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THE TWO NEIGHBOURS,

OR,

REVENGE REPAID BY KINDNESS.

Continued from page 150.

BY ROBERT RIDGWAY, TORONTO.

CHAPTER III.

CONSTABLE,—

Please your worship, the men have got away,  
Gone to America, so some folks say.

JUSTICE.—

You say the rogues are fled; what then?  
A warrant issued now can't take the men.

CLERK.—

To go as emigrants is better far,  
Than to be sent as convict transports are.  
But if the rogues should venture to come  
back

Why then we'll get a warrant on their track.

JUSTICE.—

Yes if the snow of last year should return,  
And if our water brooks commence to burn,  
Or if the scar, dead leaves resume their  
green,

Among the ifs your if may then be seen.

*Old Play.*

Dan and Ben Crooks were far too much excited and frightened, by the events of the morning, and night previous, to think of going to bed. Had they felt

inclined, the fear of sleeping too long would have deterred them from yielding to such an inclination. On reaching home, about one o'clock in the morning, they commenced at once to make preparation for their long journey, and their father, hearing by their movements that something unusual had occurred, got up, and having obtained a full explanation of the affair, he encouraged and assisted their preparation all in his power.

"As matters stand," he said, "you are hardly safe for an hour, and if you wait till day-light, detection will be almost certain. Purdee will keep his word for any time he may promise, but Wyatt I would not trust. At least I would not trust him long. Beside it's just as well that you should go now; times are getting worse every month, for our business, and the sooner we can look out elsewhere the better."

"Well," said Dan, "we can never have any comfort here again, supposing it were safe to stop. Every body has given us the cold shoulder for months."

"Yes that's a fact," said Ben, "and who likes to stay where they may see they are not wanted."

Such was the character of their conversation, during their hasty preparation.

By four o'clock in the morning the horse and cart, to take them to Manchester, were standing ready and the whole family were up to bid them good bye.

The Liverpool and Manchester Railway had just been opened for traffic, and by one of the early morning trains Dan and Ben were carried to Liverpool. There they found one of the emigrant liners just preparing to leave for Quebec; entering the passenger office, they at once engaged a double berth and purchased such provisions and cooking utensils as they were advised and thought necessary for their journey. Early next morning the vessel went out with the tide, and their voyage to Canada was begun.

So far as English law was concerned they were now safe, and it was for them to decide what should be their future conduct, so far as human resolution and self government could determine.

On the morning of their flight, Wyatt, soon after breakfast, went up to the "Quarry" to consult with Mr. Purdee, as to when he might go to the Squire with his information, for he felt it was necessary that the information should be laid in a formal manner, however useless it might be in fact. Mr. Purdee did not regard the matter in this light;

"Why" he asked, "cannot we keep the affair to ourselves, what good can it do us, or any one else, to mention it now? It might injure Saul Crooks and his family still at home. Let us try to forget it altogether."

"But," said Wyatt, "if it should get known, what should I be thought of? I am a constable and must keep up an appearance of doing my duty, and waiting, as I now have done to keep my promise to you, will require a little glossing to smooth the matter up with the Squire. But there is another reason, why the Squire ought to know the actual facts."

"And what is that?" enquired Mr. Purdee."

"Because he firmly believes that Tom Snarr is the person who set fire to his barn; and that he did so in revenge for sending his brother Jim to gaol. Now whatever Tom may be in some respects, I'm satisfied, and have been all along, that he would not do a thing of that kind. Tom is different from most folks, *he carries his worst side outermost*; and it would be a shame to let him be blamed and

suffer, as I know he has done, and is doing now, for what Crooks did."

"That is another view of the matter," said Mr. Purdee, "I know nothing of Tom beyond the fact that he is generally regarded as a very rough character; but certainly I was not aware that he had been suspected all the time, and moreover, made to suffer in consequence."

"No," said Wyatt, "because the Squire did not want it to be known that he did suspect him: but I had orders to watch Tom particularly on this account."

"The sooner the Squire is informed, the better, if that is the case," said Mr. Purdee.

So it was decided that Wyatt should go to the "Hall" at once and explain the affair. As he was a sort of privileged character, he entered the servants apartments by a private door through the yard.

He found the Squire, sitting in front of a great fire, built of canal-coal, the very personification of comfort, good health, and good nature. The large table in front of him was strewn with books and papers, for the Squire was fond of literary pursuits, very rarely refusing to subscribe for any new book, which he considered worthy of his patronage.

At the foot of the table sat an original specimen of eccentric humanity. In appearance, manner, speech and modes of thought, he was an anomaly. For a number of years he was master of the Grammar School, but a quarrel with the Vicar, in which he was supported by the Squire, occasioned his removal. His name was John Stone, but the Squire, in his familiar moments, called him "Quill." He had never been married, and lived, after leaving the school, at the "Hall;" where he was clerk, steward, secretary, architect, and the Squire's personal factotum. His worst failing was an excessive fondness for *ale*, or *beer*, which he drank in large quantities; and in this he was rather encouraged than restrained by the Squire.

Both men were about sixty years of age, and in person tall and commanding.

The old butler had just carried in a tankard of the "home brewed" when the footman announced "Wyatt."

"Well Wyatt," said the Squire, "what's amiss this morning? I can see something has happened: sit down and let me hear what it is."

"Something *has* happened," said Wyatt, sitting down and looking rather serious.

On his way to the Hall, he had been studying that department of moral philosophy, which treats upon lies of *omission*. In other words, he wanted to tell the Squire, so much of the truth as would save him personally from blame. Mr. Purdee had authorized him to throw the whole blame of the Crooks' escape upon him; but he could scarcely do this if he narrated the whole affair circumstantially.

The Squire leaned back in his great arm chair and eyed Wyatt intently. Mr. Stone, deliberately raised the tankard, nodded to Wyatt, and took a long draught.

"Something has happened, sure enough," said Wyatt, "the two Crooks Dan and Ben, have left the country."

"Is that all?" asked Mr. Stone.

"No that's not all," said the Squire. "Can't you see that Wyatt has something more to tell us?"

"They've fled the country," said Wyatt, "and it's as well for them if they can get clear away. I was up at Mr. Purdee's place this morning; in fact, I've come straight from there, here. Last night they were wakened by the dog, Spot, and were just in time to catch the young scamps about setting fire to the hay in the barn."

"No," said the Squire, who was expecting to hear of some poaching affray, of perhaps an unusual character.

"Do you hear that, Quill?" asked the Squire.

"I expect," said Mr. Stone, "that they are the fellows who set fire to your barns."

"There's no doubt of that," said Wyatt, "if they were overheard talking about doing it, by the Purdee's."

"Well, well, if I overheard anything equal to that," said the Squire, "and the rascals have escaped you say."

"Yes," said Wyatt, "Mr. Purdee let them go, on condition of their leaving the country at once. I suppose they are going to America, and by this time are in Liverpool."

"Hem," said the Squire, "I suppose there is no use in issuing a warrant now, perhaps it's just as well as it is; they are transported at their own expense instead of that of the County, and that is some consolation."

"I'm afraid the greatest scoundrel is left behind," said Mr. Stone, "that Crooks has been a plague and a pest to the neighbourhood."

"Well," said Wyatt, "I don't think he set his sons a very good example, at least where generosity was concerned, but he has more sense than to do any wilful and malicious damage."

"I don't know about that," said the Squire, "we had better have him away from here. Nobody is safe with such an old villian in the neighbourhood."

"Yes and a younger batch growing up," said Mr. Stone, "to take the place of their brothers, and I suppose they have had the same excellent training."

"Quill," said the Squire, "we must get him out of yonder holding; make a note of that and enquire into it."

"Oh I can tell you everything about that," said Wyatt "Crooks rented for a term of years, five I think, anyhow the term expired at Old Michaelmas (11th October) and he has not renewed yet because Mr. Danson wants to sell the place, and he will do so, he told me, if he can but get a purchaser."

"Hem," said the Squire, "do you hear that Quill?"

"I do," said Mr. Stone, "I do, and I am very glad to hear it."

"Do you know any body likely to be a purchaser?"

"No I don't" said Mr. Stone.

"But I think I do," said Wyatt.

"I hope it is not Crooks," said the Squire. "I've heard he has some money."

"No it's Samuel Purdee," said Wyatt, "you see the place joins to his and it would suit him very well."

"And why does he not buy it then?" asked the Squire, "is he short of money, or does Danson want too much? How is it?"

"I think," said Wyatt, "he has been afraid of giving Crooks offence, because if he buys it, he would expect him to give up the farm, and perhaps the house too."

Besides I'm sure Crooks would not stop, if he found out Mr. Purdee had bought it."

"Then," said the Squire, Purdee *must* buy it; and if he wants any money, or any other assistance, he can have it here. Quill are you asleep there?"

"No Sir, I'm listening."

"Ring for the butler and let Wyatt have something to drink. I say Wyatt, can't you call on Purdee to-day and tell him I should like to see him about this business."

"I'll do so, Sir, with very great pleasure."

The Butler now came in with a large pewter mug of porter for Wyatt, and shortly after with a china posnet of mulled wine for the Squire himself, who was sitting apparently in a musing mood, looking into the fire.

"Wyatt," said the Squire quite suddenly, "what is Tom Snarr doing now?"

"I can hardly tell," said Wyatt, "times have been hard with Tom lately, I know he's had no regular work for some time, and his wife is sick which makes the matter still worse. The neighbours have been very kind to him in their way but they cannot do much."

"I see, I see," said the Squire "I can form an idea. I must make Tom some little arrears. Quill we owe Tom some reparation."

"I think so, I am of opinion we are wrong about that business"

"Why of course we are, but general acknowledgments won't answer, will they?"

Mr. Stone was occupied with an original idea, and did not answer at once; but at length out it came. "Find him some work Sir."

"Very good," said the Squire, "is there anything we can set him to do just now?"

"I think," said Mr. Stone, "I heard the Coachman saying something this very morning about the paddock wall."

"Wyatt," said the Squire "you see Tom and tell him, I want him to come to work and we'll make things right, so far as we can. Quill see Miss Cater about Tom's wife."

Wyatt started on his own errands, Mr. Stone to see Miss Cater, the housekeeper,

and before dinner at the Hall, Miss Cater, herself, with the Coachman and one of his boys were on their way to Tom Snarr's Cot in the "Hollow."

It requires a very small exercise of the imagination, to picture the raptures among Tom's children when the contents of that basket were exposed to their view.

Wyatt had but just informed Tom of the sudden change in his prospects, when the housekeeper arrived with the large basket of provisions, which the coachman had brought, and a smaller one which the boy carried..

As to the number of Tom's children, we may refer to his own answer, when questioned on this point. "Dang it mester, I can hardly tell, our Mary could tell you, let me see there's,"—counting on his fingers, 'there's about thirteen *on 'em.*' And all that Tom earned was with dry-walling, and hedging and ditching, when he could obtain work,

His brother Jim had been sent to gaol for poaching rabbits "to let," as he said "the children have a tid-bit now and then."

Being a single man he lived with his brother, to assist him to maintain his family. But, no matter how good his motives, the Squire was inexorable on the subject of poaching; and as it was impossible for Jim to pay the fine, he had been sent for three months to prison.

This term of hard labour was nearly expired so that it was expected he would soon return to enjoy the improved prospects of his brother's family.

The owner of the "Black Farm" was desirous to sell this property, because he wanted the money in his business; being convinced that this additional capital would yield him a much better return than the annual rental.

The unexpired lease of the 'Black Farm' was about fifty years, and as the "Quarry Farm" was of the same date, Mr. Purdee was the more pleased at the opportunity which offered to secure it; and as the Squire facilitated the purchase, the transfer was soon effected, and the business arranged to the satisfaction of both parties.

Of course Crooks was at once notified of the circumstance, and was no little ir-

ritated, more so perhaps, on account of the transaction having been completed without his obtaining the slightest hint, until he received the notice to quit.

It is probable that Mr. Purdee, would have given him permission to stay in the house, although secretly he wished his *crooked, surly, revengeful neighbour* away, but so far was he from asking to do this, that he returned for answer that by Lady day he should leave the premises.

In his own mind Crooks had decided previously, that it would be the best for him to leave that neighbourhood, but he wanted to go when and how it best suited his own incomprehensible temper and disposition. He regarded the notice to quit as another, although polite form of driving him away from a neighbourhood, where he well knew he was not wanted; and so his bad passions were once more aroused into exercise, and he began to look round for some one, as an object for his vengeance.

By some process of reasoning he came to the conclusion, that Wyatt was the active agent in bringing about the arrangement, although in reality the agent of the Squire, who paid him well for all his services.

Finally impressed with this view, and embittered with disappointed baffled schemes, which he had cherished and taught his sons to practise, he vowed to himself, that Wyatt should in some way be made to repent for thwarting his purposes. While thus brooding over his imagined wrongs, a few days after he had been notified to leave the farm, he met Wyatt, who was on his way to Mr. Purdee's.

#### CHAPTER IV.

And now the preacher stands in simple garb,  
And giving utterance to simple truth:  
In simple language, plain but forcible.  
Felix trembled before such a preacher;  
And oft since then, the sinner self condemned  
Hath full confession made, and mercy sought,  
And penitence hath dropped the pearly tear.

*The Pulpit.*

Although Wyatt knew Crooks very well personally, they had no speaking acquaintance whatever. So far from this,

Crooks had usually avoided him, and this in so plain a manner, that had Wyatt been a man of the most ordinary observation, he could scarcely have failed to notice the studied coldness if not positive discourtesy of manner.

Notwithstanding this, Wyatt was in no way surprised when Crooks abruptly accosted him, as they met, with "so Wyatt you want me away from here, do you?"

"Yes," said Wyatt, in the most unconcerned manner possible.

Crooks lost his temper; not from the simple answer, but owing to the manner, and perhaps more stinging still to the honest, cutting truth thus briefly expressed. The Latin Poet, Horace, says—" *Ira furor brevis est*"—"Anger is a short madness." Crooks well knew the adversary with whom he had to contend, but in spite of all his self-command, his eyes glistened, and his face was distorted with the pent up rage, boiling within him. Wyatt very coolly watched the changes of Crook's face, livid, purple, with rage. He seemed to be at a loss for words to express his "temporary madness."

At length he broke out in a perfect storm of scurrilous epithets, in which *informers, sneaks, pick-thanks*, with a few other equally racy explosions, which served to relieve the high pressure of passion, were hissed out with all the venom of concentrated malice. Wyatt waited until he had fairly exhausted his wind and descriptives, and with the most imperturbable calmness said.

Now Saul instead of repeating over and over these spicy names, I would suggest that you get a few more and so there would be greater variety. One thing however I should like to know and that is—whether you think the *informers* of a bad deed or the *doers* is the worse of the two. If you had caught me, the other morning, in the very act of setting your barn on fire, it would have required considerable ingenuity for me to have got quietly away to Canada. And I strongly suspect that Saul Crooks would have been tempted to turn informer. Now let me tell you what I heard the Parson read, the other Sunday morning, out of a large, old book, and very singular too, it was about a namesake of yours,—“Saul the son of Kish,”—It seems

this Saul was hunting a man called David, and after a long chase, it happened one day that David caught Saul asleep in a cave, but instead of cutting off his head, he simply cut off a part of his robe; and when Saul found out how David had spared his life, he professed to be very penitent and said "if a man find his enemy, will he let him go well away?" But it did not seem to do him much good, for very soon after the Parson said, David spared his life a second time. So his repentance was not worth much. It strikes me that the Sauls are a bad lot, so I'll bid you good day."

Crooks' face was a study for a physiognomist, as he stood for a few moments gazing after the receding figure of Wyatt as he strode rapidly away up the clough.

Without apprizing a solitary person outside his own family, Crooks about a week before Old Lady day (6th April) left the "Black Farm." So he went as he came, almost a stranger.

The place to which he removed was across the hills in a lonely locality, but was nearer the market for his cloth.

When Mr. Purdee took possession of the "Black Farm," as he had no present use for the house, he permitted at Wyatt's earnest solicitation, Tom Snarr to occupy the place, which was very roomy, but not so good a house as the "Quarry." Besides the house, Tom was allowed a garden patch, and a small paddock for his cow, which the Squire gave him, on learning where he was going to live.

Mr. Purdee had no occasion to regret taking Tom Snarr as his tenant. At the first he was somewhat dubious of the experiment, but he found upon trial that Wyatt had by no means over rated his good qualities. He proved himself to be a hard working, good-natured, warm hearted fellow, willing and ready to do a good turn at any time, if it was within his power.

Speaking to Tom one day about his previous history and present prospects, he said, "why Tom I always understood you were one of the greatest reprobates we had in the country, but I begin to think, whatever you may have been, there's material in you for a good neigh-

bour, now, and I hope and trust, by and by, for a good christian.

Tom pulled off his felt hat, scratched his great head, while he arranged his ideas, which, from the time it took, must have been very much entangled.

At length the difficult task was so far advanced that he spoke,—“I ha' often wondered whether I wor as bad as most folks said I wor.”

“So,” said Mr. Purdee, resting from his work, and regarding Tom with considerable interest, “you have thought about the matter, and could not decide.”

“Well mester,” said Tom, “you see my Mary says ‘as how I be as good as most folks, an’ better nor some as holds their heads up pretty high.’ “But then I knows mester, as how I be pretty rough spoken, an’ that—besides when I get too much beer, as I used to do, then there’s nobody comes amiss for a *scrimmage*. But I’m pretty well broke of the beer. It does n’t do.”

Without commenting upon Tom’s admissions Mr. Purdee, said.

“Suppose you were to go with me to chapel, Tom, say next Sunday.”

“Me go to chapel, mester?”

“Yes, why not, you’ve as much right to go as any body else.”

“But, hang it mester, where must I sit, for nobody would want me in their pew? An’ look at my duds.”

“Well,” said Mr. Purdee, “as regards the sitting, leave that to me, and as for your clothes I think we can arrange that too, so we’ll consider the matter settled so far.”

Mr. Purdee, had a better coat, which, owing to his increasing stoutness, had for some time been laid aside, but which he thought would not be much too large for Tom, who, in frame and height, was Mr. Purdee’s equal. He next spoke to Wyatt, to enquire from Mr. Stone, at the Hall, for some other garments, so that on the Saturday evening, when Tom essayed his new habiliments, and appeared in the kitchen, his children collected around him in open mouthed wonder, while Mary, his wife, although she said little, could not help betraying her admiration and pride at the improved personal appearance of her Tom.

On the following morning Mr. Purdee called at the "Black Farm" house where he found Tom ready and waiting for him.

Mr. Purdee ushered him into his own pew, where, owing to his change of dress, and the fact of his being there at all, he sat unrecognized by many who personally knew him well. Tom was fond of music, and the singing quite captivated him.

The preacher was a Mr. Beatty, who had heard of Tom's peculiar case, and with a tact seldom excelled, read for his lesson the second chapter of James.

Tom Snarr sat with his great, homely, honest, weather-beaten face, upturned to the pulpit, earnestly listening to the words of eternal truth; again the choir and congregation joined in sacred song, and Tom was carried away with the novelty of the scene, and circumstances, and almost forgot his own identity in an excited imagination.

The preacher announced his text as being part of Christ's message to John the Baptist.

"The poor have the gospel preached to them." He looked round upon his congregation, and opened his comments by saying,— "This wonderful message was sent by the most wonderful man to a wonderful prophet. The Divine man who sent the message was very poor, the men who carried it were poor working men, and the prophet to whom it was sent was not only poor but confined in prison. The subject of the message is the *"godes spell,"* God's good tidings. Blessed are the poor to whom this message comes with acceptance!

Who will not receive with joy and thankfulness the gracious message of this wonderful, divine, poor man? who, "though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."

As the preacher dilated upon this grand theme in plain, vigorous saxon, the homely, dull, face, of Tom Snarr, brightened; when he spoke of the sufferings of honest poverty, with the pathos of true sympathy, tears rained down Tom's weather-beaten cheeks.

Mr. Purdee watched him closely, and as he afterwards said,— "I thought then there is more in that man than he knows himself."

From that day forward Tom Snarr was a changed man. He continued to rise in general estimation, and to Mr. Purdee, he became a kind of necessity.

Tom's worldly circumstances steadily improved, his peat-fuel cost him merely the labour of digging, and whenever his own work was scarce he could make brooms and his larger boys could help him, besides earning a little with tending the sheep. No one was better pleased at these changes than Wyatt, and no one more heartily enjoyed them than Tom. brother, Jim, who could now assist him more effectually than before.

Summer had once more passed away, and Autumn was fading into early Winter. The Crooks were almost forgotten, for no one had heard from or seen any of the family since they left the "Clough."

One day in November, Wyatt called at the "Quarry," and found them all busy stacking up heather in bundles, and the two Snarrs were helping them.

Jim Snarr had of late been employed, occasionally to assist Wyatt, and he was expecting soon to obtain the appointment of assistant game-keeper, to which Wyatt had strongly recommended him, backed by Mr. Purdee's influence.

"Jim," said Wyatt, "I have to go over as far as Hob-cross to day, and I don't care to go alone. I don't know either the road or the men I want to see as well as you do; and another reason is that there are some characters out that way, not over nice; so I want you to come along. He handed Jim a cudgel, which, he took without a word of comment, simply remarking,— "I'm ready, when you are." So the two started.

(To be Continued.)

DON'T GET EXCITED.

(From the Galaxy.)

One day last summer I was out on Saratoga Lake with the Congregational minister of the village, fishing for pickerel. We tied our boat under a bridge, near another boat which was already there, and in which there sat a man and an indolent-looking boy. As we were mak-



ing some necessary exertion to steady and fasten the boat, this indolent boy opened his mouth and drawled forth, with a perfectly blank countenance, and without addressing anybody in particular, the words: "Now, do-o-n't get excited; 'cos if you do you might hurt yourself."

All that morning, whenever anybody, thinking, in the tremor of anticipation that he had a bite, gave a jerk at his pole, or whenever anybody got his line inextricably entangled with two or three others, or stuck his fish-hook into his fingers, or came near missing his balance by the motion of the boat, or found that his bait had been taken off, or nearly dropped his hat into the water, or suffered the disappointment of losing a fish just as he was drawing it in—on all these occasions this gentle youth would draw out, without any visible emotion, "Now, do-o-n't get excited; 'cos if you do you might hurt yourself." You can well understand that it was a great comfort to those who had endured his outrageous complacency. when, on attempting to climb up on the bridge, the boat slid gracefully out from under him and allowed him to drop into the water. As he was splashing and floundering in the attempt to rescue himself, we admonished him, with unsympathetic jeers, not to get excited, and we were very deliberate in our efforts to pull him in.

We can imagine that it is no great satisfaction to a man with the gout to be benignantly warned against excitement. It is nearly useless to advise a man with the toothache to take it philosophically. It is scarcely any comfort when one is persecuted by mosquitos, or is kept awake by the voices of cats at night, or has tight boots on a pic-nic, or is unable to collect a debt after the third unequivocal dun, or sees his hat borne from his head and along the street by the breeze, or observes his neighbours' hens scratching up his tomato plants, or spills ink over a very nicely written MS., or, under various exceptional circumstances of this kind which you can call to mind, it is scarcely any comfort, I say, to be told not to fret yourself.

Nevertheless, I have pondered some time upon the remark which stands at the head of this incongruous effort; and,

considering the many accidents which are constantly happening to a person who is engaged in fishing, and which are likely to induce undue excitement, I have come to the conclusion that the youth of whom I have spoken was a philosopher, and that it was a profound precaution to urge continually upon our minds the advice—"Don't get excited."

"Haste not, rest not," we are told. I agree with the first half of that proposition. It is the fault of our people to be too much in a hurry. We do not need moralists to preach on the text, "Delays are dangerous." I admit that that would be a very good motto for the Fire Department, but I think that generally we need to learn that delay is frequently a very good thing, and that it is oftener excitement than delay that is dangerous. It is well that a person should have discretion to know when to delay and when to hurry, when to stop and when to go ahead, when to let go and when to hold on. If a man is approaching a railway crossing, and sees a train coming, it is the best policy to delay; otherwise he might get run over. If a man is walking towards a precipice delay is not dangerous to him. Under such circumstances, as well as under similar ones in national affairs, "A wise and masterly inactivity," as McIntosh phrased it, might be recommended. In getting married a reasonable delay is the best policy. Possibly an heiress may sometimes be lost by it, but if she did not care enough for her lover to wait for him he would have found her a burden and her money a vexation. The love that is to last through a life should be able to bear a few months' suspense. Jacob served fourteen years for Rachel, his "beautiful and well-favored" first-love. That would be too long at the present rate of living, but Jacob survived to the age of one hundred and forty-seven, and if I read aright he got Rachel at the end of the first seven years, though he served seven years more after he was married. One should never be in a haste to do a thing that, when once done cannot be undone. It takes longer to get out of a ditch after having fallen in than it does to consider carefully whether one can jump across it. In the long run, a

slow man is less liable to accidents than a hasty man.

I always liked a little poem that tells an exciting tale of an old gentleman who was constrained to do a foolish thing on account of his excitement, but in which the poet partakes so little of the excitement of his tale that he troubles himself to look out for only two rhymes for the whole four stanzas.

By the side of a murmuring stream,  
As an elderly gentleman sat ;  
On the top of his head was his wig,  
And a-top of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blow high and blew strong,  
As the elderly gentleman sat ;  
And it tore from his head in a trice,  
And plunged in the river his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane,  
Which lay by his side as he sat ;  
And he dropped in the river his wig  
In attempting to get out his hat.

His brest it grew cold with despair,  
And full in his eye sadness sat ;  
So he flung in the river his cane,  
To swim with his wig and his hat.

It is noticeable that persons who owe money, that lawyers and law courts, and that officers in the employ of the government do not seem to consider delays dangerous. No doubt procrastination is the best thing in a lawsuit. It allows the parties time to bottle their wrath, and to contemplate their folly.

Whenever one is in a passion, delay is the best policy. Under these circumstances, as the editor said to the infuriated printer, who was angry because he had no copy, "you had better compose yourself."

You cannot get a hotel-clerk, or a steamboat-clerk, or a baggage-master excited. What would be the use? He would have to get excited over every new comer, because travellers are, as a rule, apt to be tempestuous. He prefers to be uniformly imperturbable.

A man, as I said, must have discretion to know when to haste and when to rest, when to stop and when to go ahead, when

to hold on and when to let go. We like people who, having once undertaken a thing, will never give up; who, having formed a purpose, will never relinquish it. The bear finds its safety in hugging its enemy with an unyielding clutch. But there is a picture on the news-stands of a bear hugging very tight a perpendicular saw, at the motion of which he seemed to have become offended. The saw, of course, continues its motion. The harder the bear hugs the more he gets rangled, and the tighter he presses it the harder it cuts. A man in that case would have exercised discretion and have let go, unless he were a simpleton or indeed had encountered a very easy saw like the one of which we read which cut so smoothly that a boy who lay on the log and was sawed with it, did not know he had been injured until he fell off in two pieces.

And so I think there is discretion to be used behind any maxim, even behind the maxim, "Don't get excited." I have read of people who were too calm and complacent. Of such a character I think was the conductor, who, when he ran over a man, said he never liked to do it "because it mussed up the track so." And speaking of saws, and following this train of thought, I may mention a young man from the country who went into a hardware store in New York and, rapping a great buzz-saw with his knuckles, remarked, "I had an old dad ripped to pieces with one of them fellers last week." I think that young man exhibited too little emotion for the occasion. It showed a lack of filial affection only comparable to that of a boy belonging to a primary school in Manchester, New Hampshire, who assured his schoolmates that he should soon be able to indulge in his favorite sport on the river with the best of them. "Father," said he, "has gone to the war, and when he gets killed I am going to have his fish-line."

As cool a person, under the circumstances, as was ever heard of, was a young nobleman, who, in a frightful railway accident, missed his valet. One of the guards came up to him and said: "My lord we have found your servant, but he is cut in two." "Aw, is he?" said the young man,

with a Dundreary drawl, but still with some anxiety depicted on his countenance, "Will you be good enough to see in which half he has gwo't the key of my carpet-bag?" To a sensitive mind his anxiety seems to have been misplaced. The same unconsciousness to the awful aspects of death was exhibited by a man in New Jersey in 1859, who was employed to convey to his friends the body of a Mr. Wilson who had died about fifty miles from home, of the cholera. On finding the house he knocked at the door and the wife of the deceased opened it. "Does Mr. Wilson live here?" said the man. "Yes," said the lady, "but he is not at home to day." "No, I know he ain't" said the man, with a soothing tone of voice, thinking to break the news gently, "but he will be in a minute, 'cause I've got him here dead in the wagon." There was still more reprehensible moral obtuseness in the remark of a man who was sentenced to be hung and who inquired of the sheriff the night before the appointed day, "I say, Mr. Sheriff, at what hour does this little affair of mine come off?"

I have mentioned these incidents to illustrate some occasions when complacency appears unseemly to a person of delicate sensibility. Probably the reason people laugh at such anecdotes is because they are such outrageous deviations from the ordinary course of thought and sentiment.

Still, excitements are dangerous. It has occurred to me recently that it is peculiarly proper that we should remember this in political contests. There is always in these national emergencies, whether from fights or from celebrations, a smell of gunpower in the air. Vituperation becomes the fashion in conversation and in the newspapers. Vindictiveness is fostered between friends and brothers. We are told that ruin hangs over us, and that terror unutterable awaits us if one or the other of the candidates is elected. Good men are defamed and bad men exalted solely because of their politics. Half the nation is in danger of becoming howling maniacs for a time, forgetting all the decencies of social intercourse and all the sweet and beautiful aspects of life. Enter not into it. The country comes out of it

safe and strong, and safer and stronger as you hold your passions in check. Take pains to say, at such a time, that you think there are honest men among your political opponents. Take pains to reprove persons on your own side for attempting to aid their cause by slander, malignity, and inflammatory appeals. Let your moderation be known. Avoid vile nicknames and epithets. The lying, the malice, and uncharitableness, the confusion and indecencies of political contests in this country are utterly disgraceful.

## ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

(HINTS TO STUDENTS AND YOUNG AUTHORS.)

BY G. V. LE VAUX.

Skill in writing one's native language is the most desirable of all accomplishments. It is evident, judging by the vast number who constantly endeavour to appear in print, that most people set a high value on the power of expressing their thoughts with beauty, grace, force and facility. Skill in this respect, is often the gift of nature, but more frequently an acquired power—the result of continuous study, aided by natural ability. Talent, when it exists, must be incited by an innate ambition to excel, and a vigorous pen must give form to its conceptions. Whilst judgment guides its course, and good taste and sense direct its efforts, simplicity and grace must skilfully polish its productions so that dignity, if not durability, may characterize its labours.

The importance of this accomplishment—skill in writing one's native language—is generally acknowledged although imperfectly understood. Fully appreciated by every lady and gentleman, a right conception of its excellency is confined, nevertheless, to a very limited number. We freely admit that it is almost impossible to judge the merits of composition correctly and with any degree of certainty except on the principles and precedents adduced, practised, enunciated, and established by the standard authors of the present and preceding ages. Whilst at

school or college young men and young women are seldom, if ever, subjected to any really wholesome and instructive literary discipline, such as we would consider calculated to make an endurable impression by refining the taste and rectifying the judgment; and but very few, indeed, will voluntarily submit to undergo the necessary training immediately after "finishing their Education" and receiving their Diploma. Our young friends generally make their acquaintance with the *Belles Lettres* through the medium of some sensational novel. But few, very few indeed, have sufficient moral power or "self-denial" to voluntarily "devote their days and nights to Addison," Johnson, Goldsmith and Pope, so that they may improve their minds and acquire a pure, simple, graceful and vigorous style. The average novel is but a poor exemplar of style. There are, at least (so far as we know) but few volumes of this frivolous literature which we would dare to recommend for perusal or imitation, and even if these were recommended and the others ostracised, young people would read the latter with more avidity and would probably treat the former with the greater indifference, if not with supreme contempt. Such is human nature. A taste for sound reading and skilful writing should be inculcated at School, and cultivated during early life. It is a mistake to defer these things until our "Education is finished."

Thomas de Quincy, a good critic and an accomplished writer, alluding to modern novels, affirms that the contents of half a dozen different volumes will not exhibit as many consecutive pages of decent English. It is true that novels seldom afford place for a good style, and, as a rule, worse models we could not have. Their style (like that of the majority of newspaper articles) is of a slipshod, free and easy character, whilst their diction is deficient in unity, continuity, perspicuity and point—they are "common place" in fact, the effusion of a moment "the creature of a day." A good style can only be attained by a diligent study of the classic exemplars. The works of the great masters of the art must be our models. I do not intend to convey the idea that we

should slavishly imitate our predecessors—I merely wish to state that through their works we should study the laws and principles of written language with a view to the acquisition of a certain elegance or excellency in the art of prose composition. In prosecuting our studies of the principles and practice of this art, it would not be wise to commence with the very old or recent authors. The former may be antiquated and uninviting, the latter may be frivolous or unsuitable. Before turning our attention to the production of these writers, it would be advisable to study the works produced during "the Augustan age of English Literature."

It would be impossible for us within the limits of one short article, to give a list of the English Authors whose works we would recommend as aids in the formation or acquisition of a graceful, elegant and vigorous style; we will however take the liberty of naming a few of the great Lights whose works have shed a lustre on our race and are at the same time the glory and ornaments of our mother tongue. Whilst alluding to their intrinsic merits we will point out the characteristic qualities of each—indicating their beauties and apparent defects.

English Literature does not furnish us with better or more classical writing than that which is to be found in the pages of Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Junius and Swift. To those may be added Burke's Orations, Sheridan's Speeches, Gibbon's Rome, Hume's England, also, Macaulay's England, and last but not least, the productions of the fruitful pens of Trollope, Thackeray and Dickens.

Goldsmith's essays, as a rule, are superior to those of either Addison or Johnson. They abound with features of exquisite grace and elegance, characteristics in which Johnson, at least, is rather deficient. Johnson's style is very peculiar—difficult to manage, extravagant, unsuited for ordinary purposes, but quite *apropos* on dignified or unusual occasions. It is characterised by either inordinate diffuseness or unnecessary brevity—two opposite qualities. His *Lives* and *Debates* are regarded as the most elegant and elaborate of his productions. They will well repay a careful perusal and materially

assist the student in forming a right conception of the characteristic excellencies of a good style. "The diction of Gibbon, Bacon and Junius, strongly resembles that of Johnson and their style is sometimes designated as "the Johnsonian." It is terse and powerful, free from unnecessary ornament and deficient in natural grace and seldom fails to remind the student of the sternness of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

Addison owes his shining renown to his exquisite art and native sweetness. He never fails to deliver himself with vivacity, purity, clearness and precision. His thoughts flow gracefully from an ever living fountain, and every good word he utters goes straight to the heart. Highly classical in manner and matter, and "without a tincture of pedantry, he expresses many of his brightest thoughts in homely phrase" and is therefore often looked upon as familiar when in reality he is only cunningly simple, or dexterously polished. Of Addison may it be truly said that—"He had the art to hide art." We know of no other writer whose productions we could recommend to the student with such confidence, nor are there any works probably from a perusal of which the embryo author would derive such material benefit. Addison's style is always simple, always graceful, always elegant. It would seem as if he drew his inspiration from nature rather than from art, so dexterously, skilfully and naturally does he use his pen.

Macaulay also, "had the art to conceal art" but in a less degree than Addison. His periods, like those of Hume, are always delightfully even, but seldom full and affluent. Notwithstanding the skill and power with which he wielded his pen a certain monotonous cadence is clearly perceptible in all his works. His sentences are certainly neat; his diction elegant, and pure as a crystal spring; his sequences are musical, and logically arranged; but with all his great gifts he is defective in manner and deficient in vivacity, force and fire. However, these defects are only apparent when we compare his writings with the productions of Goldsmith, Addison and other great masters of a preceding age. Macaulay is always,

pleasing but seldom gay, never dull but seldom animated, forever cheerful but never very mirthful or boisterous, always humorous but never witty. His language is always chaste and accurate whilst his style is as genial and almost as simple as that of Defoe.

Should our "modern popular" authors "devote more of their days and nights to the study of Addison," Macaulay and other worthies afore mentioned, our modern literature would not be so dry, bare, cheerless, bombastic and repulsive. It would afford more instruction to the public (if less sensation) and more enduring fame, (if less dollars and dimes) to the literary caterers. We can never become skilful writers unless we "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" the productions of the great exemplars.

We may resume the consideration and discussion of this subject at some future time when we shall review the writings of our recent and "ancient" English Authors. But in the meantime we would advise our young readers to avail themselves of every opportunity of improving themselves in the first and most important of gentlemanly accomplishments—the art of writing their native language with elegance, purity and propriety. Let them study the characteristic excellencies of the foregoing or other classical English Authors; and (always remembering that practise alone makes perfect,) let them write something every day. In these daily exercises let them imitate (and if possible rival) the natural beauties of their great models. Whoever adopts this plan will soon possess "the pen of a ready writer."

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

## IDYLS OF THE DOMINION.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

NO. II.

SPARKING.

Give me the night when the moon shines bright,  
And the stars come forth to meet her,  
When the very snow is all aglow,  
And the dismal swamp looks sweeter,  
When the cows are fed, old folks in bed,

And young lads go alarking,  
And no one by with a prying eye,  
O that's the time for sparking!

When all the chores are done out doors, -  
And th' hearth is swept up trimly,  
And th' back-log bright like a jovial wight,  
Is roaring up the chimney;  
I listen oft for his signal soft,  
Till Tray sets up his barking;  
For dogs, as well as folks, must tell,  
When anybody's sparking.

I've sat with him till th' logs burn'd dim,  
And the owls were all too-whooping;  
For don't they spark, too, in the dark?  
Ain't that their way of wooing?  
I ne'er could bear love anywhere  
That folks were all remarking,  
You act a part, but bless your heart!  
That's not what I call sparking.

At public halls, pic-nics and balls,  
The lads will try to please you—  
But it takes the bliss all from a kiss  
If anybody sees you,  
My old Aunt says, in her young days,  
Folks never woo'd the dark in;  
It might be so, then oh dear oh!  
They little knew of sparking.

NO. III.  
ELORA.

O lovely El ra, thy valley and stream;  
Still dwell in my heart like a beautiful dream,  
And everything peaceful and gentle I see  
Brings back to my bosom some image of thee,  
I've roam'd this Dominion, allur'd by the beam  
Of wild woodland beauty by valley and stream,  
From lone Manitoulin, all down to the sea,  
But found ne'er a spot, sweet Elora, like thee.

There's lone rocky grandeur away at the Sound,  
And down the St. Lawrence wild beauties  
abound,

Quebec towering proudly looks down to the sea,  
And lone Kananoque, there's beauty in thee,  
And Barbe the Lady that sits by the lake;  
O would I could sing a sweet song for her sake!  
But here is thy beauty alisting the fall,  
O lovely Elora thou'rt queen of them all!

If friends should forsake me, or fortune depart,  
Or love fly, and leave a great void in my heart;

O then in my sorrow away I would flee;  
And hide from misfortune Elora in thee,—  
Away from the world with its falsehood and pride  
In you lowly cot where the still waters glide;  
I'd commune with Nature, till death set me free,  
And rest then forever, Elora, in thee.

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

## ROUND THE HORN.

BY CANADENSIS.

The traveller whose journey lies between the North Pacific and the North Atlantic, enjoys perhaps as great a change of Ocean scenery as can be found anywhere. I have made the voyage more than once, but the incident which I shall now most particularly relate, occurred some twelve years ago. Time flies fast, and it seems but yesterday, when standing at the foot of grand old Mauna Loa—the King of Volcanoes—I witnessed the magnificent eruption which for a month shook the island of Hawaii, which drowned the village of Wainanalii and its inhabitants in a sea of molten lava, and scattered desolation over a lovely country amid fire and thunderings and earthquakes.

Only those who have revelled in the luxurious climate and the bright ever changing scenery of the Pacific Islands, only those who can appreciate and enjoy the rude but withal kindly associations of the population of those islands, can conceive the delight which abounds in that part of the world, for all who love a placid genial atmosphere, surrounding ample room for gentle industry or attractive study. To my thinking it is the brightest spot on earth, a spot, it may be, associated with many happy recollections, but nevertheless one which from its merits alone, I would select above all others for a quiet and peaceful home under the tenderest skies of heaven.

The contrast between this bright region and the winter seas into which the voyager quickly enters, if he would undertake the much considered journey round the Horn, is great indeed. From a latitude where summer is constant, tempered only with the soft kisses of the faithful 'Trade,' he is plunged into regions where, even in the

warmest months, icebergs are his daily companions. Yet no where within my experience is the ocean grander than there. The long majestic roll of the Pacific, so different from the short cutting waves of the Atlantic, is in itself a notable feature which lends a charm of dignity to the scene. The dark blue sky of the islands has been changed for the leaden canopy of the icy seas. The gentle breeze that cools the summer sun, amid the palm trees of the coral islands, has been changed for the fierce blast of winter. The huge sea birds of the south float sternly along the air, as though watching over the dark waters whose foaming crests stand out in bold relief against the dull horizon; and, mayhap not, far away in more directions than one, towers up the white glistening mass of an iceberg, towering sometimes hundreds of feet towards the clouds, and bearing upon its face the image of its birthplace. I know not why it is, but the ice that floats away from the Antarctic seas, into the South Pacific, is far grander far more massive and picturesque than the icebergs which sometimes attract the curiosity of travellers across the North Atlantic; yet nowhere can I see these wondrous floating islands without their suggesting to me a crowd of thoughts, not alone of their beauty, but of their history, their past career, their future destiny, the circumstances of their origin, their growth, their age.

But let these suggestions pass, for some of them would carry me far back into the world's history, and my business now is with the comparative present. There are certain privileges attaching to travellers who have rounded the Horn, just as there were once,—for alack! old customs fast fade in these progressive days,—certain ceremonies attending the landman's first trip over the line, but those who know these privileges will agree with me that it would not be well to enumerate them here. I merely mention the fact to illustrate how much was once, and for that matter, that is, thought of this particular ocean travel. And certainly I should not recommend it for a pleasure voyage, except to such as being good sailors love the sea in its wildest moods, under fierce and ugly skies, yet to such an one

in a good ship it is enjoyable—enjoyable for its sublimity, its grandeur, its angry beauty, and rough, majestic turbulence. It needs but a sight of the Cape itself piercing into the dull, dark air, with its rugged rocks, to complete a picture which for wondrous wildness cannot I believe be excelled. But it must not be imagined that when once the Horn is past, danger too has been left behind. The east coast of South America is a nursery for Cyclones, which sweep across the South Atlantic and exhaust themselves on the other side. It is not usual to meet with these so low down as the Falkland Islands, but upon the particular occasion I now allude to, I had the fortune—good or bad—to experience one ere the region of the Horn was hardly past. I have seen many vicissitudes in many seas, but never a storm that was presaged more remarkably than this.

From the time we had fairly left the latitude of the islands, we had experienced only a succession of rough seas and boisterous breezes; but suddenly all was changed.—At sun rise there was a dead calm. The waves had ceased, the air was deathly still. Nature indeed seemed dead, save for that unceasing swell, which in a calm looks like the breathing bosom of some great monster. The surface of the waters was even glossy, for not a passing breath raised a ripple upon them. The ship lay motionless, or yielding only to the languid upheaving of the ocean. Her sails scarcely flapped against the masts. The silence was oppressive. No clouds were visible. No blue sky was seen, but all around, air, earth and heaven, bore the same dull, leaden hue. For some hours did this continue; till at about mid-day, without a sign or warning the rain came down in one straight overwhelming torrent. For some hours in the same unvarying manner volumes of water fell, the sea all the while a perfect calm, and then all was silent as in the morning.

There were only a few passengers on board, and none except myself who had any suspicion of what would follow. I had seen something of the same kind more than once before, but never to the like degree, and I watched the indications of the barometer with some curiosity.

The darkness came on too, and I observed that unusual care had been taken by the chief officer to have all things snug on deck, although not a word was said which would arouse the fears of the uninitiated.

Accordingly the customary amusements were had recourse to, and chess players congratulated themselves warmly upon the comfortable steadiness of the ship. Taking my customary walk on deck about ten o'clock, I found old sailors scanning the weather anxiously, and as the mercury in the barometer fell, sails were furled, and everything aloft as well as below made ready for a wild night. But there was no apparent change till all were at rest on board, save the night watch and the first and second officers who now patrolled the deck in silence together. Scarcely however had eight bells struck when a dull roaring sound was heard in the distance, growing louder as it approached, until it suddenly burst upon us. Instantly, as it were, the sea was lashed into fury, the waves rose, and foamed, and thundered, as the ship flew through them before a gale of terrific violence. Hardly a sound could be heard, save the beating of the angry waters, and the roaring of the wind through the rigging. For some hours the gale seemed to increase in force, and still the good ship held on, but presently amid the deafening turmoil of the storm, she was struck with a tremendous sea, which smothered all other noise, drove in the bulwarks, swept away the boats, and launched one fierce wave into the saloon. Instantly every room was flooded, and where a few hours before joy and merriment had reigned, a boiling sea now held sway as it dashed from side to side with every rolling of the ship. Under circumstances such as these I consider it the duty of all travellers by sea, whose services are unneeded, to remain as much out of the way as possible, and I acted on this maxim upon that occasion, till I was fairly washed out of my berth. Peering into the saloon I there saw some of my fellow passengers, half drowned, holding on as best they could to anything that gave holding room, and like myself of course wading in some considerable depth of sea water. Even amid the storm I could not repress a hearty

laugh at the ludicrous nature of the scene. But it was by no means pleasant. The water was intensely cold, all the lights except one, faintly glimmering at the distant end of the saloon, were extinguished, every thing was drenched with salt water, and there was no prospect of matters mending, for the barometers persistently told that the storm would increase, and as I fought my way to the door and looked out into the night, the scene was one not readily to be forgotten. The darkness was impenetrably black. Not a sound was to be heard, save the howling roar of the tempest, the deck was clear but washed incessantly by the waves, as it lay exposed and open to the sea. The bulwarks were gone, and no vestige remained of the boats and spars and other things which a few hours before had crowded the place. The waters fringed with foam appeared like huge monsters ever rising and towering over us as though threatening to thrust down the puny ship with giant arms, and destroy all trace of our existence. In short it was a scene which must have struck the stoutest heart with a sense of the mighty power of the elements, and the intense littleness of man.

In occasions of danger at sea it has often occurred to me to observe how far a sense of fear prevailed among the passengers. I have met with individual examples where actual terror seems to have taken hold of the mind, but as a general rule I do not think that fear gains much power. No one can witness the effect of a hurricane upon the broad ocean, without a vivid sense of his own impotence, of his dependence upon a higher power than man's for safety, or without a stern appreciation of the awful sublimity of nature in these her wildest moods. But that is a feeling far different from fear. It more nearly approaches to Reverence and Faith, and is all the more therefore to be admired. On this occasion I do not think that the faintest sense of fear entered into the breast of any—except one; and that exception was the more remarkable.

The Captain was an honest worthy man, and an experienced seaman, but influenced by strong religious prejudices. He had his wife and family on board with



him and by some means he had come to the conclusion that this storm had been sent as a judgment upon him and others for their sins, and that no human exertions could save the ship from inevitable destruction. I was sent for into his room at about three o'clock in the morning, and there saw him lying in a state of helplessness and terror stricken on the floor, with a bible grasped in his hands, incoherently uttering prayers. He would listen to nothing, he would talk of nothing but judgment and fatality and his sins, and we decided to leave him alone for the present, at least as one temporarily unworthy his position. It was an unexpected and certainly a strange state of things for the Captain of a ship thus to desert his post in the hour of danger, under a sense of uncontrollable fear, but even it had I believe no appreciable influence over the passengers.

Still the barometer told of worse yet to come, and at times it almost seemed that the Captain's anticipations were to be realized. The wind which had been blowing from the south east now gradually veered round toward the south—the ship flying through the sea, one of the top-masts gone, the rigging blown away, and now one side, now the other plunging beneath the waves. For half an hour the gale increased, and it did not seem that we could look for anything with much more certainty than to an early end of our career. But the direction of the wind rapidly changed, and presently the barometer began to tell us that the worst was over-past. The dangers of darkness too were gone, for while many perils of the sea come when land is far away, we had had all night to contemplate the chance of running headlong into some iceberg—an object which cannot well be seen on a dark night, and which offers to the sailor no sign of its proximity. But now when the wind began to abate it was well nigh mid-day.

The sea however, was in no degree appeased, and scarcely had we begun to congratulate ourselves upon our comparative comfort, when a mountain wave first towered over us, then broke with full force upon the deck as if it would haul us to the bottom. With one crash, glass,

tumblers and water came in a common ruin into the saloon, and exposed us to the full severity of an icy sky.

But the worst was passed. For some days after, no regular meals could be obtained. There was no warmth, nothing dry, scarcely any fuel, and hardly more food, while our ship itself looked little better than a successful wreck. But in due time all this improved, and notwithstanding the inconveniences, to say nothing of the dangers of such a storm and its incidents, I cannot say that I ever regretted the experience. For if all the world think it is easy to build up in the imagination an idea of these oceanic hurricanes, I know that it is only by stern experience that they can be adequately appreciated, even as I also believe that it is only in witnessing such convulsions of nature in all their severity that the mind can be brought to realize fully the helplessness of man as contrasted with the goodness and omnipotence of God.

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(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

## THE SUN, AND THE WORLDS AROUND HIM.

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BY OMICRON.  
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He who created us has implanted within us a desire for the wonderful. It would be as vain as unprofitable to strive to stifle this feeling; it should be ours to select proper objects for investigation, and such surround us on every hand.

Truth has been, and must ever remain, stranger than fiction; the creations of the human mind, no matter how gigantic that mind may be, shrink into insignificance when placed beside the work of the hand of God. In His works, that is, in nature, there is an exhaustless store of the amazing; and as the heavens, when carefully studied, reveal much that is marvellous, and as modern astronomy is solving one mystery after another, in rapid succession, I will venture to ask your readers to follow me whilst we glance at that portion of God's works known as the solar system.

The sun and his system shall be my theme; but in order that we may be able

the better to grasp the subject, this paper will refer to the universe in which this system is situated.

Let us in imagination anticipate one of the pleasant evenings which I hope we may enjoy in reality during the coming summer, when the sultry heat and busy turmoil of the day shall have given place to the refreshing breezes and peaceful calmness of the summer night: "On such a night let us turn our eyes to the heavens, where the planets roll and shine, and the stars, stooping from the blue vault above us, speak to our willing spirits, whilst we strive to learn the mystery of their being.

Yonder in the western sky is the planet Venus, shining, in the absence of the moon, with a dazzling brightness. It is the most attractive object in the heavens; in the south is the distant planet Saturn, which, surrounded by his wonderful ring, shines with a subdued and steady light; whilst, far, far away in the regions of space, small on account of their immense distance,

"Ten thousand brilliant gems bestow their light,  
And twinkling, beautify the face of night."

These are the fixed stars; let us brace our mental faculties and strive to form some faint conception of this vast universe.

We are accustomed to speak of distances by stating the number of miles which bodies may happen to be situated from each other; this method, however, fails as a unit with which to measure this mighty structure; the mind grows dizzy beneath the millions of millions which must be used to represent distances such as we have to deal with, and the effort to grasp their full import proves a failure; we must find another unit, and perhaps of all others, light is the best.

In striving to form an estimate of distances by this method of measurement, we must remember that light travels at about twelve millions of miles per minute; every minute of time represents twelve million miles; every hour, seven hundred and twenty millions, and if we can keep this in mind, we may be able to form some idea of the mighty proportions of this vast system of suns, (for stars are

suns) in which the sun and his worlds exist and move.

"If it were possible for us to wing our flight to the nearest of those stars, sweeping away from our own system, until planet after planet fades in the distance, and the sun itself shrinks into a mere star; we might alight on a strange and beautiful world, circling round a magnificent sun, which had grown and expanded as we approached, until it blazed with a splendor equal to our own; here let us pause and look out on the stars which surround us.

We have now reached the nearest of the fixed stars, and have passed over a space which light would require ten years to travel; we have reached a new world revolving around another sun; surely from this remote point we may expect new heavens as well as a new earth. But, no! Here are the old familiar constellations; Orion, the great bear, Cassiopea and Pegasus occupy the same relative position, and though we have travelled over sixty millions of millions of miles, we have not passed over one thousandth part of the space occupied by the universe of stars."

As our distance from the stars is so great it might be supposed useless to enquire into their *physical constitution*; but even here science has to some extent, if not fully surmounted the difficulty; the light from these distant suns, though darting onward with more than the speed of lightning has been seized in its rapid flight, forced into the spectroscope of the astronomer, questioned, and in many cases has given perfectly satisfactory answers.

The spectroscope is an instrument of modern invention, and many may not understand how incandescent bodies can be analyzed by its assistance. I will make this plain.

Light, as we generally see it, is composed of several colors, we see them separately in the rainbow; blended, they form the white light of day. We call the primitive colors into which light is separated in the rainbow, or by a prism its spectrum.

"When a cool body, such as a poker, is heated in the fire, the rays it first emits

are entirely invisible, or dark; if we looked at it through a prism we should see nothing, although we can easily perceive by the hand that it is radiating heat. As it is more highly heated the radiation from the poker gradually increases, until it becomes of a dull red color, the first sign of incandescence. In addition to the dark rays it had previously emitted, it now sends forth waves of red light, which a prism will show at the red end of the spectrum. If we still increase the heat and continue to look through the prism, we find, added to the red, orange, then yellow, then green, then blue, indigo and violet, and when the poker is white hot all the colors of the spectrum are present."

But the beautiful coloring is but one part of the spectrum, dark lines cross it at different places, which are now known as the **FROUNHOFER LINES**, from a German, who first mapped them with care. We see these lines best through the spectroscope, an instrument in which a number of prisms are mounted, and the light passed through them to decompose them into their primitive colors. When the light comes from the sun we find the spectrum crossed at right angles by numerous dark lines. Now, if we light a match and observe its spectrum, we shall find it continuous, that there are no dark lines breaking up the band.

Another experiment: let us take something which does not burn with a white light; a metallic salt will answer our purpose. The spectrum is very different; instead of being continuous as before, it now consists of bright lines in different parts of the spectrum. Lithium gives bright lines in the red end of the spectrum; sodium, yellow lines; each metal gives lines peculiar to itself.

Once more. Let us so arrange our prism that when a sunbeam is decomposed by its upper portion; a beam proceeding from sodium or zinc may be decomposed by the lower one. We shall find in each case, that the bright lines of the metals coincide with some of the dark lines of the sun.

Here, then, is the germ of Kirchhoff's discovery, on which his hypothesis of the physical constitution of the sun is based;

and here is the secret of the recent additions to our knowledge of the stars.

Vapors of metals and gases absorb those rays which the same vapors of metals and gases themselves emit.

By experimenting in this manner, the following facts have been established.

First—When solid or liquid bodies are incandescent, they give out continuous spectra.

Second—When solid or liquid bodies reduced to a state of gas, or any gas itself, burns, the spectrum consists of bright lines only, and these bright lines are different for different substances.

Third—When light from a solid or liquid passes through a gas, the gas absorbs those particular rays of light of which its own spectrum consists.

Armed with a very powerful spectroscope, Huggens has analyzed the light which brought us news from afar; seated at this instrument of the celestial telegraph, he has read us an important message from the stars.

He tells us that stars are incandescent solid or liquid bodies, because they give a continuous spectrum; that the stars are surrounded by vapors of the elements which are burning beneath, because their spectra are crossed by dark lines; that though they are all formed on the same general plan, they differ considerably in relation to the elements of which they are composed; for instance, Beta Pegasi contains sodium, magnesium, barium. Sirius contains sodium, magnesium, iron and hydrogen; of course the spectra contain many lines which have not yet been identified as belonging to any known element, and a large majority of the stars have not been yet examined, but we already know on this point more than could have been dreamed of by the astronomer of fifty years ago.

But the universe contains others objects of greater interest than the stars; here and there the naked eye may discern milky white patches shining with a very feeble light. Some of these are quite large, those in Andromeda and Orion, occupying nearly as much space in the heavens as the moon, the size of which, if they are situated as far from

us as the stars, must indeed be truly enormous.

The heat of those bodies must be small when compared with the stars, for though they are immensely larger they do not furnish heat enough to be detected; whereas, if they were as hot as the stars their heat would not only be detected, but in the focus of a powerful telescope would be quiet insupportable. The heat of stars have been detected and measured, and if those masses were equally hot, their immense size would not fail to make it easy to detect and measure their heat.

When the spectroscope is turned on a nebulae, a different state of things is detected to that which accompany stars. The nebulae consists of incandescent gas, for they show a spectrum of bright lines, proving that they are not solid, or liquid, but gaseous.

Through this mighty universe of stars and nebulae, our sun is moving around a centre so remote that it seems vain to attempt to compute its distance, or to determine the time in which its revolution is performed; and with it, circling round it, a number of large bodies, worlds in fact, of which our earth is one, pursue their course through the regions of space; seven of these bodies have been long known, two others have been discovered within the last hundred years, and more than one hundred small ones move between Mars and Jupiter; some of those planets are accompanied by moons, and those bodies, with numberless comets, and millions of meteorites constitute the great system of the sun, to which, in a future paper I invite the attention of your readers.

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

## AN EVENING AT THE TURKS HEAD.

BY OLYMPUS RUMPUS.

"An evening at the Turk's Head" I hear you say,—Good Gracious! has the monster the impudence to take us into the horrid company of bacchaulians? and already I see you shudder at the bare idea of encountering the stale smoke, which is the concomitant element which we credit

the questionable location where we have determined to spend the evening. No Sir, or madam, we are about to introduce you to some of the best talkers and writers, the age, in which we will imagine we are living, produced.

'Tis the Turk's Head—Sohc 'Tis Monday evening and a smoking supper is on the table, and mine host is busy pulling the corks and circulating the generous wine, it flows freely and as the corks pop the wit flies, airy and fanciful from the versatile gentlemen opposite—ponderous and potent from our burly friend sitting beside us, acid and acrimonius from the dyspeptic gentleman on the left, beaming and benignant from the mirth inspiring gentleman sitting on the right of us—the wit seems to take its complexion from the properties of the wine, potent, acid, sparkling, kindly. You say—'introduce us,' I will—the gentleman sitting next us clad in a suit of rusty brown, with his wig awry and unkempt, his hands dirty, his nails bitten off to his fingers end, his face scarred with the King's Evil, and his whole *tout-ensemble*, neglected, unkempt and more fitted for a scare-crow than for a man of genius to whom rich and poor alike pay their homage, and whose memory is still enshrined among us, as being more worthy of remembrance than his master, whom the corrupt society of that day chose to call the first gentleman of Europe. He is no scion of an ancient house, but springs direct from the people—'Tis old Sam Johnson the Lichfield Chapman's son—That man with his dogmatic "Sir,"—more fitted for a highwayman than a dweller in Grub St.,—has the *entree* of every class of society in England, is as well known at Carlton Palace as at "Wills," or the old Jerusalem Tavern, at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, while every post in Piccadilly has given back the echo of his cane as he tapped them, and counted them on his way up and down the street.

That stern moralist, that honest christian, is not even unknown at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, but wherever he goes everywhere is paid the same homage, even the pretty and alas! frail actresses acknowledge the innate goodness of the

man and whenever he appears behind the scenes or near the green-room, we read that the "actresses drop him their pretty curtsies," and look upon him with a species of awe, which only true goodness can awake in the breast of the frail and the fallen. One wonders how a man of such disparaging appearance could have gained the position he occupies, but down beneath the rough exterior, underlying the uncouthness is enshrined, the genuine diamond which all the homage and smiles of fashion and wealth have not been able to dim in lustre. But it has not always been prosperous with our table companion—the proverbial "silver spoon" was not the receptacle from which he withdrew his first material supplies—no, poverty was his father, want his mother, and scarcity his boon companion. His father gave him all he could—a liberal education which he supplemented by entering as a Servitor—a menial position at Pembroke College, Oxford. His academic course seemed neither to have been brilliant nor satisfactory, for peniless, proud, diseased and uncouth, he had to bear the insults and railings of his more wealthy and less clever companions, which deeply augmented his morbid melancholy, which he declared "made him mad half his life." Soon after leaving *Alma Mater*, his father died, and at 22, alone and uncared for, he stepped into the cold hard world trudging on foot from Lichfield to Market Bosworth in Lincolnshire, where he became usher in a school. Leaving this we find him at Birmingham, translating for a bookseller, at a pittance scarcely able to keep body and soul together, and then on a moonlight night in the year 1736, we might have seen two figures travelling along the road to London—ill-assorted seemed the companions, the one possessing all the graces of manner and appearance with which the classic writers endow Jove—while the other possessed the graces with which we credit the Hippopotamus or an Antediluvian Mammalia, yet there were links that seemed to bind them together—misfortune and genius. Yes—you have guessed right—they were Samuel Johnson and David Garrick—Davy coming nominally under the pretence of entering the Middle Temple to split

hairs, yet all the time dreaming prophetically of the foot-lights, and the applauding auditorium.

Arriving at the Great Metropolis—their paths diverge—the one to leap upon the stage and astonish the admiring audience, and the other friendless, forsaken to grasp from the hands of that most fickle of ladies *Dame Fortune*, not by an easy triumph but by long continued and desperate conflict, the wreath of laurels which though long denied even by his persistent attacks were at length wrested from her grasp; but the twenty years of struggle had left behind them their mark, and who shall wonder if at times the great King of Literature shall thunder forth his dogmatic invective.

But my *Chere Confrere* we are growing absolutely sad,—'tis no new tale, these struggles of genius against envy, prejudice and ignorance, why Sir, one generation had not passed away when fratricide was recorded amongst the annals of crime, and envy had coined herself an image to which all succeeding generations have paid their homage. Let us at least be glad, that the divine spark of genius has burned with such force in the breasts of some of our number, that they have compelled an unwilling world to render them their just need of praise, though I question much if they have not grown so indifferent to it by the time it has been accorded them, that the pleasure has been all on the givers and none on the receivers side.

'Twas so in the case of Johnson, and his letter to Chesterfield, declining his patronage is one of the most famous of the great Lexicographer's productions, characterized as it is by an absence of verbosity and three barrelled adjectives, it stands out as a splendid specimen of English composition, and we cannot but rub our hands with delight when we think how every telling period must have made that "man of the world," (another name for contemptible humbug), wince. And now had come the evening of Johnson's life, when nature had asserted her claims, when the ponderous frame at last refused to bend to the imperious will—when a morbid melancholy enshadowed his life, and his body was racked with pain and disease.

After two years of almost incredible suffering, he went to swell the lists of the illustrious dead, "who being dead yet speak." Stepping out of the noise and bustle of busy Westminster into the abbey with its preternatural calm and dim religious light we come upon the statue of Johnson, whose among Kings and Courtiers, gallant men and noble women—a generous nation has erected a monument to his memory.

\* \* \* The above article was first read before the Canadian Literary Society, by the Editor of the Society's MSS. Paper, who promised a series from the same contributor, of which this present article is the first moiety. Through his kindness we have secured the promise of the series which will appear, from time to time in our columns.—EDITOR "CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL."

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## TWO LIVES.

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Far away by the sea shore there played two children. They were brother and sister, and very young not more than six and eight years old. They played by the sea shore all day long, and they talked about the beauties of the ocean. They wondered where the large retreating waves were going to and what became of all the ships which were lost and disappeared beneath the surface of the waters.

They were very happy in their love of each other and wished that they could always live as they did then. But it was not to be so, for one of the great long waves tore her from the place where she was playing and carried her away out, in its bosom, to the sea. Her brother tried to rescue her but could not and the wave very nearly carried him off also. He was very sorry when he knew his loss, and would have thrown himself in to, but his guardian grasped him in his arms, and he was prevented from throwing his life away.

He grew to be a man, but always thought of his early playmate, and chose as his profession be a sailor, for he said, I shall then always be near her for the waves kiss her continually and I shall sail over them all the time.

One day while sailing over the sea the waves, his waves, grew angry and rising up in their rage lashed his ship with all their power, but the ship rose above them and laughed at them in their fury. But he hears a sound in the distance. It sounds like the boom of a cannon. It is the signal calling for help. He

steers his trusty boat in the direction of the sound, and arrives in time to see a ship sinking beneath the waves. He thinks of his playmate of long ago, she who wondered with him, and he resolves to rescue all he can for the sake of the memory of her so long mourned for.

He orders the boat to be lowered although his faithful sailors tell him that it is in vain, for he can hope to save no one, and may perhaps be lost himself. But he is resolute, and standing in the boat about to be lowered he asks if any will assist him. The faithful ones crowd to him, the boat is lowered and they save one, a little girl. He brings her to his cabin and tends her for the memory of "auld lang syne," and thinks of her as the one that was lost so long ago. He kneels down and praying, thanks his heavenly Father for making him the means of saving the life of one to be so precious to him. He was on his way home, and when he arrived there he left the sea, for he wished to send his protegee to school, but could not part from her.

But after a long while she grew up to be a woman, and her little children played around him.

He grew very old, his hair was gray, and his steps were feeble. He then forgot all about the friends of his manhood and old age, and only thought of his sister of the old old time.

He went to the sea again on the same ship he had been wont to command, thinking to find the one who was lost, and on a day like the one on which he rescued the companion of his manhood, when the waves lashed his ship in their fury, the old ship and the old man sunk in the waves to rise no more, till he and the lost one rise together.

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(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

## A CANADIAN SUMMER EVENING.

BY JOSEPH DAVIDS.

'Tis Eve! the sun's last beams are tangled with  
the wood,  
And all around, is silent as a dream,  
Maternal wings are wrapped around their  
brood,  
And but a whisper issues from the stream.

The dark pine woods, veil all the distant view,  
Where sky and forest mingle into one;  
While ample shade the rural flowers woo,  
To breathe their sweetness from the noon-tide  
sun.

Far stretched along the narrow winding way,  
Which village footsteps keep forever bare ;  
Here branching off into the bush betray,  
That some lone rustic hath a dwelling there.

The shadow lengthens from yon hoary pine,  
Spared from the axe by memories of yore ;  
Here ancient notch that marked concession line,  
Or led Backwoodsman to his log-hut door.

Guests of the sunbeams one by one depart,  
Another day goes smiling to its rest ;  
While drowsy earth mid rosy kisses part,  
And dew drops gather where her lips impressed.

With sober instinct at the accustomed hour,  
The lowing herd move on their homeward way,  
While bull-frog comes from out his reedy bower  
To chant a requiem to the dying day.

The squirrel partly from the mouldering tree,  
Makes evening visit to a neighbouring nest ;  
While azure jay on branch so silently,  
Trims a soft pillow for his beak to rest.

The flowers are closed, erewhile the bee conveys  
Her day's sweet gatherings on her slender thighs,  
And Humming-Bird from tender branch surveys  
The scenes he loved, while yet 'neath southern  
skies.

On this sweet scene I feast my longing eye,  
While neath the Maple's boughs I yet recline ;  
And at my feet the brook slow bubbles by,  
A vernal vesper, and a ceaseless chime.

I am alone, yet with a thousand friends  
In every leaf and flower reposing here ;  
The buzzing insect as it homeward trends,  
Chants common friendship sweetly to my ear.

Can the heart pant for purer, truer joys,  
Than nature's bounty in her lap hath laid ;  
Give me, O heaven ! to drink ere man alloys,  
And breath my life's breath humbly in her shade.

Disrael derives an income of \$6,000 a year  
from the copyright of his books.

THE MONTREAL HEARTHSTONE, Montreal.

This is another Canadian literary periodical,  
after the style of the "New York Ledger" and  
"Weekly." The serials are of a dramatic and  
sensational nature, and to the lovers of this  
class of literature, we gladly recommend this  
weekly. \$2.00 per annum.

## The Canadian Literary Journal

MARCH, 1871.

### PEACE.

The dove has sped upon her mission of glory, she has after seven months wandering brooded over the blood-stained fields of France, and in the midst of powerful contending armies, let fall the olive branch, and two strong nations fly to grasp it. The articles of peace have been signed by France and Prussia, and the mighty hosts in battle array are being disbanded. We know little, and can but faintly conceive of the great joy that reigns to-day in the thousands of homes in the two great countries so lately at war with each other; and while on the other hand the mourners go about the streets in multitudes weeping over their slain loved ones; yet this great army of anguished souls cannot but join in the loud praise of "Thank Heaven" for peace restored. We hope that this terrible war just past will be the last we shall see in our day, and why may it not prove a sad yet forcible warning to all nations to evade war, to sheathe the sword, to study and inculcate the nobler arts of peace. Victory of course follows to one of the contending parties in all wars, but how dearly is it bought; purchased by the life of thousands of the nation's noblest sons, wept over by rivers of tears from heart-broken mothers and sisters, the victories of war are indeed too dear, too bloody, too sad!

The issues of the late conflict are as we anticipated. The Germans have been wonderfully victorious, the French have been ignominiously defeated. The armies of Fatherland as a final triumph have entered the proud city of Paris as victors, while Bismarck has succeeded in gaining his strongest demands of settlement; the cession of territory has been conceded by the French Assembly with an additional heavy money indemnity, so that now as we write the armies are returning homeward, and the war is virtually at an end, the Germans having succeeded in all their intentions and demands. We do not propose to argue the justice of the

articles as enforced by Emperor William, yet we do feel bound to maintain that President Thiers has assuredly done a great good by securing peace to his vanquished country, which, though dearly purchased, must prove a great blessing to France, and put an end to a conflict, the story of which will ever stain the page of history, and reflect most lamentably upon the intelligence and integrity of the Nineteenth Century.

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### NEW CONTRIBUTORS.

New names of acknowledged merit are being added to our list, and we are pleased to assure our readers that our articles from month to month will be of excellent merit, instructive and entertaining. This month begins a series of papers on popular Astronomy, which promises to prove of great interest. The author of them (Omicron) is well versed in the science he deals with, and we have read articles from his pen in the English Press which are of acknowledged merit for originality of thought. These papers while dealing with a science generally considered deep and intricate will be characterised by plainness of facts rendered interesting and readable by freedom from abstruseness. Another talented writer will contribute to the April number, upon the subject of the "Origin of Organic Existence," which owing to the great speculations now prevalent upon this theme will cause it to be anxiously looked for. We regret that our space forbids its insertion in the present number. A new tale of considerable interest will shortly be commenced, in fact we are determined to maintain a good entertaining class of literature in the pages of our Journal.

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### OUR FUTURE.

The first year of the publication of *The Canadian Literary Journal* is fast drawing to a close, and we would thus early wish to kindly thank a generous public for the patronage conferred upon us in the past. Our pretensions when we started were not very extensive; our paramount object being if possible to

establish a journal devoted exclusively to Canadian Literature. Our attempt has been very well encouraged, and confidence in our enterprise appears to be daily increasing. Our whole efforts have been to the end of effecting our original intentions—with you kind reader rests the judgment. We are now considering the subject of still further enlarging the *Journal* as we at present find it by far too small for our purpose. From month to month articles which are aptly worthy of publication are crowded out, and we are sure our friends feel dissatisfied with this procedure, but we are unable under existing circumstances to do otherwise. We will very soon appear before you practically with our intentions, which means as you are well aware to solicit a renewal of your subscription. We do not adopt the policy of a certain contemporary which nearly fills its pages with selections. We aim at establishing a journal thoroughly original, thoroughly Canadian. We believe the impression our magazine has made generally has been very favorable, and now as we are about beginning a new year of publication we call upon our friends to rally, and with their assistance a journal may be maintained which is so much needed in the Dominion. We will take occasion to refer to this matter at greater length at some future time, only ask our friends to keep us in mind.

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### CONTEMPORARY PERIODICALS.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL.—D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Before us we have the past month's issues of the above magazine. It undoubtedly ranks among the best American periodical publications, being replete with excellent literary productions, from the pens of the ablest writers of the day, and is profusely illustrated. In the number of March 4th, we find several entertaining articles. N. S. Dodge gives an instructive paper on "Illustrious Old Men of 1871," briefly referring to Guizot, Lord St. Leonard, M. Thiers, Thos. Carlyle and Earl Russel. 'Ralph the Heir,' a novel by Anthony Trollope is being continued from week to week. Several short articles appear which with the *Varieties*, *Table Talk*, *Poetry &c.*, render it a literary treasure.



HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—Harper Brothers, New York.

The March number of Harper's is to hand, replete as usual with an excellent variety of reading matter. This very popular Journal is familiar to nearly all our readers, hence any particular notice of it would be superfluous on our part, suffice it to say that its reputation as a repository of a high class of current literature remains undimmed. The opening pages contain the continuation of the 'American Baron' by Professor De Mille, whose fame as a successful writer of fiction, is now firmly established. It promises to be a tale of much interest. Then we have 'Pictures of Ireland' a readable article profusely illustrated. "Cottage and Hall" a pleasing Poem by Alice Cary, "Along the Florida Reefs," "Wed in the Morning, Dead at Night," and a day in 'Castle Garden.' Following this is a continuation of "Frederick the Great," the present paper treating upon the "Seven years War." A continuation of "Anteros" by the Author of Guy Livingstone &c. A page from the life of Gen. Winfield Scott, "Annie Furnis," with a number of shorter articles, which together with the contributions from the Editor, complete the present number, presenting to the reader a variety of pleasant and instructive reading rarely met with in any other periodical publication.

STEWART'S QUARTERLY.—Geo. Stewart, Jr., St. John's N. B.

This thoroughly Canadian production has been received for January. It is decidedly a creditable journal, vying with any of its American contemporaries. The articles are all original, and from Canadian Authors, which render it a valuable acquisition to the literature of our Dominion. We have taken occasion to carefully examine the articles, and regret that our limited space forbids our entering into their merits at length. "By the Sea" is a short poem of considerable merit. 'Pen Photographs' by the popular magazine contributor, Dr. Clark, are continued, the present subject

being the celebrated 'Surgeon Syme.' Dr. Clark is a good writer, and his articles are always acceptable. Professor Lyall has contributed an excellent article on English Literature. As he perfaces, it is only a sketch, but with his subject he has dealt well and his paper is replete with instruction and good judgment. "Old and New Newspapers," a readable article follows, which in turn gives place to "Saws and Similes," "Thoughts, Facts and Fancies," the concluding paper of "Bach and Haendel," a short biography of Alexander Dumas the great Novelist and Dramatist, "Mohammed" (Poem) translated by John Reade, a very able paper from Judge Prowse, entitled "A Few Words About Spain," which with some shorter articles and the Editorial summary, make up the present issue. We cheerfully commend this native periodical to all, and wish the publisher continued success.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents forwarding MSS will bear in mind that it requires but ONE CENT per ounce postage; but must contain no letters upon business or otherwise. When contributors desire articles to be returned if not accepted, stamps for the purpose should accompany them. All communications to the editorial department, or upon business connected with the Journal to be addressed,

FLINT & VAN NORMAN,  
Box 1472, Toronto, Ont.

"Round the Horn," accepted with thanks.

"J. Davids," your Poem is accepted with thanks, and we hope to add your name to our regular contributors.

"W. C." your article on the "Origin of Organic" Existence, is accepted. We regret that it cannot appear this month, our space being so limited.

"An Evening at the Turks Head," accepted. Let us hear from you again.

"Omicron," your article is accepted, and appears in the present issue of the Journal.

"Arlington," 'Sweet Sleep' (Poem) declined.

"Two Lives," accepted.

A number of Notices remain over for attention in our next issue.

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