pleasure and congratulation that the high services rendered to their country by a number of our statesmen, have received recognition beyond the land in which they live. But it is not alone among those who are permitted to wear the badge of Imperial orders that we find men of high distinction. On both sides of the house are statesmen yet undistinguished by the touch of the kingly sword, or the ribbon of the Bath, who hold a large place in the public estimation from their great services in the past, or their rising talents and influence at the present. Here we see an "old man eloquent," whose long and brilliant career covering many successes, and achievements valuable to his province, is still remembered, though his years are declining. On both sides of the House we find others eminent for high legal ability, forensic eloquence—men not second in the range of their powers and qualifications to the ablest incumbents of the judical bench of the Country. The medical profession, the ranks of journalism, the banking and mercantile as well as the manufacturing interests, have also each representatives of more than ordinary attainments.

It would be strange indeed if, in so large an assembly, there were not some at least whose views were less broad and liberal than they should be, and who were yet under the constraint of narrow and sectional opinions. Such there are, and such, to some extent, there will continue to be. The constituencies are not yet divested of a feeling of distrust toward those of other sections than their own. And at present it is to be expected that representatives, coming from different provinces, will retain, to an undue extent, predilections in favour of their own, and illiberal views respecting the demands or requirements of the other provinces. A better acquaintance, more cordial relations, and reciprocal advantages resulting from more general intercourse in trade, will do much to obliterate these feelings, and we trust that ere long, to a greater extent than now, our great representative assembly will be characterized by a broad national spirit, and an enlarged and liberal policy. It is quite certain that some considerable portion of our representatives have failed, to some extent, to grasp and comprehend the responsibility and dignity of our position, and the vastness of the design blocked out for the Dominion to fill.

That our system is not yet perfect, nor our parliament wholly disenthralled from the traditions of earlier and darker days, the system of dual representation yet allowed in the western provinces, the retention of the

property qualification for members, and the non-adoption of the ballot sufficiently show. In the mother country the property qualification has been swept away, and even France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Servia, Wallachia, Moldavia, Germany and Greece, as as well the United States, New Brunswick and Australia have adopted the time-honoured, but for a long time lost, institution of the ballot, and we cannot believe that the disadvantage under which the Dominion is left by the existence of the drawbacks just adverted to will be long allowed to continue.

On the whole the parliament of Canada has commenced its career under most favourable auspices, and is already invested with no inconsiderable importance and dignity. It may be assumed that its future will show a proportional advancement in excellence. On its wisdom and forecast will depend, in a large measure, the future prosperity and success of this continent, and in proportion as that prosperity is realized the importance and influence of parliament will be extended. It was the sentiment of an English statesman, when moving the British North America Act in the Imperial Legislature, that they were laying the foundation of a great state which might one day overshadow even themselves. To conciliate the varied and in some respects discordant elements of our population and bind them together in the bond of national unity, to develope our latent riches, to mould our institutions in accordance with the spirit of the age, and to evolve from our present resources, material and intellectual, the great national fabric thus predicted, is the exalted mission of the parliament of Canada. Should it succeed, as succeed it must, the time will come when the deliberations of our representative assembly will command the attention of the world,—when from our capital will be flashed, across continents and seas, intelligence of as high import in national councils as comes to-day from Paris or London. And who shall say that in that proud future a long roll of illustrious names shall not adorn our parliamentary annals, or that there shall not be over against the storied grandeur of our other national edifices, some stately abbey beneath whose venerable roof shall repose the honoured dust of an hundred men of renown, who won their high distinction in life and their honours of sepulture in the parliament of Canada?

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Bright was the garb, wept poet of a day,
Fame threw around thee, but in brighter far
Hope sees thee now imperishably clad
Beyond the tomb, for in thy manhood's morn
Thou learnds't betimes no Aganippe's fount
Could cleanse thy soul, or satisfy its thirst.
Grace taught thee this, then in that crimson stream
Which flowed, ere yet omnipotence unveiled
Dark ocean's face, from Pity's riven side,
Immersed thy robes. Enough!—for ever stand—
And strike thine harp before the Father's throne. DAMON.

THE LAMENT OF ANDROMACHE FOR HECTOR.

HOMER'S ILIAD, XXII. 437—515

BY JOHN READE, MONTREAL.

But she whom he had loved, Andromache,
Knew not of Hector's death; for none had come
To tell her of his stay without the walls.

She in the lofty palace sat retired
Within her chamber, working at the loom,—
Weaving a purple vest, with varied flowers embroidered.

But, as she her fair-haired maids
Enjoined to place upon the blazing fire
The spacious caldron, that soothing bath
Might be for Hector ready, when he came
Home from the battle, knowing not that he,
Betrayed by blue-eyed Pallas, bleeding lay
Beneath Achilles' hand, she heard the sound
Of weeping and of wailing on the walls.
And her limbs trembled and the shuttle fell upon the ground.

Then cried she to her maids:
"Come, quickly follow me, that we may see
What thing has happened, for I surely heard
My mother's voice. My heart within my breast
Bounds to my lips, my knees are stiff with fear,
And, oh! I dread some ill to Priam's house.
Ah me! I fear me much, great Peleus' son
Has severed my brave Hector from the town
And drives him to the plain; and soon his life
Will be the forfeit of his manly rage.
Never would he abide amid the crowd,
But must be ever foremost in the fight,
In valour without peer."

She said and flew
Forth from the palace, like a phrenzied one
With throbbing heart. And her maids followed her.

But when she reached the tower amid the throng
She stood upon the wall, and gazed around,
Until she saw her Hector dragged along,
With foul dishonour by the prancing steeds
Towards the Grecian ships; and, at the sight,
Night, as of death, darkened her tearful eyes.

Swooning, she fell, and scattered, in her fall,
The ornaments that bound her captive hair,
Wondrous in beauty, band and wreath and veil,
And fillet,—golden Aphrodite's gift,
What day brave Hector led Andromache
Forth from her father's house, Eëtion.

Her sisters who were nigh, with gentle care
Received her sinking form, and by her side
Waited in fear, lest she should wake no more.

But when, at last, the parted life returned
And the full sense of misery, she wept
Among her kinsfolk, and with choking sobs
Called Hector's name.

"Ah wretched me! my Hector,
Surely a cruel fate has followed us
Since we were born,—thou, in the city, Troy,
In Priam's palace; I in far-off Thebes
Where Placus rears on high his woody crest,
The hapless daughter of a hapless King.—
Oh! would that I had never seen the sun!
For now to Pluto's dark and drear abode
Thou hast descended, leaving me alone,
A mournful widow in thy empty halls.

And he, who was his hapless parent's pride,
Our infant son, shall see thy face no more,
Nor ever more delight thy loving eyes,
Since thine are closed in death.

Unhappy boy!
If even he escape the Grecian sword,
Travail and woes must be henceforth his lot,
And stranger hands shall reap his father's fields.
The woful day of orphanage has made
His life all friendless and companionless.
The constant prey of grief, upon his cheek
The tears shall never dry; and he must beg
With suppliant mien, bread from his father's guests,
Scarce heeded, or, if heeded, poorly fed.

His pampered peer in age, whose every need
Both parents well supply, with cruel hands
Thrusting him from the feast, will rudely say,
"Away! begone! thy father feasts not here."

Then to his widowed mother all in tears,
My boy will come, my sweet Astyanax,—
Who, erst while fondled on his father's knee,
Shared in the choicest titbits of the board;
And when, at eve, his childish prattle ceased,
Lulled by the tender nurse, his little head
Reposed on downy pillow, and his cheek
Glowed with the silent pleasure of his heart.

Now he is doomed to pain, his father gone,
Whose valour won his name, Astyanax,—
"The City's King"—for Hector was of Troy,
Its gates and lofty walls, the chief defence.

And thou, my Hector, liest all unclad,
Far from thy kin beside the high-prowed ships,
Of ravenous dogs the prey and coiling worms;
While in thy desert halls neglected lie
The soft, fair garments that were wrought for thee,
Alas! in vain, by hands that love had taught.
These now must only deck thy funeral pyre
In mournful honour to thy cherished name,
The glory and the strength of fallen Troy."

Thus spake she 'mid her tears, and all round
The listening chorus of her maidens wept.

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS": AND A WOMAN'S VIEW OF THEM.

BY DIANA.

> The mission of woman on earth: to give birth
> To the mercy of heaven descending on earth,
> The mission of woman: permitted to bruise
> The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse
> Through the sorrow and sin of earth's register'd curse,
> The blessing which mitigates all: born to nurse,
> And to soothe, and to solace, to help and to heal
> The sick world that leans on her * * *
>
> OWEN MEREDITH'S *Lucile*.

WHAT an ever present source of regret must be the fact, to those self-appointed battlers for "Woman's Rights," that time, perfectly oblivious of the future mighty era, should hurl into the past such transcendent luminaries as a *Joan of Arc*, a *Maria-Theresa* and an Elizabeth. O mighty shade of strong-minded, good, old Queen Elizabeth, what a fountain head would you have proved to these poor, benighted souls of the present day. In you, and through you, what might there not have been achieved? a complete revolution in a dispensation that gives to the immaculate *Genus homo*, the undisputed and envied privilege of doing just precisely as he pleases, with no earthly restrictions to limit the boundaries of his rights. We—I refer to those women who are content to fill the sphere allotted them at the beginning, and not *acknowledge* our *inferiority* by submitting that all-wise decree to argument, and thus questioning the wisdom of the Creator: being physically the weaker, it does not follow that, to a certain extent, we should be mentally so, although—of necessity—our mental capacities are cast in a different type, purer, more refined; not so well adapted to combat with the intricate and profounder details that frequently come in a man's life—well then, we women who are not supposed to have the remotest claim to "strong mindedness"—albeit the respect of our sisters who *are* thus happily endowed—would wish to enquire of this particular order of our ill-appreciated sex, whether it ever occurred to their enlightened minds, how supremely ridiculous they are rendering themselves in the eyes of all sensible people, and in what light future generations will view these efforts of their grandmothers. Of course premising that the "rights" of said grandmothers do not clash with their precise opinion of domestic felicity, &c.—to a very questionable reformation. What are those privileges so earnestly desired, of which they are not already possessed? Would they sit on the wool-sack or call to arms the manly delinquents in defence of their beleaguered country? Of a truth there can be nothing else since some have taken to themselves the dignity of an M. D. *We* blush when we think that woman's mind and woman's will should conceive and inaugurate such an entirely unwomanly movement. There have been brave, *true* women who have attained high places both in literary and artistic reputation, and who were women still; who took the praises and the honours which their

works brought them, and rejoiced that an appreciative world should recognize those talents with which they had been intrusted; who received the wreath as a tribute to their labour, and for the sake and the love of that labour wear it gracefully. But when a woman loses that modesty and refinement of thought which places her above the sterner level by which man's mind is measured, and that instinctive delicacy, her peculiar birthright, whose presence is so unmistakably felt in every little minor detail of social intercourse; when she exchanges the ideal for the real—the poetry for the harsher prose;—discards *all* the feminine attributes, God has given to her, and extols the superiority of her mind and clamours for distinctions, claiming duties and asserting rights which were intended for stronger hands than hers to wield; when she loses sight of the sacredness of her vocation as wife and mother, and takes her place as an independent instrument; when she disclaims *all* that is womanly, *all* that is purely ennobling, her very weakness being her greatest strength—in fact, when she forgets all these things, then she loses *caste* as *true* woman and takes her place in that army of Amazons, the "Women's rights women" of the nineteenth century.

We will—for the sake of argument,—suppose this bill passed, this suffrage question finally settled, and these women possessed of equal rights with the masculine members of our country's Legislature, brought up and educated with all due respect, to the offices they may ultimately fill, and having done so, the question arises if, whether among this number there be *one*, who having reached the goal of her ambition, would wield the authority placed in her hands with more leniency, and a less sterner sense of justice towards those of her own sex who may have erred, or not been so happily situated as she; we have heard of men who would vote and canvass with a dogged perseverance for the votes of others, to enable a representative to "go in," and whose principles save in this one sense of politics, differed as entirely from their own as night from day, and who having once written M. P. after his name, would regard the means by which he was enabled to place those letters there, as little as he did the fair speeches and fulsome flattery that had augmented them, for it is so very easy to ignore the material efforts of others in our behalf when we would fain attribute our successes to our own talents and abilities alone. So it would be in this question of woman's rights, and a woman has the courage to plainly assert it, judging from the average, making no individual exceptions, save, in including only those women who have become masculinized, for the benefit of mankind in general, this state of things must never be; no true-hearted thoroughly refined woman would ever corroborate it, consequently it would remain to be upheld by those, who, for mere egotistical aspirations and a fleeting "sensation," would thus sacrifice their womanhood for an ambition that has not one particle of a whole-souled principle in it; were these, uniting the effects of sudden elevation, strong-mindedness with all the little frivolities, petty animosities—we are not ashamed to confess the failing—inherent in the sex, were these female Lycurguses to *gain* their so-called rights, the opposite party, in more things than a difference in politics, would have ample cause for profound commiseration, while there need

be little fear that all lesser minds of their own sex would be permitted to "persue the even tenor of their way" without being made thoroughly aware of their mental insignificance. And further than this, during the weary years that their heads are being filled with such a depth of learning—for if they assume men's duties they must be possessed of men's knowledge and understanding—in those years that should be the brightest of all their lives, with fairy dreams of a happiness that time is to make complete—would they ever think the thoughts in which youth, and especially girl-hood, are so prone to indulge? They could have no such dreams. Why not? Men *can* and *do*. Ah! but *they*, when these things become a reality, have naught to do with the guidance of the domestic ship, it must be steered through rough as well as smooth waters without their knowledge of the contrast; *they* by no means must be indulged with a "peep behind the scenes;" the machinery must be in perfect order, and the curtain raised only to exhibit the brighter parts; but these women *must* make a choice, they *cannot* be first at home and first abroad, they must select either the one or the other, and if by reason of that choice, when old age comes upon them, and they find themselves alone, alienated as it were from the rest of mankind, if *then* they should think of all they had relinquished when it was theirs to claim; all the happiness and quiet of heart for the loneliness and weary longings, if then—when standing on the darkening threshold, they look back with yearning, hungry eyes into the mistaken past, and catching retrospective glimpses of happy homes and united family circles, if they should sorrowfully whisper "it might have been," *then*, God help these woman who have lived long enough to regret.

Tennyson, in his "Princess," makes pretty, childish "Lilia" an advocate for "women's rights." She says—

* * * "There are thousands now
Such women, but convention beats them down:
It is but bringing up; no more than that:
You men have done it: how I hate you all!
Ah, were I something great! I wish I were
Some mighty poetess, I would shame you then,
That love to keep us children! O I wish
That I were some great princess, I would build
Far off from men a college like a man's,
And I would teach them all that men are taught;
We are twice as quick!"

And the reply—

"Pretty were the sight
If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair,
* * * * * *
* * * * Yet I fear,
If there were many Lilias in the brood,
However deep you might embower the nest
Some boy would spy it."

We think so too, that in the end those female Socrates', yielding the palm when *their* "Prince" should come, would, with high-souled "Ida" call themselves in very truth, but "Queens of farce." When from each one—

> "Her falser self slipt from her like a robe,
> And left her woman, lovelier in her mood
> Than in her mould that other when she came
> From barren deeps to conquer all with love,"

Let one of those women champions, one who has been reared in luxury, with every wish gratified, and who has seen and perhaps pitied passing poverty through the rose tinted windows of her drawing room; perhaps the weary pedestrian may be a woman. Will she be first to extend something more substantial than her pity? Not a bit of it. *She* does not see the want depicted in the drawn face, the poor stooping figure! It presents a grand subject of poor, down-trodden womanhood, and comes as a happy inspiration to the beholder, who straightway goes and prepares for her club the speech that is to rally others to her standard, and through the eloquence of its exhortation infuse *some* interest into the breasts of those milk and water creatures who can stand and calmly see the Juggernaut of manly despotism trample them underfoot, while the wayfarer goes on her way perfectly unconscious of the mighty efforts which are being made for her mental and social elevation; pity these guardian angels can't see that she is starving and would much prefer a piece of bread to the blessed privilege of warming her half-frozen limbs in a house of parliament. Let one of these strong-minded advocates go out to some country village and there enter the cottage home of the peasant, the hard-working daily labourer, and point out her grand scheme to the wife and mother, to the woman whose kingdom is her home; let her preach to *her* the new order of things and the noble advantages to be derived therefrom: what think you will be the answer? Will she sit down and "think," to anatomize this subject in all *its* pros and cons, then rise dejected and miserable? No, she will tell that other woman that she perhaps has to labour from sunrise to sundown; *her* hands must *never* remain idle; that when the day's work is done, and the evening lamp lighted, her fingers must go over and repair, and turn and fix, to the very best of her skill, her husband's and children's clothing; they cannot afford new ones when a patch is needed, so she must contrive and invent to make the old ones new, for the domestic finances depend much upon her skilful management of these little things; and while sitting thus, does she think of the weary monotony of her life? Not she. Slowly the little wooden clock on the wall ticks away the moments, till the small hand points to within an hour of midnight, then her busy fingers cease, her work is finished, for finished it must be for the morrow's necessity, and now perhaps the head will rest for a moment on the clasped hands. Is she discontented at last? Wait. As her eyes rest on the manly form sitting opposite to her, and then on the home, rude, but so very comfortable, which *his* hands have made for her, she blesses God for the true, brave heart upon which she can lean and have all faith, and

as the last button is replaced on the tiny frock, and the boy's jacket, neatly mended, hung in its accustomed place again, she breathes a prayer of thankfulness for the little children who clamber round her knee and call her mother; and finally this woman, though she can lay no claims to that cultivation and refinement which mark the "Caste of Vere de Vere," yet possesses a charm in her gentle, honest ways that the other lacks with all her wisdom, tells her that she would not exchange her humble, toilsome, happy life to be prime minister, or sit in the presidential chair of all the United States. And she is right. What would a woman's life be worth were the blessedness of home ties taken out of it? A weary, lonely, blank of nothingness—an aimless, purposeless dragging out of an existence that should every day be a source of thankfulness. When she renounces these divine rights what wonder that her every action should be criticised, when she herself casts aside the veil of womanly modesty and refinement?

A SILVER THAW IN P.E. ISLAND.

BY DAMON.

Dwelt ever eye on fairer scene than *this*
Since Adam fell, and that eventful morn,
To *man* eventful—when in Eden's bowers
He shrank abashed before Omniscience?
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
Ye murm'ring souls, that with impatient eye
Behold fair winter as she passes by,
And when she sits enthroned upon the sea,
Refuse your homage to her majesty,
And long to hear the vernal breezes blow,
That sap her strength, and lay her sceptre low,
Look forth *to-day*, and in your ravish'd breast
Be all her claims, to loveliness confess'd!
Look forth *to-day*, the 'Silver Age', again
Hath surely dawned upon the haunts of men,
Or we have passed since evening's shadows fell,
To fabled isles where fairies only dwell!
The stately trees as by magician's wand
To chandeliers all metamorphosed, stand,
Crystalline lamps from ev'ry branch depend
And to the scene enchantment's colours lend:—
The sombre earth in icy mantle veiled,
Gleams like the surface of a silver shield,
Ten thousand jewels in the valleys glow,
And fancy revels in the burnished snow;—
What graceful forms embellish ev'ry slope!
Say, is the world a vast kaleidoscope?
Or has the sun disclosed at length to view
Some El-Dorado buried hitherto?

Soft fleecy vapours fill the azure sky,
Entrance the bosom, and deceive the eye,
Sol seems to shine with Phœbe's mellow'd light,
And Day to linger in the car of Night.
Illusive glories lend the mirror'd plain
The smiling features of the placid main,
Each blazoned roof, and Heaven-pointing spire,
Seems sheathed with gold, or wrapp'd in living fire,
Whilst *all below*—lake, city, forest, sea,
In common own the spell of mystery!
Creator! Lord! how manifold the ways
Employed by Thee to win the creature's praise,
What varied charms the seasons as they roll
In turn present to captivate the soul!
At *Thy* command from Ocean's angry breast
The storied iceberg lifts its silver crest,
Smiles down in triumph on the puny barque,
Or looms portentous through the tempest dark;—
Impelled by *Thee*—Aurora's arrows fly
In paths of light athwart the starry sky,
They seem to lend a momentary view
Of glories past yon canopy of blue,
Or else to write on Heaven's walls afar
Thy coming doom,—apostate Lucifer!—
Thy Spirit breathes——but why my God prolong
A strain more fitted for a Seraph's tongue—
And strive to tell, when goes Thy fiat forth,
What marvels gild the chambers of the North?
Their balmy gales let other regions boast,
Pellucid streams unfettered by the frost,
Unclouded skies, and groves that never know
A fading leaf, or coverlet of snow,
We would not change *these* spectacles sublime
For all the splendours of a southern clime
Blanched through her cheek by winter's chilly breath,
Yet Nature still is beautiful, in death—
Nor praise *Thee* less hyperborean snows
Than spring's fair blossoms, or the summer's rose!

AN INDIAN SUMMER'S DAY IN P. E. ISLAND.

BY PYTHIAS, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Fair Hillsboro's flood pursues its silent way
By gloomy woods, rich fields, and meadows gay,
Slow o'er its breast the stately vessels glide,
Their drooping sails reflected in the tide,
A roseate blush the spreading haze pervades,
And jets of amber light the sylvan shades;
The withering leaves of faded green and gold
Drop from the spreading beeches grey and old,
The maple's scarlet livery blends with these,
And silvery birches thread the dark fir trees,
While swelling hills, red cliffs, and sheltered farms
Lend to the glowing landscape added charms.

But ah! how fleeting is the scene I view,
How like the sum of man's existence too,
Soon will the dark and rolling clouds arise,
And howling storms deform the sunny skies.
The short-lived honours of these faded trees
Must soon be scattered by the wintry breeze;
The placid flood by tempests wildly tost
Wail o'er its transient beauties marr'd and lost.
'Tis thus with *man*, his glories pass away
Like the short triumph of a summer's day!
The autumn of his life serene, yet brief,
Recalls the image of the fading leaf;
The wintry clouds involve him in the gloom
That shrouds his entrance to the lonely tomb;
Yet faith in Christ shall triumph o'er decay,
And radiant hope point out a brighter day,
When death's dread power by the Lord o'erthrown,
The Sun of righteousness shall reign alone,
And risen saints their Hallelujahs sing
Amidst the sweetness of perpetual spring!

A PLEA FOR THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY REV. JAMES FOWLER.

"You are a great fool to bother yourself with such nonsense," said a popular and eloquent speaker, with an honourable Academic title, to a young friend who stopped for a moment by the way to collect some pretty and interesting wild flowers just bursting into bloom. The idea thus roughly expressed is one which is frequently heard uttered with reference to the study of Natural History. Ridicule and contempt are sometimes, even in this late age of the world, poured by the would-be wise, upon those who look with kind enquiring eye upon the works of the Creator and regard them as worthy of the love and earnest study of his rational creatures. We have even heard doubts expressed respecting the sanity of an individual who loved the wild flowers of his native land and was frequently seen collecting them, or, as it was popularly called, "pulling weeds." Even persons who believe that the hand of the Creator has formed every insect that flutters in the evening sun, and every moss that clings to the rock, seem to regard it as beneath the dignity of a man of sense to stoop to the examination of such objects.

In circles where the influence of education and refinement are felt, this contempt for the students of Nature has faded away, only to give place to another feeling equally hostile to scientific pursuits. "What is the use of it?" or, as a lady friend once put it, "What is the practical utility of it?" is a question with which the student is continually confronted. This utilitarian view is one with which we have no sympathy and little patience. It sounds as if the whole purpose for which man

was placed upon earth and endowed with the noble faculties he possesses, was merely to make money—as if only objects that would yield a result in material wealth were worthy of thought—as if all physical and intellectual toil was labour lost which did not aid in rendering the pocket more plethoric. We believe that man was created for a nobler purpose, and that his Creator designed him to occupy a more exalted position than that of a mere collector of gold. If not, why those aspirations that rise heavenward—those longings that gold cannot satisfy—those "far-reaching thoughts that wander through eternity?" Whence those long trains of earnest, solemn thought awakened by communion with Nature that flow on towards all that is beautiful and grand? Why has he been endowed with such noble faculties, and placed in a world filled with so many objects fitted to excite his curiosity and awaken his wonder? Around, above, and beneath him, wherever he may turn his eye or his thoughts, there are myriads of objects inviting his attention, there are fields rich and fertile, offering an abundant harvest if he will enter and gather their fruits, and mines richer than those of Golconda, where he may dig for treasures. Placed in a world filled with the riches of the Creator's glory, a world in which every object is inscribed with some phase of the Divine character, and possessed of the faculties necessary for reading the inscriptions, shall man shut his eyes and pass it all by unheeded? Is it the part of a rational being to walk up and down among the sublimities of creation and look abroad upon them with only the dull unconscious gaze of the ox? "Nature with her thousand voices praises God," and shall man not listen to the anthem and endeavour to understand and interpret it? Shall the Great Master say:—"Consider the lilies of the field" and learn the lesson of dependence and trust, and shall man treat them as unworthy of notice?

Having enjoyed many happy hours in communion with Nature, and received an ample reward for all the time and labour spent among the wonderful objects she presents to her admirers, and feeling convinced that a more general study of Nature, especially among our young men, would be a source of much enjoyment as well as benefit to the student, we would endeavour, though in a somewhat rambling way, to answer the question,—"What is the use of it?"

The pecuniary aspect of the question is one upon which we do not feel inclined to dwell, though we would by no means shrink from the effort to prove that even in this low department, Nature has her rewards to bestow. Whence come the gold and silver upon which so many place their affections, and from the possession of which they derive their principal enjoyments and happiness? Are they not gifts which Nature confers, and which she only furnishes to those who walk abroad over her fields to examine her treasures? From what vast store-house has the material wealth of the nations been brought forth, and to whose labours is the world indebted for it? Has it not been derived from the exhaustless magazine of Nature, in which it has been discovered by the trained eye of the student who devotes himself to the investigation of her secrets? The vast benefits that flow from the possession of the metals, and the comforts that result from the dif-

ferent uses to which vegetable productions such as cotton, flock, &c., have been applied are the witnesses whom we bring into court to testify in behalf of the study of Natural History, that it is one of practical utility. In these days when mineral treasures are so eagerly sought after, and so many serious mistakes are made through ignorance, a knowledge of rocks and metals—of the elements that enter into their composition—the positions they occupy in the earth's crust, and their various relations to each other, is a source of incalculable profit. The history of modern mining furnishes a thousand illustrations of this truth. Again, were we acquainted with the various vegetable productions that meet our eye by the road-side, in the field, or the forest and did we know the different uses to which they might be applied how vastly would our wealth, as well as comfort, be increased. A knowledge of the mineral ingredients that constitute the soil, and of the laws of vegetable life and growth would, in the aggregate, be worth millions to our farmers. Did we but obey the invitation of Nature to examine her treasures of organic and inorganic forms, and question her as to the purposes to which they might be applied, the magnitude of our purse, and also the sum of our comforts, would be largely increased.

The men to whom we are indebted for our dominion over the elements of Nature and the treasures we have gathered from her boundless stores, are not those who laughed at Sir Isaac Newton, while blowing his bubbles, or at Franklin, while flying his kite. Most of the metals, with all their qualities, and the knowledge of the purposes to which they might be applied, would have remained unknown,—the plants and animals from which are derived the staple articles of commerce, would have lived and died unheeded and uncared for,—the sails that whiten every sea would never have been spread out to the breeze, and the streams of trade that flow across every civilized land would never have attracted the wandering eye, had the question we are answering been uppermost in the minds of those to whom the world is indebted for its wealth.

But we pass on to the higher field of man's intellectual and moral nature for a fuller answer to the question before us. There is a nobler department in the nature of man than the body, and higher wants than those of the physical frame. The links that unite him to the other animals of earth are many and powerful. His frame is composed of the same materials—endowed with similar appetites and powers, and subject to the same sufferings. The same principle of life animates him, and he is doomed like them to go down beneath the clods of the valley and mingle with his parent dust. But, on the other hand, he can claim fellow-ship with angels as being the spiritual offspring of the same Father, under the same moral government, and destined to share with them in the performance of the same exalted duties when his bodily frame has mouldered in the dust. Were man's aspirations and longings bounded by the visible horizon, and were he possessed of no power to draw enjoyment from sources invisible to the naked eye, then might he turn away with contempt from some of the fields of na-

ture and circumscribe his inquiries within the narrow range of bodily wants. According to his very constitution, as an intellectual and moral being, his most refined enjoyments and his most exalted pleasures are derived from intellectual pursuits. The bodily senses are only the channels of communication between him and the outer world, and are designed to furnish the mind with the materials of thought and reflection. Inasmuch then as his intellectual nature transcends his physical, and is more worthy of being fostered, so do the enjoyments derived from the contemplation of the objects that address themselves to the inner world of thought and feeling, rise higher in the scale of actual worth than those that terminate in the appeal to the bodily senses. "The boundless domain" of Natural Science, "enriched for thousands of years by the vigorous force of intellectual activity," exhibits a nobler field for the exercise of man's mental powers, and opens up deeper fountains of pleasure than the careless observer of Nature ever dreamt of. All true happiness has its seat in the mind. It has taken up its lodging-place in the higher departments of the human soul, and is the result of the vigorous exercise of the reflective faculties upon the objects, more or less numerous, that lie within the range of contemplation, whether "they be scenes of beauty and sublimity, or displays of infinite Intelligence and Power." If, then, this be true, we feel assured that the utilitarian question respecting the study of nature can easily be answered.

Turning now to the realms of Natural History, we would enquire how the mind is benefitted by the contemplation of the objects they present. The answer requires that we should ascertain, more or less accurately, the character and extent of the fields before us, that we may make an approximative estimate of the effects they are fitted to produce on the contemplative spirit of man. Let us bear in mind, however, that we must approach with a reverent and earnest spirit, realizing the truth that Nature is but the expression of the thought of her Creator, and reveals His character and purpose as a piece of mechanism reveals the designs and mechanical abilities of its constructor. A desire to learn the lessons inscribed by the finger of the great Architect, and to obtain a clearer view of his wondrous workmanship must direct our investigations if we would secure the largest amount of intellectual and moral enjoyment they are capable of yielding. For, be it remembered, that while Nature has her enjoyments which she flings abroad with liberal hand, to all her creatures, and while the door of her temple stands open to all who are capable of entering, she has her inner *penetralia*, to which only the initiated are permitted to approach, and in which the sublimest views of her beauty, magnificence and boundless charms are presented to the intellectual gaze of her votaries. Beyond the vail of material forms lies the richest domain of her exhaustless wealth, and only he who presses forward into it can experience the elevating and tranquilizing influences she exercises over the inner world of intellect and thought.

The boundlessness of the field opened up to the eye of the attentive observer overwhelms the very imagination and is fitted to make man

shrink into himself, humbled at the sight of his own insignificance amidst the wonders of creation and by the beauty of his existence, whilst his ideas of the majesty of the Creator and of the exhaustless wealth of Creation are correspondingly enlarged. Of the vast realms that lie open before the student, inviting him to enter and explore and gather the harvests that cover them, the nearest at hand and lowest in the scale, as being the basis on which all the others rest, is the mineral kingdom which stretches around us on every side, presenting for our investigation and admiration its beautiful crystals formed by unvarying chemical laws and combining in a thousand various ways to form the solid crust of our globe. The single department of Crystallography, dealing with the forms which minerals assume during the process of solidification and which they constantly retain in every change of position, furnishes some of the most beautiful illustrations of the infinite variety of nature, and the exhaustless resources of creative power. The peculiarities of internal structure—the physical characters depending upon the action of light, and upon hardness and gravity—and the action of chemical reagents present a wide and ever-varying field for the researches of the student, every step of which reveals new wonders and impresses the thoughtful mind with the evidence of reigning wisdom and design. The very existence, not merely of the arts and sciences, but even of civilization, itself, depends upon the mineral treasures furnished in Nature. From them come the colours that render our homes and garments attractive and pleasing to the eye. The physician draws from the same source some of his most powerful and valuable agents for promoting our health and comfort, and the mechanic goes to the same great store-house for the materials for the erection of our most enduring fabrics and for the construction of his machinery.

Then resting upon this inorganic kingdom and deriving its existence from it under the life-giving influence of the sun's rays, the realm of vegetable life rises to view clothed with its myriad forms of organization, ever changing, ever new. Here the mysterious principle of vitality operates, converting the inorganic elements of Nature into living tissues rearing up its wondrous structures in which we see the results of vital action but cannot see the agent, and weaving the robe of nature embroidered with flowers and painted with "a pencil of living light." The long line of vegetable existence stretches over the vast distance that separates the humble Lichen clinging to the mountain crag from the huge palm or Baobab of torrid climes. The laws that regulate their growth—the typical forms of structure around which they oscillate—the atmospheric and climatic conditions suited for their fullest development—the relations existing between them and the mineral kingdom, and their mutual action—their influence upon animal life, and the dependence of the purity of the atmosphere upon their vital processes, present an illimitable field for the exercise of the highest faculties of the human mind. A territory so extended awakens a feeling of infinity and throws a pleasing melancholy over the thoughtful mind. The grandeur of the scene reflected in the inner sphere of ideas moves the heart and produces vivid impressions of the vastness of that wisdom that planned

it all, and of the majesty of that Being who presides over it all. From the very depths of the meditative spirit of man comes welling up the song of praise,—"Great and marvellous are thy works Lord God Almighty."

But even when we have explored the length and breadth of the kingdom of Flora, and examined all its gorgeous productions, there still remains the whole domain of animal life with all its lovely forms and wondrous instincts. Dependent for existence upon the vegetable world and nourished by it, it occupies a higher position in the scale of Nature than either of the preceding kingdoms. Air, earth and water are laid under contribution to furnish homes for the diversified forms of animal existence. Within its ample domain it embraces every vital organism from the minute animalcule whose home is a drop of water and which is only discernible by the strongest microscopic vision, up to reasoning, responsible man. A field of such extent is here opened up that centuries must roll away before it is thoroughly explored, and the relations between it and the vegetable kingdom accurately defined. Its instincts corresponding to every variety of bodily form and every locality whether in the aerial or aqueous ocean or on the land—its various modes of organization fitting the different individuals for their peculiar sphere of life—the relations and interdependence of the several species, and the geographical limits assigned to each, will furnish subjects for investigation for ages yet to come. "The Natural History of Man" is itself a subject of great extent and will long furnish new views and sources of enjoyment to the contemplative mind. The realm of animal life furnishes the magazines from which are drawn the largest proportion of the evidences of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator.

Though not pertaining to the aspect of Nature we are now contemplating, yet being necessary to the completeness of the view we are desirous of presenting, we may be permitted to allude to the fact that above and beyond all these kingdoms of Nature which the Mineralogist, the Botanist, and the Zoologist explore, stretches far away into the darkness that broods over the boundaries of the visible and the present, the spirit land where broader fields and lovelier scenes and higher forms of existence may be expected than those furnished by this insignificant globe. The realm, where the great Creator who called all these into existence and presides over them, displays the brightest manifestations of his moral character, must be such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart conceived. When we remember the fact that the number of forms increases as we ascend the scale of existence, from the sixty elementary substances of the Chemist, or the six hundred minerals with which the mineralogist deals in their various combinations in the earth's crust, through the one hundred thousand vegetable forms, up to the two hundred and fifty thousand species of the animal kingdom, it seems at least reasonable to suppose that the spirit world presents a corresponding increase in the variety of its inhabitants and their different spheres of duty. The supposition also gathers strength when we turn over the pages of Geologic history and find that its extinct forms of vitality would swell the catalogue of past and present species to the almost incomprehensible number of half a million.

This rapid and exceedingly imperfect survey of the vast domain of Natural History, will perhaps have prepared the reader for acquiescence in the following remarks.

CURIOSITY.

The principle of curiosity is deeply implanted in the human mind, and from its exercise and gratification much of the enjoyment experienced in human life derives its origin. The increase of the sum of knowledge already possessed, and the efforts put forth to enlarge the field of intellectual contemplation awaken feelings of pleasure that exalt man above all the tribes of irrational creatures. Persons of cultivated minds pursue knowledge for its own sake. Intellectual treasures are prized, not for the mere purpose of increasing the number of facts with which the mind is already stored, but because they are accompanied with feelings of elevated enjoyment and satisfaction—furnish new materials upon which the understanding may exercise its faculties, and open wider fields to the creative powers of imagination.

The power of curiosity impels thoughtful minds to devote themselves assiduously to various branches of learning, such as Literature, History, Philology, or the various departments of Art and Science. The philologist experiences a pleasure almost as keen as that of the chase, whilst he pursues some lingual root through the various languages of Europe or Asia. The Historian feels himself rewarded for his toils amidst the dusty tomes or manuscripts of a library, when he discovers some important but forgotten fact in the history of an individual or a nation. The Artist pursues his labours with unceasing diligence for the very pleasure they yield him. So the student of Natural History continually finds objects new and strange rising around him, inviting investigation and awakening interesting reflection. Some hitherto unobserved mineral or vegetable production, or vital form, meets the eye and invites him to study its life-history, its qualities and its links of connection with other objects of the same class. He thus extends the series of organic forms with which he was previously acquainted, or fills up some gap that detracted from the completeness of his knowledge. The many seeming paradoxes in nature—the strange metamorphoses of insects—the peculiar forms of animals suiting them to the various positions they are designed to occupy—the changes produced on vegetable organisms by climate or atmospheric influences depending on temperature or elevation—the dependence of certain plants for their very existence upon the presence of certain insects, these and a thousand other subjects for examination appeal strongly to the curiosity of the student. How strange the many adaptations and contrivances every where around us. "There is, for instance, a fly (*Cecidomyia*) which deposits its eggs within the stamens of a Scrophularia, and secretes a poison which produces a gall, on which the larva feeds; but there is another insect (*Misocampus*) which deposits its eggs within the body of the larva, within the gall, and is thus nourished by its living prey; so that here a hymenopterous insect depends on a dipterous insect; and thus depends on its power of producing a mon-

strous growth in a particular organ of a particular plant. So it is in a more or less plainly marked manner, in thousands and tens of thousands of cases, with the lowest as well as the highest productions of nature." The mistletoe derives its nourishment from the juices of the apple and a few other trees, and its seeds are disseminated by birds. Its existence consequently depends upon the existence of both the few species of trees upon which it lives and the presence of the birds that scatter its seeds. The failure of either of these would result in its extinction. Darwin tells us that in England the fertilization of the common wild pansy and red clover depends upon the humble-bees that abound in the neighbourhood. "The number of humble-bees in any district depends in a great degree on the number of field-mice that destroy their combs and nests. Now the number of mice is largely dependent, as every one knows, on the number of cats. Hence it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine, though the intervention first of mice and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district?" The scientific investigation of nature gratifies the curiosity by lifting the veil from thousands of these connecting links that unite the different departments of Natural History.

OBSERVATION.

The study of Natural History exercises a highly beneficial influence in the training to which it subjects the observational faculty in the prosecution of its researches. All the faculties or powers of the mind acquire additional strength by being called into action. The training of the eye to see correctly and of the perceptive faculty, is one of the most important parts of education. The ability to detect minute differences, and notice points of resemblance, constitutes the principal difference between the man of intelligence and his ignorant neighbour. The former goes through the world with his eyes shut: wonders crowd thick around him, but he sees them not. Nature's richest treasures may lie at his feet, but he never discovers their existence—they are shrouded in a darkness he never attempts to scatter. The savage barters away his precious jewels for some worthless trinket, and a piece of common pyrites that may be found almost everywhere among sandstone strata glitters in the eyes of many of our countrymen with all the brilliancy of gold, exciting hopes that are never to be realized. Many a poor man has dreamed of untold treasures when fragments of this substance, (commonly known as "Fool's Gold,") have been discovered in digging his cellar or well. A very slight knowledge of the mineral substances upon which he treads every day would have saved him the mortification he experiences when the worthlessness of his fancied treasures becomes too apparent. Many distressing and fatal mistakes are constantly made from ignorance of the differences between poisonous and harmless substances or plants. The deadly fungus or toadstool with white gills, has been collected for food instead of the pleasant and wholesome Mushroom, bearing pink gills separated by a narrow space from the stem. Such plants as Fool's Parsley,

(*Æthusa Cynapium*), and Water Hemlock, (*Cicuta maculata*) which also bears the names of Spotted Cowbane, Musquash Root and Beaver Poison, and abounds in all our low grounds, along the brooks and rills that flow through our fields, have often been mistaken and produced fatal results among children and domestic animals. Were the eye trained to notice the prominent points of distinction by which these plants are characterized such accidents would be avoided. The man who habituates himself to notice the qualitative distinctions between the various rocks that meet his eye on the roadside, in the fields, or the river banks—or who can describe intelligently the form and appearance of the different trees, or grasses that cover our hills or plains—or give an accurate account of the insects that prey upon his crops, has acquired much valuable information and has gained possession of a domain in the world of thought from which much mental enjoyment of a high order may be derived. Not only will he have access to an inexhaustible source of innocent and heartful amusement, but the discipline to which the mind is subjected by the concentration of thought upon the object under examination, and the habit of accurate observation, will be incalculable benefit in all the concerns of life.

ORDER.

The perception of the admirable harmony and order that prevail in every department of Nature, is another source of enjoyment, awakening impressions, more or less vivid, according to the intellectual culture of the observer, of reigning wisdom and intelligence. Beautiful arrangements and adaptations present themselves where the untutored eye can perceive nothing but disorder and wild confusion. "Order is Heaven's first law," said the poet, and illustrations of the truth of the axiom crowd in upon us from every department of Nature. When the student brings up in long array before the mental eye, the many classes of organic forms, whether vegetable or animal, that people the world, and notices the gradually increasing complication of structure as the organism rises in the scale of existence—the various functions of the different organs—the progressive development and advance in intelligence in vital forms, from the simple animated cell that lies at the basis of all animal life, up through the ascending series that terminates in man, he experiences a gratification and pleasure of which the ignorant and thoughtless can form no conception, as the sources whence these feelings flow lie in regions beyond the range of their limited contemplations. Deep thinkers in every age have been profoundly impressed by the Order and Beauty of Nature. Dr. McCosh, who so admirably systematizes every subject which he handles, shows us, in his incomparable work on "The Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation," how "an order in respect of such qualities as Number, Time, Colour, and Form," prevades all the departments of Nature. To his illustrations of the principle of order, in the four-fold character just mentioned, we refer the reader for some of the most enlarged conceptions and most beautiful generalizations ever formed by the human mind.

The external senses convey impressions of objective nature to the inner world of thought and intelligence, and the feelings of order and harmony thus awakened tend to produce habits of orderly and systematic arrangement. The formation of a Cabinet or Museum necessitates a constant regard to order and classification. Every object must occupy its appropriate position in the system to which it belongs, otherwise it will be of no value to the student. The scattered leaves of the Sibyl are as easily read and understood as the promiscuous collections of a disorderly Herbarium or Cabinet. Cut a large unpaged volume into leaves, intermix them in every conceivable style of confusion, and then sit down to read the contents, and you will have some faint idea of the value of an unarranged collection of objects of Natural History. The progress made in the pursuit of knowledge among a chaotic accumulation of specimens, will be extremely slow. The loss of time involved in finding any object required for examination will often necessitate the deferring of the investigation to a more convenient season which will never arrive. The habit of systematic arrangement once formed will be carried into all the other departments of life.

EXPANSION OF MIND.

Our conceptions of the vastness of the works of the Creator are enlarged, and our intellectual powers expanded by the contemplation of the Kingdoms of Nature. Such a vast multiplicity of objects, with their mutual relations and effects, when subjected to the force of reason, has an evident tendency to enlarge the sphere of ideas, and lengthen the sweep of the reasoning faculties. The boundaries that circumscribed the previous range of thought are driven back into the darkness of the unknown—new territory is conquered and subjected to our sway. The expansive domain over which we are enabled to travel, and where we may walk up and down and survey every object, and the lofty elevation to which we are permitted to ascend, raise the mind above mean and grovelling pursuits—spread a feeling of tranquillity and peaceful enjoyment over the spirit—awaken a more impressive idea of the dignity of our national and immortal nature, and increase our reverence for the majesty of that Almighty Being who called all nature into existence and presides in high authority over it all. "Mere communion with nature," says Humboldt, "mere contact with the free air, exercise a soothing yet strengthening influence on the wearied spirit, calm the storm of passion, and soften the heart when shaken by sorrow to its inmost depths." The profound calm that seems resting upon eternal nature when illuminated by the light of mind, is reflected from the inner world of our spiritual nature and produces a corresponding feeling of repose. Standing in the level plain, bounded only by the distant horizon, and decked with various grasses and flowers; or looking down the long slopes of the mountain from the borders of perpetual snow over the various zones of vegetation, where flourish, at successive elevations, the pine, the chesnut, and on the sunny plains below the fig and the orange: or gazing from some beetling cliff upon the

heaving billows that come rolling over the bosom of the ocean from afar, the mind is penetrated by a sense of the awful grandeur and majesty of nature. The very boundlessness of the scene exercises an expansive influence upon the mind. But even when we have examined the vast domain spread out before the eye in the surface of our terraqueous globe, we have only become acquainted with a single page of the mighty volume in which is recorded the history of nature. Deep down in the rocky strata lie embalmed the countless generations of by-gone creations. At the bidding of the Geologist they come forth *from their stony beds, and reveal a history that carries the mind far* back into the darkness of the past, disclosing other fields of organic existence and bringing back long-vanished creations to the light of science. Ages so remote that they seem like distant mountain peaks dimly discernible through the haze of centuries, invite back the inquisitive spirit of man to their forgotten realms, and permit him to lift the veil from a world teeming with its millions of a busy population and covered with its robe of vegetable green. The very effort required to form an approximately correct idea of the forms of vegetable and animal organisms, that filled the seas and clothed the continents and islands of the Palæzoic ages, increases the powers of thought and strengthens the Imaginative faculty, thus fitting it for more distant flights and bringing within its range new materials for its poetic creations.

The very highest powers of the intellect and judgment are called into exercise in the classification of organisms, according to their natural relations, and for the discovery of those links of connexion that exist between them. The principles of classification demand earnest thought and study, and can only be detected after patient investigation. An accurate knowledge of the form, or the composition of the object must be obtained—the points at which it comes into contact with others must be carefully observed, and also the points of distinction or contrast, seized upon before it can be assigned to its true position in the system of Nature. The power of generalization, one of the highest and most valuable faculties of the intellect and the amount of which decides the standing of the philosophic student in the School of Nature and the Republic of Science, has here a boundless field for its exercise. The fact that such giants in intellectual power as Cuvier, Humboldt, Miller, Agassiz and others of world-wide fame, have found an ample field for the exercise of their highest abilities among the organic productions of Nature, is sufficient proof of the expanding influence which Nature exercises when brought within the sphere of ideas.

How sublime and striking the truth that the Creator has constructed all the wild animals that roam over the plains and deserts, or wander in the forests of the world, upon one plan—that their long skeletons are composed of the same normal number of bones similarly arranged, modified to suit the peculiar circumstances of the life which the animal is destined to live,—that plants have a typical form to which they approximate with a greater or less degree of accuracy, corresponding to their position in the Botanic scale,—and that even the rocks that

compose the earth's crust are constituted of Minerals possessed of definite and well-known forms. The greatest minds have lingered with delight over the evidences of a well-devised plan in the formation of all things, even in the atoms of the Chemist, and in the deviations from the typical form for the accomplishment of special ends. And so numerous are the deviations, having a place in every animal and plant that the feeling of admiration never subsides for lack of materials to nourish it. The keen eye of Science has detected the principles of order prevading the whole domain of nature, enabling the student to assign every organic, or inorganic form to its class and position in the series of the Naturalist. The perception of the relations or links of union upon which the classifications are based, enlarges our conceptions of the unity of nature, and furnishes us with a clue to tread securely and delightfully the labyrinths of organic forms.

The influence of the study of Nature upon the Imaginative faculty, and also upon the Æsthetic principle of the mind, is a fertile subject for the education of which a large mass of materials may be found in the poems of Wordsworth, the works of Hugh Miller or the writings of Philip Henry Gosse, and of Ruskin. The reader will find an interesting discussion of the doctrine that man bears the image of his maker, not only intellectually and morally, but also æsthetically in that masterly production, "The Testimony of the Rocks." Nature is clothed with robes of beauty and smiles in her loveliness upon her admirer. The lovely forms presented in the mineral, the vegetable and the animal kingdoms gratify the æsthetic tastes implanted in the nature of man, and make the examination of them a labour of love. Every object has a beauty peculiar to itself. The "mountain whose sunbright summit mingles with t' [illegible]"—"the cliffs of shadowy tint" —the fertile far-reaching plain—[illegible] hurling stream—the crystal fountain—the lofty elm and the lowly flower have all a beauty of their own, and appeal to the taste of the observer. We might extend our remarks to almost any length but believe we have said enough to answer the question; "What is the use of it?"

A GAELIC TRANSLATION OF BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

By Evan McColl.

BROSNACHA'-CATHA BHRUIS, AIG BUNNOCKBURN.

A laochraidh thug le *Wallace* buaidh,
'Sis tric le *Bruce* rinn cogadh cruaidh;
'Ur beatha 'n diugh gu fois na h-uaigh,
No buaidh a's onoir shior!
'Sè so an là, 'sè so cheart uair
A chuireas feum air beuman cruaidh:
Feuch feachd righ 'Eideard, 'maoidheadh truaigh
A's daorsa bhuan d' ar tìr!

Co na thraoighteir feallta tà?
Co nu chladhaire gun stà?
Co, d'a dheòin a bhiodh na thràill?
Clìs gu m' chùla sibh!
Co as leth rìgh Alb' 'sa chòir
Le claidheamh cruaidh a bhuaineadh glòir—
Bhi saor, a'm bàs no beatha, 'dheòin?
Air aghaidh leam gu gnìomh!

Air sgàth dìslean air droch iochd,
Air sgàth saorsa bhuan d'ar sliochd,
Bheir sinn buaidh amach 'sa' chleachd
Ged b' ann le fuil ar crì!
Sgrios air ball do'n fheall-rìgh bhreun!
Buiodh nàmhaid marbh 'anlorg gach beum!—
Chaum tìr ar gràidh bhi àghmhor saor,
Nis buaidh no bàs 'san strì!

A PEEP INSIDE OUR WASTE-PAPER-BASKET.

The most disagreeable and unpleasant feature of the editor's life, is the rejecting of articles sent him for publication by those supremely happy and contented beings, third-rate poetasters, and indifferent and conceited individuals, severely afflicted with *Cacoethes Scribendi*. Their effusions, of course, are always the most beautiful in the language, the most choice in diction, and in thought and felicity of expression, rank far above the writings of very many eminent authors in the different branches of our literature. These futile efforts are in most cases the "pet" productions of their originators, and with a jealous eye they look after their interests. Considerate friends, having respect for the feelings of young poets—save the mark—hand back the "lines addressed to—"which have been submitted to them, with the highest eulogiums. It is a very easy matter to compare an impotent imitation with some striking and magnificent creation of a child of song, and *say* the imitation is far superior to the original. It is not a difficult task for the critic of a theatrical journal, with a single stroke of the pen, to pronounce "Under the Gas-Light" a greater dramatic effort than Shakspeare's Melancholy Dane, even if Augustin Daly's success, in a pecuniary phase, is ten-fold more than was that of "Gentle Will's," but does the *dictum* of a too-fond friend or relative, or critic's quill, or author's assertion, prove before the world these utterances? Do more than a few immediately interested parties believe what they say?

When anyone, of the merest modicum of common sense, ventures to remonstrate with these "original authors," when he strives, in as gentle and as kind a manner as possible, under the circumstances, to disabuse the mind of the contributor as to the extraordinary literary value he has set upon his essay or poem, the adviser very soon regrets the position he has assumed. Savagely the author turns upon him, and forthwith proceeds to pour the "vials of wrath on his devoted head."

Some persons hand an editor an MS., and ask his opinion of it. They are "really in earnest and want an unbiased verdict—favourable or unfavourable," as the umpire shall deem fit. But before that opinion flows from the lips, or rather during its transit, if the least doubt is thrown on the merits of the piece, the author takes up the cudgels, and, entering into a dispute, defends his "pet" with all the ardour and enthusiasm of which the protector of a weak cause is capable. With such men we wish to have no dealings. They are puffed up beyond endurance, with a too-high opinion of their own powers, and the exalted notion that, as time rolls away, when Longfellow and Tennyson, Holmes and Dickens, Whipple and Arnold, and Parkman and Froude, shall rest in their graves, they will occupy the places of these grand poets, novelists, essayists and historians. Well, perhaps they may. Our idea is that they won't. A case happened with us, no later than a month ago. Sauntering into the Post Office, we received our mails, and were about leaving when a very excited individual, in store-clothes, confronted us. Deeming it unsafe, we essayed to escape by the lower door, but his heavy hand laid upon our shoulder caused us to turn. We involuntarily shuddered. We are not of gigantic stature, neither are our propensities Herculean. Our desires are far from being considered pugilistic. We do not refresh ourselves in that highly enlightened way. The "manly art" is a sealed book in our sanctum. We say we turned and looking the gentleman in the eye—we have read somewhere that a mad-bull or an infuriated canine can be checked in his wild career by simply looking him in the eye, so we directed our visual organs to the proper focus, and bent them full upon the optics of the nervous individual in our path. Inwardly we breathed freer as he visibly winced beneath our searching glance. His hold relaxed upon our frame, and anxiously we watched his hand disappear under the folds of his snuff-coloured overcoat. Was he looking for a pocket pistol, or a "naked dagger?" Horrible suspense! Mysteriously he gazed around him. Visions of "murder most foul" flitted through the air. Our thoughts naturally reverted to our younger days, when accompanied by our kind and considerate nurse, we meandered through the quiet walks and shady paths of the village graveyard. How our little mouths watered, we grieve to confess it, when we beheld other children in dirty-drab, well ventilated garments, torn straw hats, and smiling faces redolent of mud, molasses and brown sugar, gently pluck the tempting strawberry that blushed o'er the grave of some loved one below. And then when nurse's cousin—nurses are always well supplied with cousins—met her in the lane, and leaving us "sweetly singing"—of course—in the middle of the walk, with our curly head resting against the velvet back of the perambulator, she slowly wandered from mound to tombstone, and carefully examined the epitaphs of the departed ones. Yes, those were happy days.

But before our thoughts took up the entire past and its surroundings, the interrupter of our progress drew from his breast pocket, not a fierce weapon of war, but a bundle of closely written pages. "Here," said he, "is some poetry I've written for your magazine. Read it

over. I showed it to a friend of mine. He says it's fully equal to anything Hood ever wrote. I know you'll like it." We immediately covered the roll with our hand, and the cloud of fear being dispelled by the bright splendour of golden sunshine, we sallied forth. Our contributor had vanished.

On our arrival at our domicile, we opened the package, and began to pore over the manuscript. Of course we did not expect to meet with stanzas of the same power and beauty as the "Bridge of Sighs" or the same sad grandeur as "The Song of the Shirt;" but really we did hope to find something redeeming in the matter before us. It proved to be a German fable, turned into verse. In the original it was a happy effort, musical and good; but our friend had not only spoiled the sense in endeavouring to make a poem out of it, but by a plethora of gross incongruities he rendered a fine production an absurd piece of nonsense. We have no patience with such fellows. At once it was enclosed within an envelope and addressed to the author; we added the usual "declined with thanks."

A short time after, we met the equal of Hood on the street. He stopped us. "Why didn't you like my poem?" he asked. We have at all times, a proper respect and feeling for a man's sensitive nature. We do not like to dispel ruthlessly a day-dream, that affords such a wealth of untold pleasure to its possessor, so as kindly as possible we told this gentleman that it was unsuited to our pages. It was not original, besides the versification was hardly smooth enough and what-not. We also intimated that the columns of a daily paper would be the better receptacle for this poetic treasure. In saying this we did not intend, in the least, to wound his pride. We but did our duty, and felt that we were right. He very foolishly got angry, compared himself to any number of great people, and told us again that it was written for us, and no one else would have it. No, it would remain locked up in his private drawer, and may be, *when he was dead and gone, it would be discovered among his manuscripts like some of the unpublished poems of Byron and Burns*, and then, when he was rotting away in the ground, it would be given to the world. But this did not soften our adamantine heart, so he gave us another blast from his horn, "because it is an old fable transmogrified into the beauties of poesy, you refuse it. Didn't John G. Saxe attain the major part of his world-wide popularity, by the very same means? It was rendering Æsop into poetry that made him a poet. The letters of JUNIUS would never have seen the light had the editor of those days been as captious as you are. No, no newspaper shall have this poem. If you'd have published this I would have given you many more *just like it;* but now I won't." Then he left. We thanked our stars we got rid of him and the poems to come "just like it."

But perhaps it is as well that we should now examine the contents of our "waste-paper-basket," and turn over the heaps of papers that have been accumulating for three months past. This basket of ours is of peculiar construction. It is about 2½ feet in height and shapen like a cone turned upside down. In diameter it is perhaps 15 inches.

It is located conveniently to the right of our office desk, and hardly a day passes but it is the recipient of two or more "choice" pieces of poetry or prose. None but the initiated can have any idea of the large number of poets, novelists and essayists that "live and move" within the boundaries of this Dominion. Truly their name is legion, and the produce of their brain is limitless. The demand is far exceeded by supply. Just think of it, the little county of Albert, in this province, has no less than twenty-five 'first-class' writers of poetry! to our knowledge, besides how many are there "under a cloud," only waiting for a fitting opportunity to deluge our sanctum with their effusions?

We do not, at this time, intend to unfold *all* the beauties that sleep silently in our wicker treasure-box. It is our intention to give to the world but a few. We have a little pity for our readers, and cannot afford to open such a mine of hidden beauties too suddenly. Some people possessed of weaker minds than others, have been known to end their existence within the walls of a lunatic asylum; their lunacy having been caused by too strong pressure on the passions; excessive joy and fear have also brought about this result. We hope that this crime may never be laid at our door-step. We will gently dissipate their dream of glory. Here is a specimen. We have put our hand into the grab-bag, and are rewarded with this gem. Its title is certainly original. Our readers can be their own judges as to its positive merit or otherwise. Had we published it, as the author desired, that is, in the body of the QUARTERLY, we could scarcely have confronted our readers.

TO A DANDELION!

O sweet yellow flower, harbinger of Spring,
Fondly I love thee, and wilt bring
To thy mossy bed a gallant crew
Of visitors, ere falls on thee, the dew.

Glorious precursor of a season's course,
'Tis sweet to gaze on thee, and see the source
That gave thee birth, and noxious scent
Which fills the air through every vent.

On the road-side, in the square and on the hill,
Down by the river, and rippling rill,
Close by the fountain where seals repose,
Are among the places this flower grows.

The bull-frog croaks in the stagnant lake,
And his mellow notes o'er the stillness breaks;
But his dulcet strains are nought to me,
Compared to thy sweet melody.

Floral beauty! well do I know thy use,
Most excellent greens do thy leaves produce,
Fit for a king, aye, a monarch great,
Good for the Crown, the Church and the State.

Thou bright, golden flower, whose leaves of green
Most strongly resemble the stalk and bean,
Which, in ancient days, did produce a vine
Strong and great as the lofty pine,

On which did climb the slayer John,
Who slew the giants while sitting upon
Its lofty branches and spreading boughs,
Which sometimes fell and killed the cows.

But back to the subject whence we came,
We find the Dandelion now fostered and tame,
No longer wild does it live in the glen,
But safe in the gardens of husbandmen.

On some occasions this flower's brought out
From its resting place by some lumbering lout,
And withered and dying is thrown on the walk,
Leaving naught behind but a worn-out stalk.

There is hardly any necessity why we should give the name of the author of this splendid poem. Besides, it would scarcely be fair, as he requested us to be sure and not publish his name or let anybody know who he is. "Everyone will be puzzling his brain to find out who I am," said this sweet youth. For the credit of lovers of literature we hope not. We do not intend to enter into a critical analysis of the above. It would be sheer folly to attempt the task.

A second dive into the basket and we bring up another sheet of fools-cap. This is a fragment, and hails from Fredericton—the city of poets. It is addressed to the celebrated Irish novelist, Samuel Lover, who died some months ago. The author sends us only five and a half verses, and requests us to "fix" the last one. We have "fixed" it—that is, thrown it among poems of like degree of excellence.

Great man, thou, too, hath passed away
From this sad vale of tears;
Thy genial smile no more will greet
The friends of by-gone years.

But of thy works enough remains
To show thy wondrous power;
Thy wit and humour, jest and love
Are gone, as goes the hour.

No more thy clever pen will write
Songs of thy gallant race, Old Erin's land,
Depicting scenes of love and war,
By vice and virtue fanned.

Thy tales of Irish Peasantry,
So full of truth and life and fun,
Will long be read and prized for aye,
As we go hurrying on.

Many a sad tear we now will drop,
While reading thy works o'er;
Poor Andy's blunders will provoke
Less laughter than before,

As also will bold Rory O'More
And his sweet Kathleen Bawn.
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

The next piece is a highly dramatic epic. It is called "The Shipwreck," and contains just nineteen verses. It opens fearfully, the night was dark and stormy and the "winds they were at play." "Loud rolled the dreadful thunder," and the lightnings leaped and performed numerous terpsichorean gyrations in the air, and against the sides of the proud vessel "deep and loud the waves rolled heavily." We are told how bravely the noble ship glided o'er the crested waves, how it struggled through its course and battled with force the elements. The sea lashed itself into a perfect fury, the thunder roared louder and louder, the angry waters tore the ill-fated ship asunder, and down she sank, amid the wails and cries of mothers, fathers, wives and children; "while there stood helpless others" who gazed in mute despair. The vessel had struck a "hidden rock," and soon she was "torn by the shock." Boats were immediately launched by order of the captain; those who were either not drowned, or frightened to death by the dreadful storm, jumped into the frail bark and "quickly row'd away," we are not told exactly where; but that is no business of ours. They row away somewhere. Ah, yes, here they are again. They have dived beneath the water.

"Now 'mong the dark waves are lost,
And then again appear."

After this entertainment has gone on for about three or four verses, interrupted occasionally by the captain, who seems to preserve the full strength of his voice, for we are informed every now and then that he "gave his orders loudly," a somewhat singular notion strikes the skipper. Thoughts of the unfortunate vessel, which had Jonah on board, flashed across his excited brain, and then in all its dreadful force the idea struck him that a Jonah might be in his life boat. We cannot see why he thought so, the boat was not overcrowded, and beyond a periodical plunge, she was making good headway. But we presume the captain's word was still law, and he commanded thus, "loudly:"

"Let lots be ta'en by all,
Let him be thrown to the waves,
On whom the lot does fall."

At this point a fine picture is introduced. Two brothers were in that boat. They loved

"——— one another
With friendship's endless spark,"

whatever that is

Lots were drawn. The result was that the elder brother drew the "fatal bean." Mechanically he proceeded to divest himself of his garments preparatory to plunging into the deep. The younger brother, fired by "friendly love," could stand no longer these sad preparations for death. Smothering his emotion, he struck an imposing attitude and said. "loudly:"

"'Touch him not, come throw me in,'"
He thus does loudly cry.
'He is my only brother,
And for his sake I'll die.'"

The elder brother put his coat on again and watched the noble-hearted boy battling with the waves, vainly trying to swim, "for see he's drowning fast."

At length, when he has struggled sufficiently for the success of the poem, a large ship, which has been hiding behind some massive rock, bears down upon the little speck buoyantly riding the sea, and then as if the worn-out swimmer had got tired of his self-sacrifice, or would prefer the dry shore to the raging sea, he

"Loudly does it hail,
He cries most eagerly."

"Now the ship does quickly speed,
That noble boy to save,
And soon it does rescue him
All from a watery grave."

nothing more is said of the open boat, and her heartless crew; but it is supposed such cruelty should be rebuked and they were all drowned. Thus was virtue triumphant, and the moral pointed should read, perhaps, "younger brothers always jump into the sea for your elder brothers, and when you are tired swimming a big ship will bear down upon you, and you will be saved." This story sounds like Thackeray's ballad of "Little Billee of Bristol Channel." The only difference being, one is a serious sea tale and the other a comic ditty.

We again draw from our inexhaustible supply, and this time it is a letter which comes to the surface. A piece of poetry was enclosed descriptive of some blue-eyed maiden who

"———went to town
All on a market day."

The author in his letter remarked, "I have just put the *finishing touches* to this poem." We must differ with him a little here. We believe we put the "*finishing touches*" to it ourselves. It disappeared between the bars of our Register Grate, and there it remained until it was swallowed up by the gleaming flames.

Here is a bit of prose entitled "Our Country." The author in a rambling sort of way jumps from one point to another. He tells us that "Historical recollections of British North America are comparatively unique." This terrible prophecy is also laid bare. "The treasures of the Indies are destined to traverse the gigantic waters and inter-

minable Iron roads of America on their Eastward march." This Historian gives us one eloquent sentence, however, which is worthy of commendation. He here refers to the time when Columbus lived "in an age illuminated by the rising splendour of the light of science."

We will try once more, and unearth another "rejected contribution." This is the best one yet, and is rather passable. Its extreme length was as much against its admission into print, perhaps, as anything else. Its author is a lady, not unknown to fame. It is well to conclude with these lines, this day's peep into our waste-paper-basket. We publish but a small portion of it. Its interest may have died away as merry Christmas and its attendant festivities are of the past.

"The hoary Christmas cometh now,
With festive cheer and green-wood bough.
And stars that sparkle, burn and glow,
White cold, white winter reigns below,
It comes with mirth and sounding chimes,
And ghastly tales of olden times,
Of wild-boar chased o'er glade and glen,
Of wassail bowl, and merry men,
With roaring fires all blazing bright,
With cheerful voice and taper's light,
And thankful prayers and songs of praise
To Him whose mercy crowns our days."

We will take leave of our readers now. These selections of "unpublished papers" may afford some amusement to the public; but we experience little enjoyment from them. It is no laughing matter to read and decline some fifty or sixty such "gems" every month. We here offer a proposition to the very many contributors we have of this class and extend the invitation to their friends. We will publish, next Christmas, an extra number of the QUARTERLY, made up entirely of the rejected pieces during the year, *if their respective writers will defray expenses of publication*. We feel bound to say so *unique* a volume has never been given to the reading public so far, and once given we are sure, no one "will look upon its like again." We will give the proceeds of the sale of the volume, in question, to some charitable object. The expenses will be evenly divided among the contributors. We will undertake the editorial management ourselves, and read all proofs.

AN INCIDENT IN THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

BY IRENE S. ELDER, RIVERBANK, N. S.

'Twas a time of strife, for the hosts of France,
With sword unsheathed, and glittering lance,
Had marched, with daring and impious tread,
To the Russian hold, where their Emperor led.
He came as earth's great conquerors come,
With martial shout and sound of drum,

To blight and conquer the fair domain,
Where he hoped as Russia's lord to reign;
But far too long had the northern bear
Lain unmolested in his lair,
Too long had guarded with pride the throne,
To yield to the claims of the Corsican.
And vengeance o'er the invaders hung,
Though their camp with shouts of victory rung,
As they rested near the fatal spot,
Where the flames should do what the sword could not.

Not far away from the city walls
Were met, within the banquet halls
Of a lordly mansion, a festal throng,
Who were gathered there for dance and song.
They had turned from the strife of death away,
To charm with dance and festal lay
The heavy hours that o'er them hung,
While the battle-field with death notes rung.
Alike of stricken friend and foe,
Who fell together in dying woe,
What a weight of guilt must the bosom bear
Who had brought in angry conflict there,
Man with his brother, who never should
Have broken the bonds of brotherhood,
But for him, who, to meet ambitious ends,
Had made as foes, whom God made friends.

Gay flowers were brought to the festal board,
The cup was wreathed when the wine was poured,
And gaily the passing hours flew,
As though no thought of care they knew;
While without the avenger's work begun,
And wildly and swiftly the flames rolled on,
Like the loosened spirit of the demon rage,
That earth was powerless to assuage.
Around, above, on every side,
Still closer swept that burning tide,
And higher climbed the flames towards heaven,
Till the hue of despair to earth was given,
As they proudly wreathed round stately domes,
And blackened and blazed in Russian homes—
In the homes where happy childhood played,
When the trembling tones of the Russian maid
Were heard as she bade her warrior "go!"
And gird on his armour to meet the foe,
Who, unprovoked, had dared to brave
The Russian cold by land and wave,
And had brought his swarming legions there,
Scattering destruction and despair
In the land where the noble's feet had trod,
Owning no lord but his king and his God;
And her dark eye flashed, tho' her lip would quiver,
As she bade him "go!"—perhaps forever.

But still in the halls where the feast was spread,
There came no shadow of fear or dread;
For still the sparkling wine went round,
And pattering feet kept time with the sound

Of music's rich voluptuous swell,
As its quickening measures rose and fell,
And rolled away 'mid court and hall,
Wherever the flying feet might fall;
But a shout of alarm was sounded loud,
And it rang through the halls 'mid the joyous crowd,
And terror gleamed from many an eye
That had flashed with the light of revelry;
The music ceased, for the hands hung still
That had touched the chords with such wond'rous skill;
The flying feet paused in the dance,
While the hand of the warrior sought his lance,
And beating hearts with terror stirred,
As the cry to "fly for life" was heard.
But one, the gayest in the dance,
The flower of the chivalry of France,
With a princely form and an eye that told
Of a heart in whatever purpose bold,
Who might have been what man can be,
With faith in Heaven and a purpose free,
To dare and do in that march of life
Where the conqueror moves with noiseless strife.
How sad that the powers that have been given,
To fit man's soul for a home in Heaven,
Should but add to the fearful weight of woe
That gathers upon his dying brow.
The eyes of all seemed fixed on him,
As he started forth from the scattered ring.
And bent his gaze for a moment where
The burning city threw its glare;
But the maddening wine had reached his brain,
As he turned within to the guests again,
And waving his jewelled glove on high,
He pointed without to the red'ning sky,
And swore by the steel of a Hulan's lance
To defy the flames for "one more dance."

Again the music pealed along,
And faster swept that maddened throng,
In edying circles, to and fro,
Like the foam on waters they come and go,
Though the arms of ruin were widely spread
To gather them to the embrace of the dead.
The spreading flames, in a moment more,
Reached the magazine with its fatal store,
That lay beneath the dancer's feet,
Who were hurrying on their doom to meet.
A moment more,—there was nought to tell
Of the tempest of ruin that there befel,
Save the shock that echoed along the sky,
Like the dying roar of artillery.

But far away, 'mid the homes of France,
Full many a fond eye sent its glance,
Afar o'er mountain and sunny plain
To watch for the wanderer's return again.
But never again may mother's eye
See the manly form of her son draw nigh,
And wife and maiden shall look in vain
Amid the wearied, returning train,

Who followed the baffled Emperor back,
In his toilsome march o'er a frozen track;
For them, or whom, in festal hour
So dark a cloud of doom did lower.
Never again shall the vine-clad bowers
Blossom for them at the vesper hours,
Or the light of love in woman's eye
Grow brighter as their steps draw nigh;
And when the vintage of grapes shall come,
No purpling clusters shall they bear home,
Not earthly beauty, nor martial tread,
Shall wake them again from the sleep of the dead.

MR. E. L. DAVENPORT AS SIR GILES OVERREACH.

NEARLY three hundred years have rolled away since, in 1584, five years after the birth of the prolific Fletcher, and two years before that equally famous dramatist, Francis Beaumont, was born, the infant eyes of Philip Massinger first beheld the light of day, in the little village of Wilton. His father was a gentleman in the service of the Earl of Pembroke, and in order that his son should become a minister of the Gospel, Philip was, at the age of eighteen, sent to Oxford. At this noble seat of learning the future dramatist spent the four happiest years of his life. Here it was where he received that culture and training which are so conspicuous in his many works. Here is where he cultivated and matured that brilliant mind, which has left behind it "footprints on the sands of time," that will live forever in our hearts. Those evanescent flashes of genius, which are as familiar in this nineteenth century as they were during that brilliant epoch in the history of English literature—the Elizabethan age. But though Massinger studied hard, he did not succeed in carrying off any honours. At the end of his four-years' term he left college without taking a degree. Though designed for the ministry, he does not appear to have formed a very ardent attachment for that profession, indeed it is asserted on good authority he died a Roman Catholic. Full of life and in the enjoyment of good health, he went to his bed on the evening of the 16th of March, 1640. The morrow dawned; but the spirit of Philip Massinger had fled! The orb of day wept bitter tears of sorrow o'er his unmarked grave, as alone, friendless, and among strangers, the corpse of the great dramatist sank into the icy embrace of the expectant earth.

In 1606, with his back turned towards a parsonage, and "£20 a year," the author of "The Fatal Dowry" pushed on in the direction of the goal of his ambition—the mighty metropolis—London. The great city opened wide her gates, and passing in, the ambitious youth of twenty-

two years, set at once about earning his living. Within the walls of London, Massinger remained for sixteen long, weary years in utter seclusion and obscurity. These years of his life are lost to the public gaze. All that time he applied himself assiduously as a play-wright, generally writing in consort with a friend. His life, at this period, was most wretchedly spent, "poverty, hunger, and dirt," followed him as a huge shadow, whenever he walked the city's streets. When starvation was not actually present, visions of the grim tyrant danced before his excited and nervous glance. Reduced to abject penury, he wrote a letter to the veteran manager, Henslowe, in 1613, and begged for £5 to relieve him from his present unfortunate position; and about nineteen years afterwards he acknowledged that he frequently owed his subsistence to the kind generosity of two men of rank.

1622 came, and aided by Dekkar, Massinger produced "The Virgin Martyr." From that period of his life, his other plays were written, some thirty seven in number. Twenty have perished: a considerate servant girl used a few of them, in manuscript, in kindling her fire.

The Dramatist lived in an age when the "divine right of kings" was ardently believed in, and though he himself held other views on this subject, he often bowed, very low, to the dictates of King Charles. His "King and the Subject" created quite a sensation, it having contained what was called by the Loyalists "dangerous matter," and the master of the Revels was ordered to instantly expunge a large portion of it. This was accordingly done, and in 1638 the play was acted. In 1631 Massinger wrote a drama so full of "treason" and "dangerous matter," that it roused to exasperation the ire of the monarch, and that important functionary, the master of the Revels, openly refused to grant a license. The author, of course, lost everything by this dictum, his labour, fee and honour.

The careful student of the play-wright is often struck with the tenacious and striking manner in which Massinger enunciates his own particular views and political principles. Now, at times, the character he essays to represent is lost sight of by the quick, nervous efforts he makes to put his own doctrines and "dangerous" ideas into his mouth. Possessed of a quiet, gentle nature, of an amiable and kind disposition, it is a matter of some surprise that he was subject, at intervals, to fits of the most uncontrollable passion. In wild paroxisms it would burst forth, and, unconstrained, his whole frame shook with convulsive rage. Then when it passed off, and the calm had set in after the storm had subsided, he was like Major Wellington DeBoots, "a lamb once more."

In his dramas there is a very noticeable lack of fire and enthusiasm. The dialogue is smooth enough, but that passion and fervour, so peculiar to Shakspeare, is conspicuous by its absence in Massinger. He has not that subtle wit or genial humour, possessed by the Bard of Avon. His wit is only an attempted witticism, frequently falling short of the mark. The characters and incidents, too, are not sketched with that vividness so peculiar to John Fletcher. There is an elegance of diction though, that comes to the surface and sheds lustre all around,

in some of his best known plays. A graceful rhythm, musical, but occasionally laboured, a poetic feeling, but by no means the effort of a truly great poet, are a few of the characteristics of the Elizabethan dramatist. His conceptions are oftentimes drawn by a skilful and master hand, and some of his "men and women" are powerful impersonations. Perhaps "Sir Giles Overreach" is his greatest creation. He is indeed a most sublime scoundrel. It is a question which is the most diabolical, Overreach or the rascally villain Marrall, who dogs his steps and executes his master's fiendish commands, who is never really happy unless he is employed in some such manner, and who exults in the hope of being able to betray and ruin the wretch who gave him his bread.

Both characters are eminently grand and impressive. The curse of "Lear" and the furious jealousy of "Othello" are the only passages of Shakspeare that can at all compare with "Overreach's" intense and terrible passion. Dragged to the very brink of despair, all his vile plans frustrated, his attempts to murder his angelic daughter balked, the "bad old man" dies most horribly on the stage. Surely such an one as *Sir Giles* never trod the boards before or since?

Mr. E. L. Davenport, perhaps the finest and greatest actor in America, has won imperishable laurels in his magnificent rendering of this celebrated part. Side by side with the *Sir Giles* of Edmund Kean and the elder Booth, the character, as performed by Mr. Davenport, takes the highest rank. When Kean, in 1816, at Drury Lane, played the part, so wild with fierce frenzy did the pit become, that, as one man, it rose at him. Kean had no equal as "Sir Giles" till Booth appeared. This great actor was a stout rival, and though Kean's impersonation threw ladies into hysterics and roused the ire of the "gods" to fever heat, Booth, by his careful, *true* acting, soon won golden opinions, and, in the eyes of many, eclipsed England's Sir Giles.

Mr. Davenport makes an unexceptional *Sir Giles*. His looks, gestures, actions, words and manner at once stamp him as an interpreter of Massinger, of extraordinary merit and power. The smallest feature, the merest nod in the play is true to the life. There is no mouthing, no ranting; but a finished and perfect representation. A nice distinction between the realistic and idealistic is made when "Marrall" asks the knight why he does not make himself a Justice, when he possesses the power to confer the dignity on his fellow-mortals. *Sir Giles* replies, thus eloquently:

> "Thou art a fool;
> In being out of office, I am out of danger;
> Where, if I were a Justice, besides the trouble,
> I might, or out of wilfulness, or error,
> Run myself finely into a præmunire.
> And so become a prey to the informer.
> * * * Friendship is but a word."

The interview with the fair *Margaret*, Overreach's daughter, his "confab" with "Lord Lovell," when he unfolds his dark plot to the

nobleman, whose soul revolts at the bare idea of such villany being ever consummated; his anger towards "Wellborn," and his after-fawning love for his "dear nephew," his despair and rage at finding "Margaret," whom he proudly hoped to call his "honourable, his right honourable daughter," gone, and the glittering bauble vanished forever into thin air; his brutal insolence towards Lady Allworth, his cruel treatment of his only child and the anathemas he hurled at her gentle, loving nature, his terrible death and the horrible convulsion which preceded it, are all masterpieces of this eminent actor's skill. The audience sighs when "Sir Giles," overcome with joy at the fancied success of his deep laid schemes, thus exults:

"Now all's cock-sure,—
Methinks I hear already Knights and ladies
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter?—
My ends, my ends are compassed!—Then for Wellborn,
And the lands—were he once married to the widow—
I have him here—
I scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy; nay, joy all over!"

When "Sir Giles" hears of his child's marriage, as he supposes with "Lord Lovell," but in reality to "Allworth," he is in ecstacies, and to the person who tells him the solemn rite is done, he says, in half soliloquy,

"Then vanish all sad thoughts!
My doubts and fears are in my titles drowned
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.
Now, you that plot against me,
And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemned me,
Think on't and tremble."

But at the end of the fifth act, the full strength of Mr. Davenport's rendition of Sir Giles appears. During this scene a deathlike stillness pervades the entire audience. All eyes are fixed upon the actor as he, in vain, attempts to draw from its scabbard his sword, to stab to the heart "Lovell," when he utters these awful "last words":

"Ha! I'm feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon my arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to the scabbard with wronged orphan's tears,
Will not be drawn.
Ha! what are these? Sure hangmen
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment seat,—now, they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? No, spite of Fate,
I will be forced to Hell, like to myself,
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you."

He then dies, and it is here that the grandeur and force of the whole character are displayed. It is here where Mr. Davenport loses his indentity and becomes in reality "Sir Giles Overreach." It is here where his marvellous ability shines to advantage, and it is in this sad scene that he touches our hearts as with a lance, and our pent-up emotional feelings get untrammeled utterance. "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" is unquestionably Philip Massinger's best and most popular comedy, and E. L. Davenport's name will long be associated with it.

Poor Massinger! No costly monument marks *his* last resting-place. A note of his burial alone remains. It reads as follows, under date March 20, 1640, at the parish register of the church of St. Saviour's, Southwark: "Buried, Philip Massinger, a stranger."

A GLANCE AT THE MAGAZINES.

In the April number of the new Boston Magazine—Old and New—we notice a clever little essay, by Geo. B. Woods, on *The New Tragedian*—Mr. Fechter. This paper is quite opportune and will be read with interest, now that everybody is talking about Mr. Fechter and his acting. It will be remembered that some months ago Mr. Chas. Dickens, in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, introduced his friend, in a short article "On Mr. Fechter's acting," in which he gave him much praise. With credentials from men like the author of *Pickwick*, the "New Tragedian" arrived in America and appeared before a New York audience. His "Hamlet" was not much liked by the New York critics; some of them averring that he *sang* rather than *read* his part. But when Fechter came to Boston, and there played the sublime tragedy before the sage and refined Athenians, the audience grew wild over his magnificent impersonation of the melancholy prince. Mr. Woods is an admirer of Fechter. He makes allowance for his imperfect pronunciation of the English language, and declares his *actions* and *gesticulations* grand and impressive. He adds:—"And whoever has seen Mr. Fechter more than once as "Hamlet," has discovered that his readings are not the finished results of study, but plastic, changeable, with emphasis shifting from night to night." Though the critic sees much to admire in the new "Hamlet," he strongly inclines to the belief that America's *beau-ideal* Hamlet—Edwin Booth—still remains master of the situation. This is hardly to be wondered at, for Booth has made this character the study and aim of his life. Every year he has pruned and altered it until now it is as perfect and finished a piece of acting as could be desired. Mr. Woods concludes his estimate thus:

"Mr. Fechter is an actor of genius second to no other in our day; of the romantic, passionate, emotional school, finding his best expression in the higher and purer melo-drama. He is French in soul and in training. He can never be wholly great as a Shakspearian actor, because his nature is not English enough, his comprehension not broad enough, to appreciate Shakspeare's creations on all of their many sides."

OLD AND NEW, which is fast rising into popular favour, contains a good many brilliant papers in prose and verse. Cyrus A. Bartol contributes a fine short poem on revisiting Home. The "Examiner" and "Record of Progress" are fully up to the mark. Mr. Hale has good reason to feel proud of his magazine.

We take up the April number of that classic repository of all that is intellectually great in Boston—*The Atlantic Monthly*—with considerable pleasure. "Joseph and his friend"—Bayard Taylor's new novel—increases in interest. It is a powerful and brilliant performance. Mr. Taylor is a good and life-like delineator of character, and in this, his latest work, he has lost not one of those touches of nature which "make the whole world kin." The different characters are ably drawn, and speak and act with true dramatic reality. The only fault we find with "Joseph and his friend" is that the monthly instalments are far too short.

In "Reviving Virginia," we have a valuable and instructive article. A full description of this tobacco-producing state is given; its vast resources described, and a great future is marked out. Its early history is sketched in a graphic and interesting style, and cannot fail to have many readers. The "Lauson Tragedy" opens well.

We have a seven-verse poem entitled "Courage," which concludes thus beautifully:

> "Dark skies must clear; and when the clouds are past,
> One golden day redeems a weary year.
> Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
> Will sound His voice of cheer.
>
> Then vex me not with chiding. Let me me be.
> I must be glad and grateful to the end:
> I grudge you not your cold and darkness—me
> The powers of light befriend."

The "Blue-Jay Family" discourses learnedly of birds. The Norwegian novelist, Björnstjerne Björnson and his works are ably reviewed, and a few selections from "Arne" are given. We ourselves were much taken with "Arne," when we read it some eighteen or twenty months ago. Its simplicity and genuineness added considerably to its zest.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's "We Girls" can hardly be pronounced a success. There are some good points in the story, and scattered here and there are some fine passages, but it lacks greatly in interest. Still it may improve. The instalment given in the March number of "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" is the best one so far. "Captain Lançarote's Famous Voyage" is a tolerably fair piece of descriptive writing, by Mr. Parton. The most sublime thing in the whole number is Mrs. Diaz' "Dream of the little girl who would not pick up a pin." It is humorous and instructive. The poetry is good this month,—"A Picture"—illustrated, is very natural and real. "How Fritz made a Skeleton," by W. W. Crane, will be read with pleasure by the young. On the whole, OUR YOUNG FOLKS, excellent in stories, sketches, and poetry, brilliant in illustration and beautiful in type and paper, is unquestionably the best and most readable magazine for the youth of both sexes ever published in America. It can hardly fail of maintaining that enviable position, with a staff of writers embracing such names as E. E. Hale, T. B. Aldrich, T. W. Higginson, Mrs. Diaz, Mrs. Whitney, Miss Stuart Phelps, author of *Gates Ajar*, and Annie B. Stephens.

Charles Dickens' new story—the literary excitement of the day—is begun in the number of EVERY SATURDAY for April 9th. It is entitled "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." This issue of this popular Weekly may be called a Dickens number. An excellent new portrait of the great novelist, a view of his residence, and a large pictorial supplement by Sol Eytinge, Jr., entitled "Mr. Pickwick's Reception," are among the illustrations given. The new story begins remarkably well, and the admirers of Dickens will not be disappointed in this, his latest creation. *Every Saturday* is the only journal in America which publishes this work of Mr. Dickens with his sanction. Our readers would do well to subscribe at once for this serial.

Parke Godwin has assumed the editorial management of *Putnam's Monthly*. The April number is a capital issue, replete with matter of great interest, by the most eminent writers in the United States. "American neutrality—Cuba," is a vigorous and logical essay. It is written from an American point of view and concludes in these words: "If we fail to help Cuba, as we have helped all of our sister Colonies in revolt against the accursed Spanish tyranny, the Republican party will incur the responsibility of violating not only its own traditions but those of the government. And a party, or a nation, which is false to its own principles, ought to perish from off the face of the earth."

A good deal of sound advice is pleasantly given in "Editorial Notes."

Prof. Schele de Vere's paper on "American Dress" is very fine and exhaustive. Mrs. Ames' "Woman's Right" is continued. This story is very fair, though by no means a brilliant tale. There is room for improvement somewhere. "In Extremis" is a beautiful bit of poetry, by Edward Renaud. The Rev. F. Vila Blake's "Predicatoriana" is amusing and interesting. Some clever anecdotes of old sensation preachers are gracefully told, and the paper on Mary Russell Mitford is well worth reading. Altogether, this number of *Putnam* is a brilliant and clever one. Under Mr. Godwin's management this standard magazine will be a greater success than ever. We always cut the leaves of "Old Put" with pleasure.

T. & R. White, of Hamilton, Ontario, publish a very neat monthly devoted to the interests of Episcopalians. It is entitled *The Churchman's Magazine*. The articles in the March number are nearly all good, the one on "Hymnology," by Rev. C. Pelham Mulvany, is especially deserving of notice. Mrs. J. V. Noel's lines on "Mount Royal Cemetery" are good. The Religious Review cannot fail to be interesting to those immediately interested. We are glad to learn the *Churchman* is well supported.

The *Ontario Farmer*—same publishers—is of great value to the agriculturist. Mr. W. F. Clarke has no equal in this department of literature. Though for the most part, this serial is original, some good selections are given occasionally. We can recommend the *Ontario Farmer*. It is neatly gotten up.

We do not pretend to review the "Craftsman." It is beyond our power. We read the number before us very carefully, in the hope that the "mysteries" of the ancient order would be unveiled, but we find we know about as much now as we did before we perused it. To a Mason, no doubt, *The Craftsman* is of value.

Mrs. Oliphant's "John," now running through *Blackwood*, is regularly given to American readers in the columns of "Littell's Living Age." "Dorothy Fox"—a *Good Word's* story—and a clever and good one, by the way, is also reproduced in *The Age*. This Weekly begins a new volume, and the best current literature of the "old world and the new," is transcribed to its pages. The selections are skilfully made.

The "Phrenological Journal," and "Packard's Monthly" have been consolidated. A certain portion of the magazine is set aside for the especial use of Mr. Packard. The April number—the first one under the new *regime*—is excellent. We certainly have now more "cream than skim-milk." The contents are quite lengthy, and afford pleasure and profit to the reader. The illustrations are as good as usual.

Adams, Stevenson & Co., of Toronto, have sent us an elegantly printed and well made up quarterly publication which they call "The Canada Bookseller." This number is highly creditable to their enterprise. It is designed to fill the place in Canada that the *Bookseller* does in London. The articles are all well written, and the information diffused is valuable and full of interest. Especial attention is given to Dominion literature. This work ought to succeed.

"The Technologist" made its first appearance in February and is a

finely printed, broad-paged monthly of over thirty-six pages. Its scope embraces papers upon nearly everything connected with engineering, manufacturing and building. The illustrations are cleverly drawn and engraved, and to the practical engineer "The Technologist" must prove a valuable periodical. It supplies a want long felt. The terms are reasonable enough—Two dollars per annum. Address,—The Industrial Publication Company, 176 Broadway, New York.

The last number of *The Harvard Advocate* gives the origin of "Shoo Fly." The *Advocate* is always a welcome guest in our sanctum. It is edited with a good deal of ability.

"Le Naturaliste Canadien," of Quebec, is a very good monthly, devoted to the study of Natural History. When practicable, illustrations are introduced. Mr. J. M. LeMoine, author of Maple Leaves, is a frequent contributor to the *Naturaliste*.

The most handsomely printed exchange we have is "The Mirror of Typography," issued at New York, by T. H. Senior & Co.

Hitchcock's New Monthly Magazine is a publication that should be in every family. Good sheet-music, select reading, and notes on art, the drama and music, appear in every number. The whole magazine sells for 25 cents per number; an incredibly low price.

The "Canada Health Journal" is a spicy little monthly, published in London, Ontario, and edited by Dr. Campbell. In an article on "adulterations in candy," we are let into the secret of making chocolate cream. Here is the receipt: "Terra-alba, sugar, lard (to make it melt on the tongue), painted over with a mud of ground cocoa shell." Dr. Dio. Lewis writes about "Tomatoes" in a pleasing gossipy way.

The "Typographic Messenger" is a model of fine workmanship. James Conners & Son are the publishers. It is issued quarterly at New York.

LITERARY NOTICES.

AN AMERICAN EDITION OF TENNYSON IN TROUBLE IN EDINBURGH.—In the Court of Sessions, a temporary injunction has been granted prohibiting, until an investigation is held, the sale of copies of Tennyson's poems published by Fields, Osgood & Co., of Boston, and imported by booksellers in Glasgow.

The above paragraph, with certain additions, tended to prejudice the minds of the public against the honourable firm of Fields, Osgood & Co., is going the "rounds of the press" of the Dominion. In order to dissipate any feeling of unfair dealing on the part of the eminent book publishers mentioned, towards Mr. Tennyson we would explain the fact, that in this case the only persons liable to be censured are the parties who imported the American Edition of the Laureate's poems into Great Britain. The American publishers have the United States and

the British Provinces, for their fields of operations. Messrs. Strahan & Co., are Mr Tennyson's English publishers. The American edition is sold at a very low price compared to the London one, and it may have been this temptation that induced the Edinburgh booksellers to import a number of the poems. Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., sell their books in large quantities, and after they leave their hands it is of course impossible for them to control their destination. We have authority for denying that Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., were cognizant of the seizure. Indeed it was through a cable telegram to the associated press, that they became aware that any of their books had reached Great Britain. We take pleasure in denying the slanderous accusations that have been made,—unthinkingly we at least hope—by certain Canadian papers, towards this popular Boston firm.

Dr. Henry H. Miles, of Quebec, has in press, in Montreal, three Histories of Canada. The first is a Child's History and contains some 150 pages, the second is a School History of Canada, and is prepared expressly for the use of Elementary and Model Schools. It contains 270 pages, and may be put into the hands of either the Protestant or Roman Catholic, the English or the French, child. The Council of Public Instruction of the Province of Quebec have sanctioned it. The third is entitled "A new History of Canada"—1534 to 1867—and covers 480 pages. This is intended for the general reader and the Canadian student. These works will be very valuable and exhaustive. Our instructors of youth will do well to examine them, when issued. They will be reviewed at length, in our July number.

The author of "The Convent Porter"—Carroll Ryan, Esq., of Ottawa, has recently entered into a matrimonial alliance with another of our contributors—Miss Mary A. McIver. We wish the happy couple every success.

Dr. Daniel Clark—well and favourably known to the readers of the QUARTERLY,—intends to publish in a neat volume, towards the end of the present year, his "Pen Photographs." We feel sure those spirited sketches, which have attained a world-wide popularity, and elicited the favourable criticism of the press everywhere, will have a very wide circulation. They will undergo a careful revision.

Rev. James Bennet, another of our contributors, has a book underway. We believe its title will be "The Wisdom of the King." Mr. Bennet is known as a logical and sound thinker, and his coming volume will be hailed with delight by his numerous admirers.

"The Prophecy of Merlin and other Poems," by John Reade of Montreal—whose beautiful translation of Homer appears in our current number—is now in press and will be issued by first of May. We apprehend a great sale of these poems. Matthew Arnold and Corry O'Lanus have a very high opinion of Mr. Reade's translations of the old Greek poet; and we understand the coming work will contain a few of Mr. R's. best efforts in that line.

Messrs. E. Peiler & Brother have sent us a number of songs lately published by them under the unpretentious title of *New Songs from Home*. They are all by noted English composers, and well worthy the

attention of our lady readers. These are especially good: *The Wrecked Hope*—a plaintive and very touching ditty; *My Golden Ship*—a song of almost classical beauty; *I saw a golden sunbeam fall*—a sacred duett, by Leslie, with very fine words and music which remind one of Mendelssohn; and *A thousand leagues away*—a bold, vigorous song, suited for a baritone voice. We are glad to notice this enterprising spirit evinced by the Messrs. Peiler, and hope that their efforts to infuse into the souls of our people, a love and an admiration for the creations of the masters of music, will be successful. The *Twinkling Toes Galop*, by "Rubin," is a brilliant little thing, lively and spirited. This is also published by our friends, Messrs. Peiler.

An editor lately wrote a review of S. Baring-Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," and was much surprised to find in his paper, the following morning, "Curious *Smyths* of the Middle Ages." M. Morazain recently wrote in the body of an article "the terrible power of the Pampero." He was delighted to find the typo make him say "terrible power of the *Pauper*."

Under the title of "Canadian Wild Flowers," Miss Agnes Fitzgibbon and Mrs. C. P. Traile have published a very handsome volume, at Montreal. The flowers are drawn and coloured most artistically, and comprise some forty different specimens. The letter-press, by Mrs. Traile, is charmingly written. Messrs. Buntin & Co. manufactured the paper expressly for the work, Mr. Lovell printed it, and the lithographing was executed at the establishment of Burland, L'Africain & Co. In fact the book is Canadian in every respect. It deserves encouragement.

Henry Giroux has just issued from the *Minerve* office in Montreal, a pamphlet of some value to the future Historian entitled: "Histoire et Statistiques des Institutions Catholiques de Montreal." He gives a sketch of all the Catholic institutions of Montreal from the arrival of the Recollets in 1615, to the opening of the Jacques Cartier Normal School.

Mr. Morgan's "Canadian Annual Register"—noticed some nos. back in our pages—is nearly ready. The Montreal Publishing and Printing Company have the work in hand. Mr. Henry J. Morgan is the editor, our contributor, John Geo. Bourinot furnishes a *resume* of the political history of the Dominion for 1867-8-9, and The Hon. J. H. Gray is to write an account of Confederation, from the beginning to the present time. The publication will be very useful for reference, and in the editorial room it will be indispensable.

Compositors in the New York Tribune office are fined ten cents for each profane word uttered on the premises, the money so gathered being given to the poor. One unfortunate chap, a new hand, lost nearly a week's wages one night over a bit of Greeley's manuscript.

A Canadian steam-poet rejoicing in the eminently poetic name of Stephen White, was lately arrested by a Montreal policeman, who found him debating the merits of Byron, his favourite bard, with a lamp-post.

A comical transposition of type occurred in a recent number of the

Buffalo *Christian Advocate*, as follows: "Her eyes were once to me the boundaries of the world and were the first things I ever looked into. And I think the best five herrings each per day, the number of fish for the summer subsistence of this single species of bird cannot be under 204,000,000."

Don Piatt dined with Mr. Samuel Bowles in Washington, and asked him what was the secret of his success in journalism. "Energy and ugliness" was the prompt and characteristic answer, and Mr. Piatt generously informs the world that he thinks it was honest.

Mr. Edwin Booth, in his new rendering of "Macbeth" in his theatre in New York, dispenses with the visible presence of the ghost of *Banquo* in the banquet scene, but "seems to fill the empty chair by his acting," so as to make the scene much more impressive than in the old way.

Professor Goltz, of Konigsberg, in his experiments upon the nervous centre of frogs, finds that if you take out the brain, and then rub a wet finger down the frog's back, the creature will croak as if pleased. Frogs must be easily pleased.

Carlyle is out in a card denying that he is so cross that nobody can live with him.

The *Spirit of the Age*, a liquor organ, has died for the want of support.

In a paper read at the last meeting of the Academie des Inscriptions, M. Defremery maintained that the date of the capture of Jerusalem by the Egyptian Caliph should be 1098; and not 1096, the date hitherto adopted by historians.

A correspondent tells the story that autographs of Mr. Tennyson's ancestors are now bought and sold.

As the controversy regarding the origin of Shoo Fly still rages, some one offers this suggestion: May not the name of the once popular minstrel air be a contraction of the apothegm, Shoot Folly as it Flies?

The Western Monthly for April contains a sketch of John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, which includes the following letter from him to Mr. John Neal, dated in 1828:—

"My Dear Neal—You dislike—I believe you do, at least—the blank verse of our modern poets and poetesses. Nevertheless, I send you a long string of it. If you don't like it, say so privately, and *I will quit poetry and everything else of a literary nature*; for I am sick at heart of the business. Insult has maddened me. The friendless boy has been mocked at, and years ago he vowed to triumph over the scorners of his boyish endeavours. With the unescapable sense of wrong burning like a volcano in the recesses of his spirit, he has striven to accomplish this vow, until his heart has grown weary of the struggle."

In "A Book About Words," the author gives an explanation of the phrase, "Nine Tailors Make a Man." In the olden times the strokes of the passing bell were called "Tellers," and as nine strokes indicated the death of a man, while three announced that of a child and six that of a woman, the words, "nine tellers," were easily perverted into nine tailors.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales does not promise to shine as a star of the first magnitude in the matter of letter writing. His letters to Lady Mordaunt possess little literary ability.

The *Dublin University Magazine*, after a long and honourable struggle to be an essentially national periodical, having failed to find the support in Ireland which it deserved, has passed into the hands of English proprietors.

A correspondent of *The Athenæum* points out some lines of Tennyson's which have a rather startling significance in connection with Mrs. Stowe's latest production:

"For now the poet cannot die,
Nor leave his music as of old,
But round him ere he scarce be cold
Begins the scandal and the cry:

"Proclaim the faults he would not show!
Break lock and key! betray the trust!
Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know."

A London comic sheet contributes these *mots*: 'The "Shade" of Byron—That which Mrs. Stowe has tried to cast over his memory.

LITERARY.—The "Iron age" of literature was when STEELE flourished. The "Golden age" was in the time of GOLDSMITH.'

The "original press used by Benjamin Franklin" is said to be in 176 different American printing offices.

The poor fellow who acts as Paris correspondent of the London *Times* is to be compelled hereafter to subsist on 2,000*l.* a year, though the office kindly offers to pay his carriage hire.

Chicago is to have a "Magazine of Fashion, Music and Pleasure."

"The True Story of Mrs. Shakspeare's Life" is the title of a late magazine article in London.

The death is announced of Mr. Woodward, the librarian to the Queen, at Windsor Castle. He had written a history of America and a history of Wales, besides several other works of some value. He edited the Fine Arts Quarterly Review, and lately prepared a biography of Leonardo da Vinci. He was thirty-three years old and a graduate of London University.

Professor Max Muller's four lectures on the "Science of Religion" are to be published in an English magazine.

Miss Kate Field is housekeeping in Boston.

Norman McLeod is sick in Glasgow.

The newsboys of New York have reduced the name of the new comic paper, *Punchinello* to *Punchy*.

The famous lady novelist George Sand is said to be an inveterate smoker.

Anna Dickinson is thinking of taking up her residence in Wyoming.

The King of Saxony is translating Tennyson's poems into German.

A French edition of Dickens' works is announced. An exchange exclaims, "Fancy Sam Weller translated."

Octave Feuillet is to write the romance of Eugenie from notes furnished by herself.

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co., of Toronto, have just published two volumes of Canadian poetry, viz: "Songs of Winter," by J. K. Liston; and "Win-on-ah and other poems," by J. R. Ramsay.

An English journal says:—Mr. Shirley Brooks, the writer of the Essence of Parliament in *Punch*, is dangerously ill.——No further tidings have yet been heard of Dr. Livingstone.——A new journal is about to be published devoted entirely to matrimonial matters, advertisements for husbands and wives, correspondence, etc.

The first visit of Agassiz to the United States was in the autumn of 1846. His object was two-fold: First to make himself familiar with the natural history and geology of this country, in fulfilment of a mission suggested to the King of Prussia by Humboldt, and secondly to deliver a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston. Since the date above given, the biography of Agassiz belongs to the scientific history of the United States.

The *Garden Oracle* for 1870 is announced for early publication. The speciality of the forthcoming issue is a new and select list of the choicest dessert fruits, so arranged as to indicate the seasons when they severally attain perfection, the mode of culture, and their respective adaptation to large and small gardens, to forcing and high fruit growing establishments, and the most humble and unpretending amateur's garden.

Carlyle has about £30,000, all of which he has made by his pen.

Prentice calls George Francis Train "a cipher hunting a figure to pass for something."

Fields, Osgood & Co's. edition of Wm. Cullen Bryant's Homer is a most handsome volume. Bryant's translation takes the highest rank, and is pronounced by competent judges to surpass those of Earl Derby and Pope.

Few are probably aware of the fate of Lord Byron's heart. After his death at Missolonghi in 1822, his body was embalmed and sent to England, but the heart was begged and obtained by the Greeks, who enclosed it in a silver case. Four years later, after the protracted siege of Missolonghi, a sallying party, carrying the relic with them, cut away, with great sacrifice of life, through the Turkish lines; but the heart was lost in crossing the marshes.

The discovery of Junius, so often announced, has at length, it is said, been placed beyond doubt by the researches of the Hon. Edward Twisleton, of England, who has for the first time called in the aid of a scientific expert in handwriting, the well known Mr. Ch. Chabot. The results will shortly be made public, together with *fac similes* of the autographs of Junius' Letters to Woodfall and George Grenville.

A Boston chronicler thus writes of "the passing of Arthur:"

So Arthur passed
From the St. James Hotel to Peabody,
And thence to Ottawa, where no one comes
Or hath come since the making of the world,
If he could help it.

The P. E. *Islander* puts "to be continued" at the foot of a two-column editorial.

Mark Twain, the humorist, has made $500,000 by his pen.

Mrs. Southworth spurns the ashes of Noah Webster, by entitling a new novel, "The Maiden Widow."

Captain Watt A. Lyre is among the latest *nom de plumes* of Western funny writers.

Europe has over three hundred scientific societies, most of them watching the moon.

"O Pshaw Gal!" by a popular composer, is the latest rival to "Shoo Fly!"

"Our Wheelbarrow," "Jottings about Town," "Sparks from the Telegraph," and "Photographs by Our Reporters," are the "headings" over certain columns in some newspapers.

Lovell's Dominion Directory is in active preparation. It will cost the publisher one hundred thousand dollars to get it up.

Victor Noir was about to be married when he was so suddenly shot down. Mlle. Aubenas, his affianced bride, a young lady not seventeen, who saw his corpse brought home to his father's house at Neuilly, is in a state of mind bordering on insanity.

Mrs. Augusta J. Evans, author of those incomprehensible bundles of nonsense, "St. Elmo" and "Vashti," is engaged upon a sequel to the latter work, which, it is said, will render Webster's Unabridged Dictionary entirely useless.

M. Rogier, the Belgian statesman, having retired from public life, his admirers have bought and furnished for him his old house. M. Rogier has thanked them in some verses, entitled "Retour a la Maison."

A new and original weekly publication is announced in London—a "gastronomic journal" of a high class, to be called *The Knife and Fork.*

A collection of Mr. Disraeli's speeches, from the first one, in which he failed, yet predicted his future success, down to his latest delivery, is just published in London.

Lord Campbell considered a good index so essential to every book, that he once proposed to deprive every British author who published a book without one of the privilege of copyright.

Garibaldi's long expected work, "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," has been translated from the Italian by Mrs. Colonel Chamber, and is in press.

A late number of Blackwood's Magazine, in an article on novels, speaks of a class of popular romances whose heroines "pant for indiscriminate kisses and go mad after unattainable men."

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the American novelist, is credited with the remark that Mrs. Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher would be better people and much more useful if they had religion.

Lord Lytton, it is said, is likely to have the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, vacant by the death of the Earl of Derby.