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REMINISCENCES OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

As the system of providing rooms within the college, so general in England, is altogether unknown in Scotland, the Scottish student's first duty is, a "search for lodgings." This indeed is a duty that calls into early and active exercise those qualities of shrewdness, caution and patient research for which the Scotch are so justly celebrated. Various elements must enter into a successful transaction of this description—locality, street, rooms, rent, and "landlady." The kinds of lodgings are as varied as are the steps in the social ladder of the old country. The son of the wealthy "laird," banker or merchant, can hire luxurious apartments in the new town of Edinburgh at a weekly rent of five or six dollars, exclusive of board. Middle life affects the new town, but contents itself with plebeian streets and upper flats. The poor student who is fighting his way, unaided, to a university degree retires to the old town where respectable lodgings, without board, can be had in narrow and dingy streets for one dollar per week. Some brave fellows, whose means are small, but whose thirst for knowledge is great, take to roost in the sixth or seventh story of the wonderful pile of masonry that crowns the High Street, where often soul and body are kept together for the six months of the college session at something bordering on a dollar and a half per week, including the luxury of a clean shirt once, it may be, in the fortnight.

As many often as 1300 students are matriculated in a single session at the University of Edinburgh. It is interesting to lounge on the steps of the noble portico that conducts into the plain but massive buildings of this institution, and to watch, thence, the new arrivals as they crowd into the matriculation office, kept then by a son of Professor John Wilson, and now, by Alexander Smith—author of "A life Drama"—secretary of the university. Alongside the Duke of Argyle, and towering above

him as Christopher North towered above De Quincey, a raw country lad steps up clad in homespun, and in his pocket his recent earnings in the harvest-field. A few of the "exquisites" smoking their cigars pass a joke at our big friend's expense, as he strides past them, but before his curriculum is finished they have, in many a well-fought fight, learned to respect him as the "facile princeps" of his day. We have followed his career since with interest. As a popular divine, a ripe scholar in the German theology, and an able review writer, he has amply fulfilled the high expectation raised by his success as a student. It is a noble characteristic of the Scottish Universities, that while they exhibit on their rolls the names of Princes and Dukes, they do not scorn to show on the same page the handwriting of the peasant boy, who, amid self-denial and hardship, of which Canadian students have no conception, is earning for himself a college education.

The scene presented at the opening lecture which takes place in the chemistry class-room in the absence of a common hall, is rather remarkable. Every nook and corner of the capacious room are filled, and some lofty positions of considerable peril are held in jubilant mood by adventurous youth who arrive too late for a seat on the common level. The fame of the University in the special department of Philosophy and Medicine attracts to its classes youth from distant countries. In manifest contrast with the fresh and ruddy complexion of the Scottish type, may be seen the swarthy skins of Lousianians and Italians, and the still duskier hue that characterizes natives of Hindustan and Bengal. Wild riot reigns while the audience expects the learned Principal. Paper pellets fly fast and thick; the cries of various birds and beasts are successfully imitated, the feet of the audience beat in response to the tread of each late entrant, and impatience for the lifting of the curtain becomes deafening. The Principal enters, accompanied by the *Senatus Academicus*. The popular professors, as they appear, are cheered; and the unpopular ones, hissed. If the lecture is, in the estimation of the fastidious audience, good, it is listened to with profound attention; but if the reverse, neither authority nor entreaty can preserve respectful order. In this respect the conduct of the Edinburgh students is not exceptional: for we notice in a late Scottish newspaper that Principal Forbes of St. Andrews, having, for some reason, become unpopular with the students, was, at the recent opening of that university, almost driven off the platform by the ungovernable uproar of his audience. Indeed this free expression of praise and censure on certain privileged occasions seems a prerogative of the student from an early period in the history of universities. "Modern education is," a recent writer remarks, "the outgrowth of mediæval schools." The ancient universities, as those of Bologna and Paris, were corporations of students constituting, with their teachers, a *demos*, with

power to make their own laws, elect their own officers, and maintain order. The democratic element of the Italian schools re-appeared in the English and Scottish universities, and has manifested itself in many a college rebellion, and still manifests itself in scenes like those to which we refer. This, professors who happen to be men of sense, know right well, and with that discretion which often is the better part of valour, they, in conformity with one, of many Scotch adages which embodies this sage sentiment, "Jouk and let the jaw gae bye." This noise and uproar will, under wise management, soon give place, as each class forms, to order, attention, and hard, dogged work.

The University comprises the four faculties of Arts, Law, Medicine and Divinity. The total of 1299 students that had matriculated for the present session, we find thus distributed:—Faculty of Arts, 585; Faculty of Medicine, 427; Faculty of Law, 232; Faculty of Divinity, 55. These figures, we may remark, represent fairly the usual relative strength of each faculty since the disruption of the Scotch Kirk in 1843, withdrew from the Faculty of Divinity all save the students of the Established Church as it now exists.

Students in the Faculty of Arts are generally, for the first session, engaged in the study of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, under the respective professors of these branches, to each of whom a fee of three guineas is paid per session. The Professor of Latin, in our time, was James Pillans, well known to the past generation for his works on education, and immortalized, in the wrong way however, by Lord Byron, in his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. He still lives, with Brougham, the last we suppose of that castigated race. For the government of his class, he had drawn up a very complicated, and no doubt a very perfect system of laws, but, some how or other, probably through the perverseness of his subjects, he could never get his laws to work. At the commencement of each session the code was promulgated in due form and in classic style, and the students seemed to appreciate the performance as a matter of theory; but when it came to practice the case was completely altered, and the treatment we *seniores* now-a-days give to many a good sermon, these *juniores* gave the worthy professors legislative enactments—the breach was the rule, the observance the exception. Delivering, on one occasion, an "oration" on the Duke of Wellington, he was annoyed by the frequent and loud applause with which the performance was greeted. Several times he tried to check it, but failing, he paused, and with indignant gravity assured the class that the next time they applauded he would cease his oration. Little understanding how small the grief such a calamity would occasion, he resumed with seeming confidence that he had effectually secured himself from further plaudits. In less than five minutes the applause was louder than ever. This was a time for him to act firmly

and consistently. The character he then manifested will explain to our readers the conduct of his class. He paused, surveyed for a minute with stern look the 200 meek culprits, resumed, without uttering a word of rebuke, his address, and bore with patience to the close the applause meted out to him so bountifully. For all, he was an accomplished classical scholar, an earnest and indefatigable teacher, and ever kind to his students. They esteemed the old man, though they could not withstand the temptation, so irresistible to youth, of making fun of his foibles.

George Dunbar, the compiler of a Greek and English Lexicon, and the author of several works, now however, we fear forgotten, taught the Greek classes. Among the more reckless students he went under the name of *Jambus*, from a lameness, the history of which each student could give with far more correctness than he could conjugate his Greek verb. He likewise had considerable difficulty in always securing order, chiefly from want of skill and tact in dealing with young men, who are generally more unmanageable during their "freshman" course than ever afterwards. He was possessed of great patience, and could wisely wink at little things, but when matters went too far, he would rise in his wrath, and fine, often to the amount of half a guinea, some unfortunate wight caught in an act of trespass. To what use George Dunbar put the money got from these fines was the subject of many a profound speculation. The theory however, that seemed to find most favour was, that it purchased those pretty bonnets and ribbons that set off to so much advantage the professors numerous family of daughters. This theory, it was noted, found special favour with the poor fellows that lost their money, as helping them to make the best of their calamity. The learned Professor of Greek could not complain any more than his accomplished co-adjutor in the Latin chair, that his students were slow to appreciate his good hits. On one of these raw, moist, gusty days that enter so largely into an Edinburgh winter, and bring in their train colds and coughs, the professor appeared in the class-room muffled up and suffering considerably from a bad spit. During the recitation, that day, he was under the necessity of rising several times to spit into the little stove that stood at the further end of the platform on which was his chair. Tired, however, at last of this exercise he ventured a "shot" from a distance in the American fashion. The shot was well aimed, and the discharge fell, luckily, into the centre of the grate. His students watched the venture with great interest, and seeing it brought to such a triumphant close, greeted the feat with a round of applause. That joke was too much even for Dunbar's gravity.

Sir William Hamilton's class-room was on the flat immediately above the rooms of Professor Dunbar. The passage, in the second year, to metaphysical studies, under this truly great man, was, in more respects than one, a transition from a lower to a higher and purer atmosphere.

Sir William Hamilton treated his pupils invariably as gentlemen—a great secret in the management of students—and they repaid his consideration and politeness by deference, order, obedience and attention that were seldom violated. His personal intercourse with his students was also characterized by kindness and courtesy, so that the admiration excited by his intellectual qualities, as critic and thinker, became blended, in those that knew him best, with feelings of esteem and affection. Of his manners in private, De Quincey thus writes:—"I was sitting alone after breakfast when Wilson suddenly walked in with his friend Hamilton. So exquisitely free, was Sir William, from all ostentation of learning, that unless the accidents of conversation made a natural opening for display, such as it would have been affectation to evade, you might have failed altogether to suspect that an extraordinary scholar was present. There was an air of dignity and massy self-dependence diffused over his deportment, too calm and unaffected to leave a doubt that it exhaled spontaneously from his nature; yet too unassuming to mortify the pretensions of others. And in general my conclusion was that I had rarely seen a person who manifested less self-esteem, under any of the forms by which it ordinarily reveals itself—whether of pride, or vanity, or full-blown arrogance, or heart-chilling reserve." That portrait, Sir William's students can verify as correct in so far as their intercourse went.

Though for the last ten years of his life enfeebled by paralysis his public presence was ever dignified and commanding. His head could not be called large or massive in comparison with the heads of Chalmers, Hugh Miller or Dr. Candlish, but it was round, well-proportioned and largely developed towards the front;—the head of a poet, one would say, rather than that of a man of science and learning. The countenance, in its harmonious proportions, fine chiselling, placid repose, tinged with sadness, was one that the eye could rest upon with that never-failing pleasure which accompanies the contemplation of the beautiful in natural scenery or in art. We have been privileged to look on not a few of the more remarkable men of the present day, but without hesitation we say, that Sir William's head and face were the finest we have ever seen in its wonderful combination of proportion, beauty and power. The most remarkable feature of all was the eye. An old fellow-student thus describes it:—"Though not even dark hazel, it appeared from its rare brilliancy absolutely black, and expressed beyond any eye I have ever seen, calm, piercing, sleepless intelligence. It was in a peculiar degree the self-authenticating symbol of an intellect that has read the history, traversed the unknown realms, grasped the innermost secrets, and swept, with searching gaze, the entire hemisphere of the intelligible world."

For twenty years—from 1836 to 1856—he exercised over the students that crowded to his class-room, an influence which, for depth, compass and

permanence, has never been surpassed by that exercised by any philosophical teacher in ancient or modern times. He was an *educator* in philosophy rather than an *instructor*. The promise he gave in his letter of application for the chair,—“I shall not only endeavour to *instruct*, by communicating on my part the requisite information, but to *educate*, by determining, through every means in my power, a vigorous and independent activity on the part of my pupils,”—he amply redeemed. In this work of education he employed a three-fold agency,—a course of lectures, oral examination, and essay-writing.

His lectures, both in metaphysics and logic, were written, their editors tell us, “on the day, or more properly on the evening and night preceding the delivery of each.” By the wonderful simplicity and exactness of his style, by large quotations from unusual sources, and by a happy and judicious use of illustration, he succeeded in imparting interest to the driest and most abstruse of sciences, and in filling the bosoms of many of his youthful listeners with enthusiasm like his own for mental philosophy. The important parts of his lecture, or its principal heads, he dictated slowly and twice over so that each word might be taken down: the comments and illustrations of these dictated paragraphs were read in the usual manner of public address, and might or might not, as they chose, be taken down by his students. So great, however, was the desire to possess not only the substance but the *ipsissima verba* of the lectures, that copies in manuscript could be found among them very nearly as full and perfect as the printed edition since published.

The oral examination was conducted after a peculiar fashion. All the seats in the class-room were divided among the letters of the alphabet, U and V getting between them one bench, while M, from the number of *Macs* always looked for in a Scotch university, had assigned to it two benches. On examination days, which occurred, generally, twice a week, each student was expected to occupy the bench that carried on its back the initial letter of his name. On the table before the professor stood a vase containing the letters of the alphabet, printed separately on pieces of pasteboard. From the vase he took the first letter that chanced to his hand, and the first gentleman of whose name this was the initial letter that offered himself for examination, was accepted. This gentleman recited the professor's lectures in his own words, or in the language of the professor, if he so, could, or would, was asked to explain difficult points as they arose, and after ten minutes of very mild manipulation in comparison with the searching examinations of Professor Fraser, then professor of the same branch in the New College of Edinburgh, now his successor, was bowed to his seat—with that finished courtesy of manner that characterized, as we have already remarked, all his intercourse with his students.

On the day for essay reading the apparatus and mode of procedure were the same as on the day of examination, with the addition of a sand glass. One glass—five minutes—was the time allowed to each essayist. He could read how and where he chose; but the last grain sealed his lips though in the middle of some lofty period, or burst of poetic eloquence. The critic, however, was not as relentless as the glass. His desire seems to have been to seize the good and overlook the bad in the varied compositions that were submitted to him. He had no favourites; and the dull youth who had not yet discovered either his latitude or his longitude in the field of knowledge, and whose poetico-philosophic effusion was neither “fish nor flesh, nor good salt herring,” received from his great master at least a pleasant smile, a polite bow, and the cheering words, “Thank you, Mr. Green, you have been at much pains with that essay,”—a criticism which those who knew the weary hours Mr. G. had spent over his composition recognized as perfectly true. The fact is, Mr. Green could not do better; and often since then does he feel grateful to the sagacious eye that saw this, and the generous heart, never willingly inflicting pain, that kindly shielded him from the sarcasms of his keen-witted companions by thus gently breaking his fall. When Sir William died, in 1856, Scotland lost one of its greatest men, and the Edinburgh University one of its brightest ornaments. “Among his pupils,” says one, on whom, if on any, his mantle seems to have fallen, “there are not a few who bear the memory of their beloved and revered instructor inseparably blended with what is highest in their present intellectual life, as well as in their practical aims and aspirations.”

The third session brought the student under the spell of Christopher North's poetry. In almost every point, John Wilson was the opposite pole of Sir William Hamilton. Hamilton was a Whig; Wilson was a Tory. Hamilton was in manner calm and staid; Wilson was wild and impetuous. Hamilton was, in *physique*, of medium size; Wilson was a very king among men. Hamilton was systematic; Wilson was just as erratic. Hamilton was learned; Wilson, in comparison, profoundly ignorant. Hamilton was a votary of the true; Wilson of the sublime and beautiful. Hamilton was essentially a philosopher, searching into the causes of things; Wilson, a poet, taking things as he found them, and delighting in combining them into varied forms of beauty. We will ever remember our first chance day in his class-room. The students had taken their seats, and were engaged in quietly chatting, or in preparing their materials for note-taking, when a heavy tread drew our eyes to the passage leading from his waiting-room to the rostrum. He entered with majestic step, his long hair and bushy beard in wild disorder, and his right hand grasping a bundle of loose papers, while his watch chain dangled from the left. He stood for some minutes in perfect silence, gazing

out over the chimney tops of the old town onward to the steeple of St. Giles, that loomed out hazily in the smoky distance. If Lavater's theory be correct, that each man is after the type of some of the inferior animals, this man, we then thought, is modelled in a leonine style. There was the massy front, the broad chest, the powerful limbs, the lofty bearing, and even the shaggy mane. Our soliloquy was interrupted by a truly leonine roar, which accompanied the sudden start with which he confronted his class. The profound truth that seemed to have been so painfully eliminated and so emphatically enunciated was simply that such and such points had been discussed by him in his lecture yesterday. This was the commencement of the lecture, which happened to be that day on the *miser*. He was in one of his best moods, and the mirth was so uproarious as he *con amore* stripped, flogged, and flayed the poor miser, and the applause, as his lecture passed to lofty eloquence, was so deafening that Professor Kelland had to adjourn the class of mathematics that was engaged in the room below. "Christopher" was in his element, riding the tempest and turning it as he willed.

Some of the students admired him so much that, in comparison, they regarded Sir William as an old *scholastic*; they all loved him; though it must be confessed that, however much pleasure his lecture gave, they did not advance materially the students' knowledge of the philosophy of morals. While under him, the students were really "*sine rege, sine lege, sine terrore*;" they were not called to strict account for their attendance, nor need they write any essays unless they chose, nor did he trouble them with examinations. Every man did what was right in his own eyes, and yet, after all, there was much order, regularity, and diligence in his class. In Sir William Hamilton and John Wilson have passed away two of the greatest Scotchmen of this age.

Professor Kelland we recollect as an accomplished mathematician, and a most systematic, indefatigable, and successful teacher of the same; Professor Forbes, now Principal of St. Andrew's, as a stern disciplinarian, lofty with all in his manner, but a lucid lecturer, and a successful experimenter in the department of natural philosophy; Professor Aytoun, editor of *Blackwood*, as free, frank and caustic as *Maga*, and affording, in his own chaste and faultless style, a good exemplar of the principles he enunciated as teacher of *Belles Lettres*.

The educating influence of a university is not, however, confined to its professors, nor to its class-rooms. We will ever carry through life grateful recollections of profitable and pleasant intercourse with fellow-students in our college debating societies, those miniatures of life's real debate; in our Saturday rambles over the Pentlands, down Hawthornden, out by Dalkeith, and along the "many sounding sea" to Granton, Portobello and Musselburgh; in our social meetings when we talked "*De omni-*

bus rebus et quibusdam aliis," and, when the hard-wrought session was over, in our summer excursions a-foot amid the choice scenery of the western and northern Highlands. The sharers with us in these physical and intellectual exercises are now widely scattered over the world. Some of them are in China, others in India, practising the healing art, preaching the Gospel, and editing newspapers; some have gone with the message of the Gospel to the savage tribes of Africa. The literary life of London has allured some to its prizes and some to its blanks. The Scottish and English pulpits employ some of the most gifted. One occupies a professor's chair in a Scottish college. A large number have been by the gold fields of Australia attracted to the Southern Hemisphere. And some, Death has claimed; one sleeps by the banks of the Ganges, one lies beneath the waves of mid-Atlantic, and one has found a grave on the shores of New Zealand.

DOROTHY CHANCE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER I.

"But, Dolly!—my father never will give his consent—you know that!" exclaimed a male voice from behind the hawthorn hedge, that skirted the deep sandy lane that led to Heath Farm. The tone, reproachful and irritant, in which this was said, was answered in a sweet calm voice.

"Until he gives his consent, his frank, free consent, to our marriage, Gilbert, I cannot, and will not become your wife."

"You are just as obstinate as the old man."

"Yes, and as proud. But don't think for a moment, Gilbert, that I blame your father. Were I in his place, I might think just as he thinks. If he has higher views for his son, than a marriage with a nameless portionless girl like me, his son should be the last person to blame him. Don't let love blind you to facts, but look them boldly in the face, as I do. I cannot forget what I am, and what I owe to your

father. The happy life I have led here from a child, had made me forgetful of the great debt until—" and here the voice faltered—"his reproaches last night, brought it all fresh to my mind, and I saw how ungrateful I had been to my benefactor, in giving the least encouragement to your suit."

"Yes, *I* shall not soon forget the cruel insult he put upon you. He might be proud to call you his daughter—and his daughter you shall be, in spite of him!"

"There are two words to that bargain, Gilbert," said the soft voice, almost sternly, "two voices that speak in my heart. The voice of love pleading for you; the voice of God demanding of me to act rightly. Which shall I obey?"

No answer was given to this appeal. The speakers came forward to the stile; the young farmer with the fork over his shoulder, with which he had been making hay; his companion, a girl of seventeen, with the rake in her hand, her broad coarse straw hat dangling from her arm, her fine sunburnt face, glowing with health and exercise.

The lovers had been working together through the long summer's day. This was the first time that either had spoken on a subject so dear to both, and as they leant upon the stile beneath the shade of a large ash tree, the only tree of any magnitude in the heathy lane, they would have made a good study for an artist, had an artist been there to sketch them and their surroundings.

The sun had sunk behind the common, fronting them, which formed a high ridge against the horizon, and seemed to separate them from the rest of the world. The lane terminated in an old fashioned high gabled farm house at the foot of the hill, the only tenement visible from that lonely spot. A little brawling brook, crossed the road, and wound its silvery course through the low meadow which had been the scene of their labors, singing and prattling to the flowers that bent over its tiny waves.

The sides of the lane were skirted with high furze bushes. The short strip of velvet sward that bordered the road, blue with harebells, interlaced with tufts of purple heath, while the common itself, glowed like an amethyst, in the broad rays of the setting sun.

The near proximity of the sea hindered a softer growth of herbage, but the spot was not deficient in picturesque beauty, and the deep murmurs of the unseen ocean gave an additional charm to the rugged landscape.

To the young and loving, nature is always beautiful in the most homely garb, and as the delicious perfume of the new mown hay, floated out upon the warm evening air, our young folks, who had never known a brighter spot, thought it divine, an Eden of flowers and freshness.

There was nothing remarkable about the young man and his female fellow-worker, out of which to make a hero and heroine of romance, though in their own peculiar way, both were remarkable people. They were simple country folks, who had been brought up in the old house at the foot of the hill, and spent their lives together in that secluded spot. They had been, and still were, all the world to each other.

Gilbert Rushmere, was the son of a well to do yeoman, whose forefathers had owned the farm they cultivated for many generations. He was a strong active fellow of three and twenty, with ruddy cheeks, blue eyes and homely features; the latter, however, rendered handsome, by their frank, honest expression, which had secured the good will of all his neighbours.

He had received the scanty education generally bestowed upon persons of his class, in the beginning of the present century. He could read and write, and cast accounts, but in good truth, he preferred the labours of the field to poring over books, and could do a hard days work without grudge or grumbling, could plough a straight furrow, and master a high spirited horse, and was considered the best cricket player in the county.

Such was Gilbert Rushmere. In the eyes of his companion, and oh! what splendid black eyes they were—he was the cleverest, handsomest man in the world.

Of Dorothy Chance, for so the young girl was called, a few words must be said, in order to explain the conversation which the reader has overheard, between her and her lover.

Fifteen years prior to the commencement of our story, Dorothy had been found by farmer Rushmere, on the wild common fronting them. It was the early dawn of a bright summer day, succeeding a night of storm and darkness. The farmer was abroad earlier than usual, to see whether his weanling calves had sustained any injury from the down pouring of the pitiless rain. Passing through a deep hollow in the heath, his attention was drawn towards a clump of furze bushes, by the faint cries of a child. Thinking that it might belong to some neighbour, and had wandered from home and been lost during the storm, he hastened to the spot.

A little head suddenly appeared above the wet heather bells, then as quickly disappeared, and all was again quiet. The frightened little one on seeing a stranger approaching, nestled more closely down into the cold bosom, on which she had slept, during the terrible tempest of the past night.

“Is’t a child, or a fairy?” muttered the good man, as the apparition vanished into the earth. “Here Towzer!” whistling to his sheep dog, “find this lamb for thy master.”

The sagacious animal soon pounced upon the terrified child.

"Mammy! mammy!" screamed the little one, as Rushmere tried to lift her from her hiding place, under the tattered cloak of a young woman, whose slight emaciated form was half shrouded in the wet heath.

The farmer slightly stirred the prostrate figure with his foot.

"Woman, thou be'est a sound sleeper, wake up, and see to thy bairn. Follow me, an' I will gi' thee both a good breakfast."

The figure remained motionless, there was no answering voice, or sound.

The farmer stooped down and raised the shabby apology of a bonnet from the face of the sleeper, to examine the features more carefully.

He steps hastily back—his cheeks before so fresh and ruddy are blanched with a deadly pallor now. The poor marble statue before him can no longer respond to the wants of her famishing child—she is cold—is dead.

A forlorn victim of want—perhaps, of vice, overtaken by night and storm, rendered feeble by disease and famine, had been unable to battle with the warring elements, and had died unknown and unheeded, in that lonely spot.

No human ear heard her cries for help—no human eye witnessed her last agonies, or marked the despairing love which clutched to her chilling bosom, the tender form of her sleeping child. Perhaps she implored the merciful Father, to take them both.

She was still very young, a mere child, not more than eighteen years of age, and though squalid and dirty, and covered with the filthy rags, that vice bestows upon her cast off and degraded children, her shrunken features retained, even in death, some semblance of former beauty.

Alas! poor houseless wanderer! She has found at last a safe home; a soft bosom on which to pillow her aching head; but her sad story will remain a mystery never to be revealed to mortal ears, until the grave shall give up its dead.

"Bless my soul!—but this is a bad business—a bad business," muttered the farmer. "I wonder how it all com'd about."

The innocent child put its wasted arms around its mother's neck, and tried to awaken her with its caresses—kissing pale lips that could never kiss again, and warbling unintelligible baby language into an ear, locked by eternal silence.

The farmer's rugged nature was touched by the pitiful sight, tears filled his eyes as he lifted the living child from the dead bosom to which it obstinately clung. The ragged cloak with which maternal love had endeavoured to shield its offspring from the fury of the storm, became holy as the white robe of an angel.

“Poor lass!” he said, “thy last thought was for thy child. May the good Lord shew the same mercy to thee.”

So farmer Rushmere took the little foundling to his own home, and adopted her as his child, and buried the unrecognized stranger at his own expense.

The little girl could just lisp a few broken words, all that they could learn from her, in answer to their questions was, that she was, “Mammy’s Dolly,” and the good man had the child baptized by the odd and very unromantic name of Dorothy Chance.

A fortunate chance it was that brought Dorothy beneath his roof. From that day the good Providence that had watched over her, blessed his basket and his store, and every undertaking had prospered in his hands. Had he found a crock of gold, the treasure would have been of less value in the homestead, than the services of little Dolly proved to its inmates, in after years.

The farmer’s wife, a kind, simple hearted woman, had but one child, a boy, some five years older than Dolly. She had always wished for a daughter to share with her the domestic labours of the farm, and her desires had met their fulfilment, when the orphan child of the vagrant, was thrown into her arms.

The little maid grew and prospered under her maternal care, and became the pet and darling of her adopted mother. At fifteen years of age she was able to perform all the labour required in the house, besides helping in the field in hay time and harvest.

Though slight in figure, and graceful in all her motions, Dorothy was strong and active. Sickness had never blanched the warm glow on her cheek, or dimmed the fire of her dark lustrous eyes—healthy, happy, cheerful, it was a pleasure to listen to her clear ringing voice, to enter into the spirit of her joyous laugh, to feel that a creature so free from care and guile, hovered like a good angel round your path. Without the sunshine of Dolly’s presence, the old homestead would have been a gloomy prison, surrounded by a lonely desolate heath, and its inmates, weary plodders along the dusty high road of life.

The Rushmeres kept no servants male or female. The farmer and his son, did all the out door work, leaving to Mrs. Rushmere and Dolly the management of the dairy, the rearing of calves and poultry, and the spinning of the wool.

Once a week, Dorothy drove a light taxed cart to the market town, some five miles distant, to dispose of her eggs, butter and cheese. The excellence of these latter articles had gained for their maker quite a reputation, which always commended for them the best price in the market, and brought no small gain to her adopted parents.

Dolly’s reputation, however, was not confined to her skill as a dairy

woman. She was considered the prettiest girl in those parts, though it must be confessed that her beauty was not of that regular order that art has chosen for its type.

Her eyes were soft and expressive, surmounted by a smooth forehead and black arched brows, the nose indifferent, and slightly turned up, the rosy mouth, full of white even teeth, was far too large for the required standard though graced with two charming dimples, which continued to smile after the honest, gay peal of laughter had died upon the dewy lips. Her cheeks and chin were softly rounded, and bronzed by healthy exercise to a warm brown tint, reminding you of the rich colouring of ripe autumn fruits.

After all, the real beauty which gladdened every eye lay in the expression of the whole countenance, in the harmony that reigned in every feature, which, when lighted up and animated by the indwelling spirit, was irresistibly pleasing—a picture full of sense, goodness, and warm confiding affection.

Lovers, our little Dorothy had by the score, though she was never seen but at church, or at market. Many a young farmer in the neighbourhood, would have deemed himself a fortunate fellow, could he have persuaded Dorothy to become the mistress of his home.

And Dorothy! was not averse to admiration—few women are, but she was too much occupied by household matters to give love a thought. Her life, hitherto, had glided on so smoothly that she was not aware that her love for Gilbert, exceeded the love that a sister might bear for a brother, until his importunities made her acquainted with the fact, and pressed the conviction home to her heart. Still, it was more a love springing out of deep rooted affection, based upon a perfect confidence in its object, than the passion that generally goes by that name. She could have resigned her place in his heart without any very severe pang, if she thought, that by so doing, it would have been for his good.

This state of happy contentment was not destined to last long. The peace of families are subject to sudden interruptions, as well as the peace of nations. The noblest qualities of the heart often have their birth amid scenes of domestic strife, as the devotion and patriotism of the soldier, are strengthened by the horrors of the battle field.

Old Rushmere had raised an unreasonable persecution against his son, on Dorothy's account, and this circumstance had made her feel a deeper interest in her lover, and quickened friendship into love.

Though good and worthy in his way, the old man was avaricious. He loved Dorothy but he did not wish her to be his son's wife. He had always regarded her as a daughter. He expected Gilbert to consider her in the light of a sister, and was highly displeased that he would not acknowledge an imaginary tie of kindred.

He had been a prudent hard working man, and though his farm was not remarkable for the goodness of the soil, he had contrived to save a handsome sum of money, and hoped to see his son one day a gentleman. Though not high born in the English acceptation of the word, the Rushmeres were very respectable—and what was Dolly? Perhaps the bastard of a beggar—such an alliance was not to be thought of for a moment, for the last scion of his name and race.

He blamed his innocent wife for having encouraged a growing attachment between Gilbert and Dolly, and having caught his son in the very act of kissing the ruby lips of the orphan, he told him in hot anger, before her face—"That if he persevered in that nonsense he would cut him off with a shilling, and turn her out of the house to find a living on the heath where he first found her."

The good wife remonstrated. In the humour he was then in, she had better let it alone. She told him "that he was an unreasonable"—I am afraid she said "fool,—for abusing the young people in that fashion; that Dorothy was the best girl in the country; that she loved her as her own child; that Gilbert was a wise man in wishing to secure such a wife; that he might search England through and not meet with such a bonny lass; that she hoped that he would marry Dolly; that she should rejoice to see the day, and would give them her blessing with all her heart."

This praise of Dolly, though well meant and well merited, was very impolitic on the part of the old lady. It exasperated her husband, and made matters worse.

Gilbert, backed by his mother, said many violent and undutiful things to his father; such as threatening to marry Dorothy whether he liked it or no; that he was of age and his own master, &c.

There is no knowing how the quarrel might have terminated, had not the innocent cause of the disturbance, instead of crying and wringing her hands, or dropping down in a dead faint like any other heroine, quietly stepped up to the enraged old man, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, said in her pleasant cheerful voice.

"Father, don't be angry and abuse us all, for which you will be sorry a few hours hence, but listen to me,—I love Gilbert, and I believe that he loves me, I love you and mother, also. I do not mean to vex or grieve you, by any conduct of mine. I do not mean to leave you, now you are both old and infirm. I am young and strong and am better able to work than you are. If you turn me out of the house by one door, I will come in at the other. I owe you a large debt of gratitude, which I mean to work out; so do not talk of sending me away. God gave you to me for parents, I have no other friends in the wide world."

Her lip quivered, but regaining composure, she went on.

"Hear me, father, while I promise you faithfully, and you know I

never told you a lie, that I will not marry Gilbert without your consent and approbation—your full hearty consent, will that satisfy you?"

The old man was touched—he took the hand she held out to him, and shook it heartily. "Ay, lass, I'll e'en take you at your word; you are more dutiful to me, nor yon chap."

"Forgive him, father; angry people are not conscious of all the hard things they say."

"Dolly, I have nought to say again you. I might get a worse daughter, but there are some things in the way."

"Don't mention them, I know them well enough," said poor Dolly with glistering eyes, "I never felt what it was to be poor and friendless before."

Then, kissing the old man, she left the room, only too glad to see peace once more restored.

It was just after the bursting of this thunder cloud, that Dorothy and Gilbert had been working all day together in the hay field. Gilbert was not at all satisfied with the promise that Dolly had given to his father, and returning to their evening meal, he once more ventured to urge his suit, and had been put off by Dolly assuring him that she meant to abide by it.

"If you loved me, Dorothy, you could not speak about a matter which so nearly concerns my happiness, in that cool way."

"I mean to keep my word. Gilbert, we are both young, we can afford to wait."

"A pleasant prospect, truly."

"Better than my leaving the house, which I must do, if you continue to talk to me on the forbidden subject."

"It is difficult to hold my peace, when my heart is full."

"Do you wish me to go?"

"Dolly! Do you mean to drive me mad?"

"Not quite; I think you would be dangerous," and Dolly laughed merrily. "Gilbert, do you not see the necessity of yielding to your father's wishes. And then, how it would grieve mother to part with me; she could not do the housework and milk so many cows, alone. Your father may come round when he finds that no one resists his will. No good can come from opposing him, and if you forget your duty, I will not forget mine. Your father wants you to marry a rich wife, not a poor girl who has not even a name that she can lawfully claim."

"I can easily remedy that evil, lass, by giving you mine."

"A gift that will be joyfully accepted, when accompanied by your father's approval. Till that can be obtained, we must cease to talk about being man and wife."

The twain walked on for some minutes in silence. Gilbert suddenly

stopped and said emphatically, "He may die! I shall then be a free man and can please myself."

"Do not talk of his death," and Dorothy waved her hand impatiently. "It is dreadful to anticipate happiness from such a sad event. He is as likely to live as either of us; is hale and strong, with a back unbent, and a step as firm as your own. I love the dear old man; God grant that he may live for twenty years."

"And you expect me to remain single all that time. Dolly, do you call that reasonable? I will not do it, even to please you."

"I do not expect such a sacrifice, Gilbert," and Dolly laughed. "Marry if you get a better *chance*. I love you too well to stand in your way."

"Provoking girl! There is no way of making you understand the state of my feelings. I shall die, Dolly, if you cruelly persist in refusing to be my wife."

"Of *love*, Gilbert?" This was said with a comical air of doubt, and a half smile, which sent a ripple of laughter over the charming face.

"Ay, lass, of love."

The ripple now broke into a wave of joyous merriment. "Gilbert, did you ever know man or woman, that died for love?"

The lover looked puzzled. "I can't exactly say that I did; but I have heard of such unfortunates, and I have read about them in books."

"Do you believe everything that you read in books, Gilbert?"

"To be sure I do. Do you think that any sensible man would waste paper and ink, and his precious time, in writing lies?"

"Some books are only written to make people laugh; I am no scholar, yet I know that much. Do you think the book that you were reading to father the other night, all about the little men and women with the hard names, was a real history?"

"Gulliver's travels."

"Do you believe that to be true?"

"Of course I do."

Dorothy clapped her hands and laughed again. "You ought to be a good christian, Gilbert, for great is your faith. But, hark—is not that the old clock in the kitchen chapping eight. We must not stand gossiping here or Father will be after us. Mother has the supper ready by this time. If you are not hungry, I am. I have not yet found out the way to live upon love."

"Oh, Dolly," sighed the young man. But Dolly, already out of hearing, had vanished into the old fashioned house at the bottom of the lane.

WINTER.

BY JAMES M^cCARROLL.

Through the pines of the north the dark Wind-Singer strode
 As he hummed the first notes of a gale ;
 While a ghastly, white cloud of cold dust swept the road,
 Rushing downwards to smother the vale.

Though each note that he chaunted was hollow and drear,
 Still with mystical sweetness it rung ;
 For the rivers all paused in their headlong career
 Just to list to the lay that he sung.

And a streamlet that over a frowning cliff fell
 Like a long, jewelled tress of bright hair,
 Caught the magical strain, in its leap to the dell,
 And stood suddenly still in the air.

Slowly turning to marble along the lone way,
 Here and there, too, a worshipper bowed ;
 Till the last, feeble pulse of his heart ceased to play,
 As he vanished within the white cloud.

As all nature seemed strangely deprived of its pow'rs,
 As the Wind-Singer hurried along,
 For the woods and the waters, the birds and the flow'rs
 Fell asleep till he finish'd his song.

PAINTING IN ART AND NATURE.

The musician, the painter, and the poet have astonishing power over the ear and the eye ; they can stir the deep fountains of the soul. They exert a mighty influence over the perceptive, conceptive, reflective, and imaginative powers of every lover of the fine arts. We are not ignorant of the fact that there are many in every community who take no interest in pictures, or paintings of any description. The bare walls of their dwellings, and every thing in and around their habitations testify too plainly that they have never cultivated a taste for the beautiful. They are almost total strangers to works of art, but quite familiar with the art of making money. To buy and sell, and get gain, though good in itself, has become to multitudes the chief end of life, and the highest source of pleasure and enjoyment. Man was made to think, to study, to contemplate, to admire, to enjoy, to love. Nature and art in all their manifold grandeur and riches, and glory, are spread out before him, that he may see, and feel, and enjoy, and improve. To cultivate a taste for the beautiful in art, is at once a privilege and a pleasure ; and to gratify that taste as far as our means and circumstances will permit, in subordination to our spiritual interests, is not only proper, but praiseworthy and commendable.

We may not be able to adorn and beautify our humble homes with the splendid and expensive works of Titian, Michael Angelo, or Raphael, but we can cultivate a taste for the beautiful however toilsome our occupation, however limited our means, however humble and obscure our lot in life. Indeed all classes of the people even in this comparatively new country, are furnished with ample opportunities and abundant means of studying the fine arts. The artist in prosecuting his work has often to battle with difficulties of no ordinary kind, and in many instances lives and dies in poverty. But in the very execution of his work he has a great reward ; and what pleases and delights himself, becomes sometimes the admiration and delight of thousands long after he is gone.

His works are left behind him to instruct, to fascinate, and draw forth the love of all who are capable of being moved and charmed by the beautiful. A fine picture has life and power in it. It has a voice, and that voice speaks to the inner ear of the soul through the outer eye of the body. It is true, there are some who derive no pleasure or benefit when they read Milton's Paradise lost, hear the sweetest music, or see the most beautiful paintings fresh from the pencil of a master ; but this arises either from prejudice, or constitutional deficiency of taste, or both combined. There are others again, who are far too fastidious, hypercritical,

their chief desire and end being to find out defects in the artists workmanship, and as no painter's powers are fully developed, or absolutely perfect, it is unreasonable to expect absolute faultlessness in his workmanship. It was an axiom of Coleridge, that a work of art should be judged by its intrinsic merits, not by its faults. And while the vulgar eye may perceive the defects of even the sublimest works of imagination, it takes a high degree of cultivation really to appreciate and sympathize with their excellencies.

As you stand and gaze upon some paintings they call up before the mind ideas, feelings and emotions too numerous and refined to be uttered in words. It is not so much what the eye sees, as what the heart feels, for in the contemplation of a master piece of art the mind is at once in close contact with the master mind of the artist, and the reality of which the scene before you is but the painted parable. All painters speak in parables, and it would be strange if they were not sometimes misunderstood, misinterpreted, misrepresented, and, by too many, entirely neglected.

To paint perfectly a storm at sea, a peaceful lake, a lovely landscape, a chain of mountains, a granite rock with a tuft of moss reposing on its surface, a stately tree, or even a maple leaf, would be a work that has never yet been achieved by any artist, and hence there is full scope for the development of the painter's powers and pencil. But the nearer he comes up to nature the better is he qualified to conceive and to execute original works of art. Every real genius is an originator; and the painter who is a true artist is not a mere copyist of nature; he can and he will copy nature, but he can do more. He takes a lovely landscape, for example, and transfers it to his canvass; but if he is worthy of the name of an original artist, he will refine nature, and as the scene passes through his mind to the canvass he will seize its hidden soul, and by the active exercise of the creative and imaginative powers of his own mind, embody, adorn, and beautify it anew. He is, so to speak, a re-creator of nature, and in proportion as he can, out of various elements, skilfully collect, arrange, originate, and organise life and beauty, is his artistic skill and genius revealed. If what we have just said be correct, then we are not rash when we say that no artist of talent would do justice to his own genius, or contribute anything toward the progressive development of the fine arts, by sitting down and giving the world exact copies of the finest paintings of even the greatest artists of Italy. This idea is forcibly expressed by Rusken in one of his works. He says, "In no city of Europe where art is a subject of attention, are its prospects so hopeless, or its pursuits so resultless, as in Rome; because there, among all students, the authority of their predecessors in art is supreme and without appeal, and the mindless copyist studies Raffaele, but not what Raffaele studied."

Every object, and scene, and change, in the vast polyglott book of nature is fitted to teach the painter as well as the poet, and furnish his mind with materials for thought, conception, and expression. The physical and moral world are spread out before him, and by his art and genius he has the marvellous power of giving permanence to what is in itself as transitory as the gorgeous sunset, "the morning cloud, or the early dew." He can fix his subjects upon his canvass as they at the moment appeared to him, and send them down to future and unborn generations, as well as originate new scenes. Every painter by thus stereotyping what is presented to his view becomes a historian, and gives permanency to what is in itself transitory. To illustrate the statement which we have just made:—The artist takes, for example, a landscape scene in summer, when all nature is richly adorned and beautified; the fields and forests are clothed with verdure, the little hills rejoice on every side, the lake is calm and peaceful, the sky is clear and cloudless, the husbandman is hard at work in his well-cultivated field, the cattle are grazing in the meadow, the birds are building their nests, and a multitude of other objects of interest and beauty are fixed upon his canvass. Now, this scene of the artist's workmanship is preserved, and becomes for ages perpetual summer in the eye of the spectator. Or, the painter takes, for example, the portraits of a group of philanthropists. By the power of his art he arrests the stream of sympathy for suffering humanity as it flows from their hearts and beams in their eyes. He fixes their looks, their very dispositions, and feelings, and hearts, and hands them down to posterity with all their moral virtues inscribed upon their countenances.

But, however fine the paintings of the artist may be, and however well executed, and beautiful, and diverse, nature excelleth them all in loveliness, in variety, in form, in perfection. The divine ideas, and love of the beautiful are developed in his great and wonderful works. All nature around us and above us is just one vast temple decorated and richly adorned with exquisite paintings. There are created artists as we have seen, but all nature tells us that there is an Uncreated and All-perfect Artist. There are finite and fallible painters, but the endless variety of shades and colours, of forms and proportions in the great picture of nature, point us to God as the infinite source of all that is true and beautiful and good. This great landscape which the Author of Nature has painted and presented for our inspection and instruction, has many advantages over the finest works of art. For example, the landscape of nature is not *stationary*. It is *one*, but it is also *many*. It is like a moving panorama. One of the unchangeable laws of the Author of Nature is its changeability. In no month of the year, in no week of the month, in no day of the week, in no hour of the day, are the beauties

of nature the same. They are continually changing. Beauties pass away and give place to new beauties. We have the beauties of spring, the beauties of summer, the beauties of autumn, and the beauties of winter; "for every thing is beautiful in its season." We have the beauties of day, and the beauties of night; the beauties of sunrise and the beauties of sunset. The moon that gives us light by night, and the countless stars that sparkle like dew drops in the fields of immensity, are all beautiful; but they are all changing their positions. The clouds, those wings of the wind, are going hither and thither, and changing their position and appearance every moment; at one time they are low and lowering, at another they are far out of sight in the azure blue. At one time the fields and the forests are all covered with verdure,—the flowers filling the air with their sweet fragrance, and exhibiting their rich variegated and lovely colours to the eye; at another, winter comes, and with its cold breath blows upon and destroys every green thing. The beautiful snow flakes fall in abundance, it seems as if the angels of heaven were all shaking their wings, and the earth is wrapped up in her mantle of whiteness. The waves of the sea, the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, are living and moving, changeable and changing parts of nature's great painting. Now, suppose that the artist copies on his canvass a picture, a perfect picture if you will, of the landscape of nature, it would at best only be like nature at that particular moment when it was taken. So that, in point of fact, there are in the one great landscape of the Infinite painting, an inconceivable number of rich and beautiful paintings.

THREE CHAPTERS FROM THE LIFE OF A THREEPENNY-PIECE.

BY H. F. D.

INTRODUCTION.

Reader, I am a Threepenny-piece! I am battered, bruised, dented, and rusty, with a hole through my body; still I really am a Threepenny-piece! Misfortune and ill-usage have spoiled my beauty, but they have neither changed my nature, nor broken my spirit. Now, don't look as if you doubted my word, for my identity is a tender point with me in these my days of retirement from an ungrateful world. I bear, or rather I should say once bore, upon one of my bright sides a beautifully embossed representation of the bust of our beloved Queen; whilst upon the other a bold figure 3 was legibly imprinted. A very necessary precaution this, as I shall presently shew. Time and hardship have effaced all these proofs of my personal identity; yet, as I do not attempt to pass myself off for what I am not, I think the best thing you can do is to give me credit for what I am. I do not seek to deceive you by asserting that I am a Fourpenny-piece, therefore respect my candour and receive me as a real and veritable silver Threepenny piece.

Ah! Reader, I could tell you many wonderful things if I could keep your ear; but being only a Threepenny-piece you would not bear with me long. I have, it is true, a silver tongue; but I fear there is scarcely enough silver in it to touch the hearts of many in this mercenary age. Still I shall endeavour to make myself heard, and give the world the benefit of my humble experience. I have been in many strange places, I can tell you; and have seen many strange sights, insignificant as you, perhaps, may be pleased to think me. I have been popping about from pocket to pocket, and from hand to hand, like a parched pea, for many a long year; until at last I have found a snug and honourable place of refuge in,—but I must not reveal my whereabouts, lest I should be ruthlessly dragged forth, and sent on another pilgrimage.

Alas! I have seen something of the trickery and shabbiness of this present world. Upwards of ninety times have I been most unwillingly palmed off upon unsuspecting victims as a Fourpenny-piece; and only once unintentionally. For the first dozen times, at least, that I was treated in this disgraceful manner a blush of shame suffused my entire person. I turned

quite a leaden-colour, and felt a strange sensation of choking, for want of words, to express my indignation. I am sorry to record that only on one occasion did the perpetrator of this wicked act of deception shew any signs of shame, and that was when his roguery was discovered. My blushes, however, grew fainter and fainter; for as I became better acquainted with the dealings of mankind, I ceased to be surprised at many things which at first filled me with wonder and indignation, and I gradually grew less sensitive to the sad practices I witnessed everywhere around me.

Now, with reference to this imposition to which I have just alluded, and in which I was so often innocently mixed up, I would here give, quite gratuitously, an invaluable piece of information to those of my American cousins who are engaged in monetary transactions with the old country; to be thankfully received by all those who have not yet found it out for themselves. There is one small but important difference between a Fourpenny-piece and myself, which, when it is once ascertained, is an infallible defence against imposition. Reader, if you are of the male kind, be not proud but of a teachable spirit. If you are of the softer sex, then, knowing how liable your more confiding and guileless heart is to be taken in by the cruel deceptions of the age, pay, I beseech you, the more diligent heed. Whenever a Fourpenny-piece is presented to you, look upon him with suspicion. Take him carefully into your hand; and, before you put him into your purse or pocket, *pass* your finger round his edge. If he be rough take him; for though he be rough he is honest. But if he be smooth, take him to the light and examine him more closely; for, as sure as I am a Threepenny-piece, he will either be myself or one of my brethren.

I know something, too, of the shabbiness of mankind, I can assure you. The very fact of my having been three hundred and twenty-seven times in the plate at charitable collections, has taught me a trifle on this point. With what a chuckle have some, whom I could mention if I chose, picked me out from the bottom of a well-filled purse, and suddenly shot me in among the larger and more valuable coins, with as loud a ring as so small a body was capable of, in order that the donation might appear as magnificent as possible. Ah! my friend, never judge of the value of a donation by the loudness of its ring. Feel compassion for the humiliating position in which your humble servant was so often placed, in being thus introduced into the society of coins so much more valuable than himself, which had descended quietly into the plate with a calm and conscious dignity.

You may readily imagine how circumstances such as these weighed upon my mind, and embittered my existence. There was a time indeed when my youthful fancy pictured the future with bright and happy visions. I believed a useful at least, if not a glorious career was before

me. I imagined I was summoned into existence to fill a gap in the financial world ; to supply a great commercial need ; and to further the speedy adjustment of pecuniary transactions between man and man. Consequently I expected to have been the theme of universal praise, and a welcome little body everywhere. These visions, however, like a beautiful bubble, soon melted away into air ; and I became, as I have already shewn, only the tool of the deception and meanness of an inhuman public. I have been regarded for the most part only as an impostor ; and I have had such looks of wrathful indignation launched upon me by those whom I have thus innocently deceived as would have taken the shine even out of a sovereign, and almost reduced me to a state of solution.

But I am compelled in justice to admit that, in two or three instances, I have had reason to think well of mankind ; and as I have grumbled enough I will now give way to the natural love I have for the bright side of things, and, in fulfilling my promise already made, will select from my eventful life those chapters on which my memory dwells with peculiar pleasure.

CHAPTER I.

It was a cold and drizzly afternoon in the month of November, and I was lying, in company with several shilling, sixpenny, and fourpenny pieces, on the counter of a small general-dealer's shop in a little country town in the north of England. A few pence were also lying in our immediate neighbourhood, whose existence I had nearly forgotten. As these do not move in the same sphere as myself, (I being of silver, and they only of more vulgar copper,) I always make a point of keeping them at a proper distance. Not that I am by any means proud of my superior position, nor that I wish to act unkindly towards them ; for I am, in general, very condescending and courteous when in company with those beneath me. Still, you know, there are certain land-marks in society which must be kept up ; and if we were not particularly careful to make some little distinction between its different grades, the lower orders would set no bounds to their presumption, and life would be rendered quite intolerable. But however much I might be tempted to question the politeness of this ignorant and inconsiderate shopkeeper, in thus throwing us all down together upon his counter, and allowing us to lie there higgledy-piggledy, without any regard to our feelings upon this point, still, there we were. Desiring to accommodate a neighbour with small change for a sovereign, he had turned us, with many other coins of different value, out of a little drawer in his desk, which stood behind the counter. A portion had been drafted off, and we were the remainder.

Now my master, the general-dealer, was in the little back-parlor behind the shop, sitting by the fireside with his feet upon the fender; a habit he would persist in continuing, in spite of the constant injunctions of his wife, a most notable little woman, whose furniture and fire-irons always looked as bright as her own face; and that is no little praise let me tell you. Yes, there was my worthy master, taking a comfortable glance at his paper during a lull in business. He was a wee bit of a radical, was the general-dealer, and loved his paper, though it was but a cheap one. He usually took in the Penny '*Examiner and Times*;' for, as he used to say, "It's worth the money for waste paper in the shop; and, then, there's the news for nothing!" Whilst my master was thus pleasantly occupied, I amused myself by looking about me. From the spot on which I lay I could command a view of a portion of the shop-window; and through this I gazed curiously at the passers by. Several persons paused for a moment to look in, but went on their way without entering to make a purchase. At length a little rosy-cheeked boy, about eight years of age, and decently dressed, stopped to look at some fine oranges piled up in a corner of the window. His face was a very expressive one; and I watched with much interest the different changes which passed rapidly over it, for I am somewhat of a physiognomist. First there was that indescribable expression which usually accompanies what is called '*the watering of the mouth*.' This was followed by a look of much thoughtfulness, which in turn gave way to one of earnest calculation. The oranges had evidently become the objects of his desire, and he was therefore estimating their probable cost. At length he drew a penny out of a little breast-pocket, and turned it over in his hand several times, looking as if he would like to double it at every turn. His mind, however, was soon made up; he entered the shop, and shuffled on the floor with his feet. The shop-keeper being accustomed, I presume, to such a primitive kind of summons, looked up from his paper through the window of the back parlor; and, seeing his little customer at the counter, came forward into the shop. As he did so he laid his paper down heedlessly on the change, and thus slightly shifted my position; placing my light little person a few inches in advance of the rest.

"How do you sell those oranges?" said the boy, with a somewhat anxious look. "Two for three-pence, my little man! They're very fine ones, and worth the money!" "Two for three-pence," said the boy, "that's three half-pence a piece, I suppose?" "Yes, my lad, that's the ticket!"—"None at a penny?" said the child, with a searching glance. "No! They're all alike!" The little purchaser's countenance fell; but he commenced looking round the shop for some other article which his penny would compass. Finally he decided upon a currant bun. Whilst my master stooped down to wrap it in paper for him, the boy caught

sight of me, as I lay most temptingly on the counter, just within his reach. Like lightning it flashed upon his mind, that, if I were his, he could purchase what he so much desired. The temptation, alas! was too strong for him. Before the bun was wrapt in paper and presented to him, I was lying at the bottom of his pocket, and his hand was stretched out to receive it!

Having thus unlawfully gained possession of my coveted person, my new master hurriedly left the shop; intending to return shortly and obtain the oranges which he longed for. But young as the boy was, he had a conscience; and that conscience immediately began to trouble him. He had not gone a dozen yards before his heart smote him. The bun stuck in his throat. He felt no appetite for it. He took only a bite or two, and then threw it away. He felt uncomfortable and ill at ease. He never once even took me out to look at me. Situated as I was, in the breast-pocket of his little coat, I could feel how his heart was beating. Even then he would have given all he had to place me where I was before.

You may imagine how deeply I felt for the poor little fellow; and how gladly I would have leapt out of his pocket on to the counter again; but I had not the power. I was compelled by my destiny to lie where I was, and patiently wait for the issue. Having walked about for a little while, my young master felt that it was time that he was at home for tea. With shame and reluctance he bent his steps in that direction. That was the worst tea, I venture to say, that he ever ate, or rather did not eat! The bread and butter, and even the buttered toast, usually so palatable, would not go down; whilst the tea almost choked him. At last his gloomy looks and want of appetite could no longer escape his mother's watchful eye.

"Why, Willie, darling, what is the matter? Are you not well, child?" "Yes, mama dear, I am quite well, thank you; but very unhappy!" and here followed a deep sigh, whilst down went the curly head lower than ever. "Not happy, my dear!" said his mother, "and why not?" Here all the faces round the tea table, both big and little, looked up in wonder. The fact of merry little Willie's being unhappy seemed to be something quite out of the common way. "Yes, mama," said the child, "I am *very, very*, unhappy! There's something in my mind which troubles me! May I ask you a question alone after tea?" "Certainly, dear; as many as you like!" was the kind reply.

A silence fell upon the party for the rest of the meal. The mother saw that something unusual weighed upon her boy's mind, and wisely questioned him no further; feeling sure that she would know all in due time.

When the cloth and tea-things were removed; and when his mother had purposely gone up into her room for a few minutes to fetch something; then it was that little Willie rose up with a heavy heart and fol-

lowed her. I was still in his pocket. You can guess how interested I was. That was indeed a turning-point in the boy's life. Nothing but the perfect confidence and understanding between the mother and her child saved him. "Now, Willie," said his mother, drawing him to her side and placing her arm fondly round him, "what is it that troubles you? Let me see if I am clever enough to answer your question!" "Well, mama, dear," said the little fellow, longing to unbosom himself, and yet ashamed to do so all at once, "I know a boy; he is'nt very old; and he took a threepenny-piece which did'nt belong to him from a counter in a shop, because it would just buy some oranges he wanted. He did'nt buy them directly; but he thought he would come back by and by and get them." "That was a very sad deed, Willie, but what followed?" "Why, mama, as soon as the boy left the shop he felt he had'nt done right; and he wanted to put it back, only he was afraid. Now, I want to know what you would advise him to do? You are always so clever in these things!" "What little wisdom I have, dear Willie, I am thankful for; and I will make the best use of it I can in advising your little friend on this important point. Under such circumstances as these, I should certainly recommend him to go at once to the person he has wronged, taking the three-penny-piece with him. Then let him manfully confess his sin; and say, 'sir, I have been very wicked. I was tempted to take this from your counter; but no sooner had I done so, than I felt I had done wrong. I could not be happy; I could not sleep; I could not ask God to forgive me; until I had returned it to you again, and asked your pardon!'" "Oh! but mama, that would indeed be terrible, to go and face the man from whom it was taken. Could'nt the boy go to his mama, and ask her to take it back for him; or at any rate to go with him when he took it back?" "No, my child, I should not advise this. Remember, it would not be nearly so dreadful for this poor boy to face the man he had injured, especially if he brought back to him what he had taken; as it would be for him to face an offended God, if he did not return it, and feel sorry for his wrong deed. And, as he committed the crime by himself, I think, if he possibly could, he should also make reparation by himself. I am sure, dear Willie, you will agree with me when you have thought a little more on the subject. However, if you would like to take your little friend my advice, we can spare you for a little while this evening; but you must not be gone long."

Slowly and silently the little fellow departed. Taking down his cap from a peg in the hall, he passed into the street. A few turns, and he had decided on his course of action. There was a flush on his cheek, and tears stood in his round blue eyes; but there was nevertheless a look of fixed determination on his face. He reached the shop. The shutters were up. This was another obstacle; but he overcame it. He stood on

the step and gently pulled the bell ; telling the girl who opened the door that he wished to see her master for a few moments alone. He was shewn into the shop which was still dimly lighted. How his little heart did beat to be sure ; almost enough to throw me out of my place in his breast pocket. It was indeed a trying time for little Willie ; but he was acting upon the advice of her whom he loved most in the world, and this gave him strength.

At last the door of the back-parlor was pushed open by my late master. In a moment I was out of his pocket, and the child was on his knees before the man whom he had wronged. "Oh, Sir!" said he ; "I was tempted this afternoon to take this three-penny-piece from off your counter ! I could not feel happy until I had brought it back to you, and asked your pardon. Will you—will you forgive me ?" Then followed a rush of tears, as his head sank upon his bosom. The general-dealer was but flesh and blood. He had children of his own, and his heart was touched. He took the child up in his powerful arms, and his own tears flowed freely. "Forgive you, my little man ? Yes, that I would, if you had taken my whole shop and not brought even a shutter back !" So saying, he kissed the boy on the forehead ; and with a full heart turned into his little back parlor, with a better opinion of human nature than he had held for many a day. He murmured a few words as he went ; but I could only catch the latter part of the sentence—"as we forgive them that trespass against us."

The boy was off like a shot. Both of them had entirely forgotten me, and I was left lying neglected upon the floor of the shop ; but still I know what followed. "Mama ! mama !" said Willie, rushing into the house and throwing himself into his mother's arms, "the boy has been to the man, and the man has forgiven him !"

OUR CANADIAN VILLAGE.

BY JOHN READE.

An important phase in "our village" is its increased attention to education. Through the instrumentality of a few of its prominent members, a grammar school has been established, which is giving the advantages of a cheap and firm basis of liberal knowledge to many who would otherwise live like their fathers before them, dependent on their hands alone. The "*vis inertiae*" of an ignorance that had been amassing for generations proved a terrible barrier at first to the advancement of our little scholastic army, but happily the whole mass is now gradually crumbling away. We have a mechanics' institute, too, though sadly neglected by the people. You would laugh if I were to give you a list of our books, not because they are not excellent in themselves, but they seem to have been brought together in such "incoherent squads." A little oligarchy had the choosing of them, and as long as the money came from foreign sources these dillettanti lived in literary clover, as each of them had only to suggest a book and it came and the money went, and his curiosity was satisfied, and the book was laid aside, and probably, there remains "unto this day, to witness if I lie." Volumes of theology, volumes of fiction, and between these a wee modicum of digestible, wholesome food: this was the sandwich that "our council of public instruction" served up to the hungry seekers after knowledge. Still, matters might have been worse, and certainly no one need starve with the wee modicum before him, and many have been wise enough to eat it thankfully, and to pay their dollar a year. A spirit of emulation has arisen of late in consequence of the debates to which I referred before. I was startled one day by being asked (as I knew what books might be obtained in the library, having been corresponding secretary for two years, without expending one drop of ink), if there was any book "on the eye and the ear." "Here," thought I, "is mutiny against Dr. Jessopp." Oh, no, it was to be debated at next meeting "whether the loss of sight or hearing was the greater calamity." I could mention many other marks of promise, and I hope the score will be paid. Lectures are given *gratis*, chiefly by resident volunteers, every winter. Such subjects as "What is Philosophy?" "Reading," "Milton," "Gibaldi," "The Arctic Regions," "The Land of the Sultan," &c., &c., have been treated of. At these prelections, you would find intelligent,

respectable, and attentive audiences; quite as much so, indeed, as those in the city that the news reporters laud so highly for behaving themselves when some of the wise ones of the earth come to enlighten them. But do not ask them to pay anything; if they pay it will be for phrenology, or mesmerism, or quackery of some sort. This is a pity, but not wonderful. Even a strange face is marketable where everything must be monotonous to those who have not a fund of variety in their own minds. I have seen an organ-grinder treated munificently, and I have seen our hard-working and careful librarian left unpaid his little trifle. I do not think this apathy is peculiar to "our village," and whatever is the cause of it, I think that it will pass away as soon as people's brains begin to be aware of themselves. Conscious life, physical, intellectual, or moral, must have exercise, or ——— what? I am tired of the mechanics' institute. Come into the post-office and I shall show you Antime. But who is Antime? There he is behind the counter, smiling his very life out on those boorish men and pests of women. Handsome, obliging, bold, chivalrous Antime! Just the sort of courtesy is his that poor Mary may have missed when she left the country of the Dauphin for the country of the Stuarts, gentle, winning, anticipating your very wishes. Every sturdy British community should have a few *Antimes*. I need not tell you that he is a French Canadian. His dark, wavy hair, his beautiful soft dark eyes and his fine olive complexion, tell you that he is "un beau fils de la Belle France." He speaks English well enough, and very pleasantly as to tone; but when he is excited he must stand on his own lingual soil. He does not often get excited though, and when he does it is generally from great provocation, and the greatest to him is to speak disrespectfully of his religion or race. Noble fellow that he is, in the midst of those who do not care much for either, he has never for a moment deserted them. He cannot argue very profoundly it is true, but he can defend with his own weapons—earnestness and faith. He has no others, but he uses these sufficiently to let you know that he is a true Frenchman and a sincere Catholic. Every body likes him and wishes well to him and to charming young madame and to little Angelique. Not very far from the post-office there is a pretty little cottage, where one may sit or walk behind the vine-embraced trellis-work, cool and unobserved. If you listen, you will hear now and then a light elastic step, a quick, decided, pleasant voice, not without its share of Scotch accent, and occasionally a gay, quick, hearty laugh, which is responded to by one, two, three little voices, to the notes of young, younger, youngest; then a noise of dancing by little feet, and cries of "grandpa" from as many of the infantile mob as can articulate, that is, two-thirds of them. The oldest of that group is John Martyn, Esquire, late merchant of our village, and I need not tell you who his little playmates are,

I suppose. Whenever you find a man playing, really playing, with children, expect good of him; and when you see a man avoided by children, (am I speaking too confidently?) avoid him. Mr. Martyn never was avoided by children. Indeed he is a martyr to them. They cling to him, neck, arms, legs, body, and he cannot shake them off, and I verily believe they have little "cribs" in his heart, too, though, cautious man that he is, he does not tell any one about it, not even their mother. But he shows it by pleasant, quick laughs and sly kisses, and suffering all sorts of ill-usage and dragging about by little hands, and trampling and scrambling to the top of him from little feet, and discordant, sweet, wilful music, from little throats. Other people would shew the "crib," and would not suffer half as much; but J. M. will have his own way. Mr. Martyn is getting old. He will soon be seventy now. He is not always so merry as *that*. There is often a little mournfulness in the tone, though no complaining. He has worked hard, and had his troubles, (as who has not, that is worth speaking about?) and has done his duty bravely, to his God and to his country, to himself and to his family and to his neighbour; in the church and in the world, in business and at home. Search all the archives of "our village" for the last thirty-five years, ask whom you like, and you will find that scarcely one act of benefit has been done to the community in which that man has not taken a prominent part. He has been ubiquitous in "our village." Go where you will, to the magistrate's court, to the school meeting, to the kirk session, to the Bible society's meeting, to the mechanics' institute, and he is there, working away, cheerfully, actively, letting himself be dragged about, just as you saw him a while ago by those little hands. Just and honest in all his dealings, liberal and charitable; amiable, affable, hospitable; diligent in his business; a faithful friend in any perplexity; overcoming his enemies by the dint of straightforward fearless integrity; ever consistent and true to himself—such, in feeble words, is the character of John Martyn. If "Our Canadian Village" had only that one man, I would love it. I often wonder that so few lives that are really useful, practical, and *guiding* to those who have yet *their own lives to write*, are made known to the world. We have the lives of warriors, politicians, poets, preachers, kings, popes, courtiers, philosophers, dwarfs, giants, good men, bad men, odd men, &c., &c., but how few books have we like Arthur's "Successful Merchant," or Mr. Smiles' "Self Help." Yet these are the books that most young men require in biography. Those who pass their lives on thrones, in courts, in camps, preaching sermons, writing poetry, novels, history; devoted to science or politics, are the few, not the many. *These* should not certainly be neglected; but I think that our practical, useful, successful men of the great mercantile world are often worthy of something more than the mere passing obitu-

ary comments of a newspaper. I would like to see the life of such a man as John Martyn. But his life is written in many a work of goodness; in the walls of our schools and churches, in the prosperity that smiles in the little nooks of the wilderness; in the memories of hearts that he has blessed, in influences at home and abroad that *cannot* perish.

And now, my good reader, your little rambling visit is nearly over, for I am afraid you are growing impatient and want to get away. I will not detain you very much longer, though, I assure you, there are a great many people and things that I have to tell you about. I would like to give you a glimpse of little Miss Larkins, who is always cajoling little cats out of little bags, so that now I dare say she has quite a feline museum to shew to her admiring friends; of Johnny North, who speaks good Devonshire, but very bad English; of Tom Glenn, who, poor fellow! has such a passion for examining pumps and reconnoitring fences, when he can do nothing else; of droll, pugnacious John Galt; of eccentric Sam Harvey the clock-maker; of smiling, indescribable Geordie Lossin; of Frank Lawless, who, preaching before a looking-glass at an open window, was surprised by finding a delighted audience outside; of our Volunteer Balls; and our picnics and "surprise parties;" of our snow shoeing and skating; of our boating and fishing; of our fairs and cattle-shows, and political meetings; of our municipal wranglings; of our match-making and gossipings; of our little romances and trystings and disappointments; of our pleasant summer roamings and autumn reveries, and winter's gatherings, of all that you, my dear reader, can conceive as being connected with "our Canadian Village." Just one little portrait and I have done. Did you ever, in the course of your life, meet with a lady who had out-lived all pretensions to becoming that crown of which Solomon speaks, and yet had preserved all her young-heartedness and kindness; who seems half matronly and half maidenly; who can look without envy at the flame at which two hearts are warming themselves, though she may feel a lonely chilliness herself; who believes in a holy, true, lasting affection in spite of the sneers of the world; who has a winning pleasant way of saying everything that is not the least "old maidish," in the popular sense; who is equally at home with men, women and children; who is fearlessly chronological in her remembrances of twenty or twenty-five years ago; who is pretty correct in her estimate of young ladies and gentlemen; who is in fact an admirable person to chat with, to read with, to consult with, be on good terms with, to live with? You could not help wondering why she never was married, and when you found out and knew "all," did you not reverence her till she became a heroine to you? It is of common flesh and blood materials that heroes and heroines are made, and it is surprising to see how much they are doted on in novels by those who cannot

recognize them in daily life. We have now walked up the road as far and a little farther than the steepled church. We are at Miss Mary Bartletts. It is she to whom I alluded in my appeal to your reminiscences. She is the daughter of one of the first ministers of the place, and her house is still the house of the minister of her father's church. Besides him she has a brother with her, and sometimes a nephew, who is at College, and a very pleasant household they all make. If we had time you and I would certainly make a longer stay now, but—I must go.

I said once in the course of this paper something about what I *could* have told you that would not have been to the credit of "our village," viz:—of its little gossipings and bitterness, and proneness to slander and to sow tares in neighbouring fields, and its want of charity sometimes; and its hypocrisies and pretended saintliness, and its pride a petty malice, in fact, of a good deal that might be called sensual and devilish. But what region of the earth is free from these? Where these are not, that is Utopia, (see Sir Thomas Moore or Dr. Southey). I could also tell you of acts of kindness; of affection that sought no gains; of tireless watchings by the bed of suffering; of generosity and self-forgetfulness; of trust in God and man; of tears that came because the heart sent them; of unrepining daily toil for others; of silence that was louder than words; of blessings that were also prayers; of noble thoughts in simple dresses; of charity that "suffereth long, and is kind;" of mercy and truth and hope and fortitude and almost all that in this world we can know of the answer to those blessed words "Thy will be done." These have I seen, separately in many, and in some all. I would like to tell you more of the history of "our village;" of its probable future, and the thousand agencies that are now at work forming that future. As I look down on it from my old rocky watch-tower, I see a grand panorama as it were, unfolding to my view all the scenes, events and personages; the hard struggles and sufferings and falls and triumphs; the convulsions political, religious and social; the adventures and dangers and voyages; that, all under the guidance of an unerring Providence have led to the building and settling of this little nest in the wilderness. I see as it were at one glance the whole history of human progress gathered around my little village, as a nucleus, and most prominent in that history, my mind's eye recognizes in solemn, gorgeous colours, the fifteenth century. The Roman eagle has drooped his pinions, and will soar no more; Augustus and Augustulus sleep in quiet dust; barbarians from the East and from the North have swept away the old landmarks of Roman power. Old Rome is extinct, but a new dynasty has succeeded and the crown of the Emperor has become the miter of the sovereign pontiff; the "nation of the toga" has become the nation of

the *stola*, the spiritual has succeeded the temporal, the cross, the sword, the soft step of the priest, the bold tread of the warrior. But the cross has also called the sword to its help, and at the summons of Romish hierarchies, the descendants of Rome's ravagers have marched from west to east to rescue the holy city from unholy hands. But in the household of mother Church, even now, murmurs are heard, and sons who love their mother and are loth to leave her begin to think of their father and the day of his return. What will he say to the stewards of the household? And some in tears withdraw to lonely places; and some, hiding their sorrow, stay on and hope on; and some that are too bold are punished. Ah! before a hundred years there will be a change. But where are the Crusaders now, for they are much needed? There is an immense army before the old walls of the city of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, but Constantine is not there, neither is the spirit of the master he avowed, nor the spirit of old Greece or Rome. But there are the names of all these. There is a Constantine and there are Christians in that old city. And who are those thousands of fierce, dusky warriors without it? They are the followers of Mohammed, "the Illustrious," and Mohammed is there too, not the first one, but one who has his spirit and his power increased by centuries. Oh! where are the crusaders now? They must soon be going westward to make war with the wilderness, to plant the seeds of liberty. Who cares for the East now? Let them give up to braver men that which they can no longer hold. Away with them! away with them! pull down their bulwarks! raze their battlements! There is a noise of many voices; there are shrieks from women and groans from men, and cries from children, clasping their dead mothers; there is a sound as of thunder and the Bosphorus trembles; there is a rush and a struggle, and a mounting of walls, and then, *another* cry "Victory, victory! Allah is great and Mohammed is his prophet!" Oh! where are the Crusaders now? Away westward, in Genoa, this same year (A.D. 1453), a tall, manly, intelligent youth of eighteen years, bears in his young brain the burden of a great idea. For long years must he study and travel, and be derided and disappointed, but let him cherish his idea, and cherish it he will, till borne up and on by almost prophetic perseverance, he sees at last the "dashing, silver-flashing surges of St. Salvador." And now, and from this time forth, there is *another* cry "Westward ho!"

"Westward ho!" from Spain, from France, from England. "Westward ho" to the Gulf of Mexico, to the Amazon, to the La Plata, to the St. Lawrence. "Westward, westward, westward," till the lonely forest is musical with the voice of man; till little oases of civilization smile in the wilderness, till the savage has become Christian (ah! this

is the saddest portion of the picture); till great cities rise to send out argosies of their own; till the little hardy colonies have become nations and the mothers of nations. And then Jacques Cartier, and Champlain and Wolfe, what do their names suggest or not suggest? And on the land that was to them often impenetrable and full of peril from savage man and savage beast, we, Canadians of the present day, step proudly and confidently. What have we done for this our rich inheritance? What are we going to do? There is much to do for head and hand and heart. Let us look to the old country, let us look around us in the new; the careers of our fathers, and our elder brethren, are either in our memories or before our eyes. Let us, as we burst into nationhood, be well assured of what is good, what is best; let us choose that; what is mean, or weak, or dangerous in morals or in policy, let us avoid. Finally, let us each take to himself, not only as a motto but as a principle that "signal," (one word being changed) that once "ran along the line," on one of England's glorious days, "Canada expects that every man shall do his duty." And now in conclusion to "Our Canadian Village," I will say "Farewell," with the simple but honest good old English words,— "God bless you." I can say no more.

IN LONELINESS, AT EVENTIDE.

BY JOHN READE.

I.

In loneliness, at eventide,
 When Nature gently falls asleep,
 And all the stars begin to peep
 In through her curtain, silver-eyed;
 My Reason doffs her robe of pride,
 And leans her head on Fancy's breast,
 Who loves to give her sister rest,
 And darling Memory kneels beside.

II.

Then Fancy whispers loving-low,
 Till wearied Reason dreams of bliss,
 And Memory prints a balmy kiss
 Upon her sleeping sister's brow.
She dreams—of hours that swiftly flew,
 Of friends whose kindness made them fleet,
 Of words that were as music sweet,
 And acts that shewed those words were true.

III.

But ah! soon Reason must awake;
 Not long may gentle Fancy hold
 That wearied head within the fold
 Of those soft hands that banish ache.
 But though she wake, 'tis comfort still,
 To know that Memory never sleeps,
 But, angel-like, her vigil keeps,
 Through day and night, through good and ill.

THE ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE—A TOUR TO THE LOWER PROVINCES.

NUMBER II.

At the conclusion of our previous article we were bidding farewell to Riviere du Loup, that place which, not many years ago, interesting in fact, was considered to be the termination of pleasure travelling on the Lower St. Lawrence, by the south shore; it was then that all the Canadian territory to the east received but indifferent recognition: for, instead of continuing downwards, steamboat men deemed it more profitable to steer across the twenty-two miles of expanse to which the river there reaches, and enter the wonderful Saguenay,—leaving the stranger-tourist to take it for granted that nothing existed further below worth going to see, or inquiring about. The people who went off pleasure-hunting in those days were thus, unconsciously, cheated out of a great many of Nature's most complete pictures, although the bill-of-fare furnished from the same source, along the banks of the Saguenay, afforded a full equivalent; but, at the same time, a proper idea of the immense extent of beautiful country, upon the opposite shore from the Saguenay, could not have been realized to the satisfaction of any person whose mind assumed a very inquiring turn. The mere fact of the Grand Trunk Railway terminating at Riviere du Loup, was no index as to the productiveness or progress of the country more eastward; there appeared sufficient when the writer was travelling, to indicate that advancement, simply on account of the absence of iron-rails, had not been arrested. It, certainly, did not so prove, when our steamer proceeded upon her way with a very slight diminution to her load; as for the cargo, it seemed almost unbroken, while upon deck the throng of passengers—some on pleasure and many on business—remained still large and attractive. Nor did we feel surprised that such was the case, because, to us, the charms of the route were numerous enough, and the prospects of that portion of our Province sufficiently important, to make it a matter of no astonishment whatever, that a small vessel was steaming along so many hundred miles distant, easterly, from Toronto, still under the shelter of a Canadian shore, filled, to its utmost capacity, with all descriptions of freight, and conveying persons who had not, it was to be supposed, been influenced by statements alleging the barren character of that part of Canada, and so often published with apparent intent of misrepresentation and prejudice.

Before the first afternoon was spent, we had long since passed below those rocks which proved so fatal to the lost steamship "Canadian," and navigation, from off the banks of the County of Rimouski, became more or less accompanied by occasional swells, high winds, and an odd lurch, now and then, to the steamer. But no old, experienced, traveller was desirous of hastening ashore at the first opportunity simply because a "sea" had commenced to present itself, and those storm-betokening white caps crowned the billows which rose up, as it were, to impede our further progress. It is true, we did seek protection behind a friendly little island, and thereby avoided the displeasure of the waves whose desperation was escaped by the timely presence of that stray bit of land. But what of that! Such an interruption to the revolution of the paddle-wheels was not, surely, to create alarm! In fact, while it was a comfortable thing to be securely resting in a haven to which a chance island gave existence, upon the other hand the distance of our view of the storm was not without some enchantment, as we could—encountering very little inconvenience—witness the mighty battle of the elements which became, at last, so terrific that the superfluous fury of the engagement even made itself felt upon ourselves, distant though we were. This contest possessed the additional fierceness which a briny impregnation lent it; and the scene of battle bore all those evidences of a stern conflict presented by miniature mountains of waves, in their strife for the mastery, appearing to ascend into the domain of Boreas. One of those scenes, in which wind and water seem to meet in regular battle array, is certainly grand, as well as exciting, to look upon; but, after all, a trifling affair, was a mere "blow" from off those banks compared with a great earthquake of waters experienced out upon the wide, unfettered sea itself. Then, truly, the miserable puniness of man and the nothingness of his perishable mechanism are pourtrayed, when the strongest naval structure in the world is tossed about just as the wind would toy with a feather. Even approaching the Gulf, there was sea-breeze enough—and, perhaps, with some, sea-sickness—to brace one up into a passing thought upon the marvellous freaks of the great, ungovernable Ocean, which the Omnipotent created for a link, as well as an insulator, between nations and countries. To how very many has it not proved a deep, cold, sudden grave? How many homes has not that vast highway of the world's commerce made lonely and sad. What a sepulchre, too, has it not proved to the wealth and riches entrusted to ships which have "gone to the bottom"? But, again, there is something upon the credit side. What balm to the thousands of invalids has been the invigorating air of the Atlantic, as it kissed the pale cheek of the voyaging consumptive, or stole into the numerous coves where the weary and the wrecked in health have loitered in quest of recuperation! Such has been, is, and always will be *life!* Ah! those mysterious waves,

what everlasting misery they have bequeathed to some, and to others what endless joy, and hope, and strength. Thus we mused, but with how small a share of satisfaction!

Now we had a wide-spread calm; and such a sublime prospect was there! The battle of the great elements was all over; the strife in a few fleeting hours had ceased, and our steamer moved on uninjured, while, in that brief struggle, lives and property less fortunately circumstanced than we were, had passed down below forever into the vast depths over which we then ourselves so safely sailed. Hardly, it must be, is there a real storm at sea which does not claim and receive a sacrifice from someone, or somewhere, more or less.

Rimouski was to be our next stopping place, and we proceeded along towards it, not wondering very much that when an Upper Canada constituency refused to elect Mr. Baldwin, he should have been decoyed hither where the grandeur of those neighbouring banks may have led him to think a freer atmosphere prevailed. Between Riviere du Loup and Rimouski the settlement was not so demonstrative as above the former point,—the cultivation existing beyond the heights which fringe the waters' edge; but the scenery continued to be all-absorbing. It was well that the steamer hugged so closely, at times, the shore; those who were enthusiasts in witnessing nature in her unrestrained revels, would have regretted the absence of the picturesque views which we found in the most lofty state of regency. Nor was there one who had the desire to question the importance of a valuable tract of country, such as that seemed, possessing, too, a large, industrious population, of quiet, contented people. It cannot yet be forgotten—and many will distinctly remember—how loud and unjust was the cry raised by a minority of Upper Canadians, against the expenditure of public money for the construction of piers at important and judicious points on the Lower St. Lawrence. Without the slightest intention of introducing politics in an account of a tour, a passing allusion to those piers can scarcely be avoided; the want of them had been long and severely experienced, and it was well, indeed, that the opposition to their erection did not succeed. Reasonable questions are,—“Was this long stretch of fertile country to remain always unapproachable”? “were its people to live generation in and generation out, shut off from the rest of mankind—an isolated, neglected, unused community?” Every liberal minded person will answer in the negative. It was thus, a matter of patriotic congratulation, as well as of personal pleasure, that we perceived, on arriving opposite the village of Rimouski, that one of those magnificent piers was there to which a hawser was fastened, and passengers landed upon it, with the same facility and speed present at a similar operation in a Quebec, Montreal, or Toronto harbour. While the erection of that pier presented the means of spring-

ing an outlet through which the interior promises to rapidly develop itself, an additional object has been achieved in the clustering together, within a short period, quite a number of houses, among which were to be seen places of comfort and accommodation for sojourners. Where, a few years previously, the waters of the St. Lawrence spent themselves idly upon an uninhabited and seldom frequented piece of shore, we saw the *calèches* driven along towards the steamer, for the purpose of conveying, for a very small bit of silver, any one who had occasion to so invest. Metis, a pretty looking little village, and a famous salmon-fishing location, is situated a few miles eastward, and many passengers went thither, taking with them a fair portion of our cargo.

With our leave of Rimouski we saw no more of the piers; the one there was the last. It was woe, then, to the stray passenger who had to reach home from some silent spot below the boundary line of government expenditure. How was it to be done? There were passengers aboard so circumstanced, and in due time the opportunity arrived for solving the problem. Suddenly the steamer stopped, and the mystery was, What for? The surrounding scene was wild, and the shore away off did not appear to be particularly hospitable. A stir at the gangway, however, betokened that one of those desired scenes of solitary debarkation was about to take place. A small boat was launched and then manned; next followed a carpet bag and a couple of barrels of flour; and then, and lastly, the lone male passenger, in all the importance of a tightly buttoned up coat and as stern an aspect of countenance as if his journey was to be long and dangerous. It was neither: but somewhat exciting. Away, riding gaily on the billows, went the tiny craft for the shore, and all on board watched with interest the several efforts made to "land," which was eventually accomplished without any greater misfortune than a slight wetting to all concerned. The small cargo was soon put ashore, the boat returned, and our steamer was fairly under weigh once more, when all eyes were directed to a flag-staff standing upon the highest of a cluster of rocks projecting from the mainland. The ensign, we imagined, which fluttered over those rocks, was there, surely, for some special purpose; it could hardly be to gratify the eccentric notions of a hermit, who, many suggested, inhabited the building also described. No, it was not so; for that spot enjoys a continental significance. Who had not heard of Father Point? Such is the designation which gives recognition to that flag-pole, those rocks and that house; they are Father Point,—a lonely looking place. There, the summer months round, an intelligent man, for the benefit of all the rest of the world, consents to live; an experienced telegraph operator is in exile at Father Point for the gratification of the hundreds of thousands who read the daily papers and eagerly devour the English news. It is a very pleasant thing to be able to sit at a breakfast

table, thousands of miles distant from Father Point, and to have one's mental desires satisfied with the column of intelligence, dated a few hours before from that far off spot; and perhaps there has been all that enjoyment without a thought being expended upon the remote operator, or a passing consideration given to the manner in which all that "news" was possibly rescued in the tin can, sealed and secured, and, perhaps in the darkness of a night, consigned to the fury of the waves. Of course, it may be said, the operator is paid; but, after all, is he not a Samaritan? a sort of salaried philanthropist? We think so, and pitied him as we thought of him, comparatively alone on that shore, with no music save that of the sighing waves, no whispers but those of the wind, no intercourse with the rest of the world save the pantomime of the wires, no accompaniment to his long hours but the ticking of the instrument. Father Point, from the deck of a steamer, has a most forlorn appearance—cold, lonesome and cheerless; there is not much else to add to the description. With a shrug we turned our back upon the unfriendly-like spot, hoping for some greater cheer in the onward course of the steamer. In such a prospect it did not do for a fastidious taste to seek extravagant gratification; for high, rocky scenery on the one hand, and on the other a monotonous extent of sea, only ruffled occasionally by the porpoises, was all just then to be seen. Perhaps it was well that night, under such circumstances, threw a mantle over us, ere long.

So much had been said and written about Gaspé, the arrival of our steamer the next afternoon—if all continued prosperous—at that prominent stopping place, was looked forward to with a great deal of interest. For a distance of one hundred and fifty miles before Gaspé was sighted, the shore continued almost uninterruptedly mountainous. In the morning the scenery, which towered so majestically above us, presented itself with panoramic effect as the steamer sailed along under its protection. There was the sublime and the really enrapturing; now and then a narrow valley, coursing back into the interior for some distance, exposed to view ranges of pretty hills all lying about in lovely promiscuousness. Great Fox River was pointed out as being an extensive fishing station; at that point an important trade with the Mediterranean has, for very many years, been carried on by Jersey-men, who give employment, at each of their establishments, to upwards of forty men—half of which number is engaged day and night in catching, while the remainder attend to the drying and packing. The business in the neighborhood of Great Fox River is almost exclusively in cod fishing, an operation which was witnessed for hours, from the deck of the steamer, with great attention and feelings of excitement. The fishing boats, each manned by two persons, were to be seen to the right and left of us nearly the greater portion of the afternoon. Cod-fishing appeared to be an active kind of pursuit, for

no sooner was the line seen to drop in the water than the men were noticed pulling it up again and landing their fish. Thus the wealth of our Canadian waters was being brought up from the deep, and a large and valuable trade quietly pursued, about which in the West very few have seemed to entertain a correct idea, or form a proper estimation.

The county of Rimouski tapers off gradually into a narrow stretch of mainland, which, upon the north side, serves as the high shore of the river, while on the other side it shares in supplying the banks which give quietude to the waters of Gaspé Bay. Before passing from Rimouski, the fact of the larger portion of the county having the appearance of being fertile and capable of a high state of productiveness may be mentioned. It has a population of over twenty-five thousand inhabitants, many of whom, distributed into numerous small settlements, pursue avocations entirely apart from agriculture. The lumbering business is extensively carried on throughout the district, and the opportunities for embarking in the same are very great, owing, not a little, to the presence of many splendid streams, affording water power to an unlimited extent.

The long neck of land which had been, for some hours, hiding from our observation Gaspé and all its belongings, became exhausted towards the evening; and as the curtain was about to rise from over the expected picture, the Sun had commenced to set, arranging for us, as it were, a grand tableau. A suspicious looking rock, sitting out a short distance from the mainland, at the termination of the shore proper, caused our steamer to take a very wide berth as she swept round the point in fine style and brought us within full view, at last, of great Gaspé. The sudden change, from the uninteresting waters bordering upon the Gulf, to the magnificent scene which Nature had so perfectly worked up in the surroundings of that far-famed free-port, had all the success of a pleasing effect of which an appreciating beholder could have been susceptible; the farewell rays of departing Sol were flickering upon the spot, and there seemed to be a lustre upon everything around, as if specially prepared that there might be a favourable result to the first impression of strangers. The sail up the Bay was one of twenty-six miles, and, the entire distance, the course of the steamer was lined, upon each side, by fishing boats, which were numerous enough to have the appearance of being verily strung along the shores. Passing from the Bay, and escaping a couple of shoals occupying rather treacherous positions, we entered a sheet of quiet water known in local language as the Basin, and at the head of which lay the village, straggling in appearance, but perhaps picturesquely so. The wharves and warehouses located there betokened business; these symptoms, of course, appeared to be on a small scale, but upon landing, and roaming about, we found the people to be active and money-making in their movements, as well as wonderfully progressive in their undertakings.

They know, right well, how unsparingly they have been misrepresented and ridiculed, and belittled by a sectional class of persons in the West; but they do not appear to mind it, nor in consequence of it, to be soured against Upper Canadians, who, though many hundreds of miles from them, had spoken and written of them so disparagingly. Ourselves and our company they seemed pleased to meet, and manifested a large heart for hospitality; at all events, on this particular occasion, they could afford to allow Upper Canada large "odds" for the interesting (if not amusing) sight was to be seen of several speculators from the far West coming off the steamer with a cart load of baggage at their heels. Such an occurrence was, indeed, a triumph for Gaspé, a place—if one were to believe all that had been said of it—only suitable to an ignorant, yoked class of persons; we did not find them so however,—on the contrary, remarkably energetic and intelligent, and as well up in double-entry and the questions of the day as their more pretentious detractors. The people are English spoken; the early settlers were originally from Jersey, and their descendants yet retain a refined accent, quite as pleasant as the genuine French. The business prosecuted there obtains proportions really surprising; the exportations of salmon and codfish are enormous, while the whale trade is exclusively carried on at Gaspé—that is to say, none of the neighbouring fisheries boast of the same. Vessels specially built for that trade, and owned by firms of the place, sail directly to and fro every year, bringing on their return voyages large cargoes of goods as well as hundreds of new settlers. Within a short period the arrival of Norwegians has been very large, and, thus, a fresh class of quiet and useful persons is being encouraged to participate in developing the wealth of the country. Many small villages have sprung up in the interior of the district, and while, to the rear, the lumbering business has been vigorously commenced, towards the frontier the mineral resources (some time since discovered) are receiving a large share of attention. The county has a population of twenty thousand people, and commands a sea coast of two hundred miles which, in itself alone, is equal to a very large pile of gold. It may be for some years yet to come, but sooner or later the future will bestow upon Gaspé a commercial eminence which must startle those who have not had an opportunity of beholding the extent to which nature and circumstances have provided for that remote place. Gaspé—that is to say the precise locality upon which stands the post office, the village store, the offices of the steamboat agents, and all the other ingredients of a busy little place—enjoys a very pretty situation; indeed, it, so far as natural advantages are concerned, seemed to be quite a paradise. The bay has always been considered by mariners as unsurpassed in the facilities it affords as a haven for shipping; many entire fleets could readily find shelter and safe anchorage upon that splendid bay of Gaspé. Surrounding it, the high land elevates somewhat in tiers, and the village has the appearance

of being very lovingly embraced by a semi-circle of rising country, coursing back through which, from the heart of the village, is a stream sufficiently large to contribute materially to the facilities for lumbering. It seemed to us a matter for much regret that such a splendid resort for the weary—such a wide scope for the admirer of grand scenery—such a fine field for the capitalist—as Gaspé presented, is so far removed by steamboat connection from the people of the west. Should the Intercolonial Railway ever be constructed, though within many miles of that place, a rapid artificial prosperity will undoubtedly join itself to the impetus, which Nature alone is sure to manifest, without even waiting for the auxiliaries possibly to be obtained from any railway enterprise. The society there is good; the people are cultivated in their tastes, and, for those who might desire to sojourn temporarily, the hotel accommodation is excellent.

We spent a night at Gaspé very socially (if not profitably) and the next morning, having had an early start, our steamer was sailing up the beautiful Baie de Chaleurs, and along the banks of the county of Bonaventure—the last extreme district of Lower Canada. It was on the waters of the Chaleurs, it will be remembered, that Cartier and his comrades (*en route* for the St. Lawrence) first reconnoitred,—afterwards planting, at the entrance of Gaspé Bay, their primeval land mark, in the shape of a large, rudely designed cross. During the morning's sail, prominent among the attractions was Perce-rock; it stands out boldly from the mainland, and its huge, eccentric character, as well as its apparently strange isolation from the high shore to which it is proximate, has rendered it very noticeable. The summit of the Perce-rock is the great rendezvous of gulls, which, it is said, have taken possession of it, particularly ever since an unexplained apparition in the neighbourhood of the rock, and concomitant with a terrific storm prevailing at the time. Of course, some story of that kind, along with others, did very very well for a loquacious skipper to entertain inquisitive passengers. Mount Anne was another attraction of the morning, and, though a July sun made itself very sensitively felt upon deck, the Mount was capped with snow, the sight of which contrasted very strikingly with the verdure so apparent, an hour before, upon the banks. The last stopping-place in Canada was Paspebiac, off which our steamer anchored at a safe distance, while a quantity of freight was sent ashore in small boats; in return for the same the only reciprocity of commerce was a number of lobsters, alive and kicking, brought to us in a little bark canoe by an Indian, who did not demand for them all as much money as would purchase a can of the same fish in Toronto. He, however, looked delighted with his bargain, and quickly rowed away, eyeing very suspiciously the paddle-wheels of the steamer, which appeared to puzzle him.

In the afternoon we had passed the Province line, and were then in the sister colony of New Brunswick.

ON THE FEATHERED SONGSTERS OF THE ISLAND OF MONTREAL.

BY H. G. VENNOR.

How interesting, yes, even fascinating, is the study of our feathered tribes! Birds by their sprightly movements, brilliant plumage, and vocal powers, have always, and ever will attract the attention of the human race. The study of their habits leads the mind away from the busy cares of city life, and gives it that pure, ennobling enjoyment which ever attends the contemplation of the Creator's works. It will be impossible in this short sketch to do anything like justice to the feathered songsters even of the island of Montreal. But we will try to speak a word on behalf of our Canadian songsters, who, during their short sojourn, enliven the woods and orchards with their music. How often do we hear it asserted that the woods of America are devoid of all harmony, and that their quiet is only broken by the rapping of the woodpecker, the whirr of the partridge, or the dismal hoot of the owl; and how many give their assent to this mistaken notion, without taking the trouble to look into the matter for themselves. But to one who has lived surrounded by our forests and groves; whose ear has often taken in the swelling chorus of our native songsters; whose delight has been to listen to the varied and rich notes of the wood thrush, as, perched on the outskirts of the woods, he chants his evening hymn of praise. To such a one, we say, this assertion would appear not only false, but as the result of very meagre observation of our feathered tribes. The wild concert of our woods is indeed truly grand and beautiful. We may hear from their deep shades the loud notes of the thrush, intermingled with the gentle songs of the tiny warblers, and the rich notes of the oriole, red-bird, and tanager; whilst from every bush and flower arises the musical hum of the busy insect. Our gardens and fields, again, echo with the songs of the rosignol or song-sparrow, the whistle of the robin, or the more feeble, but still agreeable, notes of the yellow-warbler and titmouse. That notable bird, the English nightingale, is held up before us by our friends on that side of the ocean, as the acme of perfection in song. We heartily admire with them his musical performances, and his wonderful compass of song. But, must we quietly stand by and admit by our silence that this bird has no rival in America, or even in Canada. Allow us to quote a line or two from a distinguished English naturalist

on this interesting subject. "It may be improper here," says this gentleman, "to consider whether the nightingale may not have a very formidable competitor in the American mocking-bird, though almost all travellers agree, that the concert in the European woods is superior to that of the other parts of the globe." And again, by the same author, "One reason of the nightingale's being more attended to than others is that it sings during the night." We will own that few of our songsters thus "waste their sweetness on the desert air;" but that, as the rays of the rising sun still glitter on the dew drops of the forest trees of Canada, a concert breaks forth from the shadows, which those, who have once heard, will never forget—a swelling melody, ascending on the morning air, as a hymn of praise and universal rejoicing. This grand concert is kept up during the spring months, from morn until evening; and when darkness again comes over the scene, a few birds, nightingale like, still keep up their songs. This chorus, as the season advances, necessarily lessens in strength. Few of our birds sing during the very hot weather; and owing to the season advancing very rapidly in Canada, the spring months are the only ones in which we may properly judge of the harmony of our woods. We have two distinct classes of birds visiting us on the island of Montreal, namely, those which only spend a few days with us as they pass farther to the north to breed; and those, again, which build and raise their young on the island. So that, when these northerners have passed on, and our residents are busily employed in making the most of our short season, a comparative quiet reigns in the woods. This silence during the hot summer months may have given rise to that erroneous idea, that our birds are deficient in powers of song. We have often at such a time wandered through our island, and, save the restless dart of the flycatcher, the shrill pipe and rap of the woodpecker, seen or heard little else to break the pervading stillness. The American mocking bird before alluded to, though found as far north as the State of New York, and adjacent States, seldom if ever finds his way into Canada. They are most numerous in the Southern States, and there only may one hear their song in all its beauty and variety. As regards Canada, we also have two songsters, both of them formidable rivals of the English nightingale. We refer to the wood thrush—*Turdus Mustelinus*, Baird—popularly known among our French people as la flûte; and the ferruginous or brown thrush—*Turdus Rufus*—the largest of the Canadian thrushes. These birds we may indeed be proud of, though both of them, seem to prefer the shelter of the forests to the vicinity of gardens and orchards. As these two birds are our chief songsters, we will take the family they represent as the first to examine:—

The *merulidæ*, or thrushes, are represented in our island by the following species, placed in order of merit:—The ferruginous thrush, *T.*

rufus; wood thrush, *T. mustelinus*, Baird; robin or migratory thrush, *T. migratorius*, Baird; hermit thrush, *T. pallasi*, Baird; water thrush, *Saurus novæboracensis*, Baird. These are the songsters of the family. The notes of the other species are far from disagreeable, but they cannot be called singing birds. The cat-bird—*Minus Carolinensis*, Baird; golden-crowned thrush, *Saurus aurocapillus*, Baird.

The brown or ferruginous thrush, is one of our largest species of thrush. The cold climate of Canada does not seem agreeable to this fine musician, as he is by no means common with us. Many Ornithologists, indeed, maintaining that he is never seen on our island; but we can assure him that sometimes he favours us with a visit, and makes the slopes of our mountain echo with his joyous notes. We are sorry to add that this fine bird often falls a victim to the gun of the prejudiced farmer, who accuses him of pilfering and scratching up the hills of the newly planted Indian corn. Many other species meet a like fate for similar reasons. But we can say to the farmer, that for every grain of seed that he thus scratches up and devours, he destroys some hundreds of insects, which, left alone, would lay waste his entire crop. Can we expect this bird, then, to visit us, when he meets with such an ungrateful reception. This thrush is more frequently seen in the neighborhood of man, than many other species of his family, and if left alone, would likely salute us with his songs every season. "In the months of April and May, when our woods, hedgerows, orchards, and cherry-trees are one profusion of blossoms, when every object around conveys the sweet sensation of joy, and heaven's abundance is, as it were, showering around us, the grateful heart beats in unison with the varying elevated strains of this excellent bird; we listen to its notes with a kind of devotional ecstasy, as a morning hymn to the great and most adorable Creator of all."

Our next species is one that nearly equals, if not quite, our brown thrush. It is the wood thrush, well known among our French Canadians as, la Flûte. He is of rather a solitary disposition, retiring on his arrival to the most retired and sheltered parts of our woods. His song, though only consisting of a few notes, is singularly sweet and beautiful. Towards dusk, when the other songsters are silently resting in the leafy woods, his song is poured out with quickness and energy. Hardly has one individual ceased, than another of the same species takes up and answers the song; at times waxing loud, and then gradually dying away until his notes are carried along on the breeze, as soft murmurs breathed through the strings of the Æolian harp. He seems to inhabit the whole of North America, from Hudson's Bay to Florida. Often have we heard his song among our woods, but seldom have we been favoured with a good view of him. No sooner does he hear approaching footsteps than his song ceases, and he silently darts off among the bushes; and when you

come to the bush on which you expect to see him, his mocking song may be heard far in advance among the thick foliage.

Our third species is the well known robin or migratory thrush. We need say but little on this well known songster. We are all familiar with his song and habits. He loves the society of man, and when undisturbed never ceases to greet us with his sweet notes. The first song that we hear in spring is from the robin, and, as we list to him, already we picture to ourselves the forests and fields clothed in their green mantle, and almost imagine we smell the perfume of flowers on the still wintry breeze. These birds breed extensively as far north as Hudson's Bay. Many also remain and breed on our island, notwithstanding the fact that our Pot-Hunters do their best to exterminate them. The water thrush, though seldom seen by our citizens, is a pretty constant visitor to our island. It is very fond of moist and marshy places; or where a stream runs through among the bushes; there, and only there, may his sweet song be heard. Like many other species of his family, his song commences loud and clear, then gradually dying away, loses itself in the murmur of the streamlet. After spending a few weeks with us, he hurries off to his winter quarters, which seem to lie in the "deep watery solitudes of Louisiana, Tennessee, and the Mississippi territory." Our hermit thrush is another of these solitary songsters which retire into the depths of the woods, to sing and rear their young. So retiring, indeed, are his habits, that they have obtained for him the name of hermit. Although Wilson remarks that "in both seasons it is mute, having only in spring, an occasional squeak like that of a young stray chicken,"—we are able to speak of his notes in something of a different manner. During the hot day, as he looks after his young, this squeaking note may be heard expressing, as it were, anxiety, but no sooner does evening draw on, than his metallic notes may be heard mingling with those of the brown and wood thrush.

We believe he continues his song during the greater part of the night, as if to make amends for his silence through the day. This bird is very commonly met with on our mountain, though he is often mistaken for the wood-thrush. His nest is seldom seen, as he uses much skill in its concealment. Although resembling the wood thrush at first sight, he differs from him in size, colour, manner, song, nest and eggs; never associating with him, or frequenting the same parts of the forests. These five species contribute in no small measure to the harmony of our Canadian forests, fields and gardens. In our next paper, we shall examine the warblers, fly-catchers, buntings, finches, sparrows, orioles and wrens; and endeavour to single out from them, those species, which contribute to the music of our island.



THE BURIAL OF LORD CLYDE.

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

Hark! a solemn dirge is sweeping,
 Where the noble dead are sleeping;
 Best and bravest of the nation,
 Each within his silent cell.
 Guests beneath this roof so hoary,
 Who are they, and what their story—
 Name, and rank, and worth, and station?
 Lo! the sculptured marbles tell!

Warriors these, whose brave devotion
 Triumphs won on land and ocean:
 Senators and deep-read sages;
 Friends of justice, foes of wrong:
 Patriots for their country smitten;
 Holy ones, whose names are written
 Brightly on celestial pages;
 Orators and sons of song.

See within this mighty temple,
 Comes a sombre train and simple;
 And the requiem, widely surging,
 Rolls by cenotaph and bust.
 Some a mournful load are bearing,
 All a mournful look are wearing,
 Crowds behind are onward urging,
 Over graves of precious dust.

To the guest-house comes another
 Soldier-Chief and worthy Brother;
 Crimson field and wreath forsaking,
 Wreath of laurel for his brows:
 Leaving victory behind him,
 Now he seeks the rest assigned him;
 Rest that never shall know breaking,
 Till his blast the Angel blows.

Faithful comrades, erst so fearless,
 Bending by his couch so cheerless,
 Ponder on the days departed,
 Spent upon the Euxine's shore :
 Or when by the jungle dashing—
 Chargers rearing—sabres flashing—
 They with him, the lion-hearted,
 Battle's joys and perils bore.

Blazonry and arms were wanting,
 Plumes nor bannerets were flaunting,
 As they bore the chieftain daring
 To his cold and dreary bed.
 What ! no trusty steed attending,
 Glossy neck all lowly bending,
 Gorgeous sell and housings wearing,
 Riderless behind the dead ?

What ! no lofty car and ponderous,
 Dazzling with devices wondrous,
 Rough with gold, with carving splendid,
 Bore the clay which thousands bless ?
 What ! no booming gun to thunder—
 "Soul and flesh are rent asunder ;
 Lo ! a Warrior's race is ended,
 And his hand is weaponless ?"

Simple Truth and Honour prizing,
 Vanity and pomp despising ;
 Ere his soul to joy ascended,
 Thus the noble Marshal said :—
 " Let no troop of war-steeds prancing,
 Sheen of lance or helmet glancing
 With my obsequies be blended :"
 And his order was obeyed.

Nobler, holier was his longing
 Than for pageants' round him thronging,
 Blazing out with tinselled glory,
 Blazing only to delude.
 Guerdon meeter for his merits,
 Bravely earned, he now inherits :
 Worthy place in England's story,
 And a nation's gratitude.

Love was given, pure and glowing,
Tears were offered, freely flowing,
 Flowing in a full libation
 Over cheeks all scarred and swart.
And from gentler springs of feeling,
Deepest sympathies revealing,
 From the fairest of the nation
 Came the offerings of the heart.

Mortal eye no more beholds him,
Earth within her bosom folds him,
 “Dust to dust” hath now been spoken
 By the solemn, white-robed priest.
Bowed with sorrow, meek and lowly,
From the temple, softly, slowly,
 Pass the mourners, spirit-broken,
 And the organ-notes have ceased.

Shall we bid the herald proudly,
And with blare of trumpet, loudly,
 Blazon forth the Marshal's glory,
 With his titles and his name?
Firm resolve and toil unsparing,
Skill and fealty; honour, daring,
 Long have told the world his story,
 And have won him deathless fame.

MUSTY LEAVES FROM AN OLD WRITING-DESK.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FATHER'S DEATH-BED AND FUNERAL.

Even at this distant period of time, I can look back and see my widowed mother rush from the apartment in which he lay, and where she had watched him with that solicitude and tenderness, with which only a wife can watch; and hear her exclaim in all the bitterness of woe, "My children, your father's dead!"

I see her again, when the first burst of grief has passed away, sitting in an old arm-chair, arrayed in a widow's cap, an unconscious infant hanging on her breast, two little children playing about her knee. I can perceive the stifled sorrow, (subdued by resignation to God's will), whose silent eloquence tells more forcibly of the soul's anguish, than do the outpouring of unsanctified affliction.

And yet again, the morning of the day when his mortal remains are to be conveyed to their last narrow resting place. Methinks I see my bereaved parent motion her children to the door of the chamber in which his body lay. I feel her hand press mine as she leads me, (half confiding, half afraid), towards the lifeless corpse of him who was her all but earthly idol! I remember her last farewell look, and the sensation conveyed by the marble coldness of his brow as I instinctively followed my mother's example, and imprinted the parting kiss on his placid cheek. I hear again the smothered sigh, as she withdraws hurriedly from the room, and gives herself up for the rest of that sad day to a fresh burst of impassioned grief.

And now the hurried business tread of the undertaker's feet, and the screwing down of the coffin lid, contrast sadly with the aching hearts in the adjoining room, and fall harshly on the ear: presently come the mutes and mourners, clergyman and physician, clerk and sexton, and all that generally contribute to swell the pageantry of woe, to be invested—each in his turn—with the ordinary conventional "trappings and suits of woe."

After a few minutes of painful suspense, during which the funeral procession is assembling round the door, the coffin is slowly carried down stairs, and deposited by the bearers in the hearse, which stands ready to receive it; now the mourners take their places, the procession forms, the sexton commences his measured tread, and the hearse decked with its long black plumes, mournfully nodding assent, proceeds slowly

and sadly along, followed by a train of sorrowing relatives and friends.

The church-yard is reached; the beautiful and sublime burial service of the Church of England is read, the solemn "*dust to dust, ashes to ashes!*" accompanied by the dull hollow sound of the mould as it falls on the coffin lid, for the first time appears to awake one to the stern reality, that a fellow mortal has passed through the *dark valley*, from TIME TO ETERNITY! But how are the Christian's hopes raised from earth to heaven, when he looks with the eye of faith, beyond the narrow portals of the tomb! The veil which—for a time only—separates him from the unseen world appears momentarily withdrawn, as he hears those cheering words from the clergyman's lips, "In the sure and certain hope of Everlasting Life!" Under their genial influence, the torrent of grief is stemmed, the tears of unavailing sorrow are wiped from the mourner's cheek, for he feels that the parent he consigns to the tomb is *not lost, but gone before!*

Even to those, whose daily professional avocation makes them encounter the last enemy in all its protean forms, Death is appalling under whatever circumstances it happens, how much more so, when we see the head of a family removed by its unchangeable fiat. Every scheme that has been formed of earthly happiness, "romantic schemes and fraught with loveliness," in a moment blasted! The family circle broken up, by the sudden departure of him in whom the hopes of a dotting wife and tender offspring were centred. The widowed mother and her orphan children, left to the buffetings of a cold, a fickle and a heartless world! Thus, it is, that under altered circumstances, what we were accustomed to regard in the light of *genuine* friendship, turns out to be a base counterfeit of its God-like prototype, to which—like the fawning hypocrite—it had unwittingly been paying involuntary homage. Its votaries, *indeed*, smiled complacently "when fortune smiled," but no sooner has the individual that was wont to attend these *ignes fatui* in the shape of friends—mingled with his kindred dust, than they wax cold, indifferent, and forgetful. True, they give vent to their sympathies in a few hollow-hearted expressions, and this being all that the usages of society receive at their hands, they speedily withdraw from the house of mourning, and seek to efface any serious impressions that may have been made by mingling afresh with the world, its absorbing cares and unsatisfying vanities.

Ah! ye who live in "luxury and ease," who put far away from your own dwellings the thoughts of Death, and imagine that a contemplation of approaching dissolution may be drowned in the bowl of pleasure, and that you are so fortified by health, and surrounded with prosperity, that o'er the threshold of your habitations the destroying angel may not enter, but that he may be banned and barred from your portals. Listen

to *that* bell, as it tolls the requiem of a departed *soul*! perchance, a *spirit lost*! Cast your eyes for a moment along that funeral procession as it wends its way to the church-yard, observe the gushing tears that bedew the mourner's cheeks—significant tokens of the melting hearts within—and deem not, that however high your station, or extensive your influence, any adventitious circumstance of rank or intellect or fortune, can purchase for *you* immunity from the common lot of mortality.

THE WOODS.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

Come, dweller in the city! Jostled by the crowd, and deafened by the wildering din of never-ending traffic;—come to the woods; commune with nature and thy heart, and set a mile-stone on the road that leads to the higher life.

It is morning. We will tarry yet a little; so that, while we are preparing for our ramble, the dew will have dried upon the grass, and shrubs, and leaves of underbrush, and straggling pendants from the trees. "Shall we take the gun?" No, not now. Two months ago, and somewhat earlier in the morning, when the pigeons were moving in countless myriads north-westerly, it might have been worth the while. Or a month or two hence, when they will return with increased numbers, to pay a flying visit to our wheat fields, or early-sown summer fallows; we may find them anywhere in the woods. But now there's nothing to shoot save a stray partridge, and her half-grown brood—mercifully protected by our law, and still better protected, with us, by the very nature of the case. No, we'll take at present neither gun nor fishing rod; but each a hickory stick, with a dog's head carved by your humble servant, long ago, one very snowy winter; a pocket compass—"Is that necessary?" Oh yes; it will do us no harm;—it is easier carried than that silver snuff-box your uncle has carried these thirty years—and should it turn cloudy, may be of service;—and a crust of bread for each—which last, by the way, it were well for you to take charge of, as I have a sad custom of snipping off corners of such freight, unknown to myself, as I

go musing along. "You are afraid you have the same trick?" Well, well, we'll divide the risk, and take an extra quantity.

Now, before we plunge into this wood, turn and look at the lake. How blue! how calm! how vast! But you will have opportunities of becoming better acquainted with it soon. Here are four trees of about equal size, three of which are maple and one white oak. I *thought* you could not tell the difference! They are all tall, but if you look up you will be able to distinguish a difference in the shape of the leaf. The general outline of the leaf is much the same in both, but the oak is rounded and softened down at the angles more than the maple, and is larger, and scarcely so brilliant a green. You will soon learn to distinguish them by the bark, and then by the fibre of the wood. And this is a beech; solid in his trunk, and almost impervious to sun and rain in his foliage; and a very *granary* in the autumn to squirrels—red, black, and grey. The beech, you will see from his smoothness of bark, is well fitted to bear memorials of the passer-by, who carves his name upon it, and hopes some one will read it when he is gone. There is a beech (I doubt not, standing yet), on which, in my boyhood, I carved the date 1840, which I would like to see again. And this makes me think that age is creeping on, and nothing yet is done! Of all the castles that I built in air, not one but was to be inhabited, and made a dome of glory before now—well, let that pass.

Did you ever observe, or even fancy, what varieties of mosses there are in the woods? Forests in miniature; thick trunks, with clinging parasites; tall taper stems; whole *pineries* of evergreens; and velvet-cushioned knolls, fit seats for Titania and her crew. Who can help thinking of Park in the savage wilds of Africa, stript, robbed, and starving; yet taking courage from the delicate beauty of a little *moss*, and arguing in his heart that if the Creator could take such pains to fashion that moss for his despairing eyes to see, would not He take thought of *him*? And he was not disappointed!

These tall trees are elms. You could not fail to recognise them from paintings and engravings, in which they have ever figured. And truly they have a regal stateliness. Their length of trunk and upward sweep of limb, forming Gothic arch and delicate tracery; their sometimes festooned trunks, with small sprigs of greenery, that seem to know the propriety of ever keeping as twigs, and not shooting out into branches; and perhaps, too, in spite of ourselves, our old-world associations, all give the elm a place in the mind, held by no other. These, on this upland, are all "rock-elms;" further on are "swamp elms" and "slippery elms." Ah, don't I remember, when seven years old, when the annual stock of green firewood was laid in at the old school in the city, how a score of us with jack-knife in hand would *taste the bark* of every stick, till we came

to a slippery-elm or birch! And then a shout went up and the stick was peeled in a twinkling. Bright woodmen we were to taste pine, and oak, and beech, and maple and tamarack, to find an elm or birch, that I could now tell from across the street! But experience is the great teacher.

These with their broad leaves and smooth limbs and shoots, growing in bunches like families, (as they are) are basswoods; a soft wood, yet very useful in its way. Its bark is a fortune to the school boy and the Indian. It will peel, in the summer, to any length. I remember, many years ago, finding on the track of some strolling Indians a basswood with a hanging strip of bark at least fifty feet long, which would not detach itself at the upper end. The tree leaned slightly over a stream twenty feet broad and a couple of feet deep, and yielded just enough of the element of danger to make the sport exciting. What a glorious swing across the stream, four or five feet above the water, and back over the soft green sod—and then to drop at the proper moment at the landward terminus of the course!

This single tapering evergreen is a cedar. There are plenty of them a short distance on, where this slight hollow deepens into a narrow valley, full of springs. The cedar loves the vicinity of clear cold water. We do not, in these latitudes at least, find it on dry ground. You remember Mrs. Hemans' lines,—

"One, 'mid the forests of the west,
By a dark stream is laid,—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade."

It is a misapprehension of the North American cedar, which loves moist ground, and is the last tree to afford shade to a place of sepulture.

When a boy, I had heard so much of Indians and Indian graves, that I fancied these mounds we everywhere meet with in the woods were Indian graves. I would fancy that such a mound as this covered the remains of some warlike chief, buried with all the pomp of mystic reverence, with the instruments of the chase and his weapons of rude warfare, and lying "alone in his glory." But I learned to ascribe them to more natural causes. Take this mound at our feet. Here once stood a large tree. It has been uprooted in a storm, lifting with its roots a large quantity of earth. The "slow decay" of time has reduced that stately trunk and those roots into common moss-covered earth; and where the roots lay is now a mound; and where the earth was displaced is now a slight hollow. And here we have the whole theory of "cradle-knolls." I have seen tracts of primitive beech and maple, however, *without* cradle-knolls, but always found that in such cases the limestone rock lay so near the surface, that the trees when uprooted could find little earth to detach.

Now, is not this stillness delightful? What a haunt for world sick care, or love too great for words! The odorous calm of these deep woods—the coolness—the loveliness. These beeches and elms between us and the noonday sun—this mossy seat—and, as we divide our simple crust, an overture from an unseen orchestra gives us the promise of music with our feast. This one, whose song is most continuous, and more of a mellow *warble* than the rest, is a brown thrush. Could we see her, we should find her on the topmost bending bough of the tree—her mottled throat swelling with her rapturous song, and her softest tuning of the sunlight air falling like dew through the greenery beneath her.

She is undoubtedly the best of our Canadian songsters. And next to her I would place these little song-sparrows that perch upon our garden gates, and peep in at our windows, with their one repeated song of ten or fifteen notes. Though I know every note as well as I do that little Hindoo air my children were singing you this morning, yet it is ever fresh and sweet.

You will observe a change of scenery as we go on. The fact is we have left the “timbered land,” and we are entering the “oak plains.” Here the oak is “monarch of all he surveys.” He has here room to stretch out his arms; and we see that the ground is so open to the sunlight that the grass grows greenly. And the little shrubs—flowering and fruit-bearing—give a garden-like appearance to the place. The whortleberries are promising well this year; look at the countless blossoms. This sapling is a *sassafras*. How fragrant, even to the end of every twig!

You will observe that the young wood here is much of one size. This may be accounted for in this wise:—the Indians were accustomed to burn over the plains every spring; and it is only since the settlement of this part by the whites that the young sprouts have had liberty to shoot up. A variety of the oak obtains here, which is not found on “beech and maple land”—the *black* oak. See how gnarled and prickly it is, and how glossy in the leaf. Those little dead twigs pointing out round the trunk, run to the core like trenails in a ship, and render it anything but pleasant to make *rails* of such timber. I have had many a hard day’s hammering at such work. Now, turn down this road. Was ever prospect more delightful! This was a travelled road in early times; and not yet entirely effaced. Hark! a partridge on the wing, and another “drumming” at a distance. Poor things, who would disturb them in their little family relations?—not I.

This track will, if continued, lead us too far away; so let us turn off to the right and steer our way home. We have heard of Indians telling the north by the more mossed appearance of the trees on that side, but I could never observe a difference so marked as to be of any practical value.

And I have never *met* with an Indian who professed to be able to tell the direction thus. I believe, however, that a local theory might be maintained for telling the direction by the lean of the trees. Our prevailing winds are west; and I have scarcely, if ever, met with an *orchard* in which the trees did not all incline easterly. And if in an orchard, why not (in a less degree) in the forest?

A life in the forest is a delightful one, where you have not at the same time to "make the two ends meet" round the barren trunk of poverty. But where you must earn a scanty living by the wasting labour of the axe, the handspike, and the hoe—and be at the mercy of every petty shopkeeper of whom, in your hour of need, you have purchased a bag of flour or a bushel of seed wheat, then the romance is gone. Yet these very trials become gilded with a homely glory when in the distant past, and furnish themes for fireside tales and pleasantries when better days arrive. I have spent happy evenings around the glowing old-fashioned hearth, listening to and telling tales of hardships, griefs and joys—hopes and fears of early times in a new country.

You asked me this morning if ever I "had slept in the woods?" I have done so on two or three occasions. Once in company with three others. We were out exploring for "land," and night coming on obliged us to seek shelter. The trunk of a very large uprooted elm seemed to offer us the desired material for such shelter as we needed. We had but a few minutes of twilight left when we pitched upon our camp, and it was our chief anxiety to procure a sufficient stock of wood and water for the night, while the light lasted. We piled up our firewood at one side, and packed evergreen boughs thickly under our sheltering trunk, to keep out the cold night air, (for it was October), and then kindled our fire. We procured water from a cedar-swamp, near which we were; prepared our supper, and were for the time as independent as if we were lords of the soil; which, by the way, we might have become on easy terms.

It was a new and strange feeling to me to lie on a bed of leaves, with my feet to the fire, and look up at the overhanging trees and the silent stars beyond. Sometimes listening to or taking part in an animated rambling conversation on various subjects and adventures,—sometimes watching the fitful light gleaming among the branches and defining a limit beyond which the darkness was deeper than ever; and then gradually sinking into a slumber, to dream of Robinson Crusoe or some haunted castle,—and wake up with a start and find one of my companions rolling in another length of dry log to the fire, and stirring up the decaying embers—and so fall off asleep again. A cup of coffee in the morning, and the promise of a glorious Indian summer day, made all right again; and the next night we were at our respective homes.

Did you ever "follow a *blaze*" through the woods, I don't mean a flame, but the Surveyor's *blaze*, or stripe taken off the two sides of every tree that happens to be in the line of survey. When these are fresh, it is easy enough following the line; but not so easy a few years afterward. In new settlements, it is of the utmost importance to be an adept at "following lines," Indians will go through the woods for many miles without a "line" or a compass, and preserve the direction throughout. There is no mystery in it, but it needs care and attention; and more than all, practice. Having once fixed the direction it is intended to pursue, fix the eye upon some tree in your line of march, and by the time you advance half-way to it, you will be able to take in another tree at a still further distance, and on the same line. And thus always, as soon after passing a guide tree as possible, fix upon one *in front* of that tree to which you are immediately steering. In this manner a long journey may be performed without compass or survey to guide. It has been observed, as a peculiarity with most people, that they are inclined to travel the woods *in circles*, bending to the left. Whether it is that the theory which assumes the entire members and muscles of the right side to be stronger than the left, is a correct one; and that this, by projecting the right side forward with greater strength, sends us gradually round in a circle;—or whether the raising of the right fore-arm to protect the face from the underbrush, gives the body the same inclination to the left, I will not pretend to say; I only vouch for the fact. Or is it that the habit of walking with ladies hanging on the left arm, and ever bending over thither in the sweet interchange of thought and words, has made the habit of swaying to the left chronic, not to say hereditary in the race?

To become acquainted with the woods, one must cultivate that acquaintance perseveringly. Must know the forest in its calm sleeping beauty, in shade and darkness, by moonlight, and in storms;—and a storm in the woods gives one an experience which perhaps nothing else can give. You are straying on, unconscious of time; crossing the narrow bits of sunshine, like golden threads in your walk; with the sound of some sweet wood-note in your ear, but now merely echoing through some whispering gallery in the air-castle you are rearing; and in the luxury of solitude you are speaking to yourself aloud, debating with your own refractory thoughts—when lo! a shadow darkens round you—the charm is broken; you are once more conscious of yourself, and conscious too that a storm is gathering black and heavy on your path. It is in vain to think of reaching home, or a house for shelter. The woods are roaring in the West, under the pressure of more wind than they can well bear. Already around you the tall pines are piping shrilly in the blast. The "soft and soul-like sound," which an hour

ago induced you to linger under their lofty shade, and live old memories o'er again, is changed into a sound like that of an angry tearing cataract. In the leafy hollows the blast becomes a whirlwind, and madly tears up the dry leaves, and sends them spinning onward through the trees. A dry branch gives way with a sharp crack, and comes endwise to the ground, falling over with a lean against a neighbouring tree; giving premonition of still greater falls. Now then, to the uplands! These elms, and ashes, and maples, on the low grounds, are by no means deeply rooted, and will be upturned by dozens. And those pines before you are not only more exposed to the winds from their tallness, but have a peculiar affinity with the lightning. Post yourself among the thrifty timber beyond, and wait the result. You have not so large a trunk to protect you from the coming rain, but your sheltering tree is large enough to protect you from any flying branches; and by keeping an eye to windward, you will not be liable to be overtaken unawares by some neighbouring tree less stable than your own: neither will your own tree go so quickly, but you may easily slip round the other side of the root, and enjoy the crash. Escaping a falling tree is like "fighting fire;"—run, and be ruined;—stand firm, and you can easily see a way of overcoming the difficulty.

Now comes the rain! Not as pelting on your window-panes, or rattling on your roof, but with the angle of a steep mountain-side, coming down with its resistless torrents on the bending forest, and giving the last blow to many a tree, that bending yet not broken, hoped to bear up against the wind alone. Down goes the lofty elm! too flat-footed in the soil to weather every storm. The tall pine above him, disdainful to resign his hold of earth, breaks off half length. The old oak, that has for several years outlived his last green leaf, and with a single limb

"—that scarce three crows could light upon,"

could hardly now be counted as a tree, falls like a king in battle; and as you hear the dead sound, so unlike the crash of the green timber, and starting, eye the slight rebound, as if the earth had shuddered from her bosom that cold embrace, you may well repeat, "How are the mighty fallen!"

I remember, in my boyhood, being overtaken with such a storm. There were three of us. We lived in the woods nearly as much as the squirrels, and were in the water oftener than the ducks, and were ten times noisier than either. On this occasion we had discovered that the fish were disposed to nibble gloriously, and we had accordingly gone on our sailing planks (for we did not own a boat), to a little woody island



in the broad and shallow river beside which we dwelt. The fish bit all the better, the nearer the storm approached; and we, intent upon our fishing, never looked up;—and though we heard shouting, and saw waving of hands, in the direction of home, we felt no misgivings, but shouted back “ay, ay!” in return, and in the meantime fished on. A crashing peal directly over our heads gave us the first intimation of our danger. We looked up, and saw the sky as black as night above us. Terror-stricken, we sprang to our planks, and *poled* for home. Happening in mid course to look to the western bank of the river, I was appalled at seeing like a wall of water, from the river to the clouds, coming with the speed of a whirlwind right down upon me. The farther bank was invisible. In a moment, with a roar, it was on us. Planks and *voyageurs* were drifted back with resistless force for a time, till gathering the courage of despair, we bent to our poles again, and gained shallower water; and while my companions, letting planks and fish all go, sprang for the shore, I managed with another effort to “beach” my plank, and dropping everything, ran too. We had a narrow woody peninsula through which to “run the gauntlet”—and the crashing of falling trees was now fearful. Our little footpath ran close by a clump of large basswoods; and one of these was in the act of falling as we came rushing by. The father of my companions was at some distance beyond, running towards us, holding up his hand and shouting. A fortunate instinct, for I cannot call it judgment, induced me to take the other side of the tree, just at the critical moment;—but the falling tree, and the anxious face and uplifted hands seen as it were beneath it, fixed so firmly in my mind the idea that it was the uplifted hands of my kind relative that held the tree from reaching the ground till I passed, that it has always taken an effort to get rid of the false conclusion! Trees were strewn in all directions, and one of gigantic size was found, when the storm abated, measuring his huge length across the little garden behind the house. And trees were not only uprooted, but broken off. I remember seeing, next day, a hickory, which had stood in a field, broken down a few feet from the ground, but still hanging by a portion of the wood; and countless splinters bristling out in all directions, like sheaves of arrows; bearing witness to the force of the storm, and the toughness of the fibre. But he had carried too large a top. Too great a wealth and growth of greenness had proved his ruin. Prosperity had been his bane. And many a one who walks the earth to-day, and many who do not, have thus, too, fallen!

THE MOTIVES WHICH GOVERN THE POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN IN THE AMERICAN WAR.

BY "ANDRO."

When the war in America began, the early intervention of European powers, and especially of Great Britain, was confidently expected by the great mass of the Southern people. The policy of the British government was believed to be greatly influenced by the interests of industry; and the South hoped, and the North feared, that the necessity of obtaining cotton would induce it to recognise the Southern Confederacy, and open the blockade of its ports. Such intervention would no doubt have changed, on the instant, the aspect of the struggle. The financial prostration of the South, arising from the interruption of its commercial relations, would have befallen the Federal government, instead. The industry of the Southern States, proceeding uninterruptedly, would have enabled them to sustain, without difficulty, the burdens of the war; while the finances of the North, with blockaded ports, and ruined commerce, would have proved unequal to an aggressive war, for which the country was wholly unprepared. The apprehension of such untoward interruption caused the Federal administration to enter upon the contest with unprecedented energy; in the hope of crushing the Seceded States before intervention was inaugurated, and, perhaps, of preventing it, by the display of intrepidity, and energetic resolve. On the other hand, Southern energy was relaxed in the hope of foreign movements to arrest the war; and in the beginning of the second campaign, the inadequate preparations of the South exposed them to disaster, at all points, before the overwhelming superiority of the Northern armies. The hopes of the South were disappointed. The British government occupies a position of dignified authority, very different from that so confidently anticipated.

Before entering on a statement of the true cause of British neutrality, it will be proper to correct some of the misconceptions which have obtained in relation to the subject.

I. MISCONCEPTIONS OF THE POLICY OF ENGLAND

Err in attributing her neutrality to one form or other of commercial selfishness. It is assumed that the British government is influenced by purely selfish views. As it was expected to intervene, and open the

blockade of Southern ports, in obedience to the prompting of interest, so, now, the idea obtains, that only some paramount interest, fostered by the war, prompts the policy of non-intervention.

1. The suggestion was first advanced, that the carrying trade of England has been fostered by the war—that the increased rate of insurance on Northern vessels has turned over a larger portion of their former carrying trade to the English marine; and the English government, to secure a continuance of these advantages, desires the prolongation of the struggle.

It is true that such advantages to its shipping interests, have prevented the stagnation of commerce caused by the war, from oppressing the mercantile marine of England so severely as some other of its industrial interests; but the notion that the aggregate of British commerce is increased in any degree by the war, is an egregious error. The slight advantages derived from it are briefly stated: a portion of the carrying trade, enjoyed in time of peace by American vessels, is transferred by war insurance to English bottoms; and the cotton supply formerly brought chiefly in American ships, now, though in diminished amount, affords employment to English vessels. But these accessions to the carrying trade are wholly insufficient to counterbalance the general stagnation arising from the cotton dearth. That the American war is a serious blow to the commerce of England will appear from a brief examination of the foundation on which it is based.

The commercial greatness of England rests on a double foundation—her colonial dependencies and her manufacturing industry. By her colonial system, Great Britain monopolizes in a great measure the trade of her vast possessions; which until a recent period comprised, by far, the greater portion of the commerce of the empire. Generally situated within, or on the borders of the Tropics, the colonies of Great Britain are the chief producers of Tropical commodities of luxurious consumption; and they render the mother country the great agent of commercial exchange between the Temperate and Torrid zones. Before the era of manufactures this comprised the greater part of the commerce of the world. Interchange between countries of the Temperate zone was very limited; each growing for itself the productions of the latitude; supplying itself also with the fabrics of hand looms; and importing from abroad little except luxuries, which its climate would not mature, for which, in turn, it exported home productions sufficient to equalize the balance of trade. Hence, commerce consisted chiefly in the interchange of the products of the temperate, and Torrid zones. In evidence of this, European commerce was exceedingly limited, until the discovery of the American continent, and of the ocean passage to the East Indies, afforded the Temperate regions of Europe supplies of the luxuries of the Tropics. Then commerce rose. Then the era of European industry and advancement

dawned ; each country exerting itself to develop its resources, that large exportations might enable it to use those unaccustomed luxuries, which gave a new charm to existence.

But this system of interchange was necessarily limited. If the countries in the Temperate zone imported more of Tropical luxuries than they could pay for by the exportation of their own productions, the drain of the precious metals would soon impair their ability to buy. Consequently the Tropics could only find a market for their productions equal to the value of their * importations. But their demand for the productions of the Temperate zone is very limited ; their own teeming soil producing most of the necessaries of life. The interchange could be increased, only by increasing the Tropical demand for the products of Temperate industry.

Manufactures in a great measure supplied this desideratum. They stimulated increased production in the Tropics, as the only means of supplying the new wants they opened to view ; and also, by maintaining the balance of trade, enabled the Temperate regions to import more largely of Tropical products. The manner in which they stimulated this system of commercial interchange may readily be perceived by citing an example. Russia is a grain and hemp growing country. It could only import the luxurious productions of the British Tropical dependencies, in such amount, as it could repay with its hemp and its grain. England needed hemp for her navy ; but growing her own breadstuffs, could purchase no more grain than enough to supply the very limited demand in her Tropical dependencies. And this was the limit of the ability of Russia to import. But manufactures rise in England ; her increasing navy needs greater supplies of Russian hemp, and her sailors and factory operatives consume vast quantities of Russian flour. Thus, while the manufactures of England have stimulated the growth of Tropical productions, they have also vastly increased the ability of the countries of the Temperate zone to use them. It would not be extravagant to estimate that manufactures have already doubled the colonial traffic of England, though a half century has not elapsed since the new era of industry was fairly inaugurated.

But their influence on the direct trade of England with other countries is still more important. The industry of every nation which imports British manufactures is stimulated to produce exports of equal value to become the basis of exchange. Hence, such exported manufactures in-

* The writer is aware that this has not, in experience, been strictly the state of fact. The Tropical regions have exported more than they have imported ; and vast amounts of the gold and silver, taken, in the past three centuries, from the mines of America, have been drained to the East Indies to supply the deficit. This, however, does not affect the validity of the argument.

crease the aggregate of commerce to an amount double their own value. They, moreover, render every country supplied with them, to that extent, a commercial dependency of Britain, receiving its imports, and in a great measure shipping its exports in British bottoms. The nation which manufactures for the world must, in the nature of things, be the great commercial agent. Outward bound vessels, laden with the manufactured products of industry, return freighted with commodities purchased in exchange; and thence, carried to other markets, become, in turn the basis of a new interchange. The manufacturing activity of Britain is the measure of its commercial greatness. Manufactures constitute the chief stay of its commerce; furnishing the staple of traffic, both with the colonies, and with foreign countries. A blow to them reacts with equal force against commerce: countries which purchase British fabrics must turn their industry to producing commodities whose exportation will maintain the balance of trade; but if the supply of manufactured fabrics diminishes, that industry must be diverted to producing substitutes for the articles which can no longer be obtained from abroad—the amount of imports and exports, both, is materially diminished—and the aggregate of this diminution is so much taken from British commerce. The exports of Great Britain in 1859 reached £120,000,000, or nearly six hundred million dollars. For them she must have received in return other commodities of similar value, much of which was re-exported; so that the whole commerce of Great Britain for the year must have amounted to more than \$1200,000,000. Of these exports nearly \$250,000,000, constituting much more than one-third, consisted of cotton fabrics. Hence, of \$1200,000,000 of commerce, \$500,000,000 was based on the cotton manufacture. And when we consider the further effect of the cotton manufacture in stimulating colonial productions, it will appear that perhaps at least one half the entire commerce of Great Britain springs from the cotton manufacture alone. Cut off this manufacture, and at least one half of the commerce of Britain falls with it. Any injury to the manufacturing interests reacts upon commerce with a force proportionate to the diminution of manufactures; and such a blow falls upon England, the great manufacturing and commercial nation of the world, with tenfold severity.

The American war cut off at a blow five-sixths of the supply of cotton wool to British factories. The extraordinary resources of British industry have prevented the blow from falling with such crushing force as would naturally have been expected. British energy is endowed with an elasticity which enables it to react under blows which would paralyze the industry of any other nation similarly situated. Cotton production has been stimulated in other fields; and though the supply is inadequate to the demands of the traffic, yet the great increase of prices prevents

any great falling off in the value of cotton exportations. And meantime her other manufactures—iron, woollen, linen, pottery, glass, &c.—continuing their steady rate of increase, compensate for the diminution of the cotton manufacture. Owing to these causes the exports of Great Britain have not actually declined; though far less than they would have been had her cotton manufactures, the most important of all, also continued to increase in the accelerated ratio of former years. Progress has been checked. It certainly cannot be said that the commerce of Great Britain has been benefited by the war.

2. Equally futile is the second imputation of selfish interests, alleging that Great Britain desires the continuance of the war, that, through the abolition of slavery in America, and the consequent cessation of the cotton culture in the Southern States, she may obtain for her colonies a monopoly of cotton production, and a monopoly of the manufacture for herself.

At the commencement of the war, as has already been remarked, five-sixths of the entire cotton supply of British factories was obtained from the Southern States of America. When this was suddenly cut off, to prevent, as far as possible, the effects of so fearful a disaster to her industry, and her commerce, Great Britain, with all energy, endeavoured to stimulate cotton production elsewhere. But the idea of obtaining a monopoly of the cotton manufacture, by opening up these new sources of supply, is too absurd to be entertained by enlightened statesmen.

It would certainly be of incalculable advantage to Great Britain, could she succeed in inducing great and regular exportations of cotton wool from India. That country, with a population of over one hundred and fifty millions, grows, according to a proximate estimate, as much cotton as has been produced in the Southern States. But, owing to the want of transportation to the seaboard, and to the stereotyped habits of the Hindoos, very little has been exported; the greater part being manufactured at home by the primitive processes known in the East. Before cotton can be obtained in sufficient quantities from India, the country must be opened up by railroads, and a revolution must be effected in the industry of the Hindoos. Both these objects will require time; the latter seems especially environed with difficulties. Human energy and enterprise can force the obstacles of nature to yield before them; but to revolutionize the industry and habits of a people, whom time and their institutions have stereotyped into a form inflexible as the castes which mark their society—*hic labor hoc opus est*.

Meantime the attempt to open up these new sources of supply is environed with difficulties. Nothing but the most exorbitant prices will stimulate production. And, as the producing countries do not yet receive manufactures in sufficient quantities to maintain the commercial

equipoise, there is a vast and constant drain of specie from England to pay for the raw material. The effect of this on the finances of Britain is already seen. To prevent the drain of specie abroad, the Bank of England has been compelled to raise the rate of interest in an unprecedented degree. If the drain is kept up a few years longer, it will effectually destroy the cotton manufacture. The nations of Christendom, drained of their specie to be sent to cotton growing regions, never to return, will be compelled, of necessity, to dispense with goods, the use of which is reducing them to poverty. Also, the high prices found necessary to stimulate production, must enhance the price of the manufactured articles to a degree that will operate to an immense curtailment of the demand for cotton goods. Cotton fabrics were winning their way into the markets of every nation by their superior cheapness. Enhance the price, and no new markets can be opened up, and many countries now using cotton goods, will return to the use of fabrics which cotton, by its cheapness, superseded. These two facts—the drain of specie to pay for cotton, and the high price of the raw material—will surely, unless cotton is again produced in America, undermine, and overthrow the cotton manufactures of Great Britain. The effort now making can only prove a temporary expedient to avoid greater evils. Cotton from new fields can never—without a reduction of prices, and opening up a system of commercial exchange—become the foundation of a flourishing system of manufactures. It is at present merely an experiment, and an experiment which is rapidly demonstrating its failure.

It is idle to suppose that the enlightened statesmen of Britain entertain the hope that their country, under these immense disadvantages, could control the market in competition with American grown cotton. When the war is over, cotton will again be grown in the Southern States, at former prices, and under similar conditions of commercial exchange. If Britain, then, shall put down India, Turkish, and Egyptian cotton to the price of American, and refuse to export specie in payment, the supply, now inadequate, will at once drop off. And even at the same price, British mills using India cotton, could not possibly compete with those of France, or New England, working the American staple. The inferior quality of the India staple, which all efforts have hitherto failed to improve, would alone insure their failure; but the additional fact that India cotton, in being prepared for manufacture, loses twenty-five per cent. in waste, against only twelve and a half per cent. upon the American staple, would, of itself alone, drive mills using the India staple from successful competition.

But it may be urged that Britain may hope that American cotton will cease to be grown. This is a contingency too remote, and improbable,

for a practical mind to build expectations upon it. It proceeds, in the first place, upon the supposition that the South will be overcome in the existing contest—a supposition which the past events of the war renders sufficiently improbable; secondly, that the Federal government will destroy the system of negro labor existing in the South; and thirdly, that without this system, as at present existing, cotton cannot be successfully grown.

To all this it would be sufficient reply that it is not for the interest of England that American cotton should cease to be grown. With a regular supply from America, time will be allowed to open up other cotton fields. India, Egypt, Turkey, Australia, Africa might be gradually opened up, until, importing the products of British industry, they, in turn, furnish the staple in sufficient quantities to free the British manufacturer from absolute dependence upon American production. But cut off the American supply, and, as has been seen, the cotton trade—through high prices, and the specie drain—will have received an irreparable injury, before those cotton fields could be opened up to a system of industrial production, and commercial interchange.

But this apart: the supposition that cotton will cease to be grown in America is a gratuitous, and improbable assumption. For the sake of argument admit, what is exceedingly improbable, that the Southern States will be subdued by the Federal government—and admit further, that cotton cannot be grown in the South except by negro labor—and the only inference is, not that negro labor will be abolished, and cotton cease to be produced, but, that the Federal government will not destroy a system of labor necessary to the production of cotton, and to Northern prosperity, based on that production.

The Northern States have never made large foreign exportations. Cereals, to the amount of fifty or sixty million dollars annually, have comprised the bulk of their exports. The manufacturer of New England has found his market in the West and the South. The Western farmer has marketed his surplus produce to New England and the South. The South has been the common market for the East and the West; and thus the proceeds of its immense exportations, amounting to nearly \$400,000,000 annually, have been diffused over the Northern States which export nothing. It is evident that if the Southern production, and with it, the Southern market were cut off, the Northern States would be reduced to comparative poverty. Without Southern cotton, New England mills would be idle, and the operatives, no longer consumers, would be driven to agriculture to become producers. The West, with its Eastern and its Southern market destroyed, would be whelmed in ruin. The inhabitants of flourishing cities, engaged in this

gigantic system of interchange, with business destroyed, would also be driven to agriculture for support. The cities would be desolate; the railroads would be idle, and grass-grown. The rural districts would teem with a population engaged in production, for which there was no market:

Is it to be supposed that Northern Statesmen will by their own act, precipitate this ruin upon their section? New England may desire the reputation of philanthropy, obtained by cheap protestations, and denunciation of Southern oppression; but has New England ever sacrificed interest to sentiment? Does her past career augur that she will sacrifice interests in which her capital is engaged, and on which her prosperity rests, to carry out a philanthropic movement on behalf of the negro? New England has never sacrificed aught for the negro; but the negro has, under all circumstances, been used to further the interests of New England. To further New England commerce, he was brought from Africa by New England ships, and sold to West India and Southern plantations! In the convention of 1787 which framed the American constitution, when North Carolina, and Virginia, and Maryland, and Delaware—slave states all—joined with Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, and New York, to prohibit the continuance of the Slave Trade, New England, in order to obtain in return a bonus to her navigation interests, united with South Carolina and Georgia, to extend the traffic for more than twenty years! Afterwards, for an age, New England did not meddle with the negro; he could not further her interests, and he was left to labour, unpitied, uncaressed. Henry Clay, a Southerner and a slave holder, was, in those days her *beau ideal* of a statesman; and she supported him for the presidency in preference to Webster, her own idolized son. Woe to the man, then, in New England, who objected to the idol that he was a southern slave owner: New England, then, did not choose to tolerate those whom she termed fanatics—men who would sacrifice actual, solid interests, for the furtherance of an idea. Enough for her that Henry Clay was the uncompromising advocate of New England interests. But the time came when the ripened intelligence of the American people overturned Mr. Clay's "American System." Bank, and Tariff—all went down, hopelessly. New England interests were no longer fostered by government patronage. The party which Mr. Clay had reared, was crushed. No hope remained that it would ever again be able to carry the measures, necessary to foster the interests of New England into vigorous life. The party was powerless, and the measures were pronounced by popular acclamation, dead, and buried.

But New England pertinacity in pursuit of interest never despaired. Now, at last, casting about in her perplexity, New England rememb-

ered her old friend the negro. Entrapping him from Africa had enriched her in the old Colonial era: a judicious use of him in the convention that framed the constitution had secured, for her shipping, bounties that enabled her to rival the marine of England. Might not his name now procure for her the triumph of a party which would repay her devotion by giving her again the Tariff and the Bank, measures for which she had never ceased to sigh? It was worth the trial at least. The effort was made. The Republican party was organized on the broad platform of negro philanthropy; but containing, in an obscure corner, Bank, and Tariff, as well! It triumphed. The Morrill Tariff, for the benefit of New England, was the first measure it passed upon coming into power. And now a grand National Bank delights her gaze.

She played her game skilfully; Negro was trumps and swept the board. But New England played the negro to win, not to lose; to procure prosperity for herself, not to produce her ruin; and, as ever before, she will use him only so far as will subserve her interests. Her treatment of him during the war shows she has no love for the wretched being. When exposed to starvation, she feeds him not; but bargains with his hunger for his blood, and ships him by the thousand to her prosperous shores, to fill her quota for the battle field, from which her own people shrink. The poor, light-hearted, laughter-loving wretch has been seized, unwarned, in the midst of his simple hearted jollity, emerging free from care, from the churches where assembled, and marched off in despairing gangs, to perish amid the mountain snows of the Cumberland, and upon the burning sands of the Carolina coast. New England cares nothing for the negro, but idolizes the interests she has ever made the negro subserve. A sacrifice in the colonial era to New England commerce; her propitiation again in the convention; again her offering to secure the Bank and Tariff; the negro is to-day offered up by New England, in Boston, in Providence, in New Haven, a trembling and reluctant, but helpless sacrifice to the Moloch of War.

Should the North succeed in the struggle, when it is over, and the negro entreats that the pledges made in his favour shall be redeemed, will New England hear his pleadings? Will she sacrifice her own interests, and allow her factories to stand idle, that the negro may bask in the enjoyment of the lazy freedom he covets? This is a war of interest. The Federal government is straining every nerve to coerce the South back into the Union, from no principle of attachment, but from a consciousness of the injury its separation will inflict upon the North. It has in the attempt expended two thousand millions of dollars, and sacrificed a million lives. If the Northern people succeed, will they, after this expenditure of blood and treasure, destroy, at one blow, the

system of labor which rendered the South of value to them? Moreover: in the event of success, the property of the rebels will be confiscated; and the negroes (an important consideration!) will then be the property, not of Southern rebels, but of the Northern government. Three million negroes! at the low price of two hundred dollars each worth six hundred million dollars! Enough to pay almost half the war debt. No Yankee was ever known to emancipate a negro of his own. When too conscientious to keep him in servitude he sells him, and with the money in his pocket-book, joins the shout against slavery. Besides, the negro will not work of his own choice; and industry is the first commandment in the religion of New England. No one has a right to be lazy, especially when New England mills must stop to gratify it. If the negro will not work of his own accord, he will be forced to work.

A correspondent of a New York paper, writing from the lower Mississippi, already gives intimation of the forthcoming plan. The negroes, he says, finding freedom does not mean plenty to eat and sleeping in the sun, as they had supposed, have become discontented with their lot, and wish to return to their former condition. He avows the conviction that it will be found necessary to place the blacks in some relation, where they may be subjected to proper control, while being prepared for freedom. This no doubt means a system of apprenticeship, such as proved so fatal to the Chinese coolies in the West Indies. The Southern plantations will be confiscated, and apportioned out at government sale, each stocked with a suitable number of negro apprentices, sold to service for seven or ten years. At the expiration of the term, if still unfit for freedom, which means unwilling to work unless compelled, the survivors will be auctioned off again, for a similar period; thus netting the government a handsome sum, receivable at convenient intervals, until the extermination of the race shall put an end to the profits, and make America all free.

In any event—whether the North crush the South, or the South establish its independence—negro industry will under one system or other, continue to produce cotton in the South, and export it at prices far cheaper than Britain can obtain it, in considerable quantities, elsewhere, for long years to come. So much for the groundless allegation that Great Britain desires the continuance of the war, in the selfish hope of obtaining a monopoly of the cotton manufacture, by stimulating cotton production in the East. The neutrality of the British government is influenced by no selfish views of aggrandizement. The war presses upon England with far greater severity than any other nation.

3. Equally silly is the suggestion that England is jealous of the

power of America, and feels a malicious pleasure in beholding the belligerents engaged in an internecine struggle.

He who entertains such a thought must know little of the past policy of England, and has turned no intelligent eye upon the present political aspect of the European continent. The British government is the exemplar of European conservatism—that sentiment which aiming at no accession of power, desires to maintain the equilibrium, by preventing any other nation from obtaining a dangerous predominance. Its foreign relations have, for two centuries, been directed with a view to one object, the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe; and its inflexible policy has made it in turn, the ally, and the opponent of every nation on the Continent. England swayed the movement which broke the power of the Spanish monarchy. England formed the Confederacy which drove back Louis XIV. of France from his career of conquest. England sustained the Empress-queen of Austria against the coalition formed against her by Prussia. English subsidies afterwards saved the great Frederic of Prussia from the resentment and ambition of Austria. England allied herself with Russia and Germany to thwart the ambition of Napoleon I. England formed an alliance with Napoleon III. to arrest the progress of Russia. Thus, for more than two hundred years, England has been the balance wheel of European politics. Maintaining the balance of power is the predominant thought of the nation. Industry is sacrificed to it; wealth is lavishly squandered in its defence. For two centuries, by balancing nation against nation, with a lavish expenditure of life and treasure, England has succeeded in maintaining the equipoise. It might still succeed in holding the balance among the full grown nations of Western Europe. But a new element of power has been hurled into the political caldron. A nation, still in its youth, its gigantic strength yet undeveloped, has sprung into the arena. Its ripening maturity must overbalance Western Europe. How shall England repress the ambitious encroachments of Russia? Its advance has been checked for the time by a French alliance. But Napoleon cannot be relied on. England dreads France, if possible, more than Russia. A combination between those two powers would place Europe at their feet. Against such a contingency, England has no European ally in whose fidelity she can trust, or on whose power she can rely.

In this strait, British rulers have beheld in the American States their natural ally, by the ties of relationship, community of interest, and liberal institutions. In their growing power, they trusted to find, in the future, the counterpoise of Russia. In the prosperity of America they beheld the best hope and surest guaranty of the existing *status* of the world, and of the stability of their own country. So far from wish-

ing to see America weakened, they rejoice in its strength, and deplore any event that would arrest its growth.

The fallacy of the hypothesis commonly framed to account for the course of England in the existing war, has now been seen. Her manufacturing interests are suffering, and without any prospect of relief, except in the termination of the contest. Commercial depression is mitigated by the carrying trade of the increased amount of cotton grown in new fields, and by successful competition with Northern vessels labouring under the disadvantage of heavy insurance. The war inflicts the most serious present injury upon all the industrial interests of Great Britain, without any prospect of ultimate advantage. Having disposed of the misconceptions which have arisen in respect of the policy of Great Britain in the present crisis, it remains to consider the various influences which combine to impel the government to the observance of a strict neutrality.

“THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS.”

BY A. J.

*A TRUE INCIDENT IN THE CONQUEST OF FLORIDA, A. D. 1541.

I.

Land of the waving forest—
 Land of the wide prairie—
 Land of the roaring cataract
 And boundless inland sea ;
 Over thy swelling mountains
 The light of truth hath gone,
 And on thy verdant valleys
 Hath beamed a glorious morn.

II.

Come ye who choose to listen,
 And stand with me beside
 The dark and troubled waters
 Of Mississippi's tide ;
 And learn how on yon craggy steep
 Which mocks the wave below ;
 A soldier reared the Christian Cross
 Three hundred years ago.

III.

Ere “Plymouth Rock” to outraged faith
 Free altar-place had given—
 Or ‘Gilbert’ brave, beneath the wave
 Had found how near was heaven,†
 A christian reared the cross divine,
 Where none before had trod,
 And pagans kissed the sacred sign,
 And sought the christians’ God.

* The authority is the Portuguese historian Bridma.

† See Note 2 at end.

IV.

A soldier of a noble soul
 Was he, De-Soto brave,
 As ever laid a lance in rest,
 Or wielded sword or glaive ;
 And oft by fierce Pizarro's side
 Unflinchingly had stood,
 When fair Peru, thy golden streams
 Ran red with human blood.

v.

Alas ! that thus it should be—
 How oft that emblem dear,
 The Cross of man's salvation,
 Has stood beside the spear :
 Since fiercely clutched by gory hands,
 It formed a weapon dread,*
 And upon Syria's burning sands
 The blood of thousands shed.

VI.

The treasures of the Inca†
 Had found their way to Spain ;
 And many a bold adventurer
 Looked o'er the stormy main ;
 And dreamed of regions unexplored,
 Of countries vast and new,
 Which yet might yield the warrior's sword,
 The harvests of Peru.

VII.

With Soto o'er the ocean
 To seek this unknown land,
 Came twice five hundred warriors,
 A matchless gallant band.
 All men of youth and courage high,
 And lineage proud and fair,

* It will be remembered that the crusaders sword was a latin cross—the emblem of the faith for which they fought.

† Atahualpa.

You might not on their brows descry
A single whitened hair.

VIII.

These Portuguese hidalgos,
Whose arms, the traces bore,
In battered helm and shivered lance,
Of conflict with the Moor ;
Now proudly o'er the echoing earth
In new, rich armour came,
With cavaliers of noble birth
And soldiers of great fame.

IX.

The armourer hath left his forge,
The artizan his board—
And cast his toil-worn garb aside,
And mounted mail and sword.
And first and best, whose high behest,
None scrupled to obey
Soto—the adelantado,*
To conquest led the way.

X.

Few were the arms of strength to wield
The mighty blade he bore,
And fewer on the battle-field
Could stand his lance before.
His was the stern unflinching will,
And his the iron mind,
Which bent all others to fulfil
Whatever he designed.

XI.

O, 'twas a great and glorious sight,
Which none may see again—
When that heroic band put forth
Upon the stormy main—

* This title combined civil and military command.

The trumpets pealed triumphantly,
 The drums hoarse answer gave,
 And the red cannon lit the sky,
 And thundered on the wave.

XII.

Upon the trackless ocean,
 Tost about wearily,
 The dauntless hearted mariners
 Held forward cheerily.
 For one to them was sea or land,
 The storm or battle's roar ;
 Till Florida, upon thy strand,
 The warriors sprang to shore.

XIII.

Fair "Land of Flowers"* how wild the scene
 Which opened on thy sight,
 When helm and corslet glimmered sheen
 Amidst thy foliage bright.
 And trampling war steeds proudly neighed,
 And spurned the virgin sod,
 Which white man's foot had never frayed,
 And courser never trod.†

XIV.

The latest foot is on the land,
 The latest boat is gone—
 For it is Soto's stern command,
 That ere the rising morn
 They bend before the freshening gale,
 Homeward, beyond revoke—
 And morning shows no distant sail—
 Then thus their leader spoke.

XV.

"Soldiers, again our courser's feet
 Are on the steadfast shore—

* Florida was so called by its discoverers.

† The horse was unknown in this continent until the arrival of the Spaniards.

Our arms are strong, our lances long—
 The weary voyage is o'er—
 The home we leave is far behind,
 Our heritage, before—
 We'll win renown—a glorious crown—
 Or see our land no more."

XVI.

Then rose from twice five hundred throats,
 A long and deafening cheer ;
 And through the boughs of glittering green
 Flashed battle axe and spear,
 And like an echo on the gale,
 From out the forest free,
 There came a distant, mournful wail,
 And died upon the sea.

XVII.

O, tedious, sad and vain it were
 To trace their toilsome way,
 Through dreary marshes, deserts bare,
 And forests wild and gray,
 Where they the wilderness had nurst
 Met them with courage true ;
 Until that glorious river* burst
 On their astonished view.

XVIII.

Men of the iron heart and will,
 Upon thy devious track,
 Turn as ye mount the rising hill,
 And shuddering look back—
 The whitened bones, the forests sear,
 The rank luxuriant sod
 Shall tell to distant ages, here,
 The Spaniards foot hath trod !

XIX.

Then to the rolling river turn,
 True soldier, who hath led

* De Soto was the discoverer of the Mississippi.

Thy fearless followers boldly on,
 Through toils unnumbered ;
 Why dwells in thought thy lingering eye
 Upon its mighty wave—
 Can it thy future fate descry ?—
 Thou lookest on thy grave !—

XX.

Beside its rushing waters,
 Now dwelt an ancient race,
 Who gave not all their energies
 To the uncertain chase—
 But tilled the land which gave them birth,
 Whose soil was rich and good ;
 And trusted that their mother earth,
 Would yield her children food.

XXI.

But now her breast was parched and dry—
 The maize was wan and sear,
 And from the sun's red scorching eye
 Fell no refreshing tear ;
 And wailings and deep sounds of woe
 Were heard along the plain ;
 For to their prayers, the Manitou
 Gave no refreshing rain.

XXII.

Then forth to gallant Soto,
 In long procession led—
 By two and two—these red men true
 Advanced with bended head,
 And said, " O offspring of the sun
 The clouds no rain beget ;
 Thy God is greater than our own,
 Pray that it may be wet."

XXIII.

Then answered brave De Soto,
 " Truly, our God is great—

He heareth when we call on him,
 And at his footstool wait—
 To-morrow morn, the christians' sign,
 On yonder hill shall stand,
 And I and mine—and thou and thine,
 Will worship hand in hand."

XXIV.

That night, when all in silence lay,
 Unnoticed, save by those
 Who toiled the mandate to obey,
 A lofty cross arose ;
 So vast—majestically grand—
 Upon the hill top bare,
 It seemed as if no mortal hand.
 Had ever placed it there.

XXV.

Then at its feet in faith heartfelt,
 The red man of the wild—
 By the swarth Andalusian knelt,
 Submissive as a child.
 And lo !—the sultry sky was veiled,
 Dark clouds rolled over all ;
 The mingled prayer of faith prevailed
 And rain began to fall !

XXVI.

Each glance is lifted to the sky,
 The priests their voices raise ;
 The loud *Te Deum* swells on high,
 In one glad shout of praise.
 Heaven in tears of love descends
 As each the chaunt prolong,
 And thunder's diapason blends
 With their triumphant song.

* * * * *

XXVII.

Christian! three hundred years are gone—
 What tidings dost thou bear?—
 The mighty river still rolls on,
 And many a cross is there!
 Where are the race who sought thy grace?—
 With him who wrought their woe,
 And found a grave beneath its wave,*
 Three hundred years ago!

* NOTE. 1.—The followers of De Soto fearing lest the Indians, who execrated his name, should disinter and dishonour his body, buried him by night in the waters of the Mississippi.

NOTE 2.—Sir Humphry Gilbert in 1583 explored the coast of North America in the "Squirrel," a little bark of ten tons. On his homeward voyage the weather was extremely rough, the oldest mariner had never seen "more outrageous seas;" but the brave admiral would not forsake his little company, though a larger vessel, the "Hind," was his consort, replying to those who urged him to do so, "*We are as near to heaven by sea as by land!*" That night her lights suddenly disappeared and were seen no more.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLIES.*

THE LONDON QUARTERLY.—JANUARY.

Eels.

That eels descend rivers to the sea for the sake of depositing their spawn in the brackish water of estuaries where the increased temperature of the water is favourable to their habits, has been long known. Aristotle alludes to the fact, and divers observers in modern times have recorded it. But do these eels ever again ascend the rivers, or do they remain in the sea and estuaries? At what season of the year are the eggs deposited? Is it *necessary* that eels should descend to the sea for spawning, or do they propagate their species in ponds and fresh water?

With regard to the question whether the eels that have descended to the sea from the lakes and rivers return again, or whether they remain in the brackish estuaries, we cannot give any decided opinion. Many persons have witnessed the ascent of countless thousands of young eels or elvers from the estuaries and the sea, and no one, we believe, has ever seen adult eels accompanying the elvers, or journeying by themselves. Yarrell says that the return of adult eels is shown by the habits and success of the basket-fishermen in rivers within the tide way, who place the mouths of their eel-pots up stream in autumn, and down stream in the spring. The question must still be regarded as problematic.

It is a most interesting spectacle to see the migration of the young eels from the sea, and wonderful are the instinctive efforts of these little creatures to surmount obstacles that would at first view appear to present unconquerable difficulties. Mr. Anderson, upwards of a century ago, described the young eels as ascending the upright posts and gates of the waterworks at Norwich until they came into the dam above. Ballyshannon is a very favourable place for the study of this curious subject, as we are informed by Dr. Davy, who makes the following interesting remarks on eels ascending rocks:—

‘AMICUS. This is indeed a curious sight. Here are some (eels) wriggling up a perpendicular rock. How is it they accomplish this?’

‘PISCATOR. I believe they are able to accomplish it chiefly owing to two circumstances—their mucous glutinous surface favouring adhesion, and their form small and slender. None of these eels, you perceive, are more than two or three inches long, and slender in proportion. Watch one that is now in the progress ascending that perpendicular rock. See how it makes its tail a support, adhering by that, whilst it projects itself upwards; and this done, now adhering by its trunk, it draws its tail after it. These are its steps, and the asperities of the surface of the rock are its stairs favouring its exertions.’

The skin of the eel is remarkably tough. In the times of the ancient Ro-

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

mans it was used to whip naughty boys, who were thus exempt from the infliction of any pecuniary fine, having been mulcted, not in coin, but in their own skin ! A similar use of eel skin prevailed in the sixteenth century, as appears from the following quotation from Rabelais :—‘Whereupon his master gave him such a sound lash with an eel-skin, that his own skin would have been worth nothing to make bag-pipe bags of.

Eel-skin is the object of a small trade in some cities. In Tartary it is used after having been oiled, as a substitute for window-glass. It is supposed by the poor to be a good remedy for cramp or rheumatism, and we have often spoken with poor persons who attach great virtue to the skin of the eel. ‘I amner quite sure, maister,’ said an old man to us the other day, ‘whether it be a sartain cure for the rheumatis ; but for crompt, I knows there be nothing loike it.’

Eel-skin must have inflicted severe punishment on boy-skin, not only on account of its toughness, but from the presence of innumerable numbers of concretions of carbonate of lime. A portion of eel-skin mounted in Canada balsam, and viewed under the polariscope, is a beautiful object for the microscope. Eels vary much in colour ; the silver eel is generally the most highly prized. Silver eels are certainly very delicious, but, according to our own experience, we find the green-bellied eels equally good ; nor have we any fault to find with the yellow-bellied specimens. Prejudice, of course, is against both of these colours, but we can confidently recommend any sharp-nosed eel if he is taken out of clear water. We have seen a cream-coloured broad-nose, which was doubtless an albino, and owed its whiteness to the absence of pigment cells. Sometimes piebald eels have been met with, and a correspondent in the ‘Field’ newspaper mentions his once having received an eel of a rich golden colour like gold-fish.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW—JANUARY.

Ireland.

Within a quarter of a century more than two million Irishmen have left the shores of Ireland never to return. The population of Ireland under this drain, swelled by famine and pestilence, has declined from over eight, to considerably under six millions of people. And yet, despite this lowering of the head water, the efflux still continues ; and even at the present moment, when a harvest of more than average abundance has just been gathered in, far from showing signs of abatement, the human stream flows on with augmented volume. The phenomena is, we believe, unique in the history of the world. How is it to be explained ?

The reply which rises instinctively to the lip is—misgovernment. ‘When the inhabitants of a country,’ says Mr. Mill, ‘quit the country *en masse*, because its government will not make it a place fit for them to live in, the government is judged and condemned.’ We will not dispute the soundness of the position as a maxim in political ethics, but, in applying it to the case in hand, we must remark, that, if misgovernment have produced the spectacle which Ireland now presents, either it is the misgovernment of a former

age, or else the whole political philosophy of modern times is in a wrong track. For when we turn to the history of recent legislation affecting Ireland, what is the *tableau* which meets our view? A long series of measures extending over half a century, moving steadily in the direction of liberty, equal justice, mental cultivation, and industrial development. The penal code has been abolished. Class ascendancy has been overthrown. Catholics have been emancipated. Municipal corporations have been reformed. An efficient police has been organised. A system of popular education, based upon the principle of absolute impartiality between differing sects, and having at its disposal the best modern appliances, has been established. This gift of primary education has been followed by a provision, founded on the same principle and carried out with the same efficiency, for the higher intellectual culture. A poor law has been passed under which the duties of property towards poverty have in Ireland for the first time been recognised and enforced. Medical charities have been reformed and rendered efficient. The civil service of the United Kingdom has been thrown open to the youth of Ireland upon equal terms. Nor have material interests been overlooked. A Board has been constituted, charged with the special function of guiding and assisting Irish industrial enterprise; under its auspices arterial drainage on an extended scale has been carried out, and, in addition, public money to the amount of nearly two millions sterling has been advanced to individuals on terms below the market rate, for kindred purposes. A plan for the collection of agricultural statistics—an obvious reform hitherto attempted in vain in other portions of the empire—has in Ireland been carried into effect with complete success. Lastly, a new land court has been erected, in which, in obedience to the teaching of sound political economy, and conformably with the procedure of an enlightened jurisprudence, the land of the country, long loaded with debt, and bound in the chains of an antiquated code, has been brought freely into the market, broken up into manageable portions, and transferred from listless and bankrupt to solvent and enterprising hands. These are the salient features of modern Irish legislation; and if these be examples of misgovernment, then manifestly the political philosophy of the nineteenth century is at fault.

What have been the historical causes of this exceptional condition of Ireland—of her stagnant misery in immediate contact with so much commercial and moral progress.

An alien proprietary, without a single bond of sympathy with the cultivators of the soil—a race of middle-men or profit-renters, ‘the most oppressive species of tyrant that ever lent assistance to the destruction of a country,’—a superabundant population—the effect as well as the cause of the degraded condition of the Irish race; lastly, the absence, (fruit, in some degree, of English manufacturing jealousy) of every other kind of industry than agriculture—these are among the causes which for centuries weighed upon the destinies of Ireland, and, aided by a persecuting penal code—under which the bulk of the people ‘could neither buy land or take a mortgage, nor even fine down a lease’—under which, that is to say, all the motives to accumulation which can exist in an agricultural community were carefully rooted out—and

by the selfish and violent rule of a dominant caste, these causes brought the country to the condition in which it was found by the commissioners of 1834 and '44. The language in which that condition is portrayed should be stereotyped for the benefit of those Irishmen who, in their dismay at a diminution of the Irish population, profess to believe that their country is retrograding. We invite them to contemplate this picture of a people whose mere numbers they would have us take as a criterion of its prosperity.—

'A great proportion of them [the agricultural labourers, who formed, it was estimated, two-thirds of the whole population] are insufficiently provided at any time with the commonest necessaries of life. Their habitations are wretched hovels; several of the family sleep together on straw, or on the bare ground, sometimes with a blanket, sometimes with not even so much to cover them. Their food commonly consists of dry potatoes; and with these they are at times so scantily supplied as to be obliged to stint themselves to one spare meal in the day . . . They sometimes get a herring or a little milk, but they never get meat except at Christmas, Easter, and Shrovetide.'

This was the description given of the great majority of the Irish people in 1834 by the commissioners appointed to inquire into their condition. What follows is from the pen of their successors some ten years later:—

'It would be impossible to describe adequately the privations which they [the cottiers and labourers] and their families almost habitually and patiently endure. It will be seen in the evidence that in many districts their only food is the potato, their only beverage water; that their cabins are seldom a protection against the weather; that a bed or a blanket is a rare luxury; and that nearly in all, their pig and their manure-heap constitute their only property.'

This was the condition of the people among whom, about the year 1830—the English Government having at length been awakened to a sense of its responsibilities—a series of remarkable reforms commenced. Of these none was conceived in a spirit of a larger or more enlightened wisdom than the National System of Education—a system under which Roman Catholics and Protestants were invited to come together and receive beneath the same roof those common elements of secular and moral knowledge, the value of which is recognised by all Christian denominations alike. This invitation, in spite of the malign efforts of bigots on both sides, was accepted by the great bulk of the Irish people. In the National Schools the Irish children learned the English language; they learned too geography, and heard, most of them for the first time, of a great country teeming with riches within a fortnight's sail of their coasts. What more natural than the desire to reach this land of promise? But the cost of a passage to America was still high. In 1825 it was not less than 20*l.* The remarkable expansion, however, of English commerce about this time, and especially of English commerce with America, and the rapid growth of steam navigation, quickly diminished this obstacle. The passage-money in a few years was reduced to 10*l.*, then to 6*l.*, to 5*l.*, and in the spring of the present year it reached at some Irish ports so low a point as 4*l.* 15*s.* for steamboats, and for sailing vessels 2*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* Other causes were soon developed which further facilitated escape. The prosperity of the first emigrants, while it justified their conduct in the eyes of their friends at

home, enabled them at the same time to furnish those friends with the means of following their example. It is an honourable and hopeful trait of the emigration that, through the liberality springing from family affection, it has become an entirely self-supporting movement; the funds required by those who remain being furnished by those who have gone before. In 1847, 200,000*l.* it has been estimated, reached Ireland from America with this destination; in 1853, the remittances rose to a million and a half. The dam which restrained the accumulated misery of Ireland once effectually removed, the stream of population steadily flowed away. In 1841 the emigration had reached the number of 40,000 persons. In 1846 the potato famine came, and then at once the movement reached its flood. From this point down to 1853 the emigration maintained an annual average of 200,000 persons, sufficient within that time to remove a fifth of the whole population. After this the current sensibly abated, as a result of the improved condition of the population which remained, effected partly through the lessening of their number, and partly through a succession of favourable seasons coexisting with scarcity abroad. But the fall has proved but temporary. A return of less propitious seasons, combined with the attraction of a rising labour market across the Atlantic, has called forth the emigrating impulse once more in all its strength; and at the present moment the efflux from Ireland bids fair to reach the dimensions of famine times.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—JANUARY.

Russia.

The serfs were divided into two classes, those attached to the soil (*krepostnye*) and the house-hold serfs, or slaves (*dvorovye*). The former cultivated a certain portion of land for their own support, and owed to their masters either a certain number of days' labour in the week, or a money payment in lieu (*obrok*); the latter were either employed in the household of their masters, or worked elsewhere on their own account, paying to their masters an *obrok* regulated according to the profits of their labour. The emancipation of the household serfs was of course an easy matter, it being only a question of the amount of compensation to be awarded to the master for the loss of his serf's *obrok*, or personal service. This compensation has been fixed at the very low sum of sixty roubles (9*l.*) payable in two years, after which period the household serf becomes a freeman, with exemption from service in the army and from the payment of taxes for two years, which period is increased to four years if he becomes inscribed on the list of a city commune, or six if on that of a country commune. These privileges are given to check the spread of proletarianism, of which there is some danger when so large a body of men are thrown on their own resources. The measure is a liberal one if we look upon it as an emancipation of the serf from the personal control of his master, although it presses very hard upon those nobles whose serfs, as not unfrequently happened, made large incomes by trade. But it would be very incorrect to speak of it as a transition from slavery to freedom. Having a constitutional dislike to agriculture, and there being nothing to

bind him to the soil, the emancipated *dvorovy* will probably become a small trader in a town, and there find that his boasted freedom is nothing but a change of masters, the *gorodnitchy* being as cruel, as rapacious, and as oppressive as his late lord had been. Nor is this all; as a townsman and a freeman, he is obliged to exercise his right of election to the posts of mayor or assessor at the provincial tribunals. Appointments to these offices are universally avoided, as it is known that the holders of them are treated with the grossest indignity by the Government officials. The municipal assessors are expected to receive the orders of these officials with blind obedience, and it is by no means rare to see an assessor pulling off a *tchinovnik's* boots or lighting the fire in the hall where he is supposed to take part in the deliberations. Let us now turn to the serfs attached to the soil. It is known that their case presented great difficulties, in consequence of the land on which they work being claimed both by themselves and their masters. We shall not enter into the question which of these claims was just; but it seems to us that the Government having once laid down the principle that a portion of the land, though belonging to the master, should be appropriated to the support of the serf, would have settled the question equitably and to the satisfaction of both parties by giving the serf a certain allotment of land unconditionally, and compensating the master by grants from the State Treasury. As it is, the transitory period fixed by the law of the 19th February (3rd March), 1861, extends to nine years, and even then the *krepostny* does not necessarily become emancipated. During the whole of this time he continues to owe service, or its equivalent, to his master, and he is said to be "under a temporary obligation." The first two years were given to enable the peasants to come to a voluntary agreement with their masters, without the intervention of the Government, with regard to the amount of rent they were to pay in lieu of giving service or paying *obrok*; in the next four years the Government was to step in, for the purpose of enforcing such contracts as had been made, and of fixing the amount of rent in the cases where such amount was not agreed upon; and the last three years were to be dedicated to arranging the purchase of the soil by the peasants, and thus finally converting them into free proprietors. This complicated arrangement has naturally given great dissatisfaction both to the peasants and the proprietors, the former being only offered the prospect of a doubtful liberty after a long series of years, and the latter finding their property depreciated by the unsettled condition of their serfs. The peasants, who have extracted out of the voluminous regulations for their emancipation but one impression—that they are promised their freedom—refuse to accept anything in the shape of a compromise, and work as little as they can, under the persuasion that complete emancipation must come sooner or later. The result has been the appointment of a multitude of officials to compel the peasant to become a sort of tenant farmer, paying a fixed rent in money or work for his house and garden and his piece of arable land, instead of giving a variable amount of work or paying *obrok* to his master. This task will be a difficult one; but the next step, the transformation of the farmer into a peasant proprietor, is so totally opposed to the character and disposition of the Russian people, that it is a marvel the Government should ever have contemplated it. There is no insti-

tution so popular in Russia, or whose principle is so firmly adhered to among the lower classes, as that of the commune. The principle may be briefly stated as the equal division of the property of an organized corporation among its members. Thus in a Russian village, constituting a commune in itself, the land is equally divided among the *tiaglos* (a married man and his wife and children under age) every year. This primitive institution, faulty and bad in principle as it undoubtedly is, exists in every Russian village and in many of the artisan companies or *artells* for which the Russians are so famous. The Government, however, not only destroys the communal system at one blow by making the peasants purchase their allotments separately, but makes this purchase so onerous that it is obliged to aid them by a loan, which they will have to repay by yearly instalments, and further forbids them to alienate any portion of their property until the loan is paid. As if to create the greatest possible dissatisfaction both among nobles and peasants on the eve of the final emancipation, the Government has also decided, in the very numerous cases where the nobles are debtors to the State, to deduct the purchase-money of their peasants from the amount of their debt. The absurdity of this arrangement is so evident, that several modifications of it have been under consideration, but as yet we believe without any result.

We are now in a position to form an exact estimate of the benefits which have so far accrued to the serf from the system of emancipation. Those household serfs who have paid the fixed amount of compensation to their masters are, in the Russian sense, free; that is to say, they are no longer the property of a noble, are enabled to work on their own account, and have exchanged private for political oppression. The position of the agricultural serfs is not quite so clear. They are still bound to work for their masters, and are subject to his rule, but under Government superintendence. They are offered their freedom (still in the Russian sense), but at the cost of sacrifices they are unwilling to make; and they have been given rights and institutions which are neutralized by official interference. Their position does not appear an enviable one; but it is right to quote here the words of the Imperial manifesto, describing the state of things for which it has been substituted:—"The faculty of acquiring personal rights over the peasants and of giving up those rights to other persons; of moving peasants from one estate to another; of engaging peasants, by order of their actual proprietor, in the service of strangers; of putting out minors as apprentices, or in educational establishments; and of shutting up the peasants in houses of correction, or placing them at the disposal of the Government;" *i. e.*, sending them to Siberia at the absolute pleasure of the master. Compared with this, the present position of the serf is at least tolerable, immeasurably removed as it is from that of a freeman. The truth is, that more credit is due to the present Emperor for the idea of emancipation (although he was by no means the first, either on the throne or among the people of Russia, to conceive it), and for the determination with which he acted on it, than for the manner of its execution. The development of that idea has at length aroused the Russian people from their long slumber, and has stirred thoughts and feelings in them, such as they had never before known.

THE BRITISH MONTHLIES.*

TEMPLE BAR.—FEBRUARY.

The Streets of the World: The Passage des Panoramas.—Now, Paris was built pretty much after the same fashion as other cities were; and precisely the same feudal system was wont to obtain in Gaul as, with some modifications, and under all kinds of fraudulent disguises, obtains among us—crammed as we are to the throat with “Englishmen’s birthrights”—to the present moment. In Paris, as in London, there were of old time huge blocks of convent property and noblemen’s hotels, and filthy by-lanes between them, lined by filthier houses. But, at the end of the last century, there came a certain tremendous disruption and immortal smash, known as the French Revolution. The commonalty suddenly rose and stamped Monsieur le Marquis and my Lord Abbot under their naked feet. It was very terrible and very bloodthirsty; but the entire proceeding was not devoid of a kind of grim retributive justice. The nobles and priests had been so long rioting in possessions that did not belong to them, that the commonalty, when they came to claim their own, lost all ideas of discrimination, and, not content with making Monsieur le Marquis and my Lord Abbot (not forgetting the Bishop) disgorge their ill-gotten treasures, they deprived them of what were really their own property, to wit, their heads. Since then, as you are aware, a good many more revolutions have occurred in France, and one government after another—*mille e tre*, in fact—has arisen, and been overturned. Of the existing state of things it is sufficient to say, that the Emperor and Baron Haussmann are two very energetic and sagacious Ediles, whatever they may be as politicians; and that they have succeeded in transforming Paris from an incongruous medley of magnificence and meanness into the noblest, handsomest, and cleanest city in the whole world. The old Napoleon, Louis Philippe, the Republic of ’48, did a little toward the work of metamorphosis; but nine-tenths of the task have been achieved by the present Emperor. When you and I were schoolboys together, the capital of France was but little changed from the Paris as Scarron, with inimitable breadth and terseness, has sketched it:—

“Un amas confus de maisons;
Des crottes dans toutes les rues;
Ponts et portes, palais, prisons;
Boutiques bien et mal pourvues;
Maint poudré qui n’a point d’argent;
Maint homme qui craint le sergent;

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

Maint fanfaron qui toujours tremble ;
 Pages, laquais, voleurs de nuit ;
 Carrosses, chevaux et grand bruit,—
 Voilà PARIS : que vous en semble ?”

Among the stupendous works of renovation and reconstruction which they have completed, or are still about, his Imperial Majesty and the Prefect of the Seine have not forgotten the courts, the lanes, and the alleys. *Carrefours*, *impasses*, *ruelles*, *culs-de-sacs*, and narrow openings between houses, by courtesy called streets, were formerly even more abundant in Paris than in London.—The new Edilify has made very short work of the traditional rights of way. In the poorer districts they have swept whole acres of narrow thoroughfares completely away, and substituted one spacious and sumptuous boulevard for them. In the wealthier quarters, as in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, and on the line of Boulevard from the Madeline to the Rue Vivienne, it has not always been found expedient to pull down a magnificent hotel, or a stately row of shops, for the purpose of widening an old street, or creating a new one. Wherever it has been found practicable, wholesale demolition has taken place ; but it has been found in many cases as useful as inevitable to temporise. And here we must not forget that there were strong men before Agamemnon, and that Napoleon I. and Louis Philippe—nay, even perhaps, the despised Charles the Tenth—did something in their generation towards beautifying Paris. In the old quarters of the city, and on the right bank of the Seine, the *carrefours*, *ruelles*, and company have entirely disappeared ; but on the Boulevards des Italiens and des Capucines they have been simply rebuilt, lined with handsome shops, covered in with glazed roofs, uniformly paved, and converted into those *Passages* which are the wonder and delight of the world. We cockneys indulge from time to time in a little mild boasting about our Burlington and Lowther Arcades. At Milan there are a few *Passages* on the Parisian model. So, also, are there at Hamburg ; and even St. Petersburg can boast of one—a most dull and dismal arcade it is—called the Passage Steinbock. But they are all shabby and contemptible compared with the *Passage* of Paris. Let us thank the feudal system for having given the sites, and Parisian taste and ingenuity for having converted what in London is only productive of poverty and dirt into a system of covered ways both useful and ornamental. Cornelius was laughed at for painting the sides of a sewer in fresco ; but few would have the assurance to sneer at the French for having converted their above-ground *cloacæ* into temples of art and industry.

I have chosen the Passage des Panoramas as the handiest peg to hang these remarks concerning the history of covered ways upon ; but the Passage Jouffroy, the Passage Choiseul, the Passage Mirès, the Galerie Vivienne, would serve quite as well to exemplify the peculiarities I wished to dwell upon. They are all replete with the same varied life : they all present the same brilliant features ; they are all overflowing with the same bustle and movement ; they are all delightful, and all dissipated. Preëminent, however, in the list the Passage des Panoramas may be quoted. It is in the very centre of that wondrous *tohu bohu*, that unequalled chaos of gaiety, known as *La Fie Paris-*

jeune ; it is the brass pillar of the eternally revolving roulette-wheel of folly and fashion, frivolity and frenzy. Whirling, whirling, whirling, the Master of the Game—if you peeped beneath the green baize table you might see a cloven foot in a varnished boot, perchance—is never tired of crying “*Messieurs, faites votre jeu !*” nor do the crowd of punters ever desist from staking time and health, honour and fortune, on the red or the black, the *pair* or the *impair*, the *passe* or the *manque*.

The Passage des Panoramas is sedulously industrious—for there is no greater error to suppose that vicious courses are unattended by hard labour: the life of a rake is as wearying, in its continual toil, as that of a galley-slave, and those who minister to the rake’s wants must earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, even as the ploughman or the miner earns his. “*Vive la bagatelle !*” may seem an easy cry enough ; but to make the bagatelle, and to bar-tar it, and puff it, and vend it, thousands must be up early and late, and know no rest. “Give but to nature that which nature needs”—you know the rest. But still there is as much industry, and a great deal more taste and talent, displayed in modelling and casting all these bronzes, in carving these caskets of oak and ivory, in chasing these bouquet-holders, in painting these fans, as in baking these loaves of rye-bread, or in sewing the skins of wild beasts together to cover our nakedness withal. That porcelain vase must have had hands to make it and to bake it, even as the coarse loaf has had ; and besides it has been covered with delicate miniatures and arabesques, and a loaf stands in no need of such decorations. Those kid-gloves, those patent-leather boots have to be cut and stitched and pressed and polished with a scrupulous delicacy, that is not needed in cobbling fig-leaves or wolves’ skins together. I grant the occupations frivolous, and the result only to pamper luxury, to coddle up voluptuousness ; but still brawny arms have hammered and welded those metallic nicknacks together ; thousands of patient eyes and delicate fingers have bent over those myriad gewgaws, and fashioned them into quaint and beautiful shapes. Honest labour—not always very well requited—has been banded together, and drilled, and disciplined, to produce the trifles and the toys that crowd the bazaars of the Passage des Panoramas.

A Winter in Rome.—Whatever you do, do not mount the tower of the Capitol, even though it is written in black and white in your guide-book that you must make that ascent first and of all things. “Murray” is a mighty pundit, and worthy of all honour ; but he has slept for once. Mount, if you will, I know not how many weary stairs ; ring merrily ; see a very pretty girl (probably she has gone by this, and you will not have the satisfaction of seeing even *her*), who will tell you in dulcet tones that no one ascends ; and tramp down again like the once famous king of France. Some enthusiast—probably your countryman—availed himself of so lofty and historical a situation, to plant the Italian tricolour on the summit of the tower. The S. P. Q. R., who lord it in the Campidoglio, plucked down the glorious, but to them offensive, and certainly most unwisely flaunted, pennon, and hermetically sealed the spot against the possibility of any more political pilgrimages. Somebody had done a very foolish thing ; and, jealous of the dignity of their office, they topped this travelling lunatic by committing an act more insane, and unfortunately more permanent. Still, though denied access to this the

leftiest and most advantageously situated point for mastering the plan of Rome ruinous, you will not have much to complain of if you place yourself some Thursday afternoon in the north-eastern angle of the Orti Farnesiani, that have recently passed from the ex-King of Naples to the Emperor of the French, and by whose courtesy you obtain your admission. Thither at least the dogmatical cicerone would order your steps. But rather should you seek an adjoining portion of what is left of the Palace of the Cæsars, where excavations have been fewer, and the plants that seem to grow only on the tombs of civilization lord it undisturbed. There is this additional advantage, that you will probably have it all to yourself. It is the only spot in Rome which still thoroughly wears the aspect of hopeless and permitted decay. Enter by the Via dei Cerchi. No usual custode, bearing the badges of his office, and looking keenly after his fee, will open you that miserable door. A scrawny hand will pull at a long rope, carried along a precipitous and tumble-down stone staircase; a trembling figure will greet you on its summit; and a poor thin voice answer your salutation with the details of the intermittent fever that has clung to her ever since the autumn. You may close your guide-book as you leave her, and pass through tangled brushwood into heaps of stone and rubbish, shot here by the centuries. Elsewhere the hedger and ditcher have been at work; mosaic pavements have been scraped more or less clean; halls have been, if not reconstructed, at least cleared out, and had their antique proportions exposed to divination; pillars, though shattered, have been reërected, so as to show or suggest what, or what like, they once upheld; but here the wreck of distant, and the superimposed disregard of nearer, centuries have been left unhampered in their stern work of desolation. It is only when, after long wandering and stumbling, you at last arrive at the summit of this rubbish-ridden enclosure, that the mass of masonry and earth, and the sobering, if still more confusing, foliage permit you to attempt any thing like retrospective organization. But when you have done your most skilled your notions will remain, like that out of which they have attempted to educe order, little more than dumbly chaotic. But what a prospect rewards your patience from that long broad roof of mingled loam and masonry, decorated with thriving winter leafage! The Forum is hidden in its hollow by the intervening Palatine; but the tower of the Capitol is at your back, and visible if you turn. Immediately below on your left is the Circus Maximus, now partly doing duty as the domain of the gas company; and beyond it the grand old Hill of Secession, where the Church and Convent of Santa Sabina have replaced the temple erected by Camillus. Sassoferrato's St. Catherine of Sienna, Juno Regina, and the lemon-tree planted by Dominic, are but a sorry substitute for the Library of Varro. Even though Il Priorato be an improvement upon the shrine of Ovid's Bona Dea, the Aventine seems most of all the hills to have lost its character through the injurious indifference of time. But turn your gaze to the north-east, over as much of the Colosseum as you can descry, away over the Esquiline and the Baths of Titus to the confronting turret of St. Mary Major's; let it travel back by the gate of San Lorenzo, and avoiding, if possible, a sight of the railway, move along the Claudian Aqueduct till it breaks short at the Villa Massimo, and leaves you in contemplation of the figures that almost seem to wave over the front

of the Lateran. When you are sated with it, and all—how much!—beyond it, a move of the eye will show you, within easy distance, the still gigantic Baths of Caracalla, and, receding beyond your power of sight, the solemn tombs of the long straight Appian Way. There are but some half-dozen of the larger objects which insist upon your gaze, within but a segment of the Roman circle, the whole of which you command. There are some three hundred and sixty-six churches in Rome; and, are you patient enough, most of them can hence be counted. Ruins and fragment of ruins are right, left, near, far, all around you. And the colouring I purposely leave out; the picture would seem overwrought. Go there when the sun is low, and look out to the Sabine Hills, the gentlest of their kind, and confess to a feeling which is not melancholy, not religion, not gratification, but a something unutterable, which circumfuses, pierces, and transports you, which troubles you as you gaze, which rivets you as you think to leave, which follows you long after you have ceased to stare, which may perhaps be expressed by a sigh, but by a smile would be profaned. Already have we too long lingered: the sun is down. “Ave Maria” is tolling us all home; and the pitiless *tramontana* of the night pierces you through and through as you hurry unprotected away.

CORNHILL.—FEBRUARY.

A Trip to Xanadu.—A quarter of a mile of this ruined street, and we came to another stately gateway, to which we ascended by a flight of stone steps. It was of the usual purple red sandstone, all inlaid with white and coloured marbles, and silent and deserted as the first. We passed beneath its lofty portal, and entered the great quadrangle of the Emperor’s mosque. Five hundred feet square, surrounded by a colonnade of inlaid red stone, it made a fitting court-yard to the stately temple, all perfect as the day the builder left it. The noble flight of steps leading to its lofty domes was surmounted by an entrance arch 100 feet in height from point to ground. Those steps, once resounding with the tread of crowds of true believers, were ringing now with a sound which, when we were in the world—we mean the old world—when we were asleep, or awake, whichever way it was—seemed very like that made by Regent-street boot-heels, but the spell was not to be broken by trivialities like that. We turned, and there, a little to the left, nearly in the middle of the huge stone-slabbed quadrangle, gleaming like an opal against the dark red colonnades, rose the fairy palace built by the Genii of the Lamp. Dome, minaret, platform, and walls all of the purest white marble, blazing with precious stones. Walls they were not, but slabs of delicate open trellis-work in marble, which looked more like the open ivory carvings of the Chinese, than stone wrought by mason’s hand. Every slab was different in its intricate and graceful pattern, and the white intervals between each were inlaid with exquisitely delicate arabesques in lapis-lazuli, agate, cornelian, and precious marbles.

Approaching this dazzling shrine, we saw, devoutly kneeling, with rosary in hand, and venerable grey beard sunk upon his chest, the last inhabitant of

of the silent place, the last remnant of a forgotten people, whose destiny it was to tell to unbelievers' ears the history of that "City of the Dead." That he was a real man and true Indian we are convinced, because we have a distinct recollection that just before we woke from our dream, went to sleep again, or took our leave, whichever it was, the venerable fellow asked for "bucksheesh;" and that we put our finger and thumb into a thing which, in the outer world, is called a waistcoat pocket, and drew out a silver coin bearing a woman's head, for which he made us a low salaam. And in this it is strange how the inhabitants of this old city of magicians must have resembled the commonplace people of more recent ages, for this part of the phantasmagoria was very like what we remember to have dreamt, or heard, in the gallery of a solemn dome of a grand mosque called "St. Paul's," where it was whispered that "that gallery was—years old, was—feet round, and as you go out you will please pay a trifle to the doorkeeper."

But the discovery of this aboriginal relieved us from a mighty mental stress; it became no longer necessary either to wonder or imagine. We placed ourselves placidly under the venerable guidance of the oldest inhabitant of this forgotten city, who has been permitted to live thus to guard the tomb of his sovereign's high priest; and, as a sort of cross between the Wandering Jew and the Ancient Mariner, to pour into ears of the enchanted the history of forgotten glories and existing, though deserted, grandeur.

With that want of reverence for deserted holy places which distinguishes the natives of this country, we were invited—booted unbelievers that we were—to enter the shrine, which, 300 years before, we could hardly have gazed upon but by preparing for immediate death.

The building was octangular; the outer walls—of marble, ivory, trellis-work, or whatever fancy may choose to call it—surrounded a smaller octagonal chamber; the space between the two walls forming a sort of passage or cloister. The floor, of white marble, was tessellated or inlaid in most intricate Saracenic patterns in precious stones, as agate, cornelian, jasper, porphyry, and all kinds of marble; the roof also, mingled with much gilding and bright colours. The tomb, which the shrine surrounded, was of mother-o'-pearl of all colours, down to jet black, inlaid in patterns which in delicate tracery rivalled the fairy-like walls around it. And all this to cover the mortal remains of an old priest, who, judging by the enormous wealth he left behind him, must, during his time on earth, have squeezed the money-bags of the true believers pretty tightly, and been, in one way, the Wolsey of his nation.

The last inhabitant—we called him Mustapha, as Haroun and Akbar doubtless called him—walked solemnly before us, discoursing in high Hindustanee. He led us under the three lofty domes of the mosque, and explained how one corner had very nearly been churchwardened with whitewash and distemper, about twenty square feet of which remain to prove the exquisite taste of some government engineer or magistrate in charge of the district. He took us up one of the towers; flight after flight of dark stone steps; dark from their colour, not from absence of light, for the barbarians and genii who built these towers, strangely enough, let air and light into them, at intervals, in a way which cannot be explained by comparison with any tower of modern

Europe. At the end of each flight we got the idea of being in some little terrace or colonnade rather than a tower. We stood high above the lofty arch and looked down upon the majestic flight of steps at its entrance, a sheer descent of 150 feet at least, but still we ascended. Below us lay the ruined portions of the silent city and the uninjured palaces of bygone kings, courtiers and priests. There was the tower adorned with elephants' tusks—as larded pork adorns a capon—on which the great Akbar sat to shoot the deer hunted past him from the preserves around. There was the royal sleeping-house; the royal baths or hummums; the mint for coining long obsolete pagodas and rupees; the royal cook-rooms, where trembling cooks once waited to hear the royal verdict upon their latest novelty in “kabobs,” or how many heads royalty intended to take off for the extra turn given to that “kid stuffed with pistachio nuts.” There was the huge quadrangle, of the rich red stone, which was once the royal mews; loose boxes there for hundreds of horses, the stone rings for the head and heel ropes still there, marked by the chafing of halters long worn out, of horses long since dead. None of these places built as English kings have built, in brick and stucco, but all in rich purple sandstone, inlaid with coloured marbles, or laboriously carved in patterns deeply cut.

Then we found ourselves crossing the court-yard leading to the zenana. Fish-ponds and fountains long since dried up. In the centre the colossal chess, or “puchesi” board, of inlaid marbles, where the mighty caliph played the game, not with paltry figures made by humanity, but with humanity itself—in the shape of the laughing girls from the zenana, clad in different colours and moving from square to square as motioned by the imperial smoker, sitting on the marble throne, at the head of the gigantic board. We, profane Feringhees, sons of burnt fathers, saw the bath-room where dark-eyed beauties had splashed through the sparkling fountains. We wandered through the palace, or rather maze, of richly carved stone, two stories high, full of double galleries, niches and loopholes where Lights of the Harem, slaves and favourites—long since dusty skeletons or portions of Jumna mud—had played at hide and seek or blind-man's buff. Now all deserted, silent and dead, though the rooms and passages yet show the marks of gliding slippered feet, and only require re-peopling to look as they must have looked three centuries ago.

Then we visited the council-chamber, where the caliph talked with his wuzeers; like no other chamber one has ever seen. A square stone hall, with hollow walls containing staircases; in the centre, reaching half-way to the roof, a thick pillar of red stone, massive, and heavily carved, the capital some eight feet in diameter; from it to each corner of the room led narrow causeways, about four feet wide, the balustrades of delicately carved white marble; on each causeway opened a door, having a private staircase leading to it in the hollow wall. There, in the centre, on an ivory throne, with diamond-encrusted legs, beneath that richly fretted roof, sat the great caliph, and there at the four corners stood his wuzeers, offering counsels, hands crossed, beards drooped upon their breasts, each at his own little door, before his own little balcony, leading to the mighty presence in the centre.

Extenuating Circumstances.—Of the strange and whimsical motives which determine French juries in the discovery of extenuating circumstances (*les circonstances atténuantes*), very curious instances are recorded. From the generally accepted representation of the Gallic character we might have supposed that sentimental considerations would exercise great influence, and that enthusiasm or even fanaticism for religion, liberty, glory, or ambition, though carried out in deplorable excesses, would find mercy tempered with justice; but on examination a different line of argument appears to be in usage, and the more horrid, unnatural and extraordinary the crime, the more attenuated is the guilt. Whether the guiding principle is, that monstrous crimes are better evidence of mental aberration or irresponsibility than small ones, we cannot pretend to say, but assuredly the history of half-a-dozen cases selected at random from the records of the French tribunals would warrant such an idea.

Some years ago, an innkeeper and his wife were tried for having murdered a traveller while lodging in their house, and further, for having made part of the dead body into sausages, with which they duly regaled succeeding customers. These singularly revolting accusations were clearly proved, and the jury returned a verdict of "guilty, but without premeditation, and under extenuating circumstances!" The landlord (thoughtlessly without doubt) stabbed his guest, the wife unthinkingly cut up the body into sausages, and in a fit of absence of mind served them up to the other visitors. For such an extraordinary verdict no other explanation occurs to us at this moment, than that the admiration of the jury must have been unnaturally excited by the economy and thriftiness so largely manifested by the innkeeper's wife.

In 1848 a man killed his mother, and then reduced the body to ashes in the fireplace. He was found guilty, but with "extenuating circumstances." A bare verdict of guilty was doubtlessly reserved in case any other man should advise himself to burn his mother before she was absolutely murdered.

In 1843 a servant-girl committed several robberies on her master and mistress, who, unwilling to prosecute her, contented themselves with giving her notice to leave. The girl profited by her short stay to poison them both. The jury found her guilty; but considering how much she must have been irritated at the prospect of being discharged, added, that it was under "extenuating circumstances."

About the same period, a young woman, aged eighteen, who had not been married many months, happening to have had some little disagreement with her husband, was guilty of the horrible cruelty of pouring molten lead into his ear as he lay asleep. He did not die, but his sufferings were intense and prolonged. The girl was tried for the offence; her counsel did not venture to affirm that his client had not committed the deed imputed to her, but suggested that it might have been the unhappy result of a mental aberration to which pregnant women are occasionally liable. The jury found this conceit so excellent that it extenuated the circumstances up to the point of depriving them of the semblance of guilt. They returned a verdict, recording the innocence of this interesting criminal.

Another time two women being tired of their respective husbands agreed

to poison them both at the same moment. This they effected, but not without discovery. It is not to the police, however, but to the juries, that criminals must in France look for escape. They were tried and found guilty, but with extenuating circumstances. One would imagine from the rareness of an acquittal, and the frequency of *les circonstances atténuantes*, that the juries were in the habit of reducing to a mean the entire guilt and innocence brought before them; the result being an average of extenuating circumstances. A witty writer observed that, under such a state of things, it was a matter of wisdom to kill your wife rather than to let her be bored by you. "If you assassinate *her*," he says, "you are let off with the galleys; but if you bore her, she assassinates *you*."

A poor woman named Rosalie, unable to support her illegitimate child, and not having the courage to take it herself to the hospice for *les enfans trouvés*, agreed with a neighbour that he should convey it thither for a certain monetary consideration, to procure which the poor woman gave her last sou, and sold the remnant of her scanty wardrobe. When the day came the man expended the money in drink, and then coolly threw the child on the ground, crushed its head with the heel of his wooden *sabot*, and digging a hole buried it out of his sight. It will hardly be believed that any jury could find extenuating circumstances in this ruffianly case; but nevertheless so it was. Guilty, with the invariable addition of *les circonstances atténuantes*. A widow in the department of Vaucluse, in 1845, was proved to have buried alive three illegitimate children in as many years. The same verdict was recorded.

Another woman, married to a bricklayer, and who it is to be presumed had at least some sentiment of hostility towards her husband, took the opportunity, when he was working at the bottom of a well, to kill him by literally stoning him to death with her own hands. The same verdict was returned.

Another case of *les circonstances atténuantes* was that of a girl who stole a watch, not, as it was clearly proved, through the pressure of poverty. A periodical remarking on the verdict observed, that no doubt the jury had reflected that if every person in want were to steal, robberies would become deplorably common, whereas for the caprices of the well-conditioned allowances had to be made.

At Isère a man set fire to the loft where his father (a paralytic man upwards of eighty years of age) slept, and fairly roasted him to death. It was remembered by witnesses that the accused had threatened his father in these words: "I would like to see thee roasted like a toad on a shovel." And he had to the best of his ability redeemed his promise. The jury, struck with admiration at the scrupulous fidelity with which the prisoner had kept his word, returned a verdict of guilty, but with extenuating circumstances.

For the eccentricity of the conclusions at which these French jurymen arrived we do not attempt to account. Our own impression being that from the annals of crime it would be impossible to collect circumstances which could more justly be considered as aggravating rather than extenuating in their character.

GOOD WORDS—FEBRUARY.

Our Light Houses.

The North Unst Tower Light House is built on an outlying rock of a conical form (called a "stack"), which rises to the height of nearly 200 feet above the sea. Towards the north its face is nearly perpendicular and exposed to the full "*fetch*" of the Northern Ocean. Its southern face is an abrupt rocky slope, which, previous to the cutting of steps on its surface, could only be scaled with great difficulty. The top of the rock affords little more area than is sufficient for the site of the lighthouse. The tower is 50 feet in height, and contains the lightroom, sleeping-room, kitchen, and provision store. The base of the tower is surrounded by a semicircular building, containing the oil, coal, and water stores. This is only one part of the rock at which a landing can be effected, and that of course only in favourable weather. The dwelling-houses for the families of the four light keepers are built on the Island of Unst, in a creek called Burra Fiord, about four miles from the lighthouse. The first light on this rock was shewn from a temporary tower, erected in 1854, at the suggestion of the Admiralty, for the benefit of the North Sea Squadron, then engaged in prosecuting the Russian war.

The most important class of lighthouse is, however, that of which the Eddystone, the Bell Rock, and the Sherryvore are examples. These three works, moreover, are peculiar, as having been executed under the *personal* superintendence of their respective engineers; and we shall give some brief notices from the interesting published narratives of their construction.

The history of the far-famed Eddystone is given in the narrative of Smeaton. We have already said that two timber structures had successively been placed upon the rock and destroyed—one by water, the other by fire; but Smeaton resolved that his work should be of stone, so as to defy both elements; and after a lapse of more than a century, it still stands at the head of engineering triumphs. The first stone of this remarkable building was laid in June, 1757, and the last in August, 1759—the whole being completed in two years. The tower is 68 feet in height and 26 feet in diameter at the level of the first entire course. The building is founded on a sloping rock, the upper part of which is on the level of highwater of springtides. The stones composing the work are united by means of stone joggles, dovetailed joints, and oak trenails. Smeaton adopted an arched form for the floors of his building, which rendered it necessary, in order to counteract the outward thrust, to insert chains embedded in grooves cut in the masonry; but Stevenson, in designing the Bell Rock Lighthouse, improved on Smeaton's plan not only as regards the general arrangement of the masonry, but by converting the floors into effective bonds; so that, instead of exerting an outward thrust, they actually tie or bind the outer walls together. In these early times the subject of lighthouse illumination had scarcely dawned on engineers, for the only light which crowned this masterpiece of Smeaton's genius was a frame supporting 23 candles! Parabolic reflectors were substituted at the

beginning of this century, when the light came into possession of the Trinity House.

The operations of the Bell Rock were commenced in 1807, and three long and irksome working seasons elapsed ere the building was brought above the highwater level ; and it was not till February, 1811, that the light was first exhibited. The cost, including the establishment ashore at Arbroath, where the lightkeepers live, was 61,000*l.* The tower is 100 feet in height, 42 feet in diameter at the base, and 15 at the top, and contains six apartments, including the lightroom. The light at the Bell Rock is revolving red and white, and was even, at the time of its first exhibition, fitted up with parabolic reflectors, and argand lamps, according to the best catoptric principles of illumination ; and the same kind of apparatus continues in use at the Bell Rock Lighthouse up to the present time—a strong proof of the degree of perfection to which Mr. Robert Stevenson had brought the catoptric system of illumination even at that early period.

The waves completely envelope the tower to the height of 60 or 70 feet, and, shooting up its curved outline, deluge the balcony and lightroom parapet with spray, which has been known to fall so heavily even at that elevation as to wash from its place the ladder used for cleaning the outside of the lightroom windows.

The operations at Skerryvore were commenced in the summer of 1838, by placing on the rock a wooden barrack, similar to that employed at the Bell Rock. The framework was erected in the course of the season ; but in a great gale which occurred on the night of the 3rd November following, it was entirely destroyed, nothing remaining to point out its site but a few broken and twisted iron stanchions, and attached to one of them the end of a broken timber, so *shaken* and rent by dashing against the rock as literally to resemble a bunch of laths. Thus did one night obliterate all traces of a season's toil, and blast the hopes, which the workmen fondly cherished, of a stable dwelling on the rock, and of refuge from the miseries of sea-sickness, which the experience of a season had taught many of them to dread. A second and successful attempt was made to erect another house of the same description, strengthened by a few additional iron ties, and placed in a part of the rock which was hoped might possibly be less exposed to the breach of the heaviest waves than the site of the first barrack. The second house braved the storm. "Perched forty feet above the wave-beaten rock, in this singular abode," says Mr. Allan Stevenson, "with a goodly company of thirty men, I spent many a weary day and night,—at those times when the sea prevented any one going down to the rock,—anxiously looking for supplies from the shore, and earnestly longing for a change of weather, favourable for prosecuting the works. For miles round, nothing could be seen but white foaming breakers, and nothing heard but howling winds and lashing waves. At such seasons much of our time was spent in bed ; for there alone we had effectual shelter from the winds and the spray, which searched every cranny in the walls of the barrack. Our slumbers, too, were at times fearfully interrupted by the sudden pouring of the sea over the roof, the rocking of the house on its pillars, and the spurting of water through the seams of the doors and windows—

symptoms which, to one suddenly aroused from sound sleep, recalled the appalling fate of the former barrack, which had been engulfed in the foam not twenty yards from our dwelling, and for a moment seemed to summon us to a similar fate."

The foundation-stone of the tower was laid on July 7, 1840, by the late Duke of Argyll, who, as proprietor of the adjacent Island of Tyree, took a great interest in the success of the works, and granted to the Commissioners free permission to quarry granite on any part of the Argyll Estate—a freedom which was generously continued by the present Duke of Argyll. The light was exhibited for the first time in February, 1844. It is a revolving light, and reaches its brightest state *once every minute*. It is produced by the revolution of eight great annular lenses around a central lamp with four wicks, and belongs to the first order of Dioptric lights in the system of Fresnel. The light may be seen from a vessel's deck at a distance of eighteen miles. The entire cost of the lighthouse—including the purchase of the steam-vessel, and the building of the harbour at Hynish for the reception of the small vessel (which now attends the lighthouse)—was 86,977*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.*

Life in a Drop of Water.—It is almost impossible, without numerous and accurate drawings, to give to the general reader anything like an idea of the singular forms of the microscopic world; of their structure and their transformations. Some are oval, some spherical; others resemble various objects natural and artificial, such as different kinds of fruit, eels, worms, serpents, crabs, and mollusca, wheels, cylinders, bottles, funnels, &c. Their coverings are either soft and membranous, like leeches; or hard, like horn or shell. When hard, the covering is sometimes composed wholly of silica, or flint; and sometimes of carbonate of lime, or marble. These shell-coverings, or *loricæ* consist of two or more valves, which in the bacillaria are finely grooved, and sometimes covered with spines or knobs. When the covering is *gelatinous* or soft, it has often the shape of a bell-glass, a cone, or a cylinder, with an opening to allow the animal to protrude. Within this case it reproduces itself, the case continuing till the covering bursts, and allows the young to escape.

The Phytozoa, generally speaking, live in fresh water, and are the most abundant and widely diffused of created beings. The greater number of them are found in infusions, and in fluids in the act of decomposition, while others live only in pure water. They are propagated with great rapidity, and when accumulated they give different colours to the water. Some give it a blood-red colour. Some form blood-red spots in bread and in meat, and others produce the phenomenon of red snow. A green colour is produced by a great number of these animalcules.

The *Monadinae*, or monads, are the smallest of created beings—some of them (the *monas termo*) being only the 6000th, and others the 1200th part of an inch, so that they require a magnifying power of about 500 to exhibit their structure. They are supposed to be nothing more than the simplest stage in the existence of many animal and vegetable organisms. The *monas* is a round glutinous substance, and is generally colourless, though sometimes green, yellowish and redish. It is one of the most common organisms in infusions of animal and vegetable matter. Its organ of locomotion is a filiform probosci.

near its mouth, by means of which it provides its food. The monas is multiplied rapidly by self-division, and does not collect into clusters.

The *Volvoxinae*, another family of the Phytozoa, derive their name from their rolling motion, and are remarkable for the singular beauty of their forms. The *Volvox Globator*, one of the most curious of these bodies, consists of a hollow transparent globe, with small green spots regularly distributed. By means of cilia from these spots all the movements of the organism are produced. When the sphere bursts it discharges a number of little spheres, which gradually become like itself, their motion being visible before they have left the parent cell. When colouring-matter is put into the water, strong currents are seen round each globe. The volvoxes are found in shallow pools of clear water, in spring and in summer. The largest are about the $\frac{1}{10}$ th, the smallest about the $\frac{1}{300}$ th, and a single globule about the $\frac{1}{3000}$ th of an inch. Ehrenberg found *Rotifers* swimming about within a volvox as freely as a fish in a glass globe!

The second group of infusorial life is called *Protozoa*, from Greek words that signify *first life*, or the simplest form of life. The Protozoa are therefore divided into two families, the *Ciliata* and the *Rhizopoda*.

The *Ciliata* have an external coat covered with vibrating cilia, by which they swim. When this coat is hard, it is furnished with bristles, by which they crawl or leap. They have a mouth, a stomach, and many of them an opening behind. They multiply by self-division, by budding, or by internal germs. They vary in size from the $\frac{1}{12}$ to the $\frac{1}{3000}$ of an inch. They present a great variety of shapes, but are always round in outline. They pass through a great many phases of existence, varying their outline to such a degree that the name of *Proteus* has been applied to them. The *Encheilus Farcimen* devours its own species, though nearly as large as itself, widening its mouth and moving about with its half-swallowed food. In their motions the Ciliata often stop and reverse their course. Professor Owen thinks that their motions are not voluntary but automatic, governed by stimuli within or without the body, and therefore motions which never tire. In proof of this, Ehrenberg observed that they always moved as actively in the night as in the day, and therefore that they never slept.

AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ART—JANUARY.

I. Theory of Earthquakes—II. The Classification of Animals based on the Principle of Cephalization—III. On Fossil Insects from Carboniferous Formation in Illinois—IV. The Desity Rotation and Relative Age of the Planets—V. Researches on the Platinum metals—VI. Tubulari not Parthenogenous—VII. Contributions from the Sheffield Labratory of Yale College, No. VI.—VIII. Crystallographic Examination of the Acid Tartrates of Cæsia and Rubidia—IX. Geographical Notices, No. XIX.—X. Review of Holbrook's Ichthyology of South Carolina—XI. U. S. Coal Survey Reports for the years 1861 and 1862—XII. Proceedings of the Learned Societies—Scientific Intelligence.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY—MARCH.

The Queen of California—The Brothers of Mercy—Ambassadors in Bonds—Wet Weather Walk, V.—On the Relation of Art to Nature—Our Classmate—Whittier—The Convulsions of St. Médard—House and Home, Paper III.—Song—Our Soldiers—William Makepeace Thackeray—The Peninsular Campaign.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY—MARCH.

Bachelorhood—Breaking Hearts—Transport—The Mutual Admiration Society of Boston—Nature—Woman-liners—Plunto and Prosperie—Mediæval Theatricals—Renan's Life of Jesus—Pearls—The Issue between the North and South—Colony Rights and the State Rights in Connecticut Historically Considered—Raffles and the Fair—The Old Helmet.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE—MARCH.

Steam on the Pacific Ocean.—Trade between China and Japan—The age of Greenbacks—Debt and Currency—Ocean Steam Navigation, Great Britain vs. United States—Commercial Law, No. XI.—Partnership—Silver Currency in India—Commercial Chronicle and Review—Journal of Banking and Currency—Statistics of Trade and Commerce—Commercial Reputations.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE—MARCH.

Scenes of the War of 1812—Alas!—The Norwich Armories—John Heathbun's Title—The Small House at Allington—Mental Health—Ralph Farnham's Romance—Women in Comedy—The Stomach and Civilization—Netty's Touchstone—Mrs. Braddon's Home—In Memoriam W. M. Thackeray—Historical Contrast—Bracken Hollow—By the Sea Shore—With a Flag of Truce—Kitty Dayton—Part of the Price.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Perfect Gentleman ; or, Etiquette and Eloquence—A Complete Practical Guide to the Art of Dancing—The Parlor Magician—Diary of a Detective Police Officer—Dudley Carleon, and other Tales. New York : Dick & Fitzgerald ; Toronto : M. Shewan.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AGUSTA, Toronto; Brampton Chess Club; R. B., Hamilton; T. P. B., Seaforth; J. H., Toronto, and R. N., Hamilton—we regret that a White Pawn was inadvertently omitted at King's 5th in Problem No. 5, thus allowing a double solution. Amend the position and try again; it will well repay the time bestowed upon it, particularly if you succeed in discovering the solution.

J. B. C., Toronto.—Your Problem appears below, for which accept our thanks.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 4, by "Theodore," and "C. C." are correct: all others are wrong.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 4.

WHITE.

- 1 P. to K. R. 4
- 2 Q. to Q. B. 6
- 3 Q. takes P. mate.

BLACK.

- K. to K. 4 (A)
- K. to K. B. 4

(A)

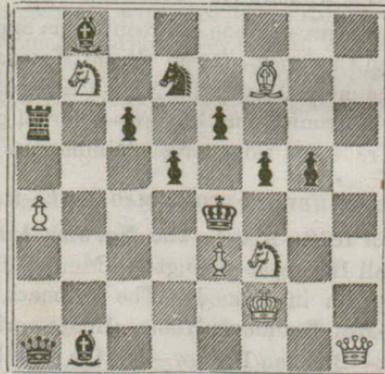
- 2 K. takes P.
- 3 Q. to Q. 4 mate.

- K. to Q. B. 5
- K. to Q. B. 6

PROBLEM 5—Amend this Problem by inserting White Pawn at King's 5th.

PROBLEM No. 6.—By J. B. C. OF TORONTO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in six moves.

We have received the score of a couple of games played between the Egmondville and St. Catharine's Chess Clubs by telegraph, resulting in the defeat of the St. Catharine's club. These games exhibit fair average play, and should have insertion; but this being the closing number of the volume, our publishers cannot spare the room.