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SKETCH OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

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

Continuation of 2nd Period.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

MILTON is chiefly known by the two great poems 'Paradise Lost and 'Paradise Regained:' he is not so much known by those minor pieces 'L'Allegro,' 'Il Penseroso,' or even the 'Lycidas' or the 'Comus.' It is difficult to realize these productions as all by the same mind. It comes upon one with a sort of pleasing surprise, that Milton, the author of 'Paradise Lost,' could be also the author of 'L'Allegro' and the 'Comus.' The Poet of a sudden appears in a new point of view: the grand, the majestic, the severe, can be also the light, the playful, the exquisitely graceful, the luxuriantly fanciful: the writer of the greatest epics can be also the writer of the sweetest idyls in the language. The explanation is, that the one class of poems was the production of the youth Milton; the other that of the same youth now the aged bard, having half a century of years and experience moulding his mind, and influencing at once the choice of his subject and his manner of treating it. Milton, fresh from the classic haunts of one of England's classic universities—with his own Academic laurels green upon him—with his glowing literary associations—with a mind stored with the legends of romance and fairy-land, replete with the illusions drawn from those ages of picturesque and *chevaleresque* history which had just passed away—that had fed itself with the thoughts of Spenser and of Shakspeare—Milton who felt the inspiration of the muses so strongly himself: it was an easy thing for him, and the most natural in the world, to produce such poems as we have named. It was but the natural bias of his genius: these productions were its most spontaneous outflow. It was the luxuriance of the ivy, or the flowering plant, round the stem of the oak, which had not yet shot up into all its robustness and gigantic proportions. Milton's mind possessed all the grace and the beauty of the one, while it had all the strength and grandeur of the other. It luxuriated and sported like the clinging parasite before it appeared as the monarch of the trees. It first put out those forms of grace and loveliness before it stood erect

in all its stateliness and majesty of intellect. There was the combination of these two different qualities—grace and grandeur—the most sportive fancy with the most inventive and creative imagination. In Shakspeare and Spenser also, his precursors, these latter existed in remarkable unison, but somewhat differently from the way in which they showed themselves in Milton. There was more spontaneity and geniality both in Spenser and Shakspeare than exhibits itself in Milton. Milton was of a colder temperament. He lays on colder colours than either Spenser or Shakspeare. He does not dally so fondly with his own fancies or thoughts: like the stock-dove “brooding over its own sweet voice.” And yet in those pieces written in early youth there is a good deal of this warmer and fonder temperament; far more than in the later poems. It may be questioned if—apart from grandeur—there is not more of the essential elements of poetry in those minor pieces than in the greater epics, or than in the ‘*Samson Agonistes*.’ There is a greater approximation to Shakspeare in the ‘*Comus*’ than in any of the other poems of Milton: there are true Shaksperian touches in that poem. The Lady in the *Comus* is an exquisite creation. *Comus* himself is but the embodiment of vice—licentiousness and debauchery—and the Lady, exposed to his machinations, and victorious over them, is but the representation of the dangers to which purity and innocence may be laid open in certain circumstances, and the triumphs which high-toned virtue will always assert against whatever is false and unworthy either in sentiment or conduct.

A masque written to celebrate an actual incident in the first Earl of Bridgewater's family—and enacted at Ludlow Castle, to do honour to the occasion of that nobleman's assuming the Lord-presidency of Wales—it finely portrays a character of great purity and innocence, and noble sentiment, and represents vice in all its revolting and most unamiable aspects. The invention of the plot, founded upon the actual incident referred to, gave scope to Milton's command over the field of fairy lore, while his own high principles of virtue have ample opportunity for expressing themselves in many a noble utterance. Opposed to whatever savoured of lightness and profligacy in the courtly amusements of the time, the masque would not have come in for Milton's patronage, or received the sanction of his genius, unless he had been able to stamp upon it a nobler character, and turn it to a worthier account. The ‘*Comus*,’ though a masque, therefore, will always be read with profit as well as pleasure. It was impossible for Milton's mind to stoop to anything unworthy, or inconsistent with the most generous and loftiest sentiments. Of a somewhat colder temperament than Spenser or Shakspeare, it was just in proportion as his mind was cast in a grander and nobler mould.

We have the two sides of Milton's mind in ‘*L'Allegro*’ and ‘*Il Penseroso*’—and ‘*Il Penseroso*’ perhaps is the more native or original of the two. There could not be a finer picture of rural life, however, than the ‘*L'Allegro*.’ It is the most picturesque perhaps of Milton's poetry. It abounds in every image the most pleasing, and the most suggestive of country scenery and manners. All that could delight

the eye, and fascinate the imagination, is gathered into brief compass in this Idyl. It is genial if nothing else of Milton's poetry is. The poet loves what he pictures. He dwells upon it with fondest delight, and we have a grouping of scenes and objects which all familiar with rural life must have realized: the landscape is Titian-like or Rembrandt-like, or both together; or it is like a Gainsborough with the colouring of Titian and the minuteness of Rembrandt.

If Milton, as is supposed, derived the suggestion of the 'Comus' from Fletcher's 'Faithful Sheperdess,' the 'L'Allegro and 'Il Penseroso' seem to have been suggested to him by some verses which preface that quaint and singular work, Burton's 'Anatomic of Melancholy,' and a song which occurs in one of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. Milton, it cannot be denied, has made somewhat free with some of the thoughts and images of the latter composition: but it was only to expand and improve upon them: there are some who may be disposed to question if the original stanzas are not the finer composition of the two. Milton, however, is always rich enough in his own thoughts and fancies to afford to be indebted to some of his predecessors or cotemporary poets. We would not ascribe it to poverty in a man of known wealth on an occasion, to suit his needs, borrowing a coin from a neighbour less affluent in circumstances than himself. It could obviously be imputed to no actual want, if he did so; and so with Milton and his borrowed ideas. Poetry, too, is a kind of wealth which, if we have plenty of our own, we may, without any charge of dishonesty or meanness, sometimes appropriate—done as it may be from the very love of the beauties stolen or inadvertently filched. Milton repays all that he borrows, restores what he has harmlessly taken away, with interest; he dignifies what he appropriates by associating it with something greater and higher than itself. With what a painter's art has Milton touched off the subjects of these two poems! We almost see Euphrosyne with her

Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles:

Or Melancholy in her sable stole, and with eyes fixed on the ground,
or looks "commercing with the skies."

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait;
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till,
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.

Milton's wealth of learning and classic illusion is seen in this poem.
His power of introducing appropriate imagery and collateral circum-

stances, to adorn or heighten his subject, is also conspicuous. Invoking the "cherub contemplation" and "mute silence" to join the train of melancholy: or bidding melancholy bring them with her:

But first and chiefest with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub contemplation;
And the mute silence hist along:

Milton adds:

'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustomed oak:
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
*To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;*
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

The following lines are exquisite; they fix themselves in the memory, and linger on the ear:

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
*Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.*

Since we entered upon these criticisms we have read an exquisite brochure on Milton's poetry by Professor Seeley, of London, in *Mac-Millan's Magazine*. It is characterized by all that perfection of style, and fine critical analysis which distinguish the 'Ecce Homo,' of which Professor Seeley is the reputed author. If there were nothing else to identify the authorship of that celebrated work, this article on Milton, we would be inclined to say, were enough. The almost faultless English is the same: the power of generalization—although the generalization may not always be correct—the precise stand-point from which Christ's character is regarded—the accomplished classicism—the quiet

but incisive spirit—the theorising and constructive tendency—all are the same in the two compositions, the theological and the literary. It is singular enough that in our last article, before we had seen the critique referred to, we spoke of the ‘*Ecce Homo*’ as the sort of prose counterpart of “*Paradise Regained*,” and of the latter as characterized by much of the indefiniteness of the former as to its theological opinions. We do not agree with some of the criticisms in that fine *Essay on Milton*. There is perhaps too much theory, or the theory is not always just. There is a fine classification of the poets of the very age we are considering, and which may take in the poets of every age. There are the Wit-poets—such as some of those we have already specified—Suckling, Wither, Herrick, Waller, Dryden, Earl of Dorset, Rochester, &c., &c. Then there are the Art-poets, such as the dramatists of the Elizabethan age, Milton himself, though Milton is rather referred to a third class—the bards or the prophets. The bard and the prophet belong to a higher class, to which surely Shakspeare may be exalted, even though he wrote dramas. To the bards Professor Seeley assigns Spenser, to the prophets Milton. The term bard is very indefinite, and not so appropriate: the term prophet is more so; and certainly, if ever there was a “*Vates*” Milton was one. He was first the bard according to Seeley, and latterly the prophet: “He begins as bard and ends as prophet.” Wordsworth was a prophet: Byron and Scott and Southey and Coleridge, we suppose, were bards, or at least Art-poets; and Tennyson, and indeed most of the poets of our own day, are in Professor Seeley’s further classification, “the monks of the religion of Art:” they are Art-poets exclusively, devoted to poetry for its own sake. Seeley’s remarks upon this last phase of the poetic life are admirable, and we could wish we had space to transfer them to our pages. This, it will be seen, is a very comprehensive and discriminative classification. We do not so much accord with the theory of Milton’s poetry—that while his earlier productions are to be classed with the works of Spenser, his later poems are the antique—the classic—the Grecian ideal revived:—they are according to Seeley, the “*English Renaissance*.” “He (Milton) is still, as much as ever, an ideal poet. He presents to us, not the world as it is, but grander and more glorious; human beings in a state of perfection or angels, and if also devils, yet sublime devils. But the ideal is no longer the ideal of his own age. Nothing in habitual English life, nothing in the European life of a thousand years past, suggested the order of things presented in these poems. Yet the ideal is not original. He does not initiate us into a new mystery, as Wordsworth into the mystery of nature or Göethe into that of Art. In his quarrel with the age he falls back upon antiquity. He revives the ancient world. His poems are the *English Renaissance*.”

But, again, while Milton is a Greek, he is also, it would seem, a Jew. “In this renaissance,” says Professor Seeley, “there is no taint of Paganism. Under the graceful classic forms there lies the sternest sense of duty, the most ardent spirit of sacrifice.”

Now, all this seems to partake more of the character of theory than of true criticism. It is an example how strong the love of theory is

in minds of a certain stamp—the more constructive and philosophic minds. We have always recognized a degree of coldness characterizing Milton's poetry—even the loves of Paradise; but we do not think this is owing to the classic spirit revived, the spirit of the Greek bards transfused into his own poetry. We have already noticed in those earlier poems, in which he partakes of the manner of Spenser, and may be said to belong to his school, there is a coldness compared with the elder bard. He has not the warmth or enthusiasm of Spenser or Shakspeare.* The classic allusion in Milton does diffuse a certain air of coldness over his poetry: it is not "the native woodnotes wild" which he himself speaks of in connection with Shakspeare; but is the 'Paradise Lost' and the 'Paradise Regained,' in their mould and structure and style, to be accounted for on any such theory as that of the renaissance of the classic ages, the revival of the spirit of the Greek poetry? With Seeley the fallen and unfallen angels are put in the same category as the mythology of the Greeks: it is a mythology it seems: were there no rebel angels?—was there no revolt in heaven?—and how could these angels be better named than after the false gods of the ancients—not the Greeks, however, but the Orientals? Are the yet unfallen spirits mythological beings? Seeley has no quarrel with the mediæval mythology—the saints and angels of the Church of Rome: there is a warmth breathed over the myths of that church. Milton's angels, it would seem, are cold impersonations. They have not the life, and warmth, and glow of heaven upon their wings, or atmosphere of awe around them, which Dante's or Spenser's have—the angel introduced, for example, at the beginning of the 'Purgatorio,' or the angel that meets Guion when he issues from the cave of Mammon! Then, Adam is on too familiar terms with the heavenly visitants: it is not said with God himself. He does not thrill or quiver at their approach. "Milton does not feel any awe of the spiritual world. Even in Homer when a deity has stood by a warrior, and exhorted him to be brave, the warrior is often described as receiving a kind of spiritual intoxication from the contact." As in the case of the two Ajaxes, we suppose, after being addressed by Neptune. But what is the explanation of all this? The first part of the indictment has its explanation, we are persuaded, just in the difference of time which is embraced in Milton's and Dante's, or Spenser's, poems respectively. There is not the tenderness and pathos, of course, in the one case as necessarily there is in the other: it is the paradisaical state that is described, and Adam is yet unfallen, in the one case; there is the awe and trepidation and fear characteristic of man's sinful condition in the other. Man was once on more familiar terms with those celestial beings than now. In his state of innocence he was only "a little lower than the angels," and he could have converse even with God without that intoxication to which Professor Seeley refers. The

*But is it not rather the greater majesty in the structure of Milton's mind that leaves this impression upon us than really any colder temperament or less enthusiastic disposition? Read the passage at the commencement of the 8th book of the 'Paradise Lost,' where Eve retires from the converse of Adam and the angel respecting the work of creation, that she may rather enjoy the narrative from Adam's own lips—and say if there was no warmth or tenderness in Milton's constitution?

nearer and truer the communion with God, the less of that spiritual intoxication which Homer's heroes experienced, or that trepidation and awe of which Æneas was the subject*—though for that very reason and in that very proportion, the awe may be the profounder, and the emotion the more exalted. It is true that Raphael holds long converse with Adam even after his revolt—but Adam was by this time received again into the favour of God, and the old acquaintanceship had not grown old, or been forgotten. We think Professor Seeley's comparison of Milton and Dante's poems respectively to St. Paul's of London, and Westminster Abbey, is strained and artificial, and brings out nothing. Surely there are the dim aisles of Milton's poem as well as of Dante's: this indeed is admitted, although after it had been said: 'The Paradise Lost' is, as it were, a Christian temple in England, in a style of architecture neither Christian nor English." "Down this mighty Renaissance temple as we walk, we admire vast spaces, arches wide and graceful, majestic aisles, but it has no monuments, no humanities; it is an empty building." This is to quarrel with a poem on account of what the subject did not admit of. 'Paradise Lost' has not the humanities of our state now: it depicts a state which has to be imagined. But are there not the humanities of the unlapsd state? are not these gloriously given?—and is not the moment when man was driven from Paradise the one of all others the biggest with interest to our race? Surely all humanities are compressed into that moment. It is a somewhat strange criticism, after all, of Milton's great poem. What led Milton to the choice of his subject it would be interesting to know, but it can hardly now be conjectured. Was it not just the vastness of his mind that found no subject equal to it but the one which he chose? "He required," says Professor Seeley, "an exceedingly large subject:" as Michael Angelo required the roof and walls of the Sistine Chapel for his canvas and creation, the last judgment for his subject. It is well known that Milton long meditated an epic founded on the story of King Arthur—the impersonation of chivalry—of honour—and true Christian knighthood. But the views of that sort of life had changed since the days of Spenser. Milton himself had grown beyond them. Religion was now in the ascendancy; and a religious mind like Milton's thought of the epic of humanity; hence the 'Paradise Lost.' 'Paradise Regained' was its obverse. We as little agree with Professor Seeley in his theory of this poem. It is obviously formed from the stand-point from which he regarded the character and person of Christ, and the influences which he conceives contributed in moulding Milton's mind. Milton, at first a poet from the love of poesy itself—an Art-poet as Seeley would express it—grew to feel he had a higher mission to fulfil than simply to sing: he must be a teacher of his fellows: he must impress them with his own high ideas of virtue and religion: he had a high reverence for religion; and both the 'Paradise Lost' and the 'Para-

* Seeley says: "Virgil, in his supernatural apparitions, has a formula, 'I stood stupefied and my hairs stood up, and my voice clung to my throat.'" One of the occasions alluded to is the prodigy of the blood of Polydorus sporting from the roots of certain trees that grew upon his grave, on Æneas attempting to wrench them from the soil.

disse Regained' and the 'Samson' are the outcome of this change or development. Milton, it is well known, was of the Cromwellian party; he was constitutionally, as well as by education, a puritan: he became the great prophet of liberty; and his mind, through such an experience as formed the great men of the time, grew into that stern grandeur of character which found its appropriate themes only in the subjects which he chose for his later poems. With respect to the 'Paradise Regained,' if the account which Sir Egerton Brydges gives of the origin of that poem be authentic, and we have received it as such in our reference to the poem, then the fine-built structure of our author falls to the ground. Milton, according to this theory, had not found a hero such as he wished to describe—the impersonation of all that was great in virtue and noble in self-sacrifice: the supernatural beings which come upon the stage of the great epic did not furnish such a hero: and he bethought himself of producing this poem; and accordingly it is preferred, so far forth, to the 'Paradise Lost.' I think we have seen in our criticism how the poem is defective just from the halting opinion which Milton formed of the person and work of Christ. It is better, however, we think, than Professor Seeley makes it, in these very respects, too, for which he especially values the poem. It is his favourite idea of the "renaissance" that perverts altogether, almost leads him to travestie, the character and scope of the poem. Christ is portrayed according to a Greek standard of virtue—the materials of the portraiture are drawn from Plutarch and the Old Testament—not from the New Testament—a character like that of Marcus Aurelius is the result—and that again is put in contrast with a Francis of Assisi, the model, according to Seeley, of the Christian ideal. But the virtue of a God-man—and with Milton Christ was in some sense an incarnation of Deity—the Son of God incarnate—must be different from that of a sinful man: the portraiture of the one could not stand for that of the other. Certainly, however, Christ in the 'Paradise Regained' does not recommend heathen virtues merely. According to Seeley "he idealises some of them:" he so idealises them, indeed, that they are not the same. We can see how love of country can be love of kind, and love of fame can be elevated into ambition for the approbation of God: are these any longer the same qualities? And yet with Seeley they are the same, and this is the heathen aspect of virtue which Milton transfers to his poem. "Every one," says Seeley, "can recognize the daring originality of the 'Paradise Regained.' It was the first attempt that was ever made really to study the great ideal of Christendom." Is the 'Ecce Homo' the second?

We are more at one with Professor Seeley in his estimate of the "Samson Agonistes" than of the other great poems of Milton. The "Renaissance" theory does not operate so injuriously here as in the case of the other poems: indeed it so far applies—especially to the classic unities according to which the drama is constructed. The subject admitted of the application of the laws of the Greek drama; while the Hebrew character and accessories of the drama are also preserved. Seeley finely says in reference to the 'Samson:' "I have always

thought 'Samson Agonistes' the test of a man's true appreciation of Milton, and not a bad test of his appreciation of high literature. It is the most unadorned poem that can be found. Even in 'Paradise Regained' there is little richness of style, but the great panorama from the mount has a certain material magnificence which can escape no one. There is no splendour of this kind in the 'Samson;' colour, which in his early poems is most rich and glowing, and in 'Paradise Lost' is still rich, begins to grow faint in 'Paradise Regained,' and disappears entirely in the 'Samson.' But the essential individuality of the man seems to appear only the more impressively. What you see here is not the dazzling talents and accomplishments of the man, but the man himself. It is pure greatness and grace, a white marble statue by the hand of a Phidias." This is finely said, and indeed the whole criticism of the 'Agonistes' is altogether admirable.

Every one is acquainted with the story of Samson. Milton brings him on the stage in the last great act of his life—after he had been deprived of sight—soliloquising on his misery, and folly, and degradation, compelled to grind in the prison-house for his task-masters, and brought forth now and again at their pleasure to make sport before them. Such monologues, with the dialogues sustained between him and the chorus (after the fashion of the Greek play)—with his father Manoah—and others who come to condole with him in his misery, or to mock him in his misfortune, form the drama; and the denouement is the sudden and sweeping destruction that overtakes the Philistines assembled on the occasion of a great sacrifice to their God, Dagon—lords and people—to witness the feats of strength of their redoubtable captive. The plot is simple, only the Scriptural fact: but the dialogue is characterized by lofty thought, magnanimous sentiment, and contains a fine vindication of God even in the punishment of his servant, who had been raised up to deliver Israel from the Philistines, but who so signally failed except in a few conspicuous acts of his life, and in the last great tragedy of his death. There is a serene majesty pervading the whole utterances of the drama—especially the words of Samson himself. And there is a mighty pathos in those passages in which he bemoans his fate and the sad humiliation to which he was subjected. Samson is great in words as he is in deeds: he is the Samson of tragedy—the Philoctetes or Ajax of the Greek drama—while his great crowning feat stands out alone in the history of heroic action and self-sacrifice.

We have not space to dwell upon the 'Lycidas,' the "Hymn on the Nativity," the sonnets of Milton, or his miscellanies, translations, and Latin poems. The 'Lycidas' is a sort of pastoral monody on the loss of his College friend and congener, Edward King, fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, drowned at sea, Aug. 10th, 1637. It is a sort of 'In Memoriam,' but in a very different spirit and style from Tennyson's poem of that name, so tenderly and with such unrivalled depth of pathos lamenting the death of his friend Arthur Hallam. Milton's composition is one of many written on the same occasion, academic verses, intended to set forth the worth of the lamented deceased:

Dead, dead ere his prime;

rather than any serious monody over one endeared by the ties of personal friendship. There are in it, however, many fine strokes of pathos, much appropriate imagery, and luxuriant imagination; and there occur now and again some of those phrases now current in our literature, and familiar as household words. The grief is not deep and overwhelming, but gentle and pensive, admitting of a play of almost unregretting fancy, hopeful, as becomes the memory of one who died in the odour of sanctity, and in the very act of breathing out his spirit in prayer into the hands of its creator.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more;
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor:
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear night of *Ilim* that walked the waves;
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

The 'Hymn on the Nativity' contains as much that was characteristic of Milton's genius as any of his poems. It combines many of the characteristics of all his other poems—the rich and luxuriant imagination of the 'Lycidas' and the 'Comus'—the facile play of words and ideas of the 'L'Allegro,' and 'Il Penseroso'—the renaissance and classicity—if we may be allowed so barbarous a phrase—of the 'Paradise Regained'—the statuesque purity, and the well-cut phrases of the 'Agonistes'—and the sublimity and grandeur of the 'Paradise Lost.' The surprising originality and beauty of some of the thoughts and expressions almost take the breath, and suspend the mind in amazement. The form of stanza is perfect—the last two lines of each verse bringing up the connected thought like a closing phalanx, and achieving every time a new triumph. The rhythm is like the organ-tones, or the voiced majesty of the multitudinous waves of ocean. It has been pronounced the finest ode in the language. It wants some of the subtle thoughts of several of Wordsworth's odes, going deep into the springs of fancy and feeling, linking thought and emotion, carrying the intellect with the imagination in willing union: it has not the varied rhythm of the true Pindaric ode: it is rather a majestic hymn than an ode: but taking it altogether it is perhaps the most wonderful composition of the kind that our language possesses. We know nothing that can be put beside it, unless it be Spenser's Epithalamium, or Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality." Dryden's celebrated ode on St. Cecilia's day, which was long held to be the most perfect ode in the language, is tame and flat in comparison. Collins and Gray, though great writers of the ode, have not the mastery and grandeur of Milton in this ode.

Milton's sonnets are worthy of Milton: they are in Milton's language, and embody his grand conceptions. We instance the sonnets:

“On his blindness”—“On the late massacre in Piemont”—“To the Lord General Fairfax”—“On his deceased wife.” The sonnet on his blindness is especially fine, and indeed is well-nigh perfect. That on the massacre of the Vaudois is trumpet-toned, and was the voiced thoughts of one who always stood in the van-guard of liberty—verifying the lines of Wordsworth when speaking of the sonnet, and Milton in relation with that form of poetic composition :

————— in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

We take our leave of Milton as of a mighty shade with whom we have been privileged to hold converse, in unequal but sublime colloquy, on those fields which his own poems made clysian: we have been led by him through the scenes of the original paradise: we have “presumed” with him “an earthly guest” into the “heaven of heavens” and “drawn empyreal air:” we have been let into a glimpse of those “regions of sorrow:”

Doleful shades where peace
And rest can never dwell:

We have been placed as spectators on the scene of the Temptation, and witnessed that conquest which regained for us Paradise: we have seen the “Agonistes,” the great wrestler, in his agony, and triumphing in his own fall: we have followed the fortunes of the lady in the Comus, and seen the triumph of virtue over temptation, and learned how secure the mind is

That ever walks attended
By a strong-siding champion, Conscience:

We have given “the meed of a melonious tear” to Lycidas: we have listened to the organ-tones of the “Hymn on the Nativity,” and the trumpet-swell of the sonnets: and surely hardly any mind has ever bequeathed such a precious legacy of genius; and Milton’s name will stand high, if not highest—shall we say Shakspeare’s only higher?—among those laureled ones to whom all time will do honour.

One feels a certain reluctance in abandoning the heights to which he has ascended in converse with Milton—leaving the enchanting scenes of his poems—and taking his position again on the dull level, and amid the colder air, of the minor poets of the same age, or the age immediately succeeding. Even Dryden presents no equality with the poet of ‘Paradise Lost’ and ‘Paradise Regained.’ There is nothing equal to the ‘Comus,’ or the ‘Samson,’ or the ‘Hymn on the Nativity,’ in any writer contemporary with, or subsequent to Milton. It is indeed a marvellous transition from Milton to any other poem or poems. Such a transition, however, must be made in carrying forward the review on which we have entered, and so far prosecuted, of English literature.

Dryden belongs to the age of the Restoration. He comes under the influences which Charles and his court brought from France—that country of gay manners and of loose morals and false sentiment—like the Sarsar of Oriental poetry—“the icy wind of death”—or the Sirocco of the desert. Dryden wrote vigorous verse rather than poe-

try. Milton held him to be no poet. He has much of the fire, and something of the imagination, of the poet; but it is fire rather than passion, and it is an artificial imagination in which intellect predominates, rather than the "mens divinior," or "vision and faculty divine," which enter into the constitution of the true poet. In poetry we do not want thought merely in verse: but in Dryden thought greatly predominates—vigorous, striking, ingenious, suggestive, and elevating to the mind—but hardly poetry. "The distinguishing characteristic of Dryden's genius," says Scott, "seems to have been the power of reasoning, and of expressing the result in appropriate language." This is abundantly exemplified in the Satires, and somewhat less, though still in a degree, in the "Annus Mirabilis." The "Astræa Redux" makes you wonder that such a production could be owned by a mind like Dryden's. His most poetical pieces are his stories or fables as translated from Boccaccio and thrown into modern verse from Chaucer. Even these, however, abound in the conventionalisms, rather than breathe the true spirit and air of poetry. They lack the fine simplicity and picturesqueness of the originals. Dryden's odes are masterpieces of thought and language—but still we seek in vain for the true touches and genuine imagery of poetry. Dryden was the first to employ the heroic couplet as we have it. He imparted to it that compactness and force and harmony, or rhythmical cadence, which were perfected by Pope, and have been retained in greater or less degree ever since. He abounds in antithesis, and nothing can excel the manner in which he hits off a character, embalms the excellencies, or exposes the vices, of those whom he has distinguished with a niche in his verse. The portraits of Monmouth and of the Duke of Buckingham in "Absalom and Achitophel" have never been surpassed. There are fine moral reflections interspersed through the Satires—admirably expressed—and there is hardly a flat line or couplet—but who cares for the didactic when it is no more, and when that might be better expressed in prose? Still we could not want these couplets of Dryden, even although expressing nothing more than a moral apothegm.

Dryden as a translator of Virgil, like Pope as the translator of Homer, has for the most part diluted by expanding the original: to accomplish the couplet, and make out the rhyme, he has put thoughts into the poet which he never uttered, and employed images which he would as certainly have rejected. If we must have a rhyming translation of Homer and Virgil, however, this was inevitable; and the poetical translation of a foreign poet must always use great liberties with the original. The question as to what liberties may be taken must always be one of degree.

"The first tragedies of Dryden," says Hallam, "were what was called heroic, and written in rhyme; an innovation which, of course, must be ascribed to the influences of the French theatre. They have occasionally much vigour of sentiment and much beautiful poetry, with a versification sweet even to lusciousness. The "Conquest of Grenada" is, on account of its extravagance, the most celebrated of these plays; but it is inferior to the "Indian Emperor," from which it would be easy

to select passages of perfect elegance. It is singular that although the rhythm of dramatic verse is commonly permitted to be the most lax of any, Dryden has in this play availed himself of none of his wonted privileges. He regularly closes the sense with the couplet, and falls into a smoothness of cadence, which, though exquisitely mellifluous, is perhaps too uniform. In the "Conquest of Grenada" the versification is rather more broken.

"Dryden may probably have been fond of this species of tragedy, on account of his own facility in rhyming, and his habit of condensing his sense. Rhyme indeed can only be rejected in our language from the tragic scene, because blank verse affords wider scope for the emotions it ought to excite; but for the tumid rhapsodies which the personages of his heroic plays utter there can be no excuse. He adhered to this tone, however, till the change in public taste, and especially the ridicule thrown upon his own plays by the "Rehearsal," drove him to adopt a very different, though not altogether faultless style of tragedy. His principal works of this latter class are "All for Love" in 1678, the "Spanish Fryar," commonly referred to 1682, and "Don Sebastian" in 1690. Upon these the dramatic fame of Dryden is built; while the rants of Almanzor and Maximin are never mentioned but in ridicule. The chief excellence of the first tragedy appears to consist in the beauty of the language, that of the second in the interest of the story, and that of the third in the highly finished character of Dorax. * * * * * In point of diction the "Spanish Fryar" in its tragic scenes, and "All for Love," are the best plays of Dryden. They are the least infected with his great fault, bombast, and should perhaps be read over and over by those who would learn the true tone of English tragedy. In dignity, in animation, in striking images and figures, there are few or none that excel them; the power indeed of impressing sympathy, or commanding tears, was seldom placed by nature within the reach of Dryden."

It is enough to name the other poets of the Restoration—such as Otway, Lee, the Earl of Dorset, the Earl of Rochester, Rosammon, Marvell, Sedley and others. Otway, perhaps, deserves more special mention as the author of the two plays, "The Orphan" and "Venice Preserved." The latter of these especially abounds in passages of great tenderness and passion, and will never lose its power on the stage. It is no feeble encomium which has been pronounced on this dramatist, whose own end was so tragical, by so competent an authority as Sir Walter Scott: "the celebrated Otway," says the greatest master of the passions in modern times, "in his scenes of passionate affection, rival at least, and sometimes excel those of Shakspeare. More tears have been shed probably, for the sorrows of Belvidera and Monimia, than for those of Juliet and Desdemona."

Of the prose writers of the period we are now considering, subsequent to Hooker and Bacon and Raleigh, we may mention Bishop Hall, who in his "Contemplation," has merited the appellation of the Christian Seneca—one of the most delightful of Christian authors—his style rich and racy, and comparatively free from the faults of the age—characterized by original imagination, and abounding, like most

of the writers of the time, in learned and classical allusion: Jeremy Taylor, the Shakspeare among divines—his sermons and treatises, particularly the former, exhibiting the imagination of the poet, running to excess even, like some unpruned wilding of nature, or like his own vine which he has described with such luxuriance of fancy—a style peculiarly affluent, though sometimes superabundant in ornament, prodigal in its riches—vicious by its excess of beauty, though again it is in that very excess that we prize it. His ‘Holy Living’ and ‘Holy Dying’ are fine effusions, pervaded by an admirable piety, great wisdom, and much Christian experience. His ‘Liberty of Prophesying’ has the distinguished merit of being the first treatise in favour of Toleration, shortly succeeding Milton’s famous ‘Arcopogitica,’ or ‘plea for the liberty of unlicensed printing,’ and to be succeeded by Locke’s ‘Letter on Toleration’—Taylor’s work considering the question rather from a religious point of view, Locke’s from a political—Taylor’s still maintaining the duty of the civil magistrate to establish religion—Locke holding that the civil government extended only to men’s civil interests, and denying its province altogether in the affairs of the world to come. Society at the present day seems rather to be verging to Locke’s view, and probably it will be that view that will practically obtain, while still the connection of the magistrate with religion is not wholly set aside or denied.

Burton’s ‘Anatomic of Melancholy’ is a book of wonderful erudition, in playful combination with sparkling wit and quaintest humour. It abounds in anecdote and apposite historic allusion; and forms a sort of “Olla podrida” of every possible state and utterance and effusion of the mind.

Selden was more distinguished for his high personal character, his erudition, and his rare powers of conversation, than for his writings; which were not on subjects of general interest, were careless in style, and some of them composed in Latin. His ‘Table Talk,’ published after his death, like Boswell’s Johnsoniana, has done more for his fame than any of his published works.

Sir Thomas Browne, in his ‘Religio Medici,’ is the quaint essayist of his day—the sort of religious Charles Lamb of that age—playful but grave, concealing often under a conceit a profound meaning, and pervaded at once with a truly philosophic and a pious spirit.

Cowley anticipated in his Essays, so simple, so idiomatic, so playful in matter and style, the Essays of the *Spectators*, the *Idlers*, the *Tattlers* of the Augustan age. He may be said to have been the first truly idiomatic writer of English prose. To have led the way in this kind of writing was itself a distinguished merit. The perusal of his Essays is like reading Montaigne, or Addison, or Goldsmith, or the many such writers which have arisen since Cowley set the example.

Of Dryden’s prose writings Hallam thus descants: “Every poem and play of Dryden, as they successively appeared, was ushered into the world by one of those prefaces and dedications which have made him celebrated as a critic of poetry, and a master of the English language. The Essay on Dramatic Poesy, and its subsequent defence, the Origin and Progress of Satire, the Parellel of Poetry and Paint-

ing, the Life of Plutarch, and other things of minor importance, all prefixed to some more extensive work, complete the catalogue of his prose. The style of Dryden was very superior to any that England had seen. Not conversant with our old writers, so little, in fact, as to find the common phrases of the Elizabethan age unintelligible, he followed the taste of Charles's reign in emulating the politeest and most popular writers in the French language. He seems to have formed himself on Montaigne, Balzac, and Voiture; but so ready was his invention, so vigorous his judgment, so complete his mastery over his native tongue, that, in point of style, he must be reckoned above all the three. He had the ease of Montaigne without his negligence and embarrassed structure of periods; he had the dignity of Balzac, with more varied cadences, and without his hyperbolical tumour; the unexpected turns of Voiture without his affectation and air of effort. In the dedications especially we find paragraphs of extraordinary gracefulness, such as probably have never been surpassed in our language. The prefaces are evidently written in a more negligent style; he seems, like Montaigne, to converse with the reader from his arm-chair, and passes onward with little connexion from one subject to another."

Sir Wm. Temple devoted the intervals and latter days of his retirement from political life, to composition. He gave the results of his experience as a diplomatist at the Hague, in his "Observations upon the united provinces of the Netherlands," while he wrote essays on miscellaneous subjects. He united to the idiomatic ease of Cowley and Dryden a certain dignity, as became the statesman, and politeness, as befitting the diplomat, and a greater rhythm or cadence than belonged to the other writers of his time. He seems to have inaugurated the manner of writing which has been carried to such perfection in the sonorous periods of a Gibbon, or a Robert Hall, and many of the best writers of our own day. His views on most subjects are allowed to be just, though not very original or profound. Sir Wm. Temple, it should be noted, was instrumental in bringing about the "triple alliance," which for a time checked the career of Louis XIV—and that marriage between William of Orange and Mary, the eldest daughter of the Duke of York—afterwards James VII—which placed a constitutional monarch on the throne of England.

Milton, however, again, was the greatest prose writer, as he was, perhaps, taking him all in all, the greatest poet, of that or any age. It is singular to contemplate one whose ears, we might suppose, touched to the music of the spheres, or of the heavenly choirs, should lend himself to "those noises and hoarse disputes," on the sea of which, however, we have his own word for it, he was reluctant to embark. But Milton, (singular combination!) was the man of action as well as of contemplation and of poesy, fit to be the Secretary of Cromwell, and to take his part with any statesman—from that lofty eminence on which he sat, "with all his singing robes about him," looking down upon the contending factions of his time, pouring forth arguments on the political questions that agitated the age in almost the strains of poesy, and giving utterance to invective in language which kindled on the wheels of indignant inspiration. Those must be no ordinary compositions of which

Macaulay could say: "They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the 'Paradise Lost' has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, found a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture."

To this period belong, among Divines, a Bunyan, a Baxter, a Barrow, a Reynolds, a Hopkins, a Howe, a Chillingworth, a Tillotson—and others of hardly inferior note—among historians, a Clarendon and a Burnet—among philosophers, a Hobbes, a Cudworth, a Cumberland, a Henry More, and the famous Locke. On the literary merits of these writers we cannot enlarge.

Bunyan, to his claims upon the religious world, by his practical and devotional works, and by the devotional and spiritual character of the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," has in the latter work made himself a name of the highest literary repute—at one bound, without education or learning of almost any kind, taking his place among the greatest names which adorn the national literature itself. I need not add my need of praise to the "Pilgrim's Progress," or point out its peculiar merits. It is the only allegory of any length that can be read without weariness, and that never fails to interest. There is nothing in poetry almost superior to many of its passages. It shines with a celestial beauty more than even the 'Paradise Lost.' The allegory is marvellously sustained, and yet with a simplicity as if Bunyan was telling a story of every day occurrence. Baxter has a wonderful copiousness, a marvellous realizing power of treating a subject, and a directness and force that will not let you off. Barrow is the greatest reasoner, and most discussive thinker, of theological writers. His survey is vast, and he has an eye that takes in every object, the minutest in the field of vision. Reynolds is majestic; Hopkins intense; and terribly earnest; Howe throws the finest lights upon Scripture, that surprise by their novelty, and impress by their beauty; while he makes intellect so blend with the word that they interpenetrate, and result in a beautiful and mingled radiance. Some one said: if you wish to reason well, give your days and nights to Chillingworth. Tillotson is the thoughtful, practical, orator—carrying the charm of some of the idiomatic writers we have reviewed into the pulpit. His matter is more ethical than evangelical or theological. Clarendon has fine historical portraits, and is regarded as a thoroughly reliable, and generally an impartial, historian. Burnet is gossipy, but faithful and conscientious—heavy but interesting. Of the philosophic writers we may not speak: their literary characteristics are absorbed in their philosophic—Evelyn wrote some treatises on natural history—chiefly on forest trees: he was the first scientific landscape gardener, and his own estate of Sayes Court set the first example to England of this delightful art. His diary, accidentally discovered among his papers, and published so late as 1818, is of great value even in a historical point of view, and is a sort of mirror to the characters and manners of the age. To treat such writers in such a summary or superficial way were unpardonable, were it not necessary with the space at our command, and with the peculiar object we have in

view. We perhaps, however, owe an apology to *Prose* for giving such prominence to *Poetry*—but as we have seen Poetry is more of an Art than Prose, and may fairly invite criticism, while Prose may afford to despise it, or at least regard it with an exalted independence. Prose, however, becomes an Art in the hands of an Addison, and from his time has fairly come within the province of the critic.



AD TE, DOMINE!

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

In gloomy doubts and fears,
 'Mid sorrows dark as night,
 I cry, my God, to thee:
 Answer my prayers, my tears;
 So shall thy presence bright
 Bid grief and darkness flee.

Metu obscuro implicatus,
 Angore gravi jam oppressus,
 Ad te clamo, Domine!
 Plorantem, flentem me inspice,
 Doloris tenebras dispelle
 Vultus tui lumine.

My hardened, stony heart
 Hath long withstood thy grace,
 And 'gainst thy mercy striven:
 Let not thy grace depart;
 Hide not in wrath thy face;
 Leave me not unforgiven.

Cor meum diu obdurescens,
 Omnique gratiæ resistens,
 Fuit ingratum tibi:
 A me non oculos averte;
 Peccata omnia benigne
 Tandem remitte mihi.

Bowed low now in the dust,
 No human aid I seek
 To bear this load of sin:
 Give me an humble trust,
 Teach me with spirit meek
 Christ's pardoning love to win.

Supplex, in pulvere prostratus,
 Criminum onere afflictus,
 Nullum quero hominem:
 Spiritu penitus contrito,
 Animo toto nunc demisso,
 CHRISTUM rogo veniam.

His tender, pitying hand
 Breaks not the bruised reed,
 The smoking flax still spares:
 Beneath his Cross I stand;
 His sufferings I plead;
 On Him cast all my cares.

Arundini quassatæ parcit,
 Nec linum fumigans extinguit,
 Ejus manus tenera:
 Per supplicium Ejus salvus,
 Ad Crucem cruentatam gressus
 Mecum fero crimina.

Father! for His dear sake,
 Blot out the dreadful past:
 Hear from thy throne on high,
 My guilt-stained soul to make
 Pure as a child's at last:
 Father! to thee I cry.

Pater! per Filium dilectum,
 Dele judicium horrendum;
 Audi alto in cælo:
 Ut mea anima polluta
 Culpæ omnino expurgata
 Sit, Pater, te imploro!

THE MYSTERY AT THE CHATEAU DES ORMEAUX.

By J. G. BOURINOT, Sydney, Cape Breton.

TEN years ago—the exact date is a matter of no importance—I was living in the pleasant and picturesque city of Quebec, and among the acquaintances that I made soon after my arrival was the Abbé Letellier. He was connected with one of the educational institutions of the city, and was considered one of the best scholars in the colony. To him I was indebted, not only for numerous facts respecting the early history of Lower Canada, but for many interesting details of the manners and customs of the French Canadians. Under his guidance Quebec and its suburbs became as familiar to me as the old town where I was born. Even now whilst I write, I can see the tin-roofed buildings creeping up the sides, or nestling at the foot of that noble promontory, which overlooks the dark waters of the river that carries to the ocean, many hundred miles below, the tribute of the great lakes of the West. Again am I bathed by the mist of the lovely fall of Montmorency, tumbling in one mighty leap from the rocks, nearly three hundred feet above, or I am “coasting” down the sides of the immense ice-cones which are formed at the foot, and afford so much amusement to the pleasure-seekers of jovial Quebec, during the months that the Frost King holds the country in his icy grasp.

But I must remember that I have not sat down to describe the social or natural characteristics of the old capital of Canada. I have a short story to tell, not connected immediately with Quebec, but with a pretty village which is situated, a short distance from the city, on the St. Lawrence. Soon after my introduction to the Abbé, I stated that it was my intention, at the earliest opportunity, to visit some of the old French villages and see the *habitant* in his own home. Thereupon the Abbé very kindly offered to give me letters of introduction to some friends of his own, at the village in question,—which is called, like so many others in Canada, after one of the Saints so numerous in the Roman Catholic Calendar—and assured me at the same time that there I would see the *habitant*, very little altered from what he was last century when he came under the dominion of Great Britain. Before I had availed myself of this offer, the Abbé called on me at my lodgings, and stated that it was his intention, two days later, to take a trip into the country, and that he would be very happy to have me as his companion. I gladly accepted the invitation, and made all the arrangements necessary to accompany him at the time agreed upon.

Early in the morning of a fine September day, when the sun was just rising above the surrounding hills and lighting up the tin roofs of the city so that they fairly shone, I was seated in the Abbé's study, a cosy apartment well lined with books in French and English. We soon took our places in the “Calèche”—a sort of gig—of which the Abbé was to act as driver, and were on the point of starting off when a gentleman crossed the street quickly and handed my companion a letter, saying something at the same time in French, the purport of which did not reach me. I recognized him immediately as a young man who

had assisted me on one occasion in copying some old historical documents which I had hunted up in the Legislative Library. He had been introduced to me by the librarian, but I had forgotten his name. He was a first-rate penman, and had not only copied but translated the papers in an admirable manner. He was very young—not more than twenty probably—and some-how or other it struck me, when I noticed his retiring, subdued manner, that he was oppressed by the sense of some recent misfortune. I had intended questioning the librarian respecting him, but something occurred to prevent me carrying out my intention.

“I had given you up,” said the Abbé. “A moment later you would have missed us.” With these words the Abbé bade the stranger adieu and touched up the horse. As we passed rapidly over the rough pavement towards the gate leading to the country, my companion observed:

“That young man has friends at the place to which we are going. Indeed he was, at one time, high in the favour of the *Seigneur M. de Guercheville*; but some differences have unfortunately occurred between them.”

By this time we had passed through the gate and the Abbé's attention was directed to something else. We went through the pretty village of Beauport and caught a glimpse of Montmorency sparkling in the morning sunlight. The country through which we drove was dotted by neat villas and churches with their tapering spires and quaint ornaments; but the farms appeared mostly of small size—one of the results, in fact, of the Seigniorial system which had been abolished a few years previously. In several places we saw by the wayside little crosses where, at that early hour, devout *habitants*, chiefly women, were kneeling. We met many of the natives—the men in red shirts or blouses, and the women in caps and stiff homespun dresses. The villages consisted of one-story, whitewashed, red-roofed houses, most of them clustered round the church and the Curé's residence. Now and then we would see a large, pretentious-looking building of stone or wood, surrounded by tall Lombardy poplars, maples, or noble elms, and giving the idea of comfort and wealth. These generally belonged to the *Seigneurs* who so long exercised feudal rights over the country, and are still the wealthiest men in the rural districts.

It was nearly dark when we arrived at our destination, which was a large village prettily sequestered by the side of a small stream just where it joined the St. Lawrence. The largest houses were mostly of stone, and some of them gave the evidence of age—indeed the Abbé pointed out several erected immediately after the fall of Quebec. The Chapel was a fine edifice of gray stone, with a lofty steeple surmounted by a cross, and ornamented by an old fashioned dial and some curiously carved images in niches on each side of the entrance. Only a few persons were moving about, but we could see the farmers busy at their barns, storing grain, or taking the cattle to water. As we drove we could see the Château des Ormeaux, the residence of *Seigneur de Guercheville*—a large, square building, over-shadowed by magnificent elms which gave the place its distinctive name.

At my request the Abbé left me at the house of a *habitant*, while he

went on to the College of the Curé—a pretty little building, almost covered by grape vines and Virginia creepers, and within a stone's throw of the Church. A Frenchwoman of middle age—with a good-humoured face—received us with a courtesy and promised the Abbé to do her best to make us comfortable. Then my kind friend left me with the understanding that he would see me early the next morning.

I was soon at home in the snug, though certainly plainly furnished cottage of Jean Baptiste Marmontel, who also kept the Post Office of the settlement—a fine evidence of his integrity and respectability. His knowledge of English was very meagre—he could read it very well, however—and I found it more agreeable for both of us to fall back on my own stock of French, which had received large accessions since my arrival at Quebec. As the evening passed we were perfectly friendly with one another, and I heard all the news in the village.

As we sat chatting, a bright-eyed, rather pretty girl came in, and the old man introduced her as his youngest child.

“Oh, father,” she said, soon after entering, “do you know what I've heard at the Château. Marguélite says some of the servants declare that the building is haunted—music and strange sounds have been heard, several times, in part of the house where nobody has been living for years.”

“Old wives' fables, child.”

“Stephanie and Marguélite both heard the music the other night—Thursday, I think.”

“They're both silly girls,” replied the old man, “for filling your ears with such nonsense.”

The young girl, however, appeared still to have her own opinion on the subject, and followed her mother to another part of the house, to tell her more about it in all probability. The old man then became very communicative and told me many things concerning the Château and its inmates. M. de Guercheville was evidently more feared than loved by the people of the district, who still looked up to him as their “great man.” His only daughter, Estelle, on the other hand, was an undoubted favourite—to use the expressive language of these simple folks, she was “*une ange*,” both for her personal beauty and her amiable qualities. Another favourite was one whom the *habitant* called Raoul, and from what he said I conjectured he was the young man I had seen that morning.

“But what is the reason,” I asked, “that Raoul never comes to the Château?”

“Ah, Monsieur, it is a strange story. He was, you must know, the son of a *notaire*, who long managed the estates of the *Seigneurie*; his mother died when he was only a few months old. As he grew up he was a great deal at the Château, and was much loved by Madame, who was a kind, gentle lady—she died eighteen months ago. Raoul and Estelle were playmates from an early age—just like a brother and sister; and when his father died he became an inmate of the Château, and was brought up as one of the family. He was educated by M. LeCure, who is a great scholar, and then was sent, at his own desire, to study law in the office of an *avocat* at Quebec. Now it is reported

he got into bad habits, squandered a great deal of money, and so incensed M. de Guercheville that he denied him the house. Another story is that Estelle's proud father, noticing that there was an attachment growing up between the young man and his daughter, so insulted Raoul that he left the Château never to return. It is impossible to gather the truth—nobody ever talks of him at the Château. None of us believe he ever did anything wrong—he was always a kind, well-behaved lad—I don't think even the city could change his character as some declare."

I had an idea, as I listened to the old man, that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell. However, as it was already late, I returned to the pleasant room which good Dame Marmontel had prepared for me, whilst I was listening to her husband.

Next morning the Abbé called, and at about eleven we visited the Château. Whilst on the way I questioned him with respect to Raoul, in whom I began to feel somewhat interested—chiefly because there appeared to be some mystery connected with him.

"Ah, I see, my old friend Marmontel has been talking about him," replied my companion; "it is perfectly true the doors of the Château are closed against him. M. de Guercheville believes he has been deeply wronged by one in whom he had placed unlimited confidence. I am not at liberty to state the circumstances, for it is M. de Guercheville's wish that they should be kept secret. Raoul has spoken also to me on the subject and positively declares he is innocent of what he has been accused. It is true the young man was extravagant, but I cannot believe he is what M. de Guercheville (who is very obstinate in his opinions) pronounces him to be. The Curé, who has known him from his childhood, believes that the truth will be revealed sooner or later, and that it will be in favour of his pupil. The letter you saw the young man hand me when we started was for his old tutor."

We had now reached the entrance to the Château which was fronted by a high stone wall, and passed up an avenue of fine maples, beeches and elms. A well kept lawn lay directly in front of the house, and a small conservatory at one side. Over the door we saw the date of the building—A. D. 1746—and some words which I could not decipher, but which the Abbé said was the motto of the family:

Retinens Vestigia Famæ.

We went through a large hall, with a stone floor, and oak-stained walls, into the library—a handsome, airy room. M. de Guercheville received us with much courtesy and introduced me to his daughter, an exceedingly charming girl, with dark blue eyes, and very regular features. Her smile was remarkably sweet, and she wore her hair in coils twisted round her well turned head. The *Seigneur* himself was a small, wiry man, with keen eyes which were deeply set in his head; and with a chin and mouth indicating a strong will. M. de Guercheville pressed me very strongly to remain at the Château.

"Sir," he said, "if you knew the gratification you would afford us by remaining, you would not continue to refuse. We lead a very quiet

life in this old house, and are always glad to see the Abbé or his friends. As I understand you take an interest in the history of this country, I shall be happy to show you some rare old works and manuscripts.

I was well satisfied with the quiet quarters I had found at Marmontel's cottage, but when I saw that the *Seigneur* would be displeased if I did not accept his hospitable offer, I allowed him to send for my luggage. I was soon at home in the Château, which possessed a capital library, including such treasures as the *Seigneur* had spoken of. M. de Guercheville himself was of an old French family, which had come into the country at the end of the seventeenth century. As his name showed, he was descended from a branch of that family, of which the celebrated Marquise, who withstood the blandishments of Henry IV, was the most distinguished member. "She it was, you perhaps remember," said the *Seigneur*, when the conversation had turned to his family; as we were looking over some portraits, "who repulsed the gay monarch with the haughty retort, 'Sire, my rank, perhaps is not high enough to permit me to be your wife, and my heart is too high to permit me to be your mistress.'"

The *Seigneur's* brother, a doctor by profession, though he rarely practised then, joined us in the course of the day. When I learned that he had a son, now at college, I wondered if he had anything to do with the disgrace into which Raoul had fallen. He seemed an off-handed, pleasant gentleman—much more a man of the world than his brother; and I soon dismissed the suspicion that had flashed across my mind that he was perhaps jealous of the favour which had been shown to Raoul.

I accompanied M. de Guercheville and his brother over his principal farm, which covered several hundred acres, although it was only a tithe of his possessions. One of the most interesting objects we saw was a huge stone building, once used as a wind-mill, but was now employed as a granary. The mill was always an important item in the economy of a *Seignoiry*, for under the feudal tenure, the *censitaires*, or holders of land, were bound to grind their corn at the *moulin canal*, or the lord's mill, where one-fourteenth part of it was taken for his use as toll. The *habitants* we saw on the estate were just the same class of people, in their faces and manners, one sees at the present day in some old Breton village.

The evening at the Château passed away pleasantly. Mademoiselle de Guercheville was a charming musician, and sang simple Canadian airs which are favourites among the *habitants*, many of whose fathers and grandfathers had been *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois*. The doctor and the *Seigneur* narrated anecdotes illustrative of the life of the simple-minded, old-fashioned residents; and then we all parted for the night. I sat for awhile in my bed-room—a large, comfortable apartment overlooking the river—smoking a cigar and enjoying the pleasant fire of maple splinters which blazed on the hearth, with its quaint, brass andirons. The night was chilly, as is often the case in September in parts of Canada, and the room had not been occupied for some time. So I sat for an hour at least, watching the sparks flying

up the spacious chimney, and then the clock in the lower hall struck one and sent me to bed. I had been asleep for some time in the old French bedstead which had probably held many generations since it was first put up, when I awoke with a start, imagining that some body was in the room. I listened for a moment or two, and soon laughed at myself for my foolish fancy. The moon-light was streaming into the apartment and playing strange freaks on some engravings hanging on the wall; but I heard nothing except the tick of my watch on the dressing-table. I was arranging myself once more comfortably under the bed-clothes, when I heard a noise, as if something was being dragged stealthily on the floor of the corridor, and a few moments afterwards the notes of an unknown air broke the stillness of the night. When I looked at my watch and saw that it was nearly three o'clock, I could not believe that any of the family would be up at that hour of the morning. I confess I was somewhat startled when I remembered the story I had heard on the previous evening, but I am not superstitious, and at once rejected the idea that there was anything supernatural in those mysterious sounds. I was on the point of putting on my dressing gown and going out into the corridor, when the music ceased and the noise began again. I unlocked the door as quickly as I could, but nothing was visible, as I looked into the corridor which appeared perfectly dark, for the moon had at that instant been obscured by some passing cloud. Shutting the door, I got again into bed, with the determination of having a full explanation in the morning from some of the family.

I met only M'dlle. de Guercheville and her uncle at breakfast, as her father did not feel very well and sent his excuses for his non-appearance. I mentioned the circumstances which had taken place during the night, and as I did so I noticed that one looked at the other in surprise. After a pause of a few moments, Dr. de Guercheville observed:

"I cannot at all explain the matter—it is certainly very curious; for the servants have, on two previous occasions, heard the very same noises. None of us, however, have paid any attention to their statements—indeed I don't think my brother has yet been told of them."

"I hope you don't think," said M'dlle. de Guercheville, addressing me, "that we put you purposely in that room—it is the most comfortable in the Château, and nobody ever believed there was anything in the stories which Marguërite and another servant have been telling. I thought, when I was told of them yesterday, that the silly girls had made them up to frighten the house-keeper who is very superstitious, and no favourite with some of the servants."

"After what you have told me," continued the doctor, "I must believe that the servants did hear something. I suppose the *Seigneur* will rather plume himself on the fact that this old house is haunted. I believe it is only your old families that are properly entitled to ghosts in their houses—they are luxuries beyond the reach of common-place people."

"I remember hearing a similar story about a year ago," said M'dlle., "when poor Raoul left us. Uncle,"

Here she stopped suddenly and blushed slightly, as if she had been betrayed into the mention of a name forbidden at the Château. The Doctor, evidently observing her confusion, changed the topic, and took me into the garden to show me some rare autumnal flowers which he was himself cultivating.

I did not see the *Seigneur*, the rest of that day, as he was obliged to drive away at noon to a distant part of the estate where some extensive improvements were going on. Nor had his daughter any opportunity to speak to him, for some of her female friends arrived in the course of the morning. I was left at my own desire in the library, where I found some papers, from which I wished to make extracts. In the evening, after dinner, we were all assembled in the large dressing room—and then M. de Guerecheville learned, for the first time, the story of the mysterious noises in the east corridor. When I came to mention the music, he looked exceedingly perplexed and then gave a quick exclamation of surprise, as if he had remembered some circumstance long forgotten.

“What instrument do you suppose it was?” he enquired.

“That I cannot tell,” I replied; “the music was very low indeed, quite muffled and indistinct, as if it proceeded from a distance.”

“Your story,” said M. de Guerecheville, “recalls to my mind something I had forgotten. If you will wait a few moments we may unravel this mystery.”

Thereupon he went out and returned shortly, asking us to follow him. The house-keeper and a servant preceded us with lights to the corridor, where my bed-room was situated, and finally entered a large chamber at the end. The room was filled with old furniture which had been injured—in fact it was a lumber room. The house-keeper laid the lights on an old Cabinet which stood against the wall; it was evidently the worse for wear, most of the bronze ornaments with which it was covered being broken, and the only part that appeared perfect was one of the Louis Quatorze legs.

The *Seigneur* pressed a spring concealed under a bunch of grapes, and a large compartment flew open, and showed us a Knight on horse-back, fully equipped for the battle or tournament. Suddenly the sound of music was heard and the knight rode forward on a mimic stage, and then stood motionless, with spear at rest. Three airs were played—the first stirring and the last plaintive—and then the Knight turned and vanished behind. The mechanism was perfect, and the music effectually concealed the noise of the creaking of the secret springs.

“This old Cabinet,” said M. de Guerecheville, “was brought from France by my grandfather, and was the work of a clever Parisian artisan. If you will look closely at it, you will see that it was to represent a tournament, but it got broken and the other Knight is missing. I had entirely forgotten the toy, until you alluded to the music, which, of course, proceeds from a little box in the interior. Years ago it was consigned by my father to the lumber room, until it could be repaired, but it was forgotten, and has ever since remained among other odds and ends.”

“You must get it repaired, papa,” said M^{lle} de Guerecheville; “it is a pity to have so pretty a toy hidden away.”

“Yes; I must try and think of it; but, if my memory serves me

aright, there used to be a secret drawer somewhere in this Cabinet which is full of strange contrivances."

After fumbling about for a minute, he found a knob which he pressed. As a long deep drawer flew up, M. de Guercheville laughingly said :

"Perhaps we shall find an old will, or other document revealing some family secret. M. Curé, will you take the responsibility of first looking in?"

The Curé thus laughingly addressed, put his hand in and brought out, sure enough, a small package which he handed to the *Seigneur*, who appeared startled at the realization of his prediction. When he had looked at the package, he dropped it with the exclamation, "Mon Dieu," and then added, "It's the missing money."

The Abbé picked up the parcel, and running over several bank notes, said :

"Yes, there are exactly £250 here."

"Poor Raoul!" I heard Estelle (who was at my side) whisper gently to herself. It was quite evident to me that the discovery of the notes had something to do with the banishment of Raoul from his former home. The necessary explanations were afforded me, late in the evening, by the Abbé, who came to my room.

"A year ago," said the Abbé, "M. de Guercheville received a sum of money (£250) for the purpose of paying some workmen who were constructing a new mill on the estate. Raoul was, at the time, on a visit to the Château, and on the night previous to his departure for Quebec, he was in the study and saw M. de Guercheville place the money in the *Escritoire* and lay the key carelessly on the mantle-piece, whilst he was giving the young man orders concerning some articles he wished sent from the city. Now the study, as you know, communicates, by folding-doors which are generally open, with the bed-room in which the *Seigneur* sleeps; and on the night in question he saw Raoul distinctly in the moonlight pass from the *Escritoire* to the hall-door leading into the hall. He thought nothing of the circumstance at the time, but you can imagine his astonishment the next morning when he went to the *Escritoire* and found the money gone,—the key also was lying on the table and not on the mantle-piece. Questions were put cautiously to the house-keeper, but she declared positively that neither she nor any of the servants had entered the room that morning—in fact, they never did so until M. de Guercheville had arisen. The suspicion then took firm hold of the *Seigneur's* mind that Raoul had, in a rash moment, taken the money at the time referred to. When the *Seigneur* learned, for the first time—I believe the Doctor told him—that Raoul had been very extravagant and got largely into debt at Quebec, his suspicion of the young man's guilt was very much strengthened. Raoul, indignant at the charge against him, refused to come near the Château whilst falsely accused. He did not deny that he had gone into the study late at night, when all the house-hold was asleep, but declared that he did so simply to get a pocket-book which he had laid on the *Escritoire* when M. de Guercheville had done giving him the commissions he had executed. When he continued to deny all knowledge of the transaction, M. de Guercheville became deeply incensed and declared that he was sure of his guilt. It is just to say of him, how-

ever, that the matter was hushed up and never got beyond the family, the Curé and myself, for M. de Guercheville, was unwilling to ruin the young man's prospects in life. The Curé never believed that Raoul was guilty—Miss de Guercheville held the same opinion—the Doctor has never referred to the matter in my hearing. To-night the young man's innocence has been revealed in a very extraordinary manner. It is very curious that the money should be found in the old Cabinet."

"Who could have put it there?" I asked.

"M. de Guercheville declares that he had not seen the Cabinet for a number of years—indeed he had forgotten its existence until you mentioned the strange fact of the music."

The Abbé made some more allusions to the subject, and then announced his intention of leaving for the city at an early hour the next morning.

"I need not tell you," he said, "that M. de Guercheville wishes to repair, as soon as possible, the wrong he has unintentionally done to Raoul. It was my intention to have returned the day after to-morrow under any circumstances, and I may as well leave in the morning, especially as it will afford me great pleasure to be the messenger of good tidings to the young man. You will remain here at least until the end of the week, for I see you are about to volunteer to return with me; but that certainly I will not permit."

Raoul's return—for I pass over the unimportant incidents of the two days after the Abbé's departure—was hailed with much delight by all. It was not difficult to see from M. de Guercheville's manner that he was anxious to make amends for the past. The Doctor seemed satisfied with the denouement—at least he did not give any signs that he was sorry or glad that Raoul was restored to favour. Undoubtedly the one who showed her delight most unequivocally was Estelle. It was easy to see that the sisterly affection she had hitherto felt for the young man was likely to grow into a deeper feeling.

But there was a mystery still connected with the missing notes. How did they become concealed in the Cabinet? Was the mysterious noise that I had heard in the corridor at all connected with the music and the concealment of the notes? I have no doubt of it whatever.

The night after Raoul's return I retired to my room at a somewhat earlier hour, as I had a severe head-ache. It was a very stormy night; the wind perfectly shrieked around the house and shook the elms till they almost bent; the rain came down in torrents at intervals. But I soon fell asleep notwithstanding the roaring of the wind and the constant tapping of the branches of the elms against the window-panes. My sleep was considerably disturbed by dreams, in which music played a principal part. I thought I was in a spacious concert room, which was brilliantly lighted, and filled by a gay concourse, and that among the performers was Estelle, who was perfectly resplendent in diamonds. Just as I imagined that I heard her voice filling the air with its harmony, I woke suddenly to hear the trees still moaning in the storm. Then as there was a lull for a few seconds, I again distinguished the music of the Cabinet. I jumped up hastily and threw on my dressing-gown, but before I could get to the door and unlock it, I was startled by the sound of a rustling in the hall—exactly the same noise I heard on the previous occasion. I

threw open the door and called "Who's there," but the only answer was the shriek of the tempest. As I looked up and down the corridor, I saw nothing but darkness—the only familiar and comforting sound I heard was the tick of the old clock in the lower hall. Perplexed at the mystery, I returned to bed; but it was long before I could compose myself to sleep.

When M. de Guercheville heard that I had been again disturbed by the mysterious noises, he was as much puzzled as I was, and immediately ordered the Cabinet to be packed away in an out-house until it could be sent to the Cabinet-maker's at Quebec for repairs. This decisive action on the part of the *Seigneur* apparently annoyed the ghostly visitant, for during the two remaining nights I was at the Château I heard nothing unusual. Nor were the noises again heard on the re-appearance of the Cabinet—the mystery ceased with the removal of that article from the lumber-room.

Of course the servants believed to the end of their lives that there was something supernatural in the circumstances. The Doctor, however, contended for a solution of the affair, which will be satisfactory probably to matter-of-fact people in this prosaic age. He said that he had noticed, for some time past, that his brother showed an unusual languor and dullness about the eyes, as if he had not his necessary amount of sleep. M. de Guercheville himself acknowledged that he awoke frequently in the morning just as weary as when he had retired. This fact corroborates the theory of his brother—that the *Seigneur* had become a Somnambulist and was himself the author of the noises which had so perplexed us all. He probably fell asleep after he had seen Raoul pass out of the study on the night in question, and dreamed that the money was not safe, or had been taken out by the young man. Now a Somnambulist has been described as "the dreamer who acts his dreams;" and we may therefore surmise that M. de Guercheville got up in his sleep, took the money out of the *Escritoire*, and carried it to the Cabinet. The fact that he had not seen the Cabinet for years does not weaken the force of the theory; for it is one of the phenomena of dreams that ideas and facts, long forgotten, suddenly appear in the visions of the night.

A few weeks after the events I have attempted to narrate, as briefly and correctly as possible, M. de Guercheville and his daughter went to Europe, whilst Raoul continued his legal studies at Quebec. The *Seigneur* certainly never walked again in his sleep—his somnambulism, according to the Doctor, was owing to his nervous system being deranged, and disappeared with a change of air and scene. Of course my readers can adopt or reject the Doctor's theory as they may think proper; my duty ends when I have laid the facts before them.

Since I left Canada I heard that Raoul has been married to Estelle, and that he is considered one of the "rising men" at the bar. The Abbé, I am sorry to say, died a year ago, and his remains are laid beneath the shadow of an old gray church in the suburbs of Quebec.

SWALLOWS.

From the French of JEAN PIERRE CLARIS DE FLORIAN, A. D. 1755-1794.

LES HIRONDELLES.

How I love to see the swallows
To my window, year by year,
As the gentle Spring approaches,
Come the welcome news to bear!
"The same nest," they seem to tell me,
"The same loves again shall see;"
"T is for faithful lovers only"
"To announce fine days to thee."

When, at touch of frosty weather,
In the woods the first leaves fall,
All the swallows, met together
On the roofs, each other call:
"Let us start at once," they chatter,
"Fly from piercing blasts and snow:"
"Faithful hearts should know no winter,"
"They have Spring where'er they go."

If by sad chance, on the voyage,
Victim of some cruel child,
Caught and pent in narrow bird-cage,
Rest of mate and freedom wild,—
Grief for joys she can't recover,
Frets a swallow's life away:
Near that spot her constant lover,
Broken-hearted, dies that day.

From the Greek of Anacreon.

'ΕΙΣ ΧΕΛΙΔΟΝΑ.

Dear Swallow! you, a friendly comer,
Returning every year,
Build your nest here in the summer,
In winter disappear.

For Nile or Memphis far you leave:
But Love within my heart
His downy nest doth ever weave,
And never will depart.

One passion is just getting wings,
One hatching, one an egg:
A clamorous cry unceasing springs
From gaping mouths that beg.

The older Loves quick zeal display
The younger brood to feed;
These, brought up, in their turn straightway
Another nestful breed.

What remedy, therefore, have I?
Since every effort proves
I have not power, how'er I try,
To drive away such Loves.

ABOUT PLAGIARISM.

BY ALEX. RAE GARVIE, Chatham.

IN this eminently civilized century there are well-devised laws for the protection of property and the punishment of theft. It is therefore very difficult to be a robber now-a-days. The science of stealing requires varied and vast abilities. Dick Turpin could not purchase oats for Black Bess with the meagre proceeds of the highway business at the present time. Claude Duval's daring raids would not allow him to indulge in the luxury of pomatum for his curls. Fancy one of these bold blades calling upon a London railway to stand and deliver! If Taffy, who is a proverbial peculator, known even in nurseries, steal the meat or *bone* the marrow bone, on which I purpose dining, he is generally marked by the unfilmed, eagle-eye of the law. For his dishonest, carnivorous tendency he is incarcerated and exercises his muscle on the tread-mill. My heart is not glad at this; nay, I am sorry that he did not ask for a bite and so avoid a serious breach of the eighth commandment. To relieve the Welshman's hunger I would probably have imitated Alfred of old, giving him the larger half of my food, thus preventing commission of crime. But when Taffy *has* stolen, and is wanted by No. 35, Scotland Yard, Society is protected from the fraudulent fellow by fettering him. Though he plead lineal descent from Armoric Knights or Cadwallader's seventy-fourth cousin, he must eat his leek in a cell. Legality is thus strict in its findings on felony. Yet if the poor wretch who steals meat or money, often from extreme necessity, is so strictly dealt with, why is a literary thief so often set free, or rather not apprehended? Bulwer stands indicted for fearful, wholesale robberies from German authors, yet he is an honourable man in the world of letters, and responds to toasts eulogistic of "The Profession" at literary dinners. His son, under the *nom de plume* of Owen Meredith, out-Herod's his father. Charles Reade, in design and detail, is a corrupt cribber from better writers, and earns thousands for his works. The Rev. Alfred Wishwash preaches other men's discourses, and yet his flock adore him as much as they do themselves. Of course these quoted cases do not filch everything. Still they steal other people's ideas and language, thus destroying the reputation that might have been sustained on their own basis.

Plagiarism is literary felony. Hence the necessity of a court and a code of laws to prevent any petty or grave larceny in letters. Is there such a tribunal? Yes, in the Reviews and Magazines. The Quarterly, North British, Westminster and Edinburgh, may be called the four famous "inns of court" that train those literary lawyers—the critics. However, we cannot say that the canons of criticism have assumed the shape of a code. The standards of taste change, and probably there will be few philosophical principles wherewith to estimate fully and fairly, the Protean issues of genius. The meditative

Hindoo, evolving Vedas from a soul languid in its process and vague in its effects, could not comprehend the myriad avatars of Vishnu or Brahma, nor do I think that critiques will ever agree in the principles of style or the various values of thought. What Carlyle condemns, Lewis will praise, and the logical Mill will discover fatal flaws in a work wherein Professor Shairp shall find few faults. The functions of the critic are chiefly to watch over the interests of authors, to administer judicious praise and encouragement to the worthy, to discern early the tentative efforts of original minds, to dissuade imbecility from spoiling paper, to mark the mutations of literature, and to touch with sharp lance plagiarists. This last is an important office. It is part of the eternal idea of Right. Hence these true Ithuriels of the press are greatly needed. And although very often interest, or jealousy, provoke men to assail genius with the keenness of Jeffrey and the clearness of Aytoun, the profession of proper criticism ought not to be howled at indiscriminately. Indeed, writers, who are original, care not for the narrow, shallow, partial review of their works immediately after their appearance. They trust to time. They say with Horace, *non omnis moriar*. Having faith in the future, when frothy misapprehension or cavilling malice have subsided, they expect recognition, and can afford temporary eclipse by the heavy articles of the Reviews. Often, too, the critics, from many causes, are at fault. Genial Christopher North himself failed to realize the fact that the author of "Claribel" and "The Talking Oak" was an effective factor, or rather a great co-efficient, in modern poetry. The sincere critique that sums up the evidence in favour of a book, and presents it to the reading world, as to a jury, discharges a great duty. I am off the track though, as the subject of this paper is Plagiarism, not Criticism.

When some doukey, deeming the dear or gentle reader as obtuse as himself, dons the lion's skin, it behoves a just reviewer to strip him promptly and expose his natural qualities, although the asinine ears be hurt in the handling. This is an easy operation in most instances of obtaining audience under false pretences. The singing robes of Shelley, Byron, Keats, the two Brownings and Tennyson, are so well known now that thievish wearers are instantly arrested. The texture of the stuff in which the true poet arrays himself or herself, has obtained as universal notoriety as Horrock's cottons. The fashion of Tennyson's raiment is like his photograph—current, therefore we stop at the first line of *original stanzas* and turn the page quickly when the Laureate's sentiments in patch-work fret us. Oh! it is not hard to find an imitation or a stolen thought! The presence of a valuable gem along with the absence of five shillings in a ticket-of-leave man's pocket suggests suspicion, and the vigilant policeman keeps an inevitable eye on that same seedy party. Further, if the jewel, watched in such circumstances, match those worn by a prince, two earnest eyes are at the service of the aforesaid suspected one. And finally should the gem, bulging out the filthy pocket of a pair of moleskins, be found faithfully fitting into the vacant socket of the prince's coronet, then Policeman X. flashes a bull's eye on the face of the robber, and says, "You're spotted; its all up; come along quietly and get seven years

you know," and that's finished all right. Although not apposite in minor things this case is similar in literature. When a critic finds an exquisite gem of thought in a wretched poetaster's verse, he has good grounds for suspecting theft from another. When he reads the identical idea in literary peer's crown of song, he justly enough concludes that there is something wrong. Especially, if the poetaster has the misfortune to be born some years later than the acknowledged author, who used the sentiment suspected of being stolen, when the poetaster was construing Sallust, the inference is as rigid as the "therefore" of a syllogism, the beautiful line belongs to the better and earlier poet. This is the extreme statement of the matter remember, and by no means negatives the very remote possibility, that a meaner and later mind might conceive of an identical analogy used by Milton. There are instances, within this ultimate conclusion, which give the benefit of the doubt to those not over-dowered with genius. It is possible that a flippant mind may strike out the same sentiment as Shakspeare. Bailie Nichol Jarvie caught some "glimmerings in the creature" whom he despised as a stupid Highlander, under the sway of Rob Roy. Referring to my remark about Shakspeare, I may hazard this, that because the great Englishman worked on the level of nature and made *common* things the material for the immense dome of his dramas, it is highly probable that many a lesser soul has felt similar sentiments; but one shall ever detect imitation by the *manner of expression*. Poets express the emotions of others as well as their own. Hence in the *uttering* of this counterfeit coin we find out the cheat. Allowing the possibility and probability of gleams in an opaque intellect, it is certainly true that such exceptional persons will lie under the charge of theft. In the case of those who *are* honest, one can only say, they are more to be commiserated than Victor Hugo's *Miserables*. There is no help for them; they must toe the mark and suffer the scourge, albeit guiltless. Charity alone can add balm to their cuts, and the advice of sympathizing friends should run thus: "Be calm in the consciousness of integrity." Yet such possible conditions are so few; nay, the hopelessness of generally proving the honesty of the persons under sentence is so apparent, that we may send their causes into the chancery of Letters.

Again, coincidences are not always direct evidence of plagiarism. It is notable how poets, (to take one class), writing in different languages, unknown and untranslated to each other, have uttered like sayings. In the cases of inventions and discoveries, (ought these not to be reckoned the same things?) there are events which prove that individuals at the same time, or at brief intervals, have tripped upon similar facts. Steam, telegraphy, and the last named planet furnish examples. I have found identities of idea in Sophocles and Shakspeare; nor is it going too far to assert, that gentle Will (who, according to the learned brick-layer, Ben Jonson, 'knew little Latin and less Greek,') was not intimate with the author of the sixth and perfect form of Grecian tragedy, the man who read *Œdipus* at columns. Coincidence, admitting of explanation and sinless of collusion, should quicken critics to carefulness in applying the rigid rule, and more

elaborate aims in their analysis. At a *post mortem*, minutiae are well tested. Also in criticism opinions and parallel passages should be as nicely weighed as diamond dust. As it was vile to take the one ewe lamb from the man in the parable, so it is wrong to appropriate the property of a poor author and give it to one exceedingly wealthy. It is in this point that the power of an acute critic comes into play. The wisdom needed for determination is like Solomon's. The progeny must be trusted to the legitimate parent, and not slain in the judgment. The task of criticism, then, is one where absolute discrimination is a necessary element. When the existing fact of canons, not precise enough to rule out probability of hasty condemnation on circumstantial evidence, is taken into account, one perceives why a Reviewer, of all others, should be cautious. While the stigma of plagiarist is made on palpable thieves, the error of wrongly arraigning ought to be guarded against. The constables of letters, riding through the list of letters, with close scrutiny and deliberate inspection, ridding the tournament of false visors and sham shields, are looked to for impartial execution of chivalrous laws. They should be apt but not hasty, free from personal rancour and unmanly sentiment; being like Bayard, the brave, *sans peur et sans reproche*. They are required to detect the base borrowers of others' words. For there is nothing so detestable in literature as affecting what does not really belong naturally to one, or buying fame with pilfered coin. One safe rule, in pronouncing upon plagiarism, is to hold that a noble nature cannot stoop to conquer. It is not genius that condescends to the meanness of taking what is not its own. A gentleman, whose rental-roll gives him an abundant treasure, will rarely, if ever, (unless insane), be found at the bar of justice, convicted of knocking down his *poor* neighbour and robbing him. This is the presumptive truth claimed for well-proved, rich thinkers. Poor Poe, a monomaniac and yet a brilliant mind—these being compatible—charged Longfellow with preying upon his poems. But the irritable author of the "Raven," (one of the most melodious ballads extant), was utterly wrong. Longfellow has enough of his own to obtain for him a perpetual renown in every house-hold. Here are a few specimens, out of many, containing like thoughts. I do not think these *coincidences* (for I have full faith in the author's originality) have ever been placed parallel in print. That they are positive plagiarisms, would be a rash opinion. Working with the same matter, poets might produce like features; and the paucity of instances inclines one to think these are seeming reproductions of former ideas; that genuine souls, mining for gold, happened on the same *lead*.

I.

Who, bewailing Hero's fate in "Much ado about nothing," has not dwelt upon this fine line?

"Done to death by slanderous tongues."

ACT V., SCENE III.

Turn up Poe's poems and you shall be reminded of a familiar friend, by this verse.

"By you, by yours, the slanderous tongues,
That did to death the innocent."

II.

In "Locksley Hall," the Laureate has this remarkably reasonable utterance in the midst of the jilted lover's rhapsody :

"Is it well to wish thee happy, having known me, to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine."

Open at the 1st act in Hamlet, scene 5th, and there is something very similar :

"And to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts
Were poor to those of mine."

Tennyson may have said here to the grim and grieving ghost, "I'll follow thee."

III.

In Tennyson's musical, metrical song, "Come into the garden Maud," this splendid antithesis occurs :

"Low on the sand and loud on the ledge."

This is a pearl in poetry. See how it shimmers in "Tales of a Wayside Inn," by Longfellow. Running through "Paul Revere's Ride," the reader chances on,

"Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge."

An echo there, eh? Ah! yes, an echo surely.

In the year 1812, (the month being April) John Foster wrote an article in the "Eclectic," I think, entitled, "Lord Elgin's pursuits in Greece." While reading it years ago in Edinburgh, this splendid sentence was so relished that I remember it, and risk an appeal from my quotation (from memory) to the magazine itself.

"Their office (the artists employed by Elgin in Greece) was much like that of taking the portrait of a dying subject, for they found whatever was the most vulnerable and exquisite; the sculptures which had diffused over the marble structures a mimic life, by the richest forms and scenes of poetry; perishing, almost while they were looking at it, under the barbarism of the Turks." Let the reader, (always gentle) who has followed me so far, take down his copy of Byron and read the "Giaour." Speaking of Greece in decay, (Foster's subject) the much admired lines come in due order, beginning with the words,

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead," &c.

The whole passage is too long for quotation here, but on perusal the beautiful sentiment of Foster is discerned.

Poor, proud Byron was not so reduced as to steal from Foster; still the identity of expression remains. That Byron read the "Eclectic," is beyond doubt; it was just the spicy magazine he would enjoy. The article above alluded to was written in 1812; the "Giaour" was completed in 1813, *vide* the dedication of it to Rogers, the banker-poet. The literary character of those concerned in the foregoing samples of similarity forbids us saying the latter copied the former.

A letter dated 1868, Paris, from a dear brother, gives me an instance of undoubted theft in a man, whose *own* ideas are ever sweetly uttered. In answer to a query about Owen Meredith's last poems, the letter says, "I have not found time to read Morris. 'Chronicles

and Characters' I only opened once in Didot's Libraire, and then I happened on a theft. If you turn to page 381 of Vol. I. (American edition) you will be struck with the line,

"Like a Moor's head cut off at the nape."

When Browning makes the Bishop of St. Praxed's order his tomb, he uses the same words about a *Jew's* head, which are in Meredith's 'Rabbi ben Ephraim.' Certainly, Owen is an incomparable thief." Thus the letter. Browning's poem alluded to is a grand one, and taught me first his superiority in dramatic power to Tennyson. Standing one mellow afternoon in Poet's corner, I gazed on my favourite Chaucer's tomb, and thought, how blessed he was in being the fore-runner of English poetry. And yet I see some have discovered that he owed his power to the Italian school. Nevertheless I cling to the opinion, that, while receiving suggestion from abroad he uttered nothing base, but his own only. He is too honest, the ancient Englishman, to be a plagiarist. His clear, sweet tune rings down the centuries like well-cast bells, in which there is no foreign metal.

HISTORICAL SONNETS.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

X.

The Helenuic Spirit! whence its advent?—why
That grand emancipation of the thought?
From what fair land of freedom was it brought,
That burning hatred of all Tyranny?
Was it some Aeon, in its transit by
The Ages, that such transformation wrought?
Was it the freedom of the mind unbought,
Itself emancipate from Slavery?
Was it the clime of Greece—its purer skies—
Its flashing seas—its glorious hills and plains—
Its sparkling founts—its warbled melodies:
Have we in these the spirit that disdains
To brook the Tyrant, and the Tyrant's chains—
The victim of ignoble falsities?

XI.

Land of high song! of noblest poesy!
Of Homer's epic, and of Pindar's lyre—
Of Sophocles's drama, Sappho's fire—
And of those Idyls, pure from Castalie:
Land of high thought, of sage philosophy—
Haply all too curious to enquire
Into a first Arché, taught to admire
In all that is a wondrous unity—
The cause of causes, itself without a cause—
For to the uncaused mind at last is brought:
Land of old Thales, Anaxogoras,
Of Plato, too, all but divinely taught—
The Historic Muse, portraying that which was,
With lessons for the future grandly fraught!

XII.

Minerva springing from the head of Jove!
 Was that the symbol of th' Helennic mind?
 All intellect, Greece had not her arms to find,
 When need was; with what grand success she strove
 Against the wrong, when subtle tyrants wore
 Their fetters, wherewith Freedom's limbs to find;
 When Persia was in arms against mankind.
 How the fair plants of Truth and Freedom throve
 In unison, and grew up side by side!
 But Athens! chief in thee—Athen's home:
 Whence as its centre radiated wide
 The thought that shall live in all time to come—
 The thought that in all ages has defied
 The Tyrant era into martyrdom!

HALIFAX SCENERY.

BY THE EDITOR *Halifax Witness*.

A NOBLE picture this, under my eye, as I stand on the highest spot within the Citadel of Halifax. It is worthy of the great ARTIST whose pictures are always what they should be, and who never mingles colours with a false or faltering touch. For that matter, I suppose there is not an acre of this fair earth which has not its share of the wonderful and the beautiful, though some spots are peculiarly favoured.

Beneath us, sloping south-eastward towards the sleeping waters, lies the Town, not in itself pleasing to the eye, but beautiful for situation. Gleaming almost all around are the waters of the harbour and the "Basin" and the North-West Arm: for we are here on a peninsula with but a narrow isthmus joining us to the mainland. Towards the south and east the sea and sky bound the distant horizon. In every other direction low ranges of hills rise modestly farther and still farther off till they fade into a line of dim purple. I can see from ten to fifteen miles in every direction. The horizon is here and there rimmed with great jagged crag-like clouds that are seen only in summer, and that forcibly remind one of ranges of snow-clad mountains.

The most beneficent feature of our Atlantic coast is the way in which slender silvery arms of the turbulent sea run far inland, often flanked with towering hills. These bays, harbours, havens, basins, arms, or whatever they may be called, bear evident marks of having been designed by the Great Architect and Artist with a view to the safety and welfare of men. Without these the south-eastern coast of Nova Scotia would be a homeless wilderness, waste, wild,—the waters ever more chafing against angry cliffs of slate and granite. As existing they are a source of comfort, safety, wealth and unspeakable beauty. Brooks and rivers rush to their embrace. They shelter the little boat "that wins the bairns' bread," and the gallant bark that woos the gales of strange seas. They are a means of rapid intercom-

munication. They embosom countless isles and islets like precious many-hued gems set in azure, and crystal, and gold. One of these "Arms" runs up on one side of Halifax, forming its pleasant living boundary on the west. The harbour is prolonged far up to Bedford by a beautiful and spacious basin, from which, as you approach it, you can perceive no outlet. The harbour itself is as spacious as it is safe, easy of access, and well sheltered from every wind that blows. In the mouth of it lies Macnab's Island, partly cultivated, partly crowned with a hardwood forest which in summer refreshes the eye with the greenness of its foliage, and in the autumn dazzles with the splendour of its purple and gold. Eastward of the Island is the "Passage," a narrow, deep, well-screened outlet to the mighty sea, often used by small vessels. At the western extremity of the Island rises the Light-house, a poor looking structure, but ever true with its gleam of warning and of hope to the sailor and the voyager.

Much nearer the city, and in the very heart of the harbour, rises St. George's Island, small, egg-shaped, bristling with guns, ready to sweep the harbour clean from side to side with its terrific bull-dogs; commanding the heart of the town and all the wharves and the shipping. It is planted there as if on purpose to render the harbour impregnable.

Then the shipping, the ware-houses, the town,—smoking chimneys, dingy roofs; chimneys without any smoke from them, houses without any roof;—the streets, rattling carts, cars, carriages; clouds of swirling dust; then the spires and towers of churches, many of them ill-shapen enough, an insult to the ever-watching eye of the Architect who never blunders in the building art or in any department, useful or ornamental! Then the Dockyard, with the big ships of war resting in the peaceful haven; then up, still up the narrows, to the Railway Depot and Bedford Basin, a scene of busy life where all was very desolate a few short years ago.

Come up to the noble hill that rises above the depot—"Linden Hill"—loved of the muses once; but its glory is sadly departed now. Come down to the Wellington Barracks, to the Admiralty House, the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the Old Ladies' Home: some of these at least you see with the naked eye, the rest you can see with the viewless orb of fancy.

Towards the left hand are green fields, cottages, trees trim and leafy, trees small and scrubby, bushes, and waste-land, till you reach the Dutch Village. Then come around from the Dutch Village to the Head of the North-West Arm. Lovely, picturesque, most peaceful is the scene. Wealth, taste, fashion are seeking retreats here, and transforming the waste places into charming gardens and fertile fields. The houses are for the most part white, and they nestle amid groves of dark ever-greens. Following down the course of the Arm we see much to admire in the houses, the fields, the shady avenues through well kept forests, the blooming gardens, the pastures where large herds of cattle graze in peace. By-and-by we come to forts, commanding the entrance to the harbour—stronger than any other forts in America—armed with guns of the largest calibre and latest pattern. These forts are magnificently situated, and as strong as the art of man

can make them. A little higher, built on the bare rock, rises "The Tower"—an old but strong structure, intended to bear some part in the defence of the city when the day of trial comes. Nearer us spreads the "Common"—the veritable "Campus Martius" of these sea-provinces. Yonder, too, is the well-thronged city of the dead—drearily situated—unsheltered, bleak, and flat. But the dead and the dying heed not this dreariness. "So that the heart be right it matters not how the head lieth."

Near the city of the dead is the public garden, brightly blooming, now, showing richly the result of skill and enterprise and ever watchful care. In a range with one another, a little southward, appear the City Poor House, the Hospital, the Asylum for the Blind, and a neat Public School House, the finest in the Province. In the same direction extends the fashionable "South End" of the city.

I have drawn but a very rough outline of the picture before me. The Citadel itself is the centre. It is a "Star Fort"—the strongest in America. It was finished at an enormous expense. It commands the city from end to end—the whole extent of the harbour, and the country round to the farthest extremity of the Peninsula. Passing to and fro are gallant British soldiers—Scotsmen in the garb of the ancient Gael—true brave men who would fight the battles of their country in any clime against any odds: and above us waves that unblemished symbol of national power and prestige, the Royal Standard.

Across the harbour, eastwardly, more than a mile away, lies Dartmouth,—its houses apparently struggling up the gentle sides of several small hills. It looks white and pretty. Many of its houses are embosomed in trees or surrounded with green fields. The Lunatic Asylum on Mount Hope towers massive and dull in the distance. It has more of moral than of material beauty connected with it; but its site is all that the eye could desire, commanding, as it does, the best possible view of the city, the harbour, and the outlying islands and hills.

I could name many an historic spot within view, but this would lead to too many digressions and take up too much space. I wish I could describe the varying scenes that are to be witnessed—that I have beheld from this point of view:—the lakes that gleam through dusky bosage among the hills—the hills themselves now bright with sunshine, now dim with mist, now gloomy with the bursting storm; the houses, churches, streets, the woods,—the ever-resting, ever-moving harbour! I wish I could describe the rising of the sun as I have seen it here, but I cannot: no, I dare not try. The water in the harbour is as still as glass. Every field and tree and building within sight is reflected on its bosom. Ships, great and small, that have not been used to repose, are sleeping without fear of danger, and well they may. The sun gilds their sails, or their masts when no sail is spread. A score of sea-gulls poise themselves easily in the buoyant air and seem to watch playfully their own bright shadows in the water. The sun is attended by rich masses of white and golden and purple clouds. These, too, are shadowed with unfailing truth in the translucent mirror. The waters are bright and golden and purple and

blue, in full sympathy with the harmonious tints of the clouds and the sky. This is one of the everlasting miracles of the great Ruler's present skill—how He harmonizes every picture that He produces—every part, every minute detail of every picture. Not a stray cloud can fleck the sky with any tint or shape out of harmony with the whole. The trees, the green fields, the barren rocks and sands, the works of men and the works of God, are all combined in the rich unison of varied beauty. No one who is without much skill in painting can produce a perfectly harmonious picture on even a yard of canvas. Discord will insinuate itself into tint or shape or attitude. But the Great Artist produces hour by hour for myriads of years, and in all lands, a series of pictures ever grand and new and harmonious in all their elements. I never saw the landscape which is now under my eye appearing twice precisely alike. Some change in light or shade, in cloud or ship, imparts novelty to the scene—a novelty which you learn duly to look for and to recognize—just as you find new emotions, thoughts, mysteries, in the faces of those you love.

In the summer time the warmth of the day brings with it the welcome sea-breeze, gentle, cool, bracing,—a true friend in the sultry afternoon. It rolls the waters of the harbour into little laughing wavelets that break in a soft murmur on the thirsty sands. Then you see the children, and invalids, and many young men and maidens, and old men, too, hastening to the shore—to Point Pleasant, and to the cool, shady groves beyond it, where nothing seems wanting to complete the conditions of a happy life in summer weather. The wind whispers gaily (or sadly moans if you are in the mood), among the trees; the waves break merrily on the shining sands; the birds sing among the branches. You may look at the spires of the city churches, and at the masts of the shipping, and feel thankful that you are at least far enough away to be free from dust and noise and sultry heat.

As the evening approaches the sea-breeze folds its wings and seeks repose. Then there is new beauty on our islets and in our coves, on our fields and forests, and over our ever-lovely harbour. Little boats with snowy sails skim the still surface. Oarsmen, too, in numbers are out with their frail craft. Every lassie loves to go with her laddie once in a while in a boat round George's Island, to see and feel the glories of the landscape, and to breathe the bracing air—and—and—well, you must guess the rest. The glassy surface of the water is broken into numberless intersecting ripples by the splash of many an oar. The moon and the stars give fresh glory to the scene. The light-house from the distance sends its long pencil of light shore-ward, to the very beach. Its picturesque and poetical aspect is towards us; its useful face is towards the lonely sea.

I once watched the full moon for hours as it shone on the Lake of a Thousand Isles; and beautiful indeed were the intermingling of light and shadow as we slowly threaded our devious way through those isles: glorious was the moon shining doubly, in the deep above and in the quiet deep below. I have watched the harvest moon, too, on Lake Lemán among the dun shadows of the Alps. But a still moonlight night in the Halifax harbour has beauties and charms all its

own. On the bosom of a lake you never feel that consciousness of the infinite which takes hold of the mind as you gaze on even a quiet arm of the sea. *Of the Sea*—it is this that furnishes the basis for your strong emotion: this is the undertone that stirs the fountains of feeling. You are as one that plays with leviathan, or that shakes the paw of a slumbering but uncaged lion. Deep as may be the sleep of the waters around you, in the distance is the crash of great waves rolling in on some unprotected beach; and the stiller the air the more mighty seems this distant battle. It is as if the sea could never forget its old warfare against the shore. Here and there we witness a truce of longer or shorter duration; but the heart of this peace is smitten by the thunder of an ever-coming struggle. Thus greater zest is given to the enjoyment of this repose. We thank God for the head-lands and islands that guard us from the tameless fury of the sea: we thank Him that His winds are under control, and that so many return from the stormy main to rest in the desired haven.

Fog often comes in on us and blots out all the beauty of the landscape; it comes wet and heavy, driven by the chill east wind. But wait a few hours, till the sun is high, or, at worst, till the wind changes to the west or north, and then you will see a picture not soon to be forgotten, as the fog gathers up its trailing skirts and reveals the islands, the gleaming headlands, the snowy sails of ships, and the wide limitless sea. Sometimes our unwelcome visitor creeps up again at night and hovers around till scared by the morning sun. Sometimes it lies as a great wall, far out seaward, and impedes navigation for several days. Our wildest storms come from the south-east; and these do harm in the harbour, well-protected though it is. Those who live far inland have no idea of the might that is in an angry sea driven into fury by fierce winds. I have often watched the big waves as they come in tumbling, rolling, dashing madly against the rocks, with a crashing noise as of thunder. There is a small part of our peninsula open to the full force of the ocean in a south-east storm. Niagara itself is not more terribly grand than the view from this point when the wind is blowing a gale and the tide is high. Huge fragments of rock are hurled about, churned, dashed against each other and on the beach, as light as if they were mere pebbles. The spray is flung in landward "many a rod." The roar of the battle is so loud that thunder, or the discharge of a park of artillery, would hardly be audible. Few, very few, seem ever to take the trouble to enjoy the wild sublimity of these scenes, which may be safely witnessed at the expense of nothing more than a wet skin, and a cold shiver for an hour or two.

The peninsula on which Halifax is built looks as if it were created purposely to be the site of the greatest, the sightliest, and the most healthful city in America—water all around it, except in the space of a quarter of a mile—its foundation the everlasting rock—the ground sloping gently on all sides towards the water, thus securing facilities for perfect cleanliness—the supply of good fresh water from lakes in the vicinity superabundant—constant access to the wide wide world by sea and land! On what philosophers call teleological grounds I judge

that Halifax is destined to be one of the largest cities on this continent. Why else was this peninsula thus shaped, thus beautified, thus highly favoured? Nature has done much for us: we have done much to thwart her kindly intentions. In one sweet nook of this peninsula we have planted a Penitentiary! One of its finest heights we have crowned with a Prison! Much else have we done and left undone to mar our heritage of beauty. But years will bring taste and wisdom, and by-and-by our buildings, our works of all sorts, will be brought into harmony with the spirit of this noble scene, with the pomp of its rising and setting suns, and with its glorious outlook upon the sea.

H O R Æ Æ S T I V Æ .

BY W. P. D.

How lovely lies the vale in noontide sleep!
 Steeped in calm sunshine all the landscape glows;
 The very air is hushed in soft repose;
 Nor sound nor motion breaks the stillness deep,
 Save murmurous chant its gurgling waters keep
 Where over pebbly shoals the river flows.
 So little changed by time this fair scene shows,
 Backward o'er weary years my quick thoughts sweep,
 My heart beats with a boy's glad pulse once more,
 As when I knew it first. So little changed!
 Ah me! Beneath God's smile the duteous Earth
 Displays perennial beauty, and yields store
 Of happy fruitfulness: our lives, estranged
 From His high purpose, need a second birth.

P E N P H O T O G R A P H S .

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

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

A FEW days have only elapsed since a magnificent Pullman Palace car passed on the Great Western Railway, and within two hundred yards of where I now write, filled with passengers who never changed cars since they left San Francisco, only seven days before. I contrasted their journey and one I made in 1850 to this El Dorado of the West. The gold mania was then at its height. Thousands and tens of thousands were crowding all the thoroughfares on the way to the golden sands of California. Some risked the dangers of the stormy Cape; others went through northern Mexico or over the United States territory, but by far the greater number went by the Isthmus of Panama. To-day we have splendid saloon cars furnished with all the luxuries of an eastern palace, from ice-creams, pine-apples, old port, roast beef, and pumpkin pies, to beds of down, silken curtains, golden tassels, Brus-

sels carpets, marble wash-stands and dressing-tables, and all these comforts while whirling along over hill and dale; through luxuriant forests and tangled weed-bound swamps—over undulating praries like the rolling sea—alkali plains, arid as the Sahara desert—through mountain gorges and over hilly spurs, and deep defiles, and yawning canyons, and placid rivers, and roaring cataracts, until the same passengers and the same car that left New York are landed on San Francisco wharf, within thirty feet of the Pacific, and in one short week. Now, look at the other side of the picture. I need not tell of the horrors of the “middle passage” across the plains—of the thousands of lives that were lost by famine, disease and the tomahawk—or of the discomforts and tediousness of a voyage around the Terra del Fuego, but I remember well, as if it were yesterday, the miseries of the way by Chagres. I was then in my teens, and like other young men, hopeful and ardent. I also plunged into the mighty torrent of emigration “to the West.” The old Crescent City steamship took out with us nine hundred souls of all nationalities and tongues; there was scarcely standing room, and the “spoon fashion” mode of packing had to be adopted, not only between decks, but also on the deck and in the open air. Grumbling, oaths and quarrels were the order of the day. The deep guttural of the German—the sharp accented tones of the Frenchman—the mellifluous notes of the Spaniard, Portugese and Italian—the *patois* of the French Canadian, and the Hebrew of the Jew, were at that time sanscrit to me, swore they even roundly, but I have no doubt Pandemonium was a respectable place to the hold and deck of this ship. After ten days of sea-sickness and disgusting scenes, a home-sick swain might have been seen in the miserable village of Chagres—standing, the picture of despair, in the midst of mud the most tenacious, and rain the most pitiless, and lightning and thunder the most intense,—and native women, and men and children, the most nude and barbarous, and ugly and shameless, as ever the sun shone on. The natives are a mongrel race of Indians and Negroes and Spaniards, and possessing cunning and rascality in a superlative degree. The houses of these villages are composed of bamboo for walls, and rushes for roofs. Windows and chimneys are almost unknown, and dirt the most filthy was in abundance on all hands. The river Chagres empties into the Carribean Sea at this point, and on a bold rocky promontory, overlooking the surrounding country, was built several centuries ago, by the Spaniards, a formidable fortress called San Lorenzo. Beautiful cannon made of silver, and a brass amalgam, still overtop the parapets, but some of them, in mere wantonness, have been cast over the precipice, and are sticking in crevices of the rocks. The place was several times, in its history, taken by the buccaners, whose resort was the Isle of Pines, but now, battlements, casements, magazines, fossæ and salient angles, are one mass of ruins.

With the exception of small patches of rice and sugar-cane, the luxuriant and boundless forest was everywhere. The air was loaded with the most delicious perfume from orange groves, pine-apple plants, and the laden lemon and lime trees. I left Canada frost-bound and snow-covered in April, and in twelve days after was revelling in the

bounties of the tropics, "Where the leaves never fade and the skies seldom weep." In spite of the poet's assertion the sky seems to find no trouble in procuring the tears. At this time there was no railroad and no river boats built, but canoes of the rudest construction were in abundance. The stern end was covered with palm leaves or thatched with rushes, and so low was this rude cabin that a "six footer," like myself, for convenience sake, should have been constructed after the model of a telescope, and "thusly" draw myself within myself; but, as it was, my knees and chin were in close relationship for four long days, during which it rained incessantly. The river was much swollen, and our propulsive power were three naked savages, either pushing with poles, or paddling or towing our canoe. The banks of the river were beautiful, overhung with trees and climbing plants, and blossoming shrubs; and were it not for the incessantly discordant notes of Paroquets,—the chatter of monkeys—the screech of birds of prey—the sound of the alligator as he glided into the water from some cosy nook, and the thoughts of boa-constrictors and anacondas, all nature would have seemed a perfect Paradise. At last we were landed at a small village called Lorgona, from which we had to travel to Panama, a distance of about twenty miles, over the Andes. Here my troubles began in earnest. I had my few things packed into a small trunk, and as no mules could be hired, I was obliged to stow away my all into an india-rubber bag, and strap it on the back of a negro, to whom I paid \$8.00 to carry it to Panama. I tied a pair of shoes to the outside of the bag, as there was no room inside, and, by the light of the moon, I indulged in a bath in the river before lying down for the night; but when I began to dress, and missed my boots, and to this day they are to me *non est*, I went to the darkey's hut for my shoes, but he was in blissful ignorance of their whereabouts, and thus I stood barefooted, where shoemakers were curiosities, and no comrade with any shoes or boots to fit. To go into a rage would not mend matters, and to swear would not conjure up the lost property; so, when the morning came, I rolled up my "unmentionables" to my knees, and marched towards the Pacific, whistling to keep my courage up. There is a small insect called a "jigger," which burrows in the sand on the isthmus, and when it finds its way under the toe nail, or under the skin of the human foot, lays thousands of eggs, which bring forth larvæ, and these excite such an amount of irritation and inflammation as to produce death. Death from this cause is a common occurrence among the natives. With these facts before my mind's eye, every time I planted my "understandings" into the mud I had my hopes and fears about these gentry. I was every little while examining with a critic's eye my pedal extremities. If Bolivar's army crossed through those valleys and mountain gorges, and waded those rapid mountain streams, barefooted, then I say they deserved all the booty in a thousand Montezumas. The road was strewn with the carcasses of mules, and numerous mounds were silent witnesses of human mortality, the victims being far from home and kindred. The thick jungle and the boundless forests were said to be the secret haunts of native robbers, who pounced upon the sick and weary, robbing and putting

them to death, with none to defend them or to enquire as to their fate. In the valleys was interminable mud, and on the mountain tops were bare rocks, into which mules and ponies had worn deep circular holes with their feet, and these were from eight to twelve inches in depth. This attrition of the rocks had been going on for centuries. During our first day's journey it rained incessantly, and every few hours heaven's artillery would roar and bellow up and down the deep gorges, vibrating and reverberating until the earth felt as tremulous as the air. As night closed in, part of our company sought shelter in a solitary ranche; but we were told of a large hotel, kept by an American, about two miles farther on, and although weary and foot-sore, a comrade and myself pushed for more congenial shelter, but the heavy timber, thick foliage, and deep valleys were—in the tropics—soon shrouded in almost palpable darkness. It could almost be felt. The thick under-wood on both sides of the narrow pathway was so filled with creeping plants, and the cactus of all kinds, that it was impossible to lose the way. But what with pulling cactus' thorns out of my feet, "stubbing" my toes against obtrusive boulders—the blinding lightning—the howling of distant beasts—the panic-stricken condition of my comrade, and the hunger that was giving our stomachs sharp monitions, we were in no amiable mood. We had so far carried a bowie-knife in one hand, and an Allan's "pepper-box" revolver in the other; but my knife had dozens of times come in contact with the rocks, and my revolver had been freely baptized in the flowing streams, until no human force could cut with the one, nor could ingenuity explode the other. In daylight their appearance might be formidable against a bandit, but in Cimmerian darkness they were like the caudal extremity of "grumphil," more ornamental than useful. However, our prowess was not tested, for about midnight we hailed a camp fire, far down in the valley, and when we reached it, we found the "Washington" Hotel to consist of a large, patched mainsail of a ship stretched between four trees, with a perpendicular pole hoisted in the centre *a la* circus. Our beds consisted of the damp ground, or the flat side of a slab, without beds or bedding. We made a supper out of "hard tack" and cold boiled beans, and after curling up dog-style we were soon in the land of Morpheus. After being overtaken by our comrades in the morning, we pursued the uneven tenor of our way through a country less mountainous and more thickly settled. The rivers were occasionally spanned by old stone bridges, and sometimes the road was paved for hundreds of yards with boulders. These bridges and highways were said to have been built by the Spaniards to enable them to connect by land communication the two seas. Towards sundown the Pacific burst upon our view, lying as quiet as a sleeping infant, and studded as far as the eye could reach with beautiful islands, rejoicing in perpetual verdure. The city of Panama lay at our feet, and, with its turrets and sleepers and battlements, looked somewhat like civilization, after being a week in the wilderness among semi-barbarous natives and even satiated with the grandeur of the lofty Andes. But after passing the walls of the city the delusion vanished; we might sum up a description of the whole city by saying that walls—once for-

midable—were crumbling to decay. The casements were the habitations of the owls and buzzards,—the southern scavengers. The parapets were lying in the ditch outside. Splendid cannon were dismounted on the ramparts *minus* carriages, and having emblazoned upon them the coat of arms of imperial Spain. The sentry soldiery were bare-footed and rejoiced in shouldering Queen Bess flintlocks, surmounted by bayonets which, in antique beauty, were in keeping with the muskets. The uniform seemed to be an “*omnium gatherum*” of several nationalities, but these Sons of Mars felt the dignity of their position, and strutted in conscious pride on the crumbling ruins of former greatness, almost like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. The streets of Panama are like the streets of all Spanish cities, very narrow and dirty. No sanitary regulations are observed, and the garbage and filth which the rains do not wash into the bay, are eaten up by the buzzards, which are to be seen in large flocks perched upon the house-tops, and we believe the law protects them from molestation or injury. The Play-a is a large square in the centre of the city, and is used for a market, parade ground, &c. There is a very ancient and imposing cathedral facing this square. It is Gothic in design and can lay claim to architectural beauty. The niches are still filled with respectable images of the Apostles and the Madonna. It is true the intrepid Paul, by some misfortune, had lost his arm, and Peter had a dilapidated nose, and several of the images were badly defaced, but what remained of these venerable Fathers showed that when young the artist, or rather sculptor, had done his duty. A truncated steeple, with roof and sides exposed, rejoiced in the possession of a tongueless bell. A darkey, sitting straddle of a cross beam, with a bar of iron in his hand, did duty as bellman, and the matin and vesper bells were intoned by this sable musician, whose zeal exceeded his knowledge of euphony.

The city was filled to suffocation by people of all nationalities, waiting for a passage to the land of gold. Some had through tickets by certain steamers, and had been waiting for weeks, and even months, for the ship to which they were assigned. We were obliged to take a passage in a small French barque of about 400 tons burden. It hailed from Marseilles, and neither captain nor crew could speak English. The vessel was an old fishery vessel, having high bulwarks forward, and it was said had weathered many a storm on the Banks of Newfoundland. Between decks was very low, not exceeding $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and yet in this small craft were stowed away one hundred and twenty-two souls to be, to do, and to suffer, during a two months' voyage on the treacherous deep. We were a motley crew, and when we were assembled on deck a more grotesque picture Hogarth never painted. The jabbering Chilian and Peruvian—the swarthy Spaniard and Portugese—the portly German and his everlasting meerschaum—the fiery Southerner with the bowie knife in his boot and a cold revolver at his waist—rubicund John Bulls and lank Scots—shrewd Yankees and homesick Canadians—volatile Frenchmen and mercenary Jews—lawyers, doctors, teachers, clergymen, farmers, mechanics, &c., were all represented on the deck of the old “*Ocean*” barque. After watering at the small island of Taboga, about six miles from Panama, we set

sail south-west towards Gallipagos Islands to catch the trade winds. But scarcely had we left land about one hundred miles astern, than we were becalmed, and for twenty-one days we did not make twenty-miles headway. It was wearisome to lie down night after night with the sails flapping against the mast, and to wake up, morning after morning, to find the sea calm as a mill pond and our vessel lying,

“ Like a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.”

After a time intermittent breezes permitted us to creep along southerly until the trade winds were reached off the coast of Peru. It is true these winds were blowing from the north-west, but by long tacks progress was made towards our goal. We crossed the lines a few degrees to the south, and, as usual, old Neptune paid us a visit. He made the stingiest man on board treat the crew. He shaved a few of the passengers with a rusty hoop, not failing to insure these blind-folded victims a cold *douche* in a deep meat tub. It was a source of mirth to all but the unfortunate recipients of these high honours from the god of the sea. The fourth of July was celebrated on board by the usual speech making, singing of patriotic songs, denunciations of Great Britain and the red flag, which “was a fit emblem of tyranny and oppression.” The captain sang in good style the Marseillaise Hymn in honour of the French Republic, and put upon one of the two ladies on board a red night-cap to personify the goddess of Liberty. He also dealt out a copious supply of brandy, and, as might be expected, the half starved crowd got hilarious, and some got “gloriously drunk.” As evening drew on, the noise from a sort of maudlin revelry was indescribable. The shouts and yells—the muttering and drivelling idiocy of the sot—the obscene song and jest in half a dozen languages—the oaths of those who were sufficiently intoxicated to be madmen, and the quarrels about trifles of those who had been boon companions, were disgusting and alarming. Two of the sailors had quarrelled over a game of dice, and in fury they vainly attempted to throw one another overboard. A German had insulted a little Vermonter, and was chased up stairs and down stairs—fore and aft—by him, armed with a huge knife. The German at last took shelter in the cabin. An Alabamian quarrelled with a John Bull about John Calhoun and on the Slavery question, and were it not for the interposition of friends blood would have been spilled. A Jew had his extraction cast in his teeth by an Hibernian, and although after a time both parties were apparently reconciled, yet, strange to say, after sealing their bond of amity with free libations from the bottle, next morning the Irishman was in the jaws of death, and the day following he was consigned to the deep. Whispers of foul play were heard and the Jew was henceforth ostracized, which, however, he bore with perfect *nonchalance* and defiance. Imagine such a motley crowd on a small vessel, over a thousand miles from land, and holding such high revelry during the hours of darkness, with no lights to be seen except the flickering lamps suspended over the compass, and a lunatic asylum would be a Paradise to it. The captain tried to lay the devil he had raised, but his efforts were in vain, for the more he attempted to exercise authority the more

uproarious the revellers became, including even the sailors; and had a squall visited us any time during that long night, it is doubtful if a sufficient number of sober sailors could have been secured to reef a sail or pull a rope. I did not feel safe between decks, and so sought an empty place on the quarter deck, near the helmsman, where I caught "cat naps" of sleep, until at gray dawn the cry of fire echoed through the ship and paralyzed for a time every man who heard it. The confusion of the previous evening was intensified tenfold, and as I cast my eyes forward I perceived the galley was in flames. The cooking apparatus was of the most primitive kind and improvised at Panama. Two large tin boilers were inserted into a brick structure with arches underneath. A crack had been made in the bottom of these arches in some way, and the fire had communicated with the deck, and from there had spread to the wooden part of the cook-house. The sober men on board went to work, and with axes tore down and committed to the deep the burning fragments, and thus extinguished the flames. In the midst of the uproar and confusion there were numbers who had fallen into such a lethargy from beastly intoxication, that no trampling upon, or hauling by the legs, or reminders from clenched fists in the ribs, elicited more than a grunt, or a half uttered oath, and who—if the fire had got the mastery—would have perished without waking from their sleep. This misfortune to the "caboose" put an end to culinary operations, and although our provisions, so far, had consisted of fat pork, beans, biscuit and rice, half cooked, yet these had "smelt" fire, but *now, miserabile dictu!* we were forced to eat raw pork. Where were the *trichinæ spirales*? What a feast these burrowers would have had in the muscles of such a woe begone company! A few nights afterwards, while the drowsy watch was enjoying quiet snoozes, a squall rose suddenly, and while all their efforts were employed in reefing sails, the fore and main hatches were left open—several heavy seas were shipped, which went bowling down into the hold among the provisions, &c. This reduced our fare to raw pork, and mouldy and wormy biscuit. About meal time might be seen dozens employed in the *delightful* occupation of picking to pieces the green "hard tack," and culled out carefully worms from the pulpy mass. Dyspepsia at these times was unknown, and these "tit-bits" were relished beyond all expectation. The quality was not objected to, but the quantity had become deficient. The continued theme was about something good to eat. Farmers would discuss with watering mouths all the bounties of the dairy and the home kitchen, and often longed for a good drink from the richness of the "swill pail." The fat Dutchman began to thin in flesh, and the raw bones were merging fast towards transparency. My day-dreams were of home and its plentiful larder, and my night visions were made up of "castles in the air," composed of pies, cakes, custards, beef, potatoes, &c. O for a "square meal!" O for the hot biscuits, fresh butter, strawberries and cream, plum pudding and ham and eggs, of distant and welcome boards! Ye gods! what is your ambrosia or nectar in comparison to these substantials to starving men? Well, these miseries had an end, and after doing penance for a life-time by involuntary

abstemiousness, we hailed land on the third of August, after being sixty-three days on the Pacific, and sixty days without seeing land or even a solitary vessel. I left home on the twenty-fifth of April, 1850, and on the fourth of August was landed on the sands of San Francisco. We were a seedy looking crowd, but misery is said to like company, and we congratulated ourselves in being no worse than our neighbours, for hundreds were landing daily in as miserable a plight as ourselves. One ship, in fact, was a representative one, and thousands of immigrants had much more doleful tales to tell than those I have endeavoured to sketch. The miseries of the overland route—the horrors of doubling the stormy cape in wretched hulks, which the cupidity of their owners sent to that far distant land from the eastern ports of the United States, and from all the maritime cities of Christendom, laden with human freight, from tender youth to decrepid old age—the untold wretchedness of those who were deluded by speculators to cross the continent through Mexico, such as those who went under the leadership of that Prince of scoundrels, Col. French, would require volumes to adequately portray it, and such an exodus never took place before, since the Israelites left Egypt. The bay of San Francisco, by the way, one of the finest on the Pacific coast, if we except that of Acapulco, was, at the time I refer to, studded with the ships of all nations. The sea of masts reminded one of a Canadian pinery which had been robbed of its foliage. Three-fourths of these ships were forsaken, and at that time it was estimated that nearly two thousand vessels, of all sizes, were lying in the harbour. The crew of our ship had deserted the first night after casting anchor, with the exception of the cook and cabin boy, and nearly a year afterwards the ship was said to be still lying at anchor. These vessels looked like “phantom ships” with no living soul aboard. The starved rats were running riot in the rigging, and the sea-gulls and other marine birds could be seen perching on the yards. A large vessel had been driven ashore near the city, and two doors were cut into the bows. It was fitted up into a boarding house and designated “Noah’s Ark.”

The city of San Francisco (called after Sir Francis Drake) was at this time only a small place in comparison to what it is now. The Spanish town was a few small houses made of unburnt brick, and the remainder of the place was composed of temporary wooden buildings, and an army of tents perched on the sand hills in the rear of the town. A Play-a was in the centre, round which were built hotels, groggeries, and gambling saloons. Here was congregated the scum of all nations in representation. After night-fall bands of music played operatic airs to the masses that thronged these houses. Mexican women of easy virtue, with segarettes in their mouths, but possessed of considerable beauty, sat at the *monte* tables with gold dust or gold coin before them, and by winning smiles and allurements, such as a Syren might employ, lured many silly moths to the bright blaze and left them with singed wings. All the arts of such a profession were employed to victimize the returning miner, and to entice him to these dens. The usual decoys were sent out—some dressed in the rough costume of a miner—others with solemn countenances, fine black clothes, unexcep-

tional white neckties, and smooth and mellow tongues—and others like accomplished gentlemen, whose appearance disarmed suspicion, and with plenty of money, which they spent freely—such fished for a specific class of victims. The first of these classes ingratiated themselves into the affections and confidence of their *fellow* miners, and were to be found at the beach and piers, where river boats brought down loads of miners from the interior. The genteel classes frequented those steamers and ships which brought their living freight from all parts of the world. They would tender advice and give gratuitous council to those “green” ones who had not yet cut their wisdom teeth, and who were about “to see the elephant.” Murders were of daily occurrence, but no law convicted, and no officers executed. Lawlessness ran riot, and villains of the deepest dye filled nearly all the municipal offices. To such an extent was brutality, robbery and murder winked at, that honest men at last landed themselves together for mutual protection, and took the law into their own hands. For a short time a reign of terror ensued, and it was well-doers who were affrighted; but after a number of scoundrels were lynched by the Vigilance Committee, their comrades in crime began to dread this *imperium in imperio*, and, treading softly, began to skulk out of broad daylight into the dark recesses of the dens of infamy; for these committees, like those who recently hung the Pero gang in Illinois, or like the Carbineri of Italy, were unknown to these desperadoes. We well remember one of those executions in Sacramento. The city in 1850 was only a collection of temporary buildings, impervious to robbers and burglars. There was no building in the whole city sufficiently substantial to serve the purposes of a prison. An old hulk was towed up from Benecia and anchored in the middle of the Sacramento river, and here criminals were confined. For months most daring robberies and murders had been committed, not only in the city, but in the surrounding country; and although time after time the guilty parties were caught and their crime proven, yet they managed to escape, on account of the connivance of the authorities. The Vigilance Committee at last took the matter in hand. The ringleader of a lawless band, if I remember rightly, known by the name of Robinson, had been tried by the city authorities and acquitted. To avoid popular indignation he was re-committed to the hulk; but at the hour of midnight the hulk was surrounded, the jailers pinioned, and the prisoner landed on the levee under a guard of several hundreds of determined men. He was taken to a place called, at that time, the horse market, in which grew a scrubby oak tree. A cart was used for a platform, and a projecting branch for the suspension of the fatal noose. By this time thousands of people were congregated. Tar barrels were set on fire, and as these cast a ruddy glow over the upturned faces of the multitude as it surged to and fro, with the dark outline of the doomed man, coming out in boldness with drooping head and pinioned arms, standing on the cart, with the spectral appearance of his executioners moving to and fro with determined gait and action, and the voices of the vast throng at one time uproarious, and at another dying away into a death-like silence, the scene was sufficient to chill to the marrow any sensitive

human being. "Hang the rascal at once," cry some, "shoot him," cry others. "Give him a chance to speak," cry out a third group. "Don't be all night about it," cries out an impatient crowd. These and such like exclamations came up intermittently from this volcano of passion, like red hot lava spewing over the edge of the serrated mountain. At last the victim raised his head, and with uplifted hands beseechingly signified his desire for silence. He acknowledged all that had been charged against him to be true, but in extenuation pleaded his extreme youth, (19 years). He was only the instrument used by others to commit these crimes. He was the only son of a widowed mother, who warned him of his fate if he continued in evil-doing and became the companion of evil associates. She was in England, and although he had been deaf to the entreaties of others, who were his victims, yet he sent her money to support her. She would not know of his tragic end, or of his sad career in crime, until the newspapers told the tale. His masters in crime were, many of them, in public offices, and among others he named the mayor of the city. This villain was standing in the crowd, and no doubt trembled where he stood as this confession was being made. The appeal made strong men weep, and was sufficiently pathetic to soften the most obdurate, but an example had to be made, and this poor fellow must be the first to appease popular indignation. The noose was adjusted—the cart was pulled away from under his feet—a heavy thud was heard—the convulsive body, quivering in every limb, and being most horribly contorted in every muscle of the uncovered face, and eyes protruding as if about to leap from their sockets, whirled about in circles and semi-circles, until vitality gave way to the gravitation of useless clay, and by the expiring embers of watch-fires a corpse was seen swinging hither and thither in the night breeze, with not a solitary friend to watch, in affection, the gyrating body. We need scarcely add that the mayor and others accused by this murderer were searched for, but they had "fled from the wrath to come." It is said that the Englishman's house is his castle, but in this land of gold every man was a walking fort of bristling munitions of war, and every person was on the *qui vive*, whether at work, or reposing from the labours of the day. Relationship and affection seemed to be forgotten in the struggle for gold. The motto of everyone seemed to be "Deil tak the hinmost." It is not my intention to enter into details as to the resources and climate and industries of California at the time I refer to. The auriferous deposits were everywhere—in the beds of rivers—on the bars composed of sand, gravel, and boulders, cast up or deposited by the swollen streams; nor need I describe the gold sweating quartz in its stratified croppings out of the slate formation—of the deep diggings in the beds of ancient rivers, far away from the recent river beds, and even penetrating the bases of mountains, and of the volcanic agency of the primal ages, seen everywhere, not only in the irregular and grotesque appearance of the gold, but also in the physical changes and transformations, not only of the aqueous, but also of the igneous rocks. Nor is it our intention to dilate on those isothermal changes continually brought about by the sea-breezes by day and the chilling night winds

from the snow-clad mountains,—nor of the reason why flowers bloom in January and crops ripen in April in a country only a few degrees of latitude south of Toronto. Books might be written on these themes, and also on the different implements and machines used for separating the gold from the dross—from the pick and battered tin-pan—the old-fashioned rocker, with its cross bars; up-right handle, iron sieve and its twin, the long-handled dipper—from the quick-silver machine, with its many compartments, hose and pump, to the “long Tom” or the more powerful hydraulic agency that by means of the active force of running water can literally level mountains, and wash the precious metal from the deepest bowels of the earth, or the quartz machine that crushes to the fineness of flour the hard rock, and by steam and fire makes the reluctant gold come forth from its rocky sepulchre. All these appliances are wonders and curiosities in themselves to those who have never been initiated into their mysteries. The greatest difficulty I had to encounter in the mines, after procuring food to eat, was to cook it. The meat was burned to a crisp. The coffee was weak as an homœopathic dose, or strong as a good old fashioned dose of senna. The bread was made from some dough and carbonate of soda, but I did not know the principle of “rising” bread, and after it had been kneaded, so that there were not more than forty dry lumps in the loaf, I applied heat vigorously to the top and bottom of an old bake kettle, and afterwards found a shrivelled up piece of composition, which was outside a blackened crisp, and inside so doughy that if chewed by anyone rejoicing in loose grinders the adhesive quality of my bread would be warranted to produce complete and satisfactory extraction. Experience and the assistance of an old sea captain made me a tolerable baker. The trowsers of the miners often needed patches on the knees, and mine were no exception to the general rule; but never being called on in Canada to exert my skill in that way, I failed to remember whether the patch ought to be placed outside or inside, but I attempted the former with a piece of an old flour bag, the interstices of which were filled with hardened flour. Forgetting to fasten the four corners temporarily, and thus keep it *in situ*, I sewed away “on the loose” until I found, when half done, that I had worked it so much to one side as to nearly miss the room edges of “the trousorial aperture; but practice makes perfect, and although this patch, after being securely sewed and well wetted in the American river, by means of the flour, stuck closer than a brother, yet it did uncommonly well, and gave me courage to tailor other essential garments of a miner’s outfit. Like other mortals we had our troubles and our enjoyments, but on the whole the life of the gold hunter was enjoyable. The lawyer it is true, had to leave his gown and black bag behind,—the doctor forgot his scalpel, lances, blisters, and blue pills,—the merchant took no interest in the rise and fall of cottons or silks, and the dandy with “plug” hat, black kid gloves, and unexceptional necktie, was at first the butt of ridicule and afterwards the object of pity. I was one morning somewhat amused with a gentleman of this kind who came to make his fortune by digging. His clothes were of the latest fashion, and his boots well brushed and red topped. The black kids were a perfect

fit, and a chain of dazzling yellow hung from his fob. His pick and shovel and "prospecting" pan were elegant in structure and "bran" new. He first took a shovel full of sand from the edge of a sand-bank where mica shone resplendently. Carrying this daintily down to the river he tried it, and found that "all gold does not glitter." He next filled his pan from a heap of "tailings," which had already run through our quick-silver machine. He walked over this refuse earth down to the brink of the river, but as he neared the water he found his footing treacherous, and suddenly disappeared up to his neck in the river. Roars of laughter greeted him as he crawled out from his morning's bath, leaving his tools to be found, it may be, by some geologist in future ages, and our "iron age" determined thereby; as for the dripping dandy he "vamosed" to parts unkuown. That essential ornament and glory of society—a woman—was never seen by us except once, and the boys declared that she left an old bonnet behind, which they affixed to a pole and—if they did not bow down and worship—danced round it all night in perfect ecstacy. They thought it was as if an angel had left a pinion of his wing behind. The scenery around where we camped was beautiful, especially in winter, when thousands of variegated flowers sent forth their sweetness and dazzled the eye by their gorgeoussness. What a contrast to our ice-bound shore; yet our winters, though cold, are bracing and enjoyable when we hear the "tintinnabulation of the bells," and feel the hoary north wind coming in his strength. That climate has its beauties, this one its usefulness too, in spite of the long dreary hours of winter. I stood, one beautiful Sabbath morning, on one of the peaks of the Sierra Nevada mountains. It was in the month of August, 1851. Far to the westward stretched the Sacramento plains, and the river meandering coyly along and seeming like a silver thread on a back-ground of green, whose undulating surface seemed like the ocean swell. To the northward and eastward rose in succession, one after another, snowy peaks, crystalized by nature's matchless chemist, and being the accumulations of ages, in this wonderful laboratory. I was, as yet, at my elevation, only in the dim, grey dawn; but these rugged pinnacles were already bathed in a glorious light. Here, fairy-like, the solar rays danced in deepest green—there they reflected the dark blue of the ocean—here were all the tints of the rainbow—there was whiteness itself intensified. Farther up, the mountains appeared as if enveloped in one vast conflagration, the red glow, like flames, could be seen with fiery tongues licking up crags of adamant, and at the summit the pure white snow and glittering ice were being apparently moulded by the shooting pencils of light, into the most fantastic shapes. Towers and bulwarks, walls and parapets, domes and minarets, mosques and monuments, could be seen for a moment, but the next glance at its dazzling splendour was

"Like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white then melts forever."

The turning of a Kaleidoscope produced no greater transformation of colours than did the sudden changes of light before the radiating morning light. I had vainly imagined that no white man had ever scaled the heights where I then stood, but what was my surprise when turning from

gazing on such incomparable grandeur, and looking on the green-sward beneath my feet to find that others had scaled the giddy cliffs before me. Not ten yards from where I stood was a grave—not that of an Indian—but the last resting-place of one of our Circassian race. There was the mound, with the rude head-stone of slate, and the name which had been scratched upon it, nearly effaced. What a lonely death-bed! Who were his pall-bearers? Did he die “unwept, unhonoured and unsung?” Did any one whisper into his ear affection’s latest tribute, or the comforting words of Inspiration? What brought him up to the top of this mount to die? Had he seen the glories of a rising sun on the distant mountain tops and did they symbolize to him the gates and streets and walls of the the New Jerusalem? Were his last thoughts those which cheer many in that dark hour—mother, home and Heaven? I sat with wet eyes and in almost unconscious reverie near this isolated grave-yard and unburdened my feelings in the following rhyme, when about to leave forever.

This simple monument of death,
Far, far, away from haunts of men
Proclaims that mortals’ fleeting breath
Exhales on mountain, lake, or plain.

Can no one tell whom thou has been?
Nor miss thee on a distant hearth?
Have wild flowers clothed thy grave so green,
Yet none remember thee on earth?

Perhaps the tearless stranger stood
To see the last convulsive throes;
And then with hand and heart as rude
Consigned him to the dust below;

Or Indian fierce with fiendish smile
Up-raised his hand and laid him low,
Then savage-like he seized the spoil,
And heeded not the tale of woe;

Conflicting warriors may stain
With gore the green sod o’er his head
Exulting yeils may fill the plain—
Insatiate rapine rob the dead.

Rude storms may shake Nevada’s top,
And lightnings flash in vales below,
Earthquakes may rend the granite rock
Hid far beneath eternal snow.

But ’tis no matter, he will lie,
As quietly in that mountain bed,
Where sturdy pines a requiem sigh,
As if among his kindred dead.

These mountains are covered far up with dwarf oaks and pines. On the coast range of mountains and between them and the sea is a peculiar wood called from its colour, redwood. In its general appearance it closely resembles cedar. It is durable and light, and grows not only to an immense size but also to a fabulous height. It is said often to be in length 300 feet. It is generally found growing in clumps as if the tree were gregarious. During the winter there are three months of rain,—not continuously but intermittently—the sun like a shy maiden often slyly show-

ing its face, and as often hiding it behind the clouds, keeping the labourer, like the lover, between hopes and fears. During the summer months there is no rain and no dew, and although the heavens seem iron and the earth brass, yet, the valleys do not lose their verdure nor even the ever green oaks their summer garb, yet the hills look parched, and were it not for a slender grass that grows under difficulties, the rising ground would appear very barren indeed. Cattle and horses prefer this pin grass to grain and fatten well on its nutritious fibres, and what is remarkable about it is, that the first showers in autumn kill it. It has fulfilled its destiny by the law of compensation and gives way to more luxuriant foliage, but its seeds have been sown to produce from the vital germ the necessary grasses for the ensuing year. The birds of this country never migrate from these semi-tropics. The groves are made vocal all the year round with the notes of the curlew, the piping quail, the coquettish robin, and the plaintive cooing of the mourning doves. The ubiquitous blackbird revels in field of wild oats or native rice and refuses to expatriate himself, sensible bird that he is. On the extensive plains to the south of the mines, especially the Yulare plains and those on the banks of the San Joaquin, Mustang ponies roamed at large over almost boundless plains. Here they have been undisputed masters for centuries. When they stampede they form into lines and are as resistless as the charge of a squadron of cavalry.

“ With flowing tail, and flying mane,
 With nostrils never stretched by pain,
 Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein;
 And feet that iron never shod,
 And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,
 A thousand horse - the wild, the free—
 Like waves that follow o'er the sea—
 Came thickly thundering on.”

Now, I am told where wild beasts or desolation reigned, are teeming thousands tilling the soil; where the wild horse and the grizzly bear and cayote wolf revelled in the luxuries of nature's bountiful table, the inexorable march of civilization has caused them to suddenly forsake their old haunts and retire to mountain fastnesses far from the busy haunts of men; where the rude wooden plough - the clumsy cast and adobe huts and wigwams were the order of the day, now crash through the virgin soil the glittering ploughshare of New England - now roll over the plains and mountains the symmetrical and iron girt wheels, and to the right and left are seen the cosy dwellings of an affluent, tasteful and contented yeomanry. The thrashing machines, reapers and mowers and manufactories resound through the length and breadth of this favoured land, where the clang of the shovel and the pick, swung by miners' brawny arms, were the only sounds of human industry, and where their shining tents showed them to be only the pilgrims of a day. Gold has often been the curse of individuals and of nations but California, Australia, and British Columbia by the impetus given to immigration thither, on account of these auriferous deposits have become wealthy, and densely settled countries which might have remained for many long years in primal grandeur, in partial obscurity, and in comparative insignificance. All hail! ever resistless Anglo-Saxon!

A WOODLAND STREAM.

BY J. W. GRAY.

Flow on through forest shade, fair woodland stream;
 Clear-gushing from thy parent mountain spring!
 Strange, fairy melodies thy murmurs seem;
 Perfume and loveliness around thee cling,
 Born of the sweet wild-flowers that loving lave
 Their modest petals in thy crystal wave.

The silver birch hangs o'er thee, gentle stream;
 And graceful ferns and slender grasses bend
 To kiss thy face that sparkles in day's beam;
 While, whispering low, soft summer breezes lend
 A holy charm, that had in Heaven its birth,
 To all the beauty spread upon the earth.

I love to linger, 'tranced by sound and sight,
 And watch thy mazy waters as they glide,
 Breaking, like molten silver, glistening bright
 Yet flowing on, nor caring to abide,
 Though gladsome birds with heaven-taught music try
 To blend their strains with thy low murmuring joy.

Warble, loved birds, your fullest, gladdest lay;
 Still bloom in chasteness, ye sweet-scented flowers;
 Spread all your glories to the eye of day,
 And meekly catch the gently-falling showers;
 The streamlet's rippling voice shall ceaseless tell
 That He who made you, doeth all things well.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE ON LADY BYRON'S LIFE.

BY I. ALLEN JACK, A. B.

"A very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

WE have prefaced this article with a quotation from Shakspeare, and it is not improbable that before the eyes of the reader reach the concluding lines, they will meet with more than one other passage from the works of our great English author. There are at least two respectable reasons for making quotations which we think will carry weight in every case where the system is adopted. In the first place, there are not very many among the ranks of writers who can compose, for any continuous length, what is really worth reading; and thus a carefully selected *jeu d'esprit*, a fine sentiment, or a well rounded, and if the two merits are not antagonistic, a well pointed paragraph, coming in the middle or at the

beginning or end of a wearisome passage, afford relief and pleasure both to the student and the ordinary reader. They have indeed much the same effect as wine when added to calf's foot jelly, vanilla to ice cream, onions to chowder, and, we might add, a dash of brandy to sour cider.

Again, there is a special advantage, when we wish to utter severe, not to say rude, things, in having a volume by our side containing sentiments touching the very matters which engage our attention. We thus make use of the language of others, and listeners, through admiration of our tolerably apt quotations, will forgive us if the borrowed utterances surpass or fall short of the mark. In the present instance, we may candidly state, we do not consider the extract which heads this article, in all its intensity, to apply to Mrs. Stowe, but as it meets our sentiments, at least in a measure, we cannot consent, and indeed see no good reason why we should change or amend our chosen text.

It is not a very easy matter, in this age of sensations, to horrify or even astonish the reading public; for, thanks to Miss Braddon and her doubtfully successful imitators, our modern heroes are almost all murderers, adulterers, or devils incarnate, our heroines Cleopatras Helens of Troy, and Beatrices de Cenci, or possibly Hecates Scyllas, and Astartes. We think, however, that the writer of the recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has caused both astonishment and horror amongst literary circles, even *ad nauseam*. For our part we can scarcely deem it credible that the same pen, the same hand, and the same intellect, produced "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The True Story of Lady Byron's Life:" "Out of the same mouth proceed blessing and cursing;" the first work, though politico-sensational, is eminently religious, the second is perhaps indescribable. One of our earliest lessons in the home circle was to respect the memory of the dead; one of the earliest sermons we remember was written on the text, "Let no man disturb his bones." In our scholastic experiences we could not fail to mark the often recurring, and as we considered, perhaps improperly, noble sentiment, expressed in different languages and various forms of words, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" Were we wrong in our ideas? Was Shakspeare also wrong in speaking of "The dead with charity enclosed in clay?" Does the simple motto, "*Requiescat in pace,*" over dead men's graves, mean nothing? "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity." If we have been mistaken in our ideas, and if Mrs. Stowe is right, we may as well turn our grave-yards into pasture lands, make mantle-pieces, pastry slabs and soda fountains of our monuments, convert the bones of our ancestors into superphosphates, abolish our solemnly beautiful burial service, and bid farewell to rest forever.

If, indeed, respect for the dead is a worn-out idea and undeserving of the support of this enlightened age, we can, at all events, dismiss the spirit mediums—surely there will be ghosts enough without their aid. Ghosts, aye troops of them, hideous memories of dead sons, stalking from the public prints into the bosoms of agonized mothers, phantom infidelities of dearly loved husbands flaunting before the eyes of their weeping widows, wicked lying stories turning tears of sorrow into bitterness, words to harden hearts but not to heal. It is not our present intention, however, to deliver a lecture, or to discuss abstractions, but rather simple facts. The Countess Guiccioli, the quondam mistress, be it said, of Lord

Byron, has written a book. Mrs. Stowe, professing to be a most intimate friend of Lady Byron, is justly angered because her friend, her dead friend, is attacked as having been "a narrow-minded, cold-hearted precisian, without sufficient intellect to comprehend her husband's genius, or heart to feel for his temptations;" under these circumstances we cannot blame Mrs. Stowe for endeavouring to do justice, in the eyes of the public, to the memory of one she loved. Let us consider, however, giving reasonable credit to the writer's stated object, the course which she has pursued.

People would naturally have expected a fierce attack upon the book of the Countess, or an interesting memoir of Lady Byron. Mrs. Stowe favours us with neither, but in their stead offers the statement of the foulest crime—a statement which gives to Lady Byron's virtues only a minor position in the social drama, and blasts the reputation not of the poet only, but also of another, and that other a high-born woman. The marvellous forbearance, the moral blindness, and we may say, the degrading patience and submission of the queen of George the second, effect us with feelings of wonder, not unmixed with admiration, and paradoxical as it seems, disgust. If the facts narrated in this article are correct, the wickedness of the monarch is as nothing compared with that of the poet, and as a consequence the position of Lady Byron, during the period she remained with her husband, was far more equivocal than that of Queen Caroline during her unhappy married life. That Lady Byron was a religious woman, we are not inclined to doubt, but for that reason, if for none other, we cannot believe that, possessing the knowledge of his guilty secret, she would ever have sacrificed her self-respect and her woman's pride so far as to have remained under her husband's roof.

If, however, the facts stated are correct, she not only remained with him, when fully cognizant of his revolting crime against the laws of God and man, but eventually "was driven from him." In making this statement, therefore, Mrs. Stowe not only implicates the character of her friend's husband, but of her friend also. According to the account she furnishes, Lady Byron was insulted by her husband, on the occasion of their last farewell, in the very presence of the partner of his guilt; and yet, strange to say, on her journey to her father's house, she wrote him a letter filled with playful and endearing expressions.

In regard to these particulars it appears to us somewhat significant and deserving of critical notice, that Mrs. Stowe is not strictly accurate. She tells us that Lady Byron lived with her husband for *two years*, whereas, in reality, the marriage was consummated in January, 1815, and the separation took place in the next ensuing February.

The other evidences which the writer produces in support of her case may be briefly summed up as follows:—"That there was an unfortunate child of sin, born with the curse upon her, over whose wayward nature," we are told, "Lady Byron watched with a mother's tenderness;" and that, in the drama of Cain, an attempt is made to prove that the crime of which Byron is now accused is not a crime.

To these we should in fairness add a letter written by Dr. Lushington to Lady Byron, fourteen years after the separation, referring to a consultation which had then taken place between her ladyship and himself.

Mrs. Stowe, does not refer to this letter, although it appeared before the public almost contemporaneously with the publication of Moore's *Life of Byron*. The concluding passage is as follows:—"When you came to town, in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel, I was, for the first time, informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information my opinion was entirely changed; I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added that, if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part toward effecting it."

Mrs. Stowe's article also contains several extracts from Lord Byron's poems supposed to have reference to his wife. As regards these extracts, we are at a loss, in some instances, to fully comprehend either the object of their introduction, or the certainty of their intended application by the poet to Lady Byron. From historical and biographical, not to say from personal acquaintance, we could select a tolerably large number of ladies, of very much the same complexion, and, for that matter, in the same situation as Donna Inez; and we think that many of our gentlemen readers, or at least such of them as have had experience among the fair sex, and have directed their studies in that way, could point out more than one Aurora Raby or Miss Millpond, although they would doubtless fail in depicting the characters of those ladies with the same force as the poet. Again we cannot bring ourselves to believe that Lord Byron, with all his self-conceit, ever intended, in the description of Don Jose, to depict himself. Of course every poet and every author writes in a measure from his own experience, and introduces into his writings episodes and ideas collected and formed in the course of his individual life; and it is very evident that Byron introduces both himself and Lady Byron, or rather their idiosyncracies, into many of his works, but it would be most unfair to say that, in the expressed opinions and actions of his characters, he intends to describe himself or to caricature his relatives and acquaintances. It would be absurd to attempt to prove Bulwer Lytton a murderer because he wrote *Eugene Aram*, or Dickens a ruffian because he minutely describes Bill Sikes, and for these reasons we think Mrs. Stowe is not justified in stating that "Lady Byron is represented as Donna Inez, and Lord Byron as Don Jose," or in holding Lord Byron responsible for the sentiments contained in *Cain* and *Manfred*. Milton delineates most carefully the form, the words, and even the thoughts of Satan himself; but if we adopt this new rule for studying the character of our writers, we must consider the blind bard as at least in part a devil, and in regard to the moderns, as we cannot in reason expect any one to be responsible for all his "literary children," it is most probable that they will soon confine themselves solely to namby pamby pictures of inanimate nature, or very vague abstractions.

Having now briefly referred to the evidence brought forward to support the statement said to have been given by Lady Byron to Mrs. Stowe, let us endeavour to ascertain its full value. For the reasons before mentioned, we think it next to impossible that Lady Byron, who is described as the personification of virtue and purity, would have remained under his roof, the witness and participator of her hus-

band's crime, one moment after discovering his sin. If indeed, it was a desire to exercise a good influence which induced her to remain even until "driven from him," it seems exceedingly strange, that after the connexion between Lord Byron and his partner in sin had ceased, she should have so strongly opposed all efforts made at reconciliation with him. In regard to the consultation with Dr. Lushington, it would appear that his advice was asked, not as a lawyer, but rather as a man; and as we all know that the poet's character was not unexceptional, and that opinions differ most widely upon questions of morality or religion, we can readily imagine that his remarks at the time applied entirely to another and far less enormous accusation; and it must be remembered it was only an accusation upon which his decision was based—an accusation made by an excited and probably an angry woman against the husband who, she thought, had injured her. If the child referred to existed anywhere but in some one's imagination, it seems very strange that the circumstance of its existence should have met no comment up to the present time. Why, indeed, was not the whole story bruited through the world; how is it possible that the great army of scandal-mongers, critics and literary and personal enemies, which at the time banded all its forces against the poet, should never have discovered this? It seems indeed incredible: the world was then at least as fond as at the present day of hunting up all sorts of hidden wickedness; and social detectives were fully as active as now, and, perhaps with the exception of Mrs. Stowe, fully as remorseless. One of our contemporaries indeed, previous to the appearance of the article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, observes, that at about the period of his departure from England, Lord Byron was accused of nearly all the crimes in the calendar, but all the ingenuity of that age does not seem to have even hinted at this recently discovered wickedness. There is, indeed, one very powerful reason why such an accusation would not have met with favour: the character of Mrs. Leigh was above suspicion. Let us see what views are entertained by Lord Byron himself upon this subject, and we would remind our readers that the poems from which we are about to quote are *not* the offspring of idealism; two of them are entitled "Stanzas," the third an "Epistle" to Augusta, the christian name of Mrs. Leigh.

From the first we extract the following:

"When fortune changed, and love fled far,
 "And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
 "Thou wert the solitary star
 "Which rose, and set not to the last.

"Oh! blest be thine unbroken light,
 "That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,
 "And stood between me and the night,
 "For-ever shining sweetly nigh.

"And when the cloud upon us came,
 "Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—
 "Then purer spread its gentle flame,
 "And dash'd the darkness all away.

“ Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
 “ And teach it what to brave or brook—
 “ There’s more in one soft word of thine
 “ Than in the world’s defied rebuke.

From the second :

“ Though the day of my destiny’s over,
 “ And the star of my fate hath declined,
 “ Thy soft heart refused to discover
 “ The faults which so many could find;
 “ Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
 “ It shrunk not to share it with me,
 “ And the love which my spirit hath painted
 “ It never hath found but in *thee*.

* * * * *

“ Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
 “ Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
 “ Thou loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
 “ Though slander’d, thou never couldst shake;
 “ Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me;
 “ Though parted, it was not to fly,
 “ Though watchful, ’twas not to defame me,
 “ Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

“ From the wreck of the past, which hath perish’d,
 “ Thus much I at least may recall,
 “ It hath taught me that what I most cherish’d
 “ Derved to be dearest of all :
 “ In the desert a fountain is springing,
 “ In the wide waste there still is a tree,
 “ And a bird in the solitude singing,
 “ Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

And from the Epistle to Augusta :

“ My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
 “ Dearer and *purer* were, it should be thine,
 “ Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
 “ No tears but tenderness to answer mine;
 “ Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
 “ A loved regret which I would not resign,
 “ There yet are two things in my destiny—
 “ A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

“ The first were nothing—had I still the last,
 “ It were the haven of my happiness;
 “ But other claims and other ties thou hast,
 “ And mine is not the wish to make them less.
 “ A strange doom is thy father’s son’s, and past
 “ Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
 “ Reversed for him our grandsire’s fate of yore,—
 “ He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

“ For thee my own sweet sister, in thy heart
 “ I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
 “ We were and are—I am, even as thou art—
 “ Beings who ne’er each other can resign;
 “ It is the same, together or apart,
 “ From life’s commencement to its slow decline
 “ We are entwined: let death come slow or fast,
 “ The tie which bound the first endures the last!”

We have read and re-read these poems with almost painful interest, and find it utterly impossible to believe that she to whom they were addressed, could ever have been guilty of the crime of incest with their writer. Compare them with his other works, but specially with those of an amatory character, and mark the difference. It is as great indeed as between the Mater Dolorosa and the Classic Venus, the newly fallen snow on the hillside and the trodden slush of the city thoroughfare, or the song of angels and the muttered curses of fiends. It has always been our belief that Mrs. Leigh was Byron's good genius, and that her influence served, at least in a measure, to draw him from those sad abysses whither his own unhappy nature led. History points out many instances where a good woman has helped to rescue, if indeed she has not rescued, from destruction him whom she loved: even the holy Saint Augustine acknowledged the blessed helping of a mother's prayer: and do we not all know something of drunken, debauched, worthless and devilish men, crawling, writhing or grovelling through their lives; and of patient, tearful women, be they sisters or mothers or wives, who have prayed to God even for such as these, not that they might die, but that He would bring them home? All the references made to Mrs. Leigh, not only by Byron, but by his biographers, confirm us in believing that our first impressions were correct; while that strong, brotherly, pure affection, coupled with such reverence as might be yielded to a blessed spirit by a fallen one, which is the all-pervading essence in the verses to which we have referred, would almost daunt any-one from proffering such an accusation.

This naturally leads us to consider the position of the living accuser, and the source whence she draws her information; for surely, one thinks, a tale like this cannot be the product of invention, or the result of circumstantial evidence, and no one would be influenced by such relentless cruelty, or so utterly wanting in common charity, as to publish a half-proved revelation of this nature. Mrs. Stowe tells us the account upon which she based her article was furnished under the following circumstances:—"At that time there was a cheap edition of Byron's works in contemplation, intended to bring his writings into circulation among the masses, and the pathos arising from the story of his domestic misfortunes was one great means relied on for giving it currency. Under these circumstances, some of Lady Byron's friends had proposed the question to her, *whether she had not a responsibility to society for the truth*; whether she did right to allow these writings to gain influence over the popular mind, by giving a silent consent to what she knew to be utter falsehoods. Lady Byron's whole life had been passed in the most heroic self-abnegation and self-sacrifice, and she had now to consider whether one more act of self-denial was not required of her before leaving this world,—namely, to declare the absolute truth, no matter at what expense to her own feelings. For this reason it was her desire to recount the whole history to a person of another country, and entirely out of the sphere of personal and local feelings, which might be supposed to influence those in the country and station in life where the events really happened, in order that she might be helped by such a person's views in making up an opinion as

to her own duty. The interview had almost the solemnity of a death-bed avowal. Lady Byron stated the facts which have been embodied in this article, and gave to the writer a paper containing a brief memorandum of the whole with the dates affixed." Having taken "two or three days to deliberate, before forming any opinion," Mrs. Stowe finally "wrote to Lady Byron, that while this act of justice did seem to be called for, and to be, in some respects, most desirable, yet, as it would involve so much that was painful to her, the writer considered that Lady Byron would be entirely justified in leaving the truth to be disclosed after her death, and recommended that all the facts necessary should be put in the hands of some person, to be so published." This advice, however, was not acted upon, so far as we are now informed; the necessary facts were not put in the hands of a third person, nor were instructions given to Mrs. Stowe in regard to their publication. This, then, is the position in which she stands:—Having been intrusted with certain information, for a specific purpose subsequently accomplished; without leave obtained, or directions given, she now makes public that which was confided to her in secrecy. The statement indeed was placed in her hands, not as an absolute gift, but as a qualified trust, therefore the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in publishing the article to which we have referred, is guilty of a crime against all principles of equity and honour—a crime, which, had the subject been money, by the law of England, might be followed by transportation. But it was not money; it was only the reputation of a dead man, the honour of a dead woman. By what means Lady Byron became possessed of her knowledge we are not informed, nor are we favoured with a single extract from "the paper containing a brief memorandum of the whole." The case, therefore, is certainly "not proven" in the eye of the law, nor do we think that a single reasonable reader of Mrs. Stowe's article will say that he is satisfied of Lord Byron's guilt. In courts of law it is a general rule of evidence, that declarations of persons not made upon oath are inadmissible evidence of the fact declared; therefore hearsay evidence, which is the mere repetition of such declarations upon the oath of a witness who heard them, is excluded. It might indeed be considered a somewhat harsh condition to impose upon the writer that she should be forced to prove her statement according to the requirements of a legal tribunal; but when we remember the very serious nature of the present charge, we think at least that she should furnish us with precisely the same evidence as that which was before her when she penned the accusation. It is our opinion that Lady Byron, if ever she arrived at the conclusion of which she is said to have spoken and committed to writing, was labouring under a frightful hallucination, but it is not at all impossible that her story was misunderstood by Mrs. Stowe, and that the revelations of the feverish sick-bed and the hastily written memorandum conveyed an entirely wrong impression which no one would have regretted more heartily and sincerely than Lady Byron herself. With regard to the pious lady's "self abnegations" and Mrs. Stowe's hesitation to advise the publication, "lest it would involve so much that was painful to her friend," we think the less said the better. Surely the feelings and the good name

of other more interested persons deserved some consideration; yet we do not hear of a single doubt on their account.

In regard to the true cause of the difficulties between Lord and Lady Byron we do not think that Mrs. Stowe's efforts will ever entirely satisfy the morbid, yet somewhat timorous, curiosity of the public, and we do sincerely believe that it would be far better to let subjects of this nature rest. Our own view, at which we have arrived without any great mental effort, but which, we think, is not far from being correct, is simply this: Miss Millbanke, a young and generous-hearted girl, was attracted by the genius of Lord Byron, and by the peculiar fascination of his demeanour; his very faults were, in a measure, subjects of interest, if not of admiration, and over-estimating her own powers of endurance and conversion, she at length consented to accept his proffered hand. It is not at all improbable that the true nature and extent of his youthful excesses were never known to her until after marriage, and it seems evident that his real character, and his unsubmittingness to such restraint as she desired to impose upon him, were only manifested when it was too late. Of his disposition it is, perhaps, unnecessary to speak at large; it was in truth the result of a false system of education, the improper training of a great but peculiar genius, and as the pearl of the oyster is produced by disease, so it was, in a degree, with Byron's intellect. It would have been an easier task to train a tiger to the plow than to reduce the poet into an ordinary every day husband. We can readily understand that such an ill-assorted union was unhappy, and that when the requisite unanimity of souls was found wanting, and in its place diversity of sentiments became apparent, suspicions and disagreements arose and perfect love ceased. That such was the result cannot be denied, and if we turn to the poet's verses "to Lady Byron, on hearing she was ill," and then to the story of the memorandum furnished to Mrs. Stowe, we find link added to link of the chain of mournful evidence. God knows they were both objects of pity: she a fair young girl, thrown upon her own resources, striving to win his confidence and undivided love, struggling against despair, hoping against hope, and finally yielding to the dread inevitable; he, the bold and daring genius, seeking a heaven of his own creation, desiring sympathy and woman's love, yet breaking with mad impatience from its bonds. But enough of this, there is a limit which the essayist should not pass, and truly there is need enough for cheerful subjects without inflicting upon the world the weary repetition of tales which must be ever sad. As for Mrs. Stowe, like the pot boy who shot at the Queen, she has gained a very unenviable notoriety, and if this was her object she can well retire on her present laurels. She has indeed accomplished more than this; for the tuft hunters and title worshippers, who exist even in democratic America, are now fully aware that she was on intimate terms with a genuine English lady of rank; and the world knows that the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is not dead, but lives and breathes in the *Atlantic Monthly*. If, however, she desired to stop the sale of the Countess of Guiccioli's silly book, and to prevent people from reading Byron's Works, she has not only met with signal failure, but has even assisted in producing the

result she would by all means have prevented. She has done even more than this. In the far off horizon, beyond the billows of the Atlantic, in the land which gave the poet birth, there are dark clouds and over-shadowings of the sky, while fiery flashes and muttered thunders presage the coming storm. Perhaps before these pages meet the reader's eye the hurricane with all its fury will have burst. Can this woman resist alone? We wait in all anxiety for a practical answer to our question, and much as we regret that this discussion has been ever raised, we cannot help feeling a very great interest in the result. We have already expressed tolerably decided opinions upon this matter, but, lest the reader should mistake our meaning, we make a final quotation, which, without any qualification, mental reservation or restriction of any kind, we offer as the full expression of our views :

“ No, 'tis slander, whose edge is sharper than the sword ;
 “ Whose tongue outvenoms all the worms of Nile :
 “ Whose breath rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 “ All comers of the world ; kings, queens and states,
 “ Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 “ This viperous slander enters.”

CYMBELINE.

NEWFOUNDLAND AS IT IS.

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

ANCHORED off the coast of North America, at no great distance from the main land, lies the great Island of Newfoundland. Owing to a variety of circumstances, very little is known regarding this Island and its inhabitants. Its isolation, the limited amount of its population, the restricted character of its staple productions and commercial relations, and the fact that its interior is even yet unexplored, sufficiently account for the ignorance that still prevails regarding it, and the small amount of notice it has yet attracted. More than seventy years ago, Robert Burns described it as

————— “ Some place far abroad,
 Where sailors gang to fish for cod.”

It may be doubted whether, at this day, the bulk even of the educated classes, in Britain and America, know more of it than that large quantities of codfish are caught around its shores, and that its dogs and fogs are on a gigantic scale. Doubtless, during the last few years, Newfoundland has obtained world-wide renown as the spot where the Atlantic Cable finds the first resting-place for the delivery of messages, as it emerges from “ the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean ;” and also because the recently laid French Cable first rises into the sunshine on the little Island of St. Pierre, close to its shores : but beyond the fact that it is thus a kind of ganglionic centre for the nerves that unite the Old World with the New, few know anything of it. Yet one might

have fancied that its important position, its great extent, its vast, undeveloped resources, its inexhaustible fisheries, would have prompted a greater curiosity regarding Newfoundland, and that it would not have remained so long unknown or misknown.

In fact, it is only within the last few years that it has begun to attract that attention which it merits, and which is sure to increase as a knowledge of it extends. While explorers have been searching out the mysterious sources of the Nile, and trying to solve the problem of centuries—the North West Passage—here is an island considerably larger than Ireland, nearly four times the size of Belgium, the most ancient of Britain's forty colonies, lying within easy distance of England, and yet far less is known of its uninhabited interior than that of Africa; its internal plains, lakes, mountain-ranges, are unmapped, its forests and river courses undetermined. About 150 000 people are sprinkled around its 1,000 miles of coast, and live chiefly by the harvest of the sea; while the interior is left to the deer, wolves and beavers. Scenery the grandest and loveliest may be found within its boundaries; game, too, for the sportsman in profusion, at certain seasons; together with the charm of gazing at scenes on which human eye may never have looked before, and of making discoveries in natural history, in geology, in botany, the importance of which may be very great; and yet our adventurous travellers and scientific explorers pass by what is at their doors as worthless, and seek for far inferior objects in Japan, in Australia, in Timbuctoo; or pursue the beaten path of travel up the Rhine or the Nile, or brave the polar ice in search of an open Arctic Basin. Let us hope, however, that ere long we shall hear of some well-equipped scientific expedition setting out for the exploration of the interior of Newfoundland; or of some daring traveller, with a genius for adventure like Sir Samuel Baker, winning fresh laurels by opening up a new portion of earth's surface. Discoveries of great interest await the first courageous explorer—be he scientific, æsthetic or merely predatory in his tastes. Meantime, now that Europe and America are speaking to one another across this island, a little intelligence regarding a place so recently rendered famous may be acceptable.

In form it may be described as an equilateral triangle, stretching right across the entrance of the great estuary of the St. Lawrence, to which it affords access both at its northern and southern extremities. It reaches out towards Europe much farther than any other American land; the distance from the port of St. John's, on its eastern shore, to Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, being but 1640 miles. Nature has thus planted it as the stepping stone between the Old World and the New. The northern extremity of the island, which narrows considerably, approaches within ten miles of the Labrador coast; from which it is separated by the Straits of Belle Isle, fifty miles in length and about twelve in breadth. The greatest length of Newfoundland is 420 miles, its breadth 300. Its area may be roughly stated at 38,000 square miles. Thus it is more than twice as large as Nova Scotia and Cape Breton together, and greater by 11,000 square miles than the Province of New Brunswick. Prince Edward Island, with its area of

2,133 square miles, might almost be sunk in Grand Pond and Indian Lake, two of Newfoundland's largest sheets of water. It is about one fifth larger than Ireland, with its six millions of inhabitants, and one fourth larger than Scotland. It lies between the parallels of $46^{\circ}40'$ and $51^{\circ}39'$ north latitude, and the meridians of $52^{\circ}44'$ and $59^{\circ}31'$ west longitude.

While the northern apex of this triangular piece of land approaches so close to the mainland of the Labrador, the base extends east and west from Cape Race to Cape Ray. Opposite Cape Ray, with the island of St. Paul's between, rises Cape North, on the northern extremity of the island of Cape Breton, the distance between these two headlands being only fifty-six miles, the land on both sides being visible on entering the gulf, rising high out of the water. Thus between Cape North and Cape Ray is the great gateway to the estuary of the St. Lawrence—the highway to Canada and the far west. The land portion of the Atlantic Telegraph, from Heart's Content, terminates at Cape Ray; and a submarine cable is sunk between that point and Cape North. It is needless to dwell on the commanding geographical position thus secured by nature. Newfoundland. As sentinel, she guards the entrance of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence; and the key of both river and gulf must ever be held by the nation that has possession of Newfoundland. Should the day ever come when an unfriendly power shall occupy this great bastion of British America, a naval force issuing from such an impregnable harbour as that of St. John's could easily be made, would sweep the commerce of the New Dominion from the neighbouring seas, and command the whole northern Atlantic. To give security and completeness to the Dominion of Canada, the possession of Newfoundland is indispensable. Linked to Canada by a railroad through the island, and a steam-ferry across the few miles of sea that sever it from the mainland, Newfoundland will thus take her natural place as one of the most important members of the young Confederacy, and will speedily rise into that importance and prosperity which are her due, but which, while an isolated dependency of Britain—a mere fishing station—she can never attain. To become the great highway of travel and traffic between east and west, as the eastern terminus of the Intercolonial Railway and one of the *media* through which the treasures of India, China and Japan, may one day be poured into Europe, seems to be no dream of the imagination, but a tangible reality which the near hereafter will witness, should Newfoundland only be true to herself and accomplish her "manifest destiny."

In another respect nature has conferred great advantages on Newfoundland. Her bays and harbours are among the noblest in the world and indent the whole of her 1,000 miles of coast. The great peninsula of Avalon, on which the capital stands, is separated from the rest of the island by the two great bays of Placentia and Trinity,—a neck of land three miles wide, through which a canal could readily be formed, joining Avalon to the main body of the island. St. Mary's and Conception flays further sub-divide the Avalon peninsula; while St. George's bay, bay of Islands, Notre Dame, White, Hare, Exploits

and Bonavista bays, all having numerous and safe harbours, carry the great arms of the Atlantic, laden with finny treasures, many miles into the interior, and furnish a water communication of inestimable value. Trinity bay, in which the Atlantic Cable is landed, is ninety miles in length, and is a most magnificent sheet of water. St. George's bay and the bay of Islands are large, beautiful and easy of access. A chain of lakes in the interior, with their connecting rivers, renders it an easy matter to open communications between the bay of Islands and St. George's bay, in one direction, and between the former and Notre Dame or Exploits bay on the north-east coast, through the centre of the country. Grand Lake, one of this chain, is sixty miles in length, and Indian Lake thirty miles. Only a few white men have ever gazed on these beautiful sheets of fresh water, or even sailed up the noble Humber or Exploits rivers to any distance from their mouths. These lakes and rivers abound with salmon, trout and eels, of the largest size and finest quality.

The agricultural capabilities of Newfoundland, though not entitling it to the character of a fertile country, are far greater than are usually assigned to it. The current opinion regarding it is that it is for the most part a bare rock only fit for drying fish, enveloped in fog during summer, and the rest of the year wrapped in the horrors of an arctic winter. In a recent number of the *Saturday Review*, a writer said of Newfoundland: "there is a season that corresponds more or less roughly to summer—or to speak more accurately, a warmish period in autumn, though of the spring and summer proper the less said the better." The unfavourable opinion regarding its soil and climate is partly owing to the fact that nearly three-fourths of the population are, for fishing purposes, concentrated in the peninsula of Avalon—the most barren part of the island, and that in which the climate is least favourable for agricultural pursuits. In the other districts—comprising five-sixths of the whole—where there is a much richer soil and better climate, little more than a fourth of the population are to be found. In this way, the attention of the people is mainly directed to the sea-harvests, and the cultivation of the soil is neglected or regarded as hopeless, the residents themselves being indisposed to the steady industry required in agricultural operations, and preferring the easier chances of success amid the rough billows of the deep. And yet, taking even this south-eastern strip of the island, it is surprising how much may be made of its thin soil by skill and labour. It is a primitive region, not unlike portions of Wales or the Highlands of Scotland, the vegetable soil resting on the hard slate rock, much of the surface in its natural state, being covered with boulders and the vegetation stunted. But when cleared, and properly cultivated, it yields root-crops in abundance and of the finest quality. Potatoes, turnips, cabbages and carrots arrive at the highest perfection. Of cereals, its barley and oats will not suffer by comparison with the produce of Prince Edward Island or Nova Scotia; and even wheat can be ripened in spots, though not as a profitable crop. Currants, strawberries, gooseberries and cherries, grow in the gardens. In proof of the mildness of the climate it may be mentioned that, in the neighbourhood of St. John's, may be seen several

beautiful hedges of hawthorn—a plant that will not grow where the winter cold is intense, and that in Russia, as far south as Moscow, can only be reared in the hot-house. Let any one travel through this Avalon district at this season of the year (August), and he will see in the neighbourhood of the various settlements and along the roads, luxuriant crops of potatoes, hay, oats and turnips, and though not on a large scale, yet enough to redeem the soil from the charge of barrenness. The fish offal made up with bog and earth, supplies a fertilizing compost of excellent quality. Take the whole of this comparatively barren region, in which the bulk of the people is planted, and there is little of it that might not be turned to account as a sheep-walk, on which millions of sheep might be raised to supply food and clothing for the inhabitants. When we pass to the north-eastern coast, although the same poor and thin soil prevails near the coast, yet at the heads of those noble bays large tracts of rich alluvial land are found, easily cleared, well wooded, and yielding abundant returns to the husbandman. All around the heads of Trinity, Bonavista and Notre Dame bays a large agricultural population might be maintained in comfort, the land being, in many instances, far superior to that which attracts emigrants to New Brunswick or the other provinces. Hitherto only a few small agricultural settlements are to be found in these districts, and most of these fine tracts are wholly unoccupied.

It is, however, the western portion of the island that is destined one day to be a great agricultural region. Here is a fertile soil and a climate far superior to that of the eastern or southern coast. Rich coal-fields are found here as well as marble, gypsum and limestone beds. It is marvellous to think that this great region is only occupied by a few straggling settlers, too poor and too ignorant to take advantage of its rich resources; and that while thousands of the fishermen can obtain only a wretched precarious subsistence along the eastern and southern shores, they persist in clinging to the bare rocks, while the fertile west vainly invites them to wealth and comfort. More than twenty years ago the Surveyor General of the day paid a professional visit to these almost unknown regions, and presented to the public a full report of their capabilities. From this report we learn that the aspect of the country, as seen from seaward, is beautiful, being clothed to the water's edge with a thick growth of the various kinds of hardwood, and the land generally, in its most prominent features, resembling that on the adjacent island of Cape Breton. Between the Great and Little Codroy rivers is a tract of country containing 70,000 acres, the whole consisting of a rich loam capable of the highest degree of cultivation and fit for the production of any description of crop. Limestone is readily obtained. Timber of the most valuable description covers the whole tract; birch trees, from five to seven feet in circumference, grow close to the shore, and of a much larger growth inland. To the northward is an immense range of hilly ground admirably adapted for grazing. The population of the whole did not, at that time, exceed twelve or fourteen families, and has not greatly increased since. "It would be difficult," says the Surveyor General, "to imagine a more beautiful or picturesque scene than the whole presents;

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and whether with reference to the soil around it, to its fisheries or to its geographical position, forming as it does part of the northern head, and therefore commanding the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a more desirable or important place for a settlement could scarcely be found. Codroy is about 300 miles from Halifax, and not more than double that distance from Quebec, and is nearly in the same latitude with the latter place." The magnificent bay of St. George, forty miles wide at its entrance, is north of Codroy about thirty-five miles. The soil around the bay is rich and deep, with limestone and gypsum at hand sufficient for the most extensive farming operations, the expense of clearing not exceeding eight dollars an acre. Taking into account its splendid herring, salmon, cod and smelt fishery, and its great extent of cultivable land, the Surveyor General estimated that the bay of St. George is capable of supporting from one to two hundred thousand persons,—more than the whole population of the island. Fifty miles farther north is the bay of Islands, into which the magnificent river Humber empties itself. The soil around the bay and along the banks of the river is deep and fertile, and well adapted for all purposes of cultivation. Fine timber is found here—birch, pine, spruce, larch—large enough for house and ship building purposes, and in quantities sufficient to become an article of export. The estimate of the Surveyor General was that from a hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand persons could be maintained in comfort here. Fog is rarely seen, and the cold easterly winds are never felt; so that the climate, as compared with that of the other parts of the island, is much ameliorated. To this may be added the testimony of Alexander Murray, Esq., the able geologist who has been engaged on the geological survey of the island during the last four years. He visited the bay of Islands in 1867, and in his report for that year says of it: "By a rough measurement of this large tract of country made upon the plan, there would be an area of about four hundred and twenty-nine square miles, or two hundred and fifty thousand square acres, at least one half of which is probably well adapted for raising almost every kind of agricultural produce. Independently of its agricultural capabilities, this fine tract of country seems to present inducements for other branches of industry and enterprise, in the quality of its timber, much of which is excellent. Tamarack or juniper is not rare; yellow birch of large dimensions is abundant; white pine and spruce grow in the greatest profusion, frequently of a size and quality not greatly inferior, if not equal to the best that is now largely brought into market in Gaspe and other parts of the lower province of Canada. Water power to drive machinery is everywhere obtainable, either in the main river or in the upper part of the stream, or in the numerous brooks that fall into Deer Lake and the lower reaches. Thousands of square miles of country have been laid out in townships and already partially settled in Canada, either for purposes of lumbering or farming, on the northern shores of Lake Huron and many parts of the lower provinces, *far inferior in most respects to this region of Newfoundland, which, there can scarcely be a doubt, is capable of supporting a very large population.*" Of St. George's bay Mr. Murray says, in the same report: "By a

rough measurement made upon the plan the area of the region lying between the mountains and the sea is about one hundred and ninety-two square miles, or one hundred and twenty-two thousand eight hundred and eighty square acres, a very large proportion of which is available for settlement. On the north shore of St. George's bay there is also a considerable area of fine agricultural country equal to nineteen thousand two hundred square acres. The present settlement of this fine region is limited to some straggling farms along the coast on either side of the bay, on which excellent crops of grass, potatoes and turnips are raised; winter wheat has been successfully grown on the north side of the bay." Of the Codroy region Mr. Murray says: "there are forty-eight thousand square acres, a very large proportion of which is available for settlement. For the most part the country is well wooded. The islands and flats of the lower part of the Great Codroy river yield a luxuriant growth of wild grass, affording an admirable supply of fodder for cattle. Cattle and sheep are raised upon most of these small farms, producing most excellent beef and mutton, besides dairy produce of the very best description." He says in another publication: "the valley of the Humber, together with the region round St. George's bay, contains about four hundred and forty-six thousand square acres, more or less fit for settlement. These valleys are for the most part well wooded, producing in many instances large pines, juniper or tamarack, fine yellow birch and other valuable timber. In the valley of the Humber this is especially the case, where a large area of country appears to be provided with all the necessary material for ship-building in a remarkable degree." Thus rich inviting and extensive are these regions on the western shores, awaiting the operations of the industrious agriculturist and the sturdy lumberer, while underneath the surface, as we shall see presently, the miner will find abundant treasures.

The limited extent to which agriculture is carried on in Newfoundland may be judged of from the following return taken from the latest census, that of 1857:—The whole improved land of the island was 49,616 acres; tons of hay cut in that year, 16,250; bushels of oats raised, 9,438; bushels of wheat and barley, 1,932; bushels of potatoes, 571,480; bushels of turnips, 12,832; number of neat cattle, 12,962; milch cows, 6,924; horses, 3,509; sheep, 10,737; swine and goats, 17,551; pounds of butter made, 134,968.

The much maligned climate of Newfoundland is, in reality, salubrious and invigorating in a high degree. That fog, and cold, drenching rains prevail in summer, is a mistake, arising from the fact that far out at sea, where the cold arctic current encounters the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, fogs are very prevalent; and voyagers infer that because such is the case on the Banks, hundreds of miles from the land, such must be the character of the climate in the Island itself. Nothing, however, could be farther from the truth. Newfoundland is much freer from fog than either Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. Only on one portion of the coast—the southern and south-western—does fog prevail, and that only during the summer months—the eastern, northern and western shores are seldom enveloped in fog.

Professor Bell, of Canada, says in one of his published lectures: "as far as my own experience goes I have never seen a particle of fog in any part of Newfoundland,—and I have spent months upon the coast. It is well known to all who have lived for any length of time in the country, that it is comparatively free from foggy weather—much more so than Nova Scotia or New Brunswick." Fogs, however, do very frequently envelope the south-western and southern shores in summer and cause frequently disastrous shipwrecks. Within ten days during the month of August of this year, five vessels, two of them large steamers with valuable cargoes, were wrecked in the neighbourhood of Cape Race, owing to the prevalence of dense fogs. The more northerly set of the Gulf Stream during summer is the cause of this fog. Then its warm waters are poured more to the south and west of the island; raising vast volumes of steam which spread from the bay of Fundy as far north as St. John's, N. F., and are seen at sea like a huge wall of vapour, but never extend far inland. The proximity of the Gulf Stream mitigates the severity of the climate to such an extent that, as a general rule, the thermometer rarely falls below zero in winter, and that for only a few hours. The fierce cold and the scorching heat of Canada and New Brunswick are unknown. The climate is insular—the temperature mild, but the weather variable. The result is highly favourable to the health of the inhabitants, enabling them to do with open fireplaces in winter and to be much in the open air. Visitors from the neighbouring provinces are invariably struck with the healthy hue of the people, their robust appearance, and the rosy cheeks of the children, contrasting so strongly with the pale sickly hue of the inhabitants of those lands where the heat of the houses has to be maintained by hot and close stoves, and where air and exercise cannot be enjoyed during much of the winter. The blooming beauty of the Newfoundland ladies, so often commented on, is no doubt partly owing to this superiority of climate—the Gulf Stream having something to do with the painting of the delicate hues on their cheeks. The mean temperature for three successive years, from 1858 to 1860 inclusive, varied from 41° to 44° , the highest temperature being 96° —the lowest 8° .

It was not till within the last five years that any evidence was supplied of Newfoundland containing valuable mineral deposits. During that period the proofs have multiplied so rapidly, that there can no longer be a doubt that this island is destined to become one of the world's great mining regions. The evidence pointing to such a conclusion is supplied to a great extent by the progress of Mr. Murray's able geological survey which, even in its present stage, has furnished most valuable information regarding the mineral and agricultural resources of the country, and has been instrumental in attracting the attention of capitalists to the island, by the reliable information which it has disseminated. Already, valuable discoveries of minerals have been made, and mining operations are in progress. "Union Copper Mine," Tilt Cove, ten miles south of Cape John, on the north-east coast, is one of the most productive mines in America. It was opened in 1864, and so great has been the progress in working, that in the

year 1868 no less than 8,000 tons of ore were shipped from it, the value of which was £64,000. The fortunate proprietors, Messrs. C. F. Bennet and Smith McKay, are said to have divided £32,000 between them, being the net profits for the year. An offer of £200,000 by a London Company for this mine is said to have been declined. Within the last few weeks, a rich vein of nickel, double the value of copper, has been discovered in the progress of the workings. Mr. Murray who recently surveyed this mine, says in his report: "It would be difficult to imagine a place more conveniently situated in all respects for the commencement of mining operations than this at Tilt Cove. The lofty vertical cliffs which rise on either side give unmistakable evidence of the presence of mineral wherever it exists, which were the ground of a more rounded or gentle character, would necessarily be more or less concealed. All the work hitherto done has been carried on in drifts at a higher elevation than Winsor Lake, thereby avoiding all necessity for pumping engines or danger from inundations; while the position of the place, by its proximity to the sea, for embarking ore, is in the highest degree advantageous. The rock with which the ore is immediately associated appears to be a chloritic slate, very ferruginous, with seams of serpentine, and having huge intercalated masses of a hard, compact greenish grey crystalline rock." Before the opening of this mine, Tilt Cove was inhabited by a dozen fishermen's families; now there is a population of 1,200, and it is become the most prosperous settlement in the Island. The whole region south of Tilt Cove is metalliferous; and for miles the coast is occupied by the holders of mining licenses. A second mining company—that of "Notre Dame"—is just commencing operations; and its prospects are said to be superior even to those of the "Union Mine." From present appearances it would seem that the great mining region will extend from Notre Dame bay right through the island to St. George's bay, as there is reason to believe that the serpentine rock, with which the ore is associated, is developed in this direction. An exceedingly valuable lead mine was opened some years ago in Placentia Bay, but the works have proceeded so languidly that only about 2,350 tons of ore have hitherto been extracted, the quality being excellent. Quite recently a new vein of great value has been discovered, and the works are carried on with increased activity. Mineral indications are abundant around Placentia. The discovery of gold in the Avalon peninsula is confidently predicted by geologists. Mr. Murray considers the rocks of this region the equivalents of the auriferous strata of Nova Scotia; and Professor Bell, one of Sir W. Logan's staff, is of the same opinion. In the northern peninsula Mr. Murray has established the existence of the *Lauson* division of the *Quebec* group of rocks on an extensive scale, this being the great metalliferous zone of North America. In last year's report Mr. Murray says: "From the numerous indications presented, at different parts of the province and in different geological positions, of the presence of lead ore, we may fairly infer that it will, in process of time, become an important material among the economic resources of the country." Granite of the finest quality, sandstone, roofing slate and whetstones are found in various localities.

That coal exists over a large area, on the western side of the island, is now ascertained beyond a doubt, and this must be reckoned as the most valuable discovery yet named. The Carboniferous Formation here occupies three distinct areas which Mr. Murray classes "as the St. George's trough, the Port-a-Port trough and the Inland trough of Humber river and Grand Pond." Thirty years ago, Professor Jukes ascertained the existence of coal in the neighbourhood of St. George's bay, and last year Professor Bell of Canada visited the spot and found a fine workable seam of coal. Mr. Murray has calculated that the area of this solitary seam, even supposing there were no others to be found, is 38 square miles; and allowing a thickness of three feet there would be 54,720,000 chaldrons of coal. It is not to be supposed that the whole of this is accessible, but there can be no doubt that much of it is within workable depth. The proximity of this splendid coal field to Canada, and the facilities it presents for coaling passing steamers need not be pointed out.

It must be remembered that these statements regarding the soil and minerals of Newfoundland refer merely to the comparatively small strips around the shores, which have been explored. But what of the unknown and unexplored interior that must be little short of 400 miles in length and 250 in breadth! All that is known of this great region is to be gathered from the short narrative of W. K. Cormack, Esq., a Scotchman, who, in 1822, attended by a single Micmac Indian, crossed the island, from Random Sound in Trinity bay, to St. George's Bay. This adventurous journey was performed amid great perils and hardships, and the feat of the daring traveller had never been repeated by a white man. The narrative of his journey is very brief but is deeply interesting. The difficulties may be judged of from the fact that he spent four months of incessant toil in accomplishing his undertaking; and only a man of iron nerves and unflinching courage could have performed the task. He and his attendant Indian took almost no provisions with them, and supported themselves on the game they were able to bring down with their guns, encamping each night in the Indian fashion. During the first ten days of the journey they struggled on through dense forests of pine, fir, birch and larch, at intervals crossing marshes of peat covered with grasses, rushes, &c., their course being due west and a constant ascent from the coast. In some of these marshes the *Kalmia Angustifolia* covers whole acres, presenting a most brilliant appearance: and in the woods, the jay, the *Corvus Canadensis*, the titmouse, and wood-pecker were heard, and the loud notes of the loon made the lakes musical at night. At length the dense, black forest was left behind, and the travellers found themselves on the summit of a great ridge, covered with scattered trees, reindeer moss, and loaded with partridge and whortle berries. Coveys of grouse rose in all directions, and snipe from every marsh. The birds of passage, ducks and geese, were flying to and fro from their breeding places in the interior; tracks of deer, of wolves fearfully large, of bears, foxes and martins were seen everywhere. The scene on looking back towards the sea coast was magnificent. "In the westward" says the enthusiastic explorer, "to our inexpressible delight, the in-

terior broke in sublimity before us. What a contrast did this present to the conjectures entertained of Newfoundland! The hitherto mysterious interior lay unfolded before us, a boundless scene, emerald surface, a vast basin. The eye strides again and again, over a succession of northerly and southerly ranges of green plains, marbled with woods and lakes of every form and extent, a picture of all the luxurious scenes of national cultivation, receding into invisibleness. The imagination hovers in the distance, and clings involuntarily to the undulating horizon of vapour, far into the west, until it is lost. A new world seemed to invite us onward, or rather we claimed the dominion and were impatient to proceed to take possession. Primitiveness, omnipotence and tranquillity were stamped upon everything so forcibly that the mind is hurled back thousands of years. Our view extended more than forty miles in all directions. No high land bounded the low interior to the west. We now descended into the bosom of the interior. The plains which shone so brilliantly are steppes or savannas, in the form of extensive, gentle undulating beds stretching northward and southward, with running waters and lakes, skirted with woods, lying between them. Their yellow-green surfaces are sometimes uninterrupted by either tree, shrub, rocks or any inequality, for more than ten miles. They are chequered everywhere upon the surface by deep beaten deer paths, and are, in reality, magnificent natural deer parks, adorned by woods and water. The deer herd on them, in countless numbers, to graze. It is impossible to describe the grandeur and richness of the scenery, which will probably remain long undefaced by the hand of man." It took the traveller nearly a month to cross this great savanna country, on which but one solitary mountain rises, named, after his Indian, Mount Sylvester. Throughout the whole extent innumerable deer paths were observed, the only species of deer being the Caribou, a variety of the reindeer, but much finer than that which Norway or Lapland can boast. Some were brought down by their guns weighing six or seven hundred pounds weight, the venison being excellent and the fat on the haunches two inches in thickness. Many thousands of these noble deer were met on their periodical migration. In the spring, they disperse over the mountains and barren tracks in the west and north-west division of the interior, to bring forth and rear their young amidst the profusion of lichens and mountain herbage; and when the first frosts of October nip the mountain herbage, they turn toward the south and east. And so these countless herds of reindeer have, for thousands of years, traversed the interior, undisturbed by the sight of man. Cormack says, "Were the agriculturalists of the coast to come here, they would see herds of cattle fat on the natural produce of the country, sufficient for the supply of provisions for the fisheries, and the same animal fit, with a little training, to draw sledges at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It is evident, on witnessing their numbers, that all that is required to render the interior, now a waste, at once a well-stocked grazing country, could be done through the means of employing qualified herdsmen, who would make themselves familiar with and accompany these herds from pasture to pasture, as is done in Norway and Lapland with the reindeer there, and in Spain with the sheep."

The space at disposal will not permit us to follow our adventurous traveller farther. He tells how he found the brooks and lakes of the basin of the interior inhabited by beavers, and stocked with vast flocks of wild geese and ducks, curlews, snipes, bitterns and loons. The rocks noted were granite quartz, chlorite green-stone, mica and clay slate. Quartz rock, both granular and compact, the latter sometimes rose coloured, occurs associated with granite. Here may be the gold fields of the future, and these solitudes may yet be resounding with the ponderous strokes of the quartz crushers. In the very centre of the island Cormack reached an elevated ridge which he named "Jameson's Mountains"—It proved to be a serpentine deposit, with angular blocks of quartz along the summit, and having disseminated iron pyrites. In addition to the "noble serpentine, varying in colour from black green to a yellow, and from translucent to semi-translucent," he noted "soap-stone, verde antique, diallage and various other magnesian rocks, and loose fragments of asbestos, rockwood, rockhorn and rock-bone." What a field for the geologist! It must be remembered, too, that the serpentine here referred to is the same rock that at Tilt Cove is associated with the rich copper ore, and its development here on the surface seems to indicate that the strike of this rock is right through the island, from east to west. Such, then, being the character of the interior, with its broad savannas swarming with finest reindeer, its ponds stocked with fish and beavers, its plains and barrens abounding with game, is it likely to remain an uninhabited waste? Cormack's account presents us with the picture of a country very similar to the condition of Britain in the days of the Romans, and equally capable of being reclaimed and cultivated, and of having its climate ameliorated by drainage and the operations of the lumberer. The shores of the Baltic are now the seat of a thriving industrious population, with natural advantages far inferior to those of Newfoundland. When the richer lands of Canada and the United States are occupied, we may reasonably hope that the tide of emigration will take a new direction, and that the untenanted wilds we have been describing will be transformed into the busy haunts of men.

The fisheries of Newfoundland, the main industry of the country, are so well known that a brief summary will suffice. The great arctic current rushes down by Baffin's and Hudson's bays along the American coasts, carrying the cold waters of the north to supply the vacancy in the equatorial seas caused by the overflow of the Gulf Stream. This cold current, sweeping along the shores of Newfoundland, chills the climate and retards the advent of spring; but more than compensates for these disadvantages by "the precious things of the deep" with which it is laden. Did the Gulf Stream wash the shores instead of the arctic river, a warm and moist climate would be the result, but the great seal and cod-fisheries would have no existence in these regions. The fish of the tropical seas are worthless as articles of food or commerce; and only in the cold waters from the north does the noble cod, the king of all fish, find a congenial *habitat*; while the seal revels amid the ice-fields drifted from the arctic regions. About the first of March, in each year, the sealing fleet, manned by the hardy, fearless

fishermen, leaves the harbours of Newfoundland, in search of the ice-meadows on which the young seals are produced. The "hunt" is one full of excitement and often attended with terrible perils. Only men accustomed from youth to brave these ice-laden, storm-swept seas, with their myriads of floating bergs, could successfully prosecute this hazardous employment; but to these stalwart Argonauts of the north, the dangers only supply an agreeable excitement. When the "ice-meadows" are reached, the men bound eagerly from their vessels and despatch their prey with clubs, using guns only when in pursuit of the older seals. The skin, with the adhering fat, is alone brought on board, the carcasses being left on the ice. Of late years the seal-fishery has greatly declined. Twenty years ago, four hundred vessels were engaged in it; now, less than half that number. Within the last few years, however, screw steamers have been employed with great success, and there can be little doubt that in this, as in all other industries, steam will win the day, and steamers will ere long be almost exclusively employed. At present there are nine steamers engaged in the seal-fishery. Some idea of the value of this fishery may be gathered from the fact that last spring, the *Nimrod*, a screw steamer, owned by Job Brothers, brought in seals valued at eighty thousand dollars, in two trips made within five weeks. Of course this is a rare instance of success; but other steamers also secured most remunerative cargoes. When the seal fishery was in a flourishing condition, the annual produce sold for little short of a million sterling in the markets of Europe; now its value does not come near that amount, though it is still very considerable. When we take into account that this fishery is prosecuted at a time of the year when, in most other countries, the working population are comparatively idle, and that it does not interfere with the cultivation of the soil, and is at an end before the first of May, when preparations for the cod-fishery begin, its importance as a source of wealth becomes more apparent. Nor can it ever become exhausted by the destruction of the seal, for the great breeding and feeding grounds of this creature are happily in the arctic solitudes where man's cupidity cannot pursue them. Only a mere detachment of the great body of seals ever come within reach of the seal-hunters of Newfoundland. There are four kinds of them—the *harp* seal, the most valuable of all; the *hooded* seal, which has a hood that it can draw over its head; the *square flipper*, and the *bay* seal; the last is found on the coast.

Still more important and valuable is the cod-fishery, which is prosecuted from June till October. The greatest submarine elevations in the world are the banks of Newfoundland, the chief breeding grounds of the cod, at a considerable distance from the shores of the island. In the whole of their extent, these banks occupy six degrees of longitude, and nearly ten degrees of latitude, being over 600 miles in length and 200 miles in breadth, with soundings varying from 25 to 150 fathoms. Here the arctic current meets the Gulf Stream, the intermingling of the hot and cold waters producing the well known "fog on the banks." One of nature's most important arrangements is subserved in the deflection of the Gulf Stream towards the shores of Europe by these

huge submarine islands. The largest of them, called the "Grand Bank," is of an irregular oval shape, having numerous smaller banks on all sides. They are all swarming with cod and other fish, the *infusoria* brought by the Gulf Stream from tropical seas, furnishing, doubtless, the attractive food for the cod. The fishery on the banks is exclusively carried on by the French and Americans, their bounties enabling them to drive all others from these fishing grounds. Only around the shores of the island, and on the Labrador coast, do the Newfoundland fishermen prosecute the cod fishery. One-third of the whole catch is now taken along the shores of Labrador. In the year 1857, when the fishery was unusually good, 1,392,322 quintals of cod-fish were exported, the value being £1,006,129 currency, in Newfoundland. In 1866 only 716,690 quintals were exported, valued at £791,798 currency. Thus precarious is the cod fishery as a means of subsistence for the population. There has been a series of poor fisheries since 1860, though 1868 showed some improvement. It is remarkable that the cod fishery shows no progress, the catch of fifty years ago being almost as great as that of the present time. In 1820, there were exported 901,159 quintals; in 1850, 1,089,182 quintals; in 1866, 716,690 quintals. Thus, while the population has more than doubled, there has been almost no increase in their chief means of support for fifty years. The cause of this lies, not in the scarcity of fish, but in the imperfect methods followed by the fishermen, their poverty preventing them from procuring the necessary appliances for following the fish into deep waters; but perhaps most of all it is owing to the vicious "credit system" which has prevailed for generations, the effect of which has been to undermine the industry of the people, and to destroy all tendencies towards progress. With failing means of support, and an increasing population sinking deeper and deeper into poverty, the future of Newfoundland looks cloudy. Deliverance evidently lies in opening new channels for the industry of the people in manufacturing, mining, farming and lumbering, the resources of the country, in all those directions, being yet almost untouched. Practically, the business of the country is in the hands of little more than a dozen capitalists; and it is vain to hope that these will turn aside from the legitimate course of trade which they have so long pursued, to open new sources of employment for the people, and it would be unreasonable to expect it. For the development of her resources, Newfoundland wants an importation of men with capital and with new ideas who will introduce manufactories, plant agricultural settlements, open up the country by the construction of railways and roads, link the scattered settlements together by a good local steam service, and promote intercourse with the more advanced and prosperous communities around by increased steam communication. Capital will flow in rapidly for manufacturing, mining, and all other purposes, whenever intercourse with other places is secured, and the splendid resources of the country made known. Union with the Dominion of Canada will secure all that Newfoundland needs to start her on a career of prosperity. To remain in her present isolated, stagnant condition, with a hungry, increasing population and the fisheries that have undergone no expansion in half a

century, as the only means of support, is simply to court ruin. The history of the last few years is sufficiently alarming to prompt to immediate action. During that time the independent middle class has been almost annihilated, the bulk of them being either reduced to poverty or driven to other lands to look for a subsistence, while the fishermen, as a whole, are living in a more wretched condition than any other population that could be named in Europe or America. During the three years ending 1868, able-bodied pauper relief amounted to \$272,386,—threatening latterly to absorb a third of the entire revenue. The public debt was in 1863, \$691,180 and in 1868, \$1,017,669. with a floating debt of \$200,000 besides. In the capital, rents have fallen nearly a half in the business parts of the town, there being 80 houses shut up in the principal street, some of these being large stores. Education is in a most wretched condition, and rapidly “progressing backwards,” as the Inspector’s reports show. Nothing can be spared from the revenue for any public improvement. The Hospital for the sick poor in St. John’s is a disgrace to any civilized community; and not a farthing can be had to erect a better, instead of an old decayed, wooden tenement that has become a pest house and a centre for radiating disease around. At the present moment it is wholly occupied with typhus fever patients,—that disease now making havoc among the poor, whose constitutions have been deteriorated by long continued privations. The number of street beggars in the capital is painful to witness. With the exception of three biscuit manufactories, there is not a single factory in the island. There is not even a grist mill or a saw mill in the country. Thus, with the exception of the fisheries, there is not a single source of employment for the people. Such is the condition of a country larger than Ireland with a population four thousand less than that of Bristol and little more than that of Newcastle-on-Tyne! With its splendid natural resources, its 150,000 people are in this stagnant, hopeless condition. Naturally, they are as quick, intelligent, and energetic as the people of any other colony—frank, generous, warm-hearted. The majority are of pure Saxon blood; a large minority are of the best Celtic race—the Irish. Only a fair field is required and more favourable circumstances to enable them to take a foremost place in the race of civilization.

It is not wonderful that the more thoughtful and intelligent portion of the community are now looking hopefully to Confederation as a means of deliverance from the pressing evils of the present and the more formidable evils that loom in the distance. By a large majority the representatives of the people have passed resolutions in favour of union with Canada; and the terms have been amicably arranged. The advocates of Confederation point to the great and substantial benefits that would immediately follow this union. The food and clothing of the people, and all appliances required for the fisheries and agricultural and mining pursuits, would be admitted *free of duty*, thus effecting a clear gain of thirteen per cent. on these articles, an immense boon to the working classes, as well as to those engaged in supplying for the fisheries. All these articles can be supplied from the Dominion of the best quality and to any amount, clear of the duty of thirteen per cent.,

which they now pay, under the Newfoundland tariff. An effective local steam service would be secured, and also a line of steamers calling at St. John's fortnightly, and plying between Canada and Britain—a boon, the importance of which can hardly be over-rated. After paying all expenses, the subsidy offered by Canada would leave a surplus of \$160,000 annually for local improvements. The indirect benefits cannot be put down in figures—the importation of new ideas—the enterprise that contact with more progressive communities would awaken—the breaking up of antiquated habits, the introduction of improved modes of life, and progressive and civilized institutions—the multiplied openings for employment in all departments of life, for the young and energetic, the increase of capital. Let us hope that no petty, provincial jealousies, or narrow self interests or party squabbles will prevent the adoption of this great and important measure. The importance of Newfoundland to the Dominion, whether as a market for its produce and manufactures, or considered in reference to its geographical position, can scarcely be over-estimated. In the future, when its fisheries shall be properly developed, and extended to the banks and to Greenland, 100,000 men may find employment in this industry alone, to say nothing of its mining and farming interests. Its herring and salmon fisheries are yet in their infancy. Be it remembered, too, that Newfoundland carries with it, as an appendage, Labrador, a country that will one day be the Norway of the Dominion. The great maritime population of both together will supply its navy with the finest seamen in the world, and secure for the country an important place among the millions that will people the vast territory between the Atlantic and Pacific, and form a new nationality that may yet rival the Great Republic of the west.

But perhaps the greatest advantage likely to be secured to Newfoundland by Confederation yet remains to be described. The eminent engineer Mr. Sandford Fleming, has shown that the speediest and safest route between the Old world and the New is across the island of Newfoundland. St. John's is the port nearest to Europe, the distance between it and Valentia harbour, near Cape Clear, being but 1640 miles, or half the distance between Liverpool and New York. Valentia is now reached from London in sixteen hours. Mr. Fleming calculates that steamers constructed mainly for speed, and carrying only mails and passengers, can readily accomplish the voyage between Valentia and St. John's in one hundred hours. A railroad from St. John's to St. George's bay would be about 250 miles in length, and would be traversed in $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours. A steam ferry between St. George's bay and Shippegan Harbour, bay of Chaleur, would in $15\frac{1}{2}$ hours, deposit passengers and mails on a branch of the Intercolonial Railway, by which they could be forwarded to any part of Canada and the United States. The advantages of this route are so great as to secure its adoption at no distant date. The ocean passage proper would be shortened from 264 hours (the average by the Cunard line) to 100 hours; and thus the discomfort and miseries endured by passengers in crossing the Atlantic would be immensely diminished. By thus shortening the ocean passage between the Old world and the New, to a *minimum*, the time of transit between the great centres of business in Europe and

America would be greatly reduced. Passengers and mails could be carried by this route from London to New York in *seven days*, thus reducing the time between these capitals some three or four days. There can scarcely be a doubt that the entire mail matter passing between the two continents, would ultimately be attracted to this route, and furnish a large source of revenue. The inducements held out to passengers would also be likely to attract a very large proportion. In addition to an ocean passage of but four days, the comparative safety of this route would be greatly in its favour. The chief dangers attending the voyage are along the 1,000 miles of American coast, after Cape Race, in Newfoundland, is passed. Here thick fogs frequently prevail, and here nearly all the ocean steamships yet lost have met their doom. The voyage between Valentia and St. John's, in first-class steamers, during eight months of the year, the chief season for travel, would involve little more risk than crossing the Irish Channel. Mr. Fleming calculates that a total of 40,000 passengers, each way, during the summer months, might fairly be reckoned on, *a daily line of steamers*, carrying two hundred passengers each trip, would be fully employed on the short ocean route from St. John's to Valentia. When mails can be carried from London to all parts of the Dominion, and to all points in the Northern States, so quickly by this route, and passengers also transmitted, with such marvellous speed, safety and comfort, its adoption cannot be long delayed.

There are, however, other considerations that add to its importance, in an international point of view. At present, by the opening of the Pacific Railroad, Chicago is brought within five days of San Francisco. The people of this great progressive city want to attract a portion of the traffic of China and Japan, as well as that of San Francisco, to themselves; and to enable them to compete with New York they require the shortest possible route to Europe. That across Newfoundland supplies this demand. New York is ten or eleven day's sail from Liverpool. By the proposed route, mails and passengers will reach Chicago in *seven days and twenty hours* from London; and thus the distance between San Francisco (via Chicago) and Liverpool would be reduced to less than twelve days. In this way a large proportion of the traffic between Asia and Europe, via the American Pacific Railroad, might yet pass through Newfoundland. Nor is this all. Since the acquisition of the great North West Territory by the Dominion of Canada, the brilliant project of a Canadian Pacific Railroad is not merely entertained, but its construction is regarded as a necessity, in order that Canada may take real possession of those rich prairie lands reckoned by hundreds of millions of acres. It is admitted on all hands that the country through which the Canadian Pacific Railroad will run has decided advantages over the American line in giving easier grades, in being nearly free from snow, in capabilities of furnishing local traffic, and also in facilities of construction. It has, moreover, the great advantage of being the line of the shortest route between Asia and Europe; and nature has stored inexhaustible supplies of coal at either end. The near future will see this extension of the Intercontinental Railway to the Pacific entered on. Here, then, is another channel through which the travel route across Newfoundland will receive vast accessions in passengers, mails and goods; and when St. John's thus becomes the eastern

terminus of the Canada Pacific Railroad, and also for an important branch of the American Pacific Railroad, its importance may be imagined.

To Newfoundland the importance of a railroad through the centre of the island can scarcely be over-rated. The interior of the country would thus be opened up—access to the fine agricultural districts around St. George's bay, Codroy, and bay of Islands, would be secured, and their coal fields, marble, limestone and gypsum beds would be worked. Along the line of railway agricultural settlements would rapidly spring up and the value of land be immensely increased. The construction of such a line would afford employment to the population and circulate a large sum of money in the country. The value of property in St. John's would be trebled; and with a daily steamer arriving and departing and the consequent impulse given to trade, it would speedily grow into one of the busiest and most prosperous cities in America. By entering the Dominion of Canada, these vast advantages would be speedily secured; but should she continue outside the Union, some other place, such as Cape Breton, may forestall her in becoming the emporium of the west. Once she is part of the Dominion, it will be the interest of the central government to promote intercommunication between Newfoundland and the other portions of the Confederacy, and to secure in perpetuity the control of the great highway, across the island, between the two continents. In her isolated condition no development of her resources, in any direction, is possible.



THE BOATMEN OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

(*Les Canotiers du St. Laurent.*)

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF BENJAMIN SULTE.

By MARY A. McIVER, Ottawa.

See you it glancing along o'er the wave?
 Well o'er the breadth of the coast is it known,
 My beautiful vessel so buoyant and brave,
 'Tis the sure shelter from danger alone.
 Mark it shoot forward 'neath stroke of the oar,
 'Mid the black squall, or the wind or the snow;—
 Then, let us sing the old ballad once more,
 Song of the Boatmen, as onward we row!

'Tis the first bark past the ice fleet that steers,
 When spring is seen in the distance again;
 'Tis the last ever that bravely appears
 When the loud menace of storms is in vain.
 Fearlessly, then, we respond to the roar
 Of the wild tempests of wind and of snow;—
 Then, let us sing the old ballad once more,
 Song of the Boatmen as onward we row!

Pliant and swift it reels o'er the abyss,
 While the fierce rage of the storm it defies;—
 Now for an instant its light form we miss,
 Surely 'tis lost, as it is to the eyes!
 No, it arises, shoots on as before,
 Guided by us o'er the great river's flow;—
 Then, let us sing the old ballad once more,
 Song of the Boatmen, as onward we row!

Brightly the beautiful sun on us beams,
 Cheering the mariners' heart with its rays;
 While our strong arms, o'er the billow that gleams,
 Bear our light skiff thro' the long summer days.
 Tenderly ever the echoes from shore
 Waft the sweet ballad of love that will glow
 With the strong courage and warmth evermore
 Of the brave Boatmen who sing as they go!

THE DECLINE OF THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA.

PROBABLY no subject has had so much attention bestowed upon it as the one which figures above. It seems to form the grand Stock-in-trade of almost every newspaper and periodical of any degree of importance. When the season grows dull and insipid, when parliament is prorogued, when every-body is out of town and the London and Provincial Press "runs to seed," for want of interesting matter with which to fill its columns, the old, hackneyed topic comes regularly to the surface, and then follows an almost endless discussion which lasts until something more inviting presents itself. Occasionally, indeed, the controversy is varied a little. The immoralities of the modern, or sensational drama cease to engross all attention, and the critics level their guns in the direction of Shakspeare, and proceed to discuss with due dignity and importance the momentous question, 'whether was the madness of "Hamlet" feigned or real.'

We were under the impression that, long ago, the stage had received sufficient prominence from the hands of critics and authors, for all ordinary purposes, but it seems we were mistaken.

Again, in all its potent fury, the war rages. No one can take up a British or American paper of any standing, to-day, without its containing, in all the honour of leaded type, a *telling* and skilfully-worded article on this well-nigh threadbare subject. Of course it is viewed from various stand points. Each writer strikes out for himself a new path, but before the end is reached, he finds himself following in the old beaten-track. One publication, noted for its high, moral attributes, characterizes the present period of our existence as the "age of dirt," and in a tolerably clear and cogent manner strives to prove the accuracy of his assertion.

The magazines, too, have "put in an appearance" on matters pertaining to the drama, and in their estimates and conclusions have "hit the mark" with more or less success. The *Atlantic*, which is supposed to represent the views of those happy and contented beings whose lots are cast in the "Modern Athens," has just now running through its broad

pages an elaborate series of well written papers on "the Hamlets of the Stage." *Lippincott's*—a publication mysteriously misknown among Canadian readers, but a valuable acquisition to serial literature withal—ably criticises the greatest "Rip Van Winkle" that ever trod the boards of a theatre, a man whose name will forever be closely allied to that of the occupant of "Sleepy Hollow"—Jefferson. The *Galaxy*—another almost total stranger with us—reviews the question of the burlesque and our own admirable *Putnam*, which did such prodigious deeds for literature some fifteen years ago, discusses in a forcible, bold style the lack of nature in theatrical art. Tom Taylor, the author of that touching piece of sensationalism, "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and probably more famous in his own country as a wholesale literary pirate, an adapter of French plays *holus bolus*, a robber of the brains of Parisian novelists and dramatists, and the claimer of the entire credit and pecuniary reward for these acts, has lately furnished to the public, a bunch of papers relative to matters theatrical. They, at least, possess the merit of being happily written. E. P. Whipple, one of the finest and ripest scholars of this age, distinguished the world over as a critic of rare power and ability, too, has bestowed on the drama and its votaries some of his best thoughts. His criticisms on the drama during Elizabeth's reign, his papers on Shakspeare, Ben Jonson and other noted lights who flourished at that time, are justly prized by literary men. R. Grant White also has earned fame, and honour, as a dramatic critic, and student of the immortal bard of Avon. And the intellectual theatrical papers of that philosophical and humorous author and poet, Dr. Holmes, will long live in our memories, even when their author "sleeps his last sleep," in the old Church-yard.

But we are digressing slightly. The man who has so terribly awakened the theatrical world, who has, as it were, shook the entire dramatic centre from its base, who has aroused the sleeping lion from his lethargy, is no less a personage than our old acquaintance Dion Boucicault, who first entered the lists as a dramatic author in 1841 with "London Assurance," and since that time has originated, perhaps, half of the plays of the "fast" type, which have graced, or rather disgraced, the theatrical boards, and which have given the objectors to theatrical amusements such assistance in making out a case against the patrons of the drama. Mr. Boucicault has written a number of very good pieces, noted principally for their magnificent scenic effects, thrilling tableaux and the like, but he has got up an equally large number of very trashily conceived plays, possessing scarcely a redeeming feature. In the manufacture of Irish plays our author has probably been most successful. His "Colleen Bawn" and "Arrah na Pogue" are "fairishly" clever in their way. The "Octoroon," illustrating southern life, is not devoid of merit. But Boucicault has ever striven to pander to the tastes of the low and vulgar, except in two or three instances. His last work is entitled "Fornosa, or the Railroad to Ruin," and it is having an extensive run in the principal British theatres. It may soon be introduced on this side of the water. The morals advanced are of a very loose order, and the immoral tendency this play must have on the youth of both sexes, is pointed out by the London Press, in a plain and unmistakable manner. In fact, throughout the whole drama, vice, in its most hideous character, among the

highest as well as the lowest classes of society, among the frequenters of the darkest dens of infamy ever devised by the wickedness of man, in the low gin-palaces and courts where the vicious reign in all their loathsome supremacy, vice we say is held up to the light painted in its most gaudy colours and eventually triumphs, while pure, holy virtue is slighted, its votaries stricken down, and finally lies bleeding helplessly on the earth. The characters are over-drawn, the scenes and situations are absurd, inaccurate and unreal. And yet this singular conglomeration, this cooked-up modern piece of scenic sensationalism is "all the rage," and thousands nightly crowd the temple, at whose shrine the lovers of Shakspeare, Massinger, Otway and Göethe, poured forth their admiration, in days gone by. Hundreds, we are told, unable to gain admittance, are at each performance of this spectacular absurdity turned away.

But who are they who patronise this palace of refinement? Do ladies and gentlemen comprise the audience, or do the great unwashed, the vulgar scum of society, the pickpockets, gamblers and gentry of that ilk, night after night crowd the glittering hall of infamy? Does the fair but frail "Formosa" thank the first gentlemen of the land for the showers of bouquets that are thrown to her, or are the Bill Sikes' of the galleries the recipients of her smiling thanks? No! the audience is supplied, not from the back slums and rat-pits of the great city, but it comes from the residences of the wealthy and the mansions of the titled. The daughters of our millionaires, and the scions of our old noble houses, visit in concert the theatre, and witness plays of like calibre, without even the crimson blush of shame mantling their countenances.

Some of our readers may say that the people desire amusement, and that the fault, if fault there be, rests with the manager of the theatre. Were he to place before the public proper plays, dramas in which good moral truths were taught, he would then educate the people up to a proper standard of appreciativeness. A strong love for the legitimate would grow out of such a course. Let the manager expend the same amount of money on the recognized legitimate plays, let him employ the best talent in the country, and he would soon find that his theatre would be as well filled, and a healthier order of amusement supplied.

But the managers say they have done all this. Over and over again they have tried some of the finest plays in the language; but with what result. While the "pit" and "gallery" held row upon row of eager faces, the "boxes" and "stalls" (the seats which PAY) were almost entirely deserted. When that sublime creation of "Gentle Will's," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," was played before an American public, at a cost of several thousand dollars, when the cast of characters embraced the names of some of the finest *artistes* in the profession; in fact, when everything that genius could suggest in stage paraphernalia accompanied it, in a money sense it was counted a failure. In a valuable histrionic light it was pronounced a success. But that won't keep us from starving say the managers. Now what a vast change was there when Augustin Daly—a rival in the sensation line, of Boucicault's—appeared with his nonsensical "Flash of Lightning." Seats could hardly be obtained at any price. Indeed they had to be reserved several days in advance. "Under the Gaslight" will "draw," when "Othello" or "Macbeth"

will be greeted by a "beggarly account of empty benches." So much for popular taste.

We are surprised that respectable citizens allow their wives and daughters and sons to attend the theatre and witness such disgusting exhibitions. Subjects hardly allowable at the family circle, are openly and freely discussed on the stage of to-day. It really surpasses belief. Where will it end? Is this but the flying visit of a loathsome fiend, or are we destined to revel in extravagant vulgarity for all time to come? Are those noble, good old authors, upon whom the better thinking portion of the populace look with such deep-rooted veneration, and whose works they love so dearly, to be permitted to fade forever from their sight, and in their stead are they to cherish and revere the mushroom emanations of inferior minds? Who can answer in the affirmative? Who can say that this state of affairs is a thing "devoutly to be wished?" There is no shutting of our eyes to the fact, that view the subject in its highest and most favourable light, the popular taste is vacillating sadly. Managers will not give up "Black Crookism," though it be denounced from the pulpit, and condemned in the public prints, as long as they can crowd their places of amusement. They will even expend thousands to gratify the improper taste of their public. They can hardly be looked upon with harshness either. They cannot make the legitimate pay, therefore they must have recourse to the illegitimate. Surely that is plain enough. The same money spent on "The White Fawn" will be returned to them four fold, while if it were expended in bringing out one of the masterpieces of Byron or Bulwer the manager would consider himself fortunate if he got his money back again in its entirety.

Yes it is with the people themselves this matter rests entirely. We speak to the educated classes, to those of our population who ought to know better—the rough, coarse mass will follow in their wake in due time—it remains with you to say whether the works of the great English bard or of Dion Boucicault will live and have being in this world of ours. By all means treat not this really important subject in a luke-warm manner. It deserves all the attention it will get. View it in a fair and critical light. Examine it in all its bearings, direct and indirect. Now is the time to decide. Let your vote be cast with the right-thinking. There should be entire unanimity on this question.

I DRINK TO THEE.

BY CARROLL RYAN, Ottawa.

I drink to thee!—The guests have gone;
 'The revelry is o'er,
 'The chaplets, that were late upon
 'Their brows, are on the floor;
 While ghostly shadows, one by one,
 Come gliding thro' the door.
 B ut what are they to you or me?
 My Beautiful, I drink to thee!

I drink to thee!—The crystal bowl
 Is flooded to the rim;
 It is an emblem of my soul
 That sparkles to the brim
 With love for thee, complete and whole,
 Not, like these spectres, dim.
 But what are they to you or me?
 My Beautiful, I drink to thee!

Aye, what are they!—This ghostly crew—
 These silent memories
 Of things I felt, or saw, or knew,
 Perhaps beyond the seas,
 When hearts were loving, kind and true,
 Not shadows such as these.
 But what are they to you or me?
 My Beautiful, I drink to the!

I drink to thee.—The empty glass
 Is shivered on the wall,
 And, one by one, the spectres pass
 Adown the dark'ning hall,
 And I am left alone, Alas!
 Alone and—that is all.
 But what are they to you or me?
 My Beautiful, I fly to thee!



MUSIC AND ITS POSITION IN POPULAR LIFE.

From the German.

By E. PEILER.

I.

LIKE all art, Music addresses itself to the emotions; but with such force, that man's whole being is appealed to and seized upon; its whole self is called into co-operative action that harmonizes all its component elements; out of this action spring forth feelings and conceptions, which, each in its turn, give rise to a world of variegated thoughts.

Science affords us clearness which is demonstrable; but art, and especially musical art, brings forth representations of an inner consciousness, of a heavenly foretaste, so richly filled with the grandest mental enjoyment, that sciences must bow before it. For that eternal truth after which science is striving, becomes, through the eternal beauty of art, an object of visible contemplation, without our requiring any scientific grounds upon which to base the enjoyments we realize. All verbal expression, all description, of the operations of art is both difficult and ambiguous; which becomes the more evident when we reflect upon the uncertainties and contradictions of what is called art criticism. On the contrary, experience teaches us that, among the initiated, there is a never-failing and sure impression of all the workings of art. To approach some definite idea of a musical language, we have only to refer to the various impressions made by the different

constructions of tone. Sounds not falling within the laws of melody, or opposed to the wants of the human ear, are to it, as well as to the human understanding, altogether incomprehensible; and, to take an example of this from the lowest, and then from the highest scale of tone, let us study the effects of a savage yell, the notes of some discordant wild bird, and thence follow musical art to its highest point of culture, and see the effect of strange combinations and bombastic efforts proceeding from the brains of untamed musical spirits.

But even in rational music some compositions become more intelligible than others, in proportion as the thought is clearer and more appealing to the real wants of our inner being. If we take a survey of the whole sphere which music is found to occupy in the life of the people, we shall be surprised at its extent and its importance.

In the first place we are struck with the resemblance it bears to Christianity, which, accompanying man through all the circumstances of life, hands him to the grave, and not unfrequently calls music to its aid in performing this office. The queen of all instruments, the organ, is the pillar and support of all Christian worship, receiving man, on his first entrance into the Christian communion, with those soft yet majestic tones that operate so forcibly upon the human mind. The poet has portrayed with great significance the power of these organ tones, when, upon an Easter morning, they induce Faust to reject the poisoned cup.

Many of our youth, in addition to other branches of education, are instructed in music; it is difficult to determine how much influence musical instruction exercises in elevating the mind, refining the morals, and developing a general perception of the beautiful; how it leads away the soul from all that is mean, and places before the youthful understanding an harmonious universe, whose visible aspects are thus rendered the more sublime. Antiquity, the mirror for all later times, placed, with great justice, a high value upon musical education, using moderation and good judgment in all its applications of the art.

But it is more particularly in the separate departments of music that we are made sensible of its general effect upon the life of the people. The most natural, and, at the same time, the most appropriate division of music is, into sacred and secular. As the arts in general are of sacred origin, so also the oldest music may be said to have been of a sacred character. It is natural that art should claim such an origin, as her aim is to call up before the mind the deepest truths of our nature; and when she cannot succeed in placing them in a palpable shape, she furnishes an inner perception of them, through the instrumentality of her manifold productions.

Of the music of antiquity we know but little; but amid the scanty remains of Grecian music we find a strong resemblance to the ancient Christian music. This primitive music seems to have proceeded, partly from the chants of the synagogue, and partly from those of Greek tragedy.

To the student of musical history it becomes evident that the Christian church has fulfilled her mission in collecting and appropriating the remains of heathen antiquity, and in endowing them with new

vigour. The student of modern history must, at the same time, acknowledge, that only those phenomena can be permanent which have copied and improved upon the merits of the ancients, and have not sought a modernization out of a total destruction of the old, ignoring by the fiat of a word or stroke of the pen all that thousands of years have established; in other words, that progression, and not an overthrow of all that has been established, can alone contain the elements of durability.

That the old church music, which may well be termed immortal, because it is as old as the profoundest depth of the human soul, is, for this very reason, indescribable in its effects. After the lapse of thousands of years it still comes with thrilling impulse on the ear and heart, and strange as it may seem to many of our moderns, it claims of every seriously disposed individual a certain share of awe, and allows no one to escape its power. The well known Gregorian church music is the finest production of ancient art.

The modern writers of music have bowed in acquiescence to the grandeur of the old church music, and in some instances have applied it to a new order of thought with marked success. Nearly as old as this music, and, in its original rich and diversified form, fully as deep and beautiful is the chorale, and its importance as a portion of the Christian culture of the present day is so fully acknowledged as to render it superfluous for us to follow this stream of popular life.

In the department just referred to, the old Italian school, with Palestrina, stands unrivalled; affording in its inexhaustible depth and beauty the source of our highest enjoyment. We may here as well as with reference to the ancient church music, apply the well known motto, so successfully set to music by Handel,

“We bow to the eternal law; What always was is true.”

In the more recent works of the great followers of the illustrious Italians, who reached their zenith in Bach and Handel, we find blended with the character of the Italian school that of the German: showing at the same time that vigour and depth of mind and emotion and that variety of form, that spirit, strength, enthusiasm and elevation, which form the basis of all the great works which shall endure for centuries to come.

Church music is of vast importance and of extensive range, in the popular life of the present day. We must lay a great stress upon the fact that it furnishes the auditor with a musical ear at a very early age, and his sense of the lofty and beautiful becomes awakened by this their noblest application.

In recent times a vast amount of church music has been written; but it has become greatly secularized, and, even in places of high renown, its treatment has become spiritless and negligent. In church exercises the great end should be to promote vocal before instrumental music and restrain the latter within its proper limits. Yet the cultivation of instrumental music has produced many good results. Organ playing has been brought to great perfection, and the organ continues to be the queen of instruments.

In the dance, secular music comes before us in its original form. The insignificant word "dance" becomes very significant if we consider how much dancing is found among all nations. Music was the earliest protectress of dancing. Among the heathen people, ancient and modern, the dance accompanied religious service, whereas among ourselves it forms so exclusively a part of secular, as to present the strongest contrast to sacred music. The styles of dancing are as various in their character as the nations themselves, and we find in the different representations of the dance a reflection of the different nationalities; and hence their musical accompaniments partake of an equally great diversity.

The Germans have, in recent times, especially excelled in this department of music. Through the introduction of French manners the German dance was somewhat superseded; and upon the grace of the French dance we cannot set a light value; still the German waltz and galop claim their own peculiar right. Since Strauss, Lanner and some others have applied themselves to this field of music, it has undergone a visible improvement. But these modern ballets have, at best, no intrinsic value; yet even an elaboration of this class of music deserves some commendation. Everything is good in its place; this is the only true position of the artist. Exclusiveness is a result, either of contracted thinking, or of a determination, resting upon inability, not to go beyond the limits of a certain circle.

The class of music we are now dwelling upon, however, may be made subservient to the purposes of a more elevated fancy, guided by the enthusiasm of the master, in which the true elements of the dance disappears to a certain extent, as we find in the waltzes of Schubert and the mazurkas of Chopin.

THE RECONCILIATION.

[The 9th Ode of the 3rd Book, of which we attempt the following translation, and the 3rd Ode of the 4th Book, have been considered by the erudite scholar Schalliger, the most beautiful lyrical productions of Horace. Public attention has of late been especially directed to the writings of this poet, and a recent article in a leading periodical, on the three great lyrical poets, Horace, Beranger and Burns and two excellent papers in *Blackwood*, containing translations from the Roman bard, have materially assisted, in producing what we may perhaps term, a species of classical revival. We now present to our readers a single sample from the many beauties contained in the pages of Horace, trusting that they will excuse the somewhat unusual modes of expression, and the apparent roughness, which an anxious wish to produce a tolerably correct translation, renders necessary. We make these re-

marks because, aware that many renderings of this Ode, some of an exceedingly chaste and beautiful character, have been attempted, we do not desire improperly to claim a position either as pioneers of taste, or as specially elegant and faithful imitators of the original :]

HORACE. Whilst I *alone* to thee had charms,
Nor other youth, save me, his arms
Around thy fairest neck could fling;
I lived far happier than the Persian king.

LYDIA. Till other love thy heart inflamed,
And Chloë Lydia's conquest claimed,
Thy Lydia's name, on many a tongue,
Greater than Roman Iliad's rung.

HORACE. I, Thressa Chloë now admire
Skilled in sweet measures and the lyre;
For her I'd willing yield my breath
Should the fates save her soul from death.

LYDIA. I now a mutual passion bear
For Calais, great Ornytus' heir,
I'd willing *twice* my life destroy
To ward sad fate from that dear boy.

HORACE. What if old love our fates revoke
And drive us 'neath her brazen yoke,
If flaxen Chloë rule no more,
And Lydia seek the opened door.

LYDIA. Though *he* is fairer than a star,
You, light as cork and fickle are,
And stormier than the Hadrian sea,
Yet will I live and die with thee.

I. A. J.

A SWIM FOR A BRIDE.

BY E.—G.—N.

I.

My name is John Smith, a plain-enough name, by the way, and quite easily remembered. I am a farmer. My farm is situated on the western side of the river Saint John, in the County of Queen's, and consists of something better than a hundred acres of as good land as anyone need wish to call his own. I have been living upon this farm about eight years. Before I took this place and went to work for myself, I was employed as "help" with Farmer Johnson, my nearest neighbour, and,—I am happy to add,—now my father-in-law. Although it is seventeen years ago this fall, I can remember quite well the morning I went over to his place to ask for work. On the previous evening my father—who had to support a large family on the profits of a small farm—said to me, "John, you are getting to be quite a big

boy now, and it is time you were thinking of doing something for yourself. Before I was your age I was working for my living, and earning it too." I made no reply but soon went off to bed; not that I was put out by what father said, because I knew he had enough to do to provide food and clothes for us all, but I wanted to think the matter quietly over by myself. I did not sleep much that night, for my mind was busy planning some course of action, being fully determined that father should not have to give me a second hint to shift for myself. Next morning I was up and dressed before any of the others in the house were astir, and putting a few cold potatoes in my pocket, slipped out and took the road that led down to the river. The plan which I had formed was simply to seek employment at the different farm houses in the neighbourhood; and first of all at Mr. Johnson's, who generally had a number of men in his employ. I had about three miles to walk so I stepped briskly forward, eating my potatoes as I went and wondering what I should say when I got to the house. An hour's tramp brought me there, and on entering the gate I saw the very man I sought standing near the front door.

"Well, John," said he as I walked up to him. "What has brought you over here so early?"

"I just came, sir," I replied, "to see if you could give me something to do; for there is not much doing at our place just now, and father does not like to see me in idleness."

"And he is quite right too. But I don't think I want any more help at present. This is a dull time of the year, and I have lately paid off a couple of my hands as the busy season is over."

He was looking down at the ground, as if thinking whether to take me or not. I watched his face earnestly and, I suppose, somewhat anxiously, for when he raised his eyes to my face again he suddenly regarded me more attentively, and then he wanted to know what made me so anxious to have him employ me at that time.

So then I told him exactly how it was,—how hard my father found it to keep us all at home, and that, being now in my fifteenth year, I was determined to be a burden on him no longer. When I got through he smiled good-humouredly and, telling me to wait a few moments, went into the house to consult Mrs. Johnson.

Well, the upshot of it all was that I was employed for a year at a nominal rate of wages. The smallness of the pay did not trouble me much, however, for I was prepared to go to work for my "keeping" alone if I could not do better, so thanking my new employer, and bidding him good morning I hastened home with the good news.

II.

The family, in the midst of which I was for the time settled, consisted of five persons, whom I must in a few words introduce to the reader. Mr. Johnson was one of those "canny Scotchmen" who seem to succeed with anything they take in hand. At the time I entered his employ he was a fine, fresh-looking, middle-aged man; rather under the average height; and stout without being portly. Among his neighbours he was known as a practical and successful

farmer, and an honest man. His wife was a clever, tidy little woman ; and seemed to be several years younger than her husband, by whom she was regarded as a very paragon of excellence in her way. There were three children living. The eldest of these, Catherine by name—after her mother—was a girl of about fifteen, with dark eyes and hair and singularly pretty features. Next came Charley a curly-haired, chubby-faced, young fellow, as full of fun and mischief as a young colt. Then there was little Nell,—blue-eyed, merry, laughing Nell ; the pride and pet of the household, without whom the family circle would have been incomplete. Such was the family with which I was destined to pass some of the happiest days of my life.

I soon fell in with my daily routine of duties at the Johnson Farm, as it was commonly called. During the first winter my time was chiefly occupied in assisting to take care of the stock, keeping the kitchen supplied with firewood, and doing sundry odd jobs about the place. But that was altogether too tame to suit my ideas. I aspired to engage in what I considered the more manly occupation of real farming. Accordingly when the winter was over, and spring operations commenced, I did my best to get my hand in at everything that was going on. In this I was always encouraged by my employer, for nothing pleased him better than to see his men working willingly, without requiring, as he expressed it, 'to be driven like so many mules.' Not unfrequently at the close of a hard day's work I received a word of commendation for my industry, and this stimulated me to make exertions greater than ten times the amount of breath expended in harsh words and fault-finding would have done.

But there was very little of that on the farm. When Mr. Johnson was satisfied with his men, he did not hesitate to tell them so ; when he was not he settled up with them and let them go elsewhere, and the men knew this and acted accordingly. For my part, I experienced nothing but kindness from the first. Instead of being treated as an ordinary hired hand, I was used almost like one of the family, eating at the table with them, and spending the evenings in their midst. And such pleasant evenings as they were ! Sometimes the reading aloud of some interesting volume occupied the time. Or perhaps some simple game would be started, in which all hands would join, at other times the Spelling-book and Arithmetic took the place of these lighter pastimes. Mr. Johnson taking the part of school-master, and he was not a bad one either.

Thus employed the time passed pleasantly away until the first year of my stay on the farm was completed. Then Mr. Johnson desired to know if I intended to remain with him. I expressed my willingness to do so, and he offering an increase of wages, an agreement was made with but little loss of time.

III.

My second year at the Johnson farm was passed in something the same manner as the first. I continued to work on as steadily and industriously as before, and as my strength and experience increased, tried to make myself as useful as possible. To this I was urged to a certain extent by a desire to make some return for the kindness shown me by the John-

sons. But above and beyond this there was a strong motive at work within me. It was something that I never spoke of to another—a secret which I kept locked up within my breast. The truth was, the pretty face and winning manner of Kitty Johnson were beginning to exercise their natural effect upon me; filling my head with innumerable strange, and perhaps foolish, fancies. Chief among these was a hopeful looking forward to the time when I would be a prosperous farmer like Mr. Johnson, and his eldest daughter would be Mrs. John Smith.

All this for a poor lad of eighteen, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, may be considered ridiculous enough; but to me it was a bright star of promise, waxing stronger day by day, and cheering me on through every obstacle that stood in the way of the realization of my hope.

One by one the years slipped by until I had passed my twenty-second birthday. I was now a well-built sturdy fellow, and was earning very fair wages, for my pay had been steadily increased year by year. My master and mistress were as busy and sprightly as ever. Catherine was grown up into a tall and really handsome young woman, the admired or envied of all the pretty girls in the neighbourhood. Charley was in Gagetown at school, and Nelly (*little Nelly* no longer) had become something like what her sister was when I first came to live with them.

I have neglected to make any mention of our own family since the time I left my father's house to look for work. Of course I saw them all very often. Generally we met each Sunday at Church, and sometimes I spent a day with them at home, when I could spare the time. Since I went away, their circumstances had gradually improved. The boys (there were three besides myself) were growing big and strong, and by dint of hard pushing, some more land was added to the old homestead, which gave them a much better chance to get along.

In short everything appeared to be going on swimmingly. The prize which I had so long striven to obtain seemed almost within my reach. As yet I had not said anything to Mr. Johnson about the inroad I hoped to make upon his family circle, considering that my position scarcely permitted of it. For the same reason I had not openly broached the subject to Catherine, but with a thousand little attentions, which I flattered myself were not misunderstood, I endeavoured to make known the state of my feelings towards her.

After due reflection I determined that as soon as a favourable opportunity presented itself I would frankly state my intentions to Mr. Johnson, trusting to the good opinion he professed to entertain for me to favour my plans.

As it happened, I did not have to wait long for the opportunity. One afternoon Mr. Johnson and I, with a couple of other men were at work haying on a piece of land at some distance from the house. The day was a very hot one, and the work was heavy for the hay required to be stacked before night. I did not mind that however, for my thoughts were still busier than my hands. One of the men had just informed me that the adjoining farm was for sale, the people who owned it being about to remove out West. It struck me at once that the place would suit me exactly if I could get it on reasonable terms, for though not so large, in all other respects it was fully equal to the

farm I was working on. I resolved to see about it without delay, and also to tell Mr. Johnson about what I had been planning so long.

By sun-down our work was finished, and shouldering our rakes and forks we turned our steps homeward. The two men had started off a little in advance, as it was my intention they should, leaving Mr. Johnson and I to follow them to the house.

"I hear that we are going to lose our neighbours, the Crofts," I began.

"They have been talking of going away for some time," replied Mr. Johnson, "and I should not wonder if it ended in talk."

"Jones says that Crofts told him this morning they were going to move away as soon as they could sell their property."

"Well, it seems to me that should not detain them long, for the farm is a good one. I should not mind making an offer for it myself, only I have as much land now as I care about working."

"Then how do you think it would do for me to take the place and go to work on it myself?"

Mr. Johnson stopped short and stared at me in surprise. "What! take the place and go to work on it yourself! Is that what you are saying?"

"Why yes, sir; if I am ever going to make a start in life, it is quite time I was moving about it. And I think that farm would suit me as well as any that I know of."

"But do you know what the people expect to get for it?"

"I have not heard, sir, but I intend to inquire of them. I have some money saved away. Mr. Thompson of Gagetown has nearly a hundred pounds in keeping for me, until it is wanted; and I gave father twenty pounds to help him to pay for the piece of land he bought two years ago, which he now insists upon returning to me; so unless they want the whole of the money down, I may be able do come to some arrangement with them."

We walked on in silence for a short distance, and then Mr. Johnson said:

"I do not want to discourage you, John, but it seems to me that even if you succeed in getting that farm you would not be a whit more comfortable than you are at present. As it is you need have no anxious thoughts about short crops or unfavourable harvest weather, for in plenty or in scarcity your wages are always forthcoming."

"True; as far as that goes I have every reason to be satisfied."

"Then as regards respectability: it is not absolutely certain that you would gain anything in that way by the move you speak of making. For my part I would esteem a young man who was working for another, and doing his duty, as highly as I would his employer."

"To a certain extent perhaps you would, but under certain circumstances you might not. Suppose, for instance, such a one should come to you, desirous of—plainly speaking—connecting himself with your family, would you receive him as favourably as though the land he worked on and the house he lived in were his own?"

Mr. Johnson turned quickly and looked at me just as he had done a little while before. I returned his gaze as composedly as possible but in my deeply flushed face he must have read all that my words did not express.

"I do not know," said he, after a while, speaking more slowly and in a lower tone. "That question requires a great deal of consideration, and I have not thought of it before."

We walked the rest of the way without saying any more. When we got to the barn I put our haying implements in their proper place, and then entered the house and went up to my room to clean myself up a bit before going to supper. On coming down stairs I found the others already seated at the table, and I quietly took my seat among them.

For some minutes there was not a word spoken, for Mr. Johnson's thoughtful manner showed there was something unusual on his mind. Even Kate and Nelly looked as sober as though they expected to hear some unwelcome news. At last Mrs. Johnson attempted to start the conversation by observing that Mrs. Crofts had been in during the afternoon, and told her that they intended to start for Illinois in about a month.

"Yes, John has been telling me they are only waiting to dispose of their farm, and he speaks of buying it, and going to live there himself."

"Why, John," exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, "are you thinking about leaving us?"

"I have not made up my mind," was my reply; "but I was thinking that if I could get the farm at a reasonable figure, it would be a good chance for me." And that was all that was said until we arose from the table.

After supper I went out into the kitchen-garden which was close by the house and commenced weeding. I did so rather for the sake of being alone with my own thoughts than for any better reason, but before long I heard a footstep near by and looking up found Catherine standing beside me.

"I am sorry that you are thinking of going away, John," said she. "If you do we will miss you very much."

"But in case I should, do you think that *you* would miss me, Kate?" I asked.

"To be sure I should; and so would we all,—you have been staying with us so long now."

"Then what would you say if I told you that it was for your sake I first thought of taking this step?"

"For my sake John! Why, what do you mean by that?"

"I simply mean that if I succeed in getting that farm it is not my intention to live there alone very long; and if all goes well, I may some day ask you to come and stay with me. Do you think, Kate, you could make up your mind to that?"

I cannot tell what answer she was about to make, for just then her father made his appearance at an open window—which looked out directly upon us, and Catherine turned away and walked slowly back into the house.

IV.

The events of the succeeding twelve months must be only briefly referred to, for though of considerable importance to me, they would hardly prove sufficiently interesting to the reader to warrant me in giving a detailed account of them.

In the first place, I succeeded in making a bargain with Mr. Crofts for the purchase of his farm. It appeared that a brother of his, living in the State of Illinois, in writing to him, had given such glowing accounts of the wonderful fertility of the prairie lands and great inducements offered to settlers, that he resolved to join him there as soon as possible. On this account I managed to secure better terms than I could otherwise have done. Part of the amount agreed upon I paid in cash, and for the remainder I gave a mortgage on the property which I bound myself to pay off within two years. This I was to do by making two annual payments to the legal gentleman who drew up the necessary documents when I made the purchase; and he was to forward the money to Mr. Crofts wherever he might be.

The neighbours said that I made an excellent bargain, and I don't think they were far wrong. Besides the farm and a comfortable, though not very large, dwelling-house, with barns, out-houses, and some farming utensils, there were a good horse and a milch cow, and feed enough to keep them till the following spring. Some few hinted that when I was called upon to make a further payment I might not find it so easy to do so, but when the time came the money was forthcoming, and then the place was more than half paid for.

If I worked hard while with Mr. Johnson, I worked still harder when I became my own master. But it could scarcely be said that it was for myself I toiled. When I saw my affairs in a prosperous condition, and heard the congratulations of my friends, I thought most of her whom I hoped soon to make mistress over all my little domain.

Catherine and I had seen each other very frequently since the time I had left her father's employ. At least once a week I took tea with the family as of old, and occasionally some of them returned the compliment at what Nelly laughingly dubbed Bachelor's Hall. She had the use of that joke all to herself, for the only time her sister attempted it I broadly hinted that if it continued to be Bachelor's Hall, it would be her own fault, and that effectually silenced her upon the subject.

Month after month sped on until the snows of the second winter I spent on my farm were melted away. That year had opened hopefully enough for me. To be sure I had a good many difficulties, and perhaps a few hardships to contend with, but the hope that the "good time coming," was close at hand always kept my spirits up. But while the skies seemed so bright and clear there was a cloud gathering that I knew not of; which was destined ere long to cover me with darkness and dismay.

One evening in early spring, I was returning from Bachelor's Hall with Catherine and Nelly when the latter said to me, "Oh, John, do you know that Charley is coming home next week?"

"No, I have not heard anything about it," I replied.

"Well, he is; and what is more, he is going to bring a friend with him,—a young fellow from St. John. I'll have a beau then as well as Kate. Won't that be grand?"

We all laughed heartily at this; for it did not occur to me at the time that he might be a beau for Kate as well as for Nelly. But after I had bidden the girls good-night and was returning homewards, I began to think about the possibility of such a thing; and though I did not allow the

thought to give me much uncasiness, I resolved to keep a good look out upon the movements of this expected guest during his stay with the Johnsons'.

About the middle of the following week, as was promised, Charley and his friend arrived. I did not see them for a day or two afterwards, for when I went over to Mr. Johnson's for that purpose, they were absent. But Charley was not long about calling upon me, and he brought with him his companion, who was made known to me as Mr. George Ross of Saint John. He was rather a good-looking young man; well-dressed; had his hair parted in the middle; and carried a light cane with an ivory handle. Besides this he possessed a smooth, soft voice, and from his air and manner I judged him capable of making himself a very agreeable companion when he wished it.

I saw very little more of Mr. Ross during the week, but on Sunday he accompanied Catherine and Nelly to church, and, when the service was over, drove them home again without affording me an opportunity to give them more than a nod as they went by.

This was quite a new experience for me, and by no means a pleasant one. Not wishing to follow the party on the road, I went home with my brother Tom,—who was the only one of our family, besides myself, at church—and had dinner at father's. I stayed there all the afternoon. After tea I harnessed up my horse and returned to Bachelor's Hall. From there, as was my custom on Sunday evening, I went over to see the Johnsons', and find out how matters stood with them.

I cannot say that I derived much comfort from that visit. I found Mr. Ross seated in the midst of the Johnson family, who formed a little audience around him, and which he kept amused by a flow of language which did not fail to interest even me. It mattered not what subject was introduced, he seemed to be as ready to speak upon it as though he had studied it up expressly for the occasion.

After sitting listening for an hour or two to this brilliant display of Mr. Ross's conversational powers, I arose to take my leave. Catherine came to the door with me as usual, but she appeared more willing to return to the company than to spend any time talking to me, so I wished her good-night and the door was soon closed.

Musing upon the events of the day, I walked back to my own lonely abode and went to bed, and in spite of my newly-found troubles was soon fast asleep.

One glorious June evening, about six weeks subsequent to this time I was sitting alone by the river-side. The scene was one of surpassing beauty. In front flowed the broad, shimmering river, now crimsoned by the rays of the setting sun; and, rising from the water's edge, green fields, chequered all over with darker spots of cultivated land, stretched away on every side as far as the eye could reach.

But it was not to gaze upon nature's loveliness that I was there. My heart was far too heavy to be moved to admiration by the beauty of the surroundings. I was thinking sadly of the havoc that had been made with my prospects within the last two months. Ever since the arrival of Mr. Ross at the Johnson farm I noticed that he became daily more intimate with the family, and on some pretext or other he was

still staying there. But even this would not have caused me so much uneasiness had it not been that as *his* intimacy with them increased, *mine* decreased in a like proportion.

The reason of this it was not hard to determine. Mr. Ross was paying great attention to Catherine and Nelly, and especially to the former; and they, thinking him to be a better match for her than a hard-working farmer, were giving him the preference and coolly pushing me aside. How bitter that thought was to me I need not say; but it is a terrible thing to have the one great hope of a man's life suddenly dashed to the ground.

While sitting there occupied with these thoughts, my attention was suddenly attracted by the appearance of a sail-boat on the river. I knew it well. It was one that was kept by Mr. Johnson for the purpose of crossing to the opposite shore, when necessary. In the boat were seated two persons—a lady and gentleman—who they were it was not hard to imagine.

They left the shore some distance below where I was sitting. And the wind being in that direction, sailed up the river towards me. As they drew near I changed my position to a spot where I could see them without being noticed, for I did not care to be seen by them.

For fully half-an-hour I remained there watching their movements, as they passed repeatedly before me. One thing I could not help noticing was that the boat was very badly handled. More than once, while changing its course, I feared an accident would be the result. Once they came veering down the stream, almost dead against the wind, until they were scarcely a hundred yards away. Then I saw Ross preparing to bring the boat round on the opposite tack. It was a manœuvre which required more skill and experience than he possessed, and he failed to accomplish it. Suddenly I saw the sail flapping loosely in the wind, and the next moment the boat was over, and the two were struggling in the water.

In an instant I was upon my feet, prepared, if necessary, to render any assistance in my power. My first thought was, "can the fellow swim." He soon showed that he could, by making for the boat as if he purposed trying to right it. This, however, was beyond his power, and the attempt was quickly abandoned. I watched anxiously to see what his next move would be, but could scarcely believe my senses when I beheld the craven-hearted wretch turn his back upon his drowning companion, notwithstanding her cries for help, and strike out for the shore.

In as little time as is required to tell it, my coat and boots were off, and I was in the water. I supposed that when Ross saw me hastening towards them he would take courage and try to rescue Catherine, but he made no attempt to do so, his only anxiety apparently being to save himself. We passed each other about midway between the shore and the spot I was making for, but no word was spoken on either side. Just then I saw Catherine sinking for the first time, for until then her clothes appeared to buoy her up. If ever I swam in my life, it was during the five minutes that followed, and I managed to grasp her just as she was going down the second time.

Between fright and actual drowning the girl was now in an almost insensible condition. This, however, rendered my task all the less difficult, for had it been otherwise, she might have struggled to seize me and so rendered my efforts to save her unavailing. As it was I had no trouble in passing my left arm round her waist, and then I commenced striking out for the land. Being a good swimmer, I would, under ordinary circumstances, soon have reached a place of safety; but there was more against me than I at first thought of. From the spot where I entered the water the river bank became steeper and higher, so that unless I managed to get back nearly to the place I started from I had a very poor chance of getting ashore without assistance. On perceiving this I made every effort to gain that point, but the current was too strong, and bore me slowly past it.

All this time Ross was standing looking on, and offering no assistance whatever. I believe he would have seen us both perish before his eyes without attempting to render any aid, and indeed it was becoming every minute more probable that such would be our fate, for my strength was gradually giving out, and the current swept us further and further down.

As long as it appeared to be of any use I held out, but at last it seemed to be only a matter of time, whether we should die in one minute or in five. But while I knew it not, succour was at hand. I heard a cheering shout behind me, and looking round saw a boat, rowed by two men, swiftly approaching from the other side of the river. I saw Catherine lifted out of the water, and one of the men pulled me up after her, and then I sank down in the boat utterly exhausted.

* * * * * * *

The rest of my story is soon told. The worst result of Catherine's immersion in the river was a slight cold. As for me, I was at my work next day as if nothing had happened.

When Mr. Johnson heard from Catherine and the men who rescued us, the part that Mr. George Ross had taken in the affair, he ordered him away from the house, and the other members of the family declined seeing him before he left. After that we saw no more of him.

From that time everything went on as smoothly and pleasantly as before Mr. Ross made his appearance among us. Ere the summer was over I had paid off all claims against my farm, and I was almost as proud and happy as it was possible for me to be.

But one thing was now wanting to render my happiness complete, and I did not have to wait much longer for that. In October Catherine and I were married. The ceremony was performed in the parish church, and when it was over the wedding party returned to Mr. Johnson's to eat, drink and make merry for the rest of the evening.

From there the bride and bridegroom proceeded to their future home, where we have been living very happily ever since; and where, should any of my readers condescend to favour us with a visit, they may feel assured of a right hearty welcome.

ACADIAN GEOLOGY.*

By A. W. McKAY, Streetsville, Ontario.

THE progress of geology is advanced by the accumulation of facts. More than any of the other natural sciences, it requires that these facts be collected from wide areas of observation. The whole globe is the organism with which it has to do, and to know this organism perfectly, every part of it must be observed in detail, and these parts, when correctly known, compared with each other. It is thus we can reach a stand-point from which to survey advantageously, and understand thoroughly, the various phenomena presented, in their several relations: and it is from this point of view, that the philosophical naturalist can theorise with confidence, so as to arrive at the true explanation of them.

On this consideration, the scientific public are prepared to welcome such books as the one before us, as real additions to knowledge. The comparatively insignificant political importance of the country described, does not in the least lessen the value of the facts presented. Nova Scotia may be as interesting, from a geological point of view, as countries of much larger area, and with a history dating back to the time of Julius Caesar. In tracing the natural history we leave the political far out of our reckoning. Such a large proportion of the earth yet remains to be examined geologically, that we are fully warranted to hope, as observations proceed, that we shall not only get new light upon the facts in our possession, but that the large gaps, still existing in our records of the former life of the globe, will be gradually filled up.

Dr. Dawson's name has been closely associated with the geology of Nova Scotia, now, for many years. The first issue of his book, formed a sort of era, in the history of the science within the province. Probably others had done as much actual work in the field as he. Gesner, Jackson and Alger, Brown, Logan and others, had published works and papers on the subject. But at a time when geology was coming to be more popularly known as a science, among intelligent readers, his work appeared, giving the result of the labours of previous observers, as well as of his own, and presenting in a succinct form, all that was known on the subject up to that time. His public position, too, in connection with education in his native province, brought his name into greater prominence, and consequently his book was rather well received, and somewhat extensively circulated throughout the country.

It now appears in a second edition, much enlarged and improved, and published by one of the first London houses. This of itself will secure for it a favourable reception. But, besides, Dr. Dawson's name,

* ACADIAN GEOLOGY; The Geological Structure, Organic Remains, and Mineral Resources of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, by John William Dawson, M. A., L. L. D., F. R. G., F. G. S., &c., &c.

in connection with the far-famed *Eozoon Canadense*, is now extensively known. And what with his position as Principal and Vice-Chancellor of one of the first collegiate institutions within the Dominion, we may anticipate for his work, in this improved form, an extensive circulation.

In many respects it deserves this for its intrinsic merits. It contains a large collection of new facts on some departments of the subject, which will be interesting to the student. Dr. Dawson has devoted special attention to the carboniferous formations, and particularly to the plants of the coal measures, and he has therefore succeeded in concentrating around this department a considerable amount of interest. It could not well be otherwise in the circumstances. More than all other departments of geology, Nova Scotia is rich in the illustrations she furnishes of the coal measures. Her wealth in the mineral is well known. The Pictou mines show the thickest coal-seam in the world. And not only as to actual abundance of the mineral, but regarded from a scientific point of view, in the sections of strata and their fossil contents, Nova Scotia is second to no other country, in the opportunities it affords for the successful study of the science.

The older rocks, too, have received a large share of Dr. Dawson's attention, though not by any means in the same proportion as the carboniferous. So much of the province is occupied by those, and they have attracted so much attention in recent years on account of their auriferous contents, that one would have desiderated for them a more extended consideration than they have received in this volume. But it would be unfair to expect Dr. Dawson to excel in every department. The carboniferous rocks are evidently his specialty, and he has given his strength chiefly to them.

On the whole, the "Acadian Geology" will prove a valuable handbook to all who wish to make acquaintance with the geology of the maritime provinces. Dr. Dawson's style is clear and vigorous; what he wishes to say, he says intelligibly and directly; and his knowledge is for the most part correct and full, on many of the subjects on which he treats. Still many will be disappointed with the book. It does not satisfy the anticipations which its history, and Dr. Dawson's name and position would lead one to form. Compared with the former edition it is quite a bulky volume, much more so indeed than it need be. There is much wanting from it that we expected to find it contain; but there is also not a little included in its contents that could well be dispensed with.

We are well aware that it is no easy task to produce a work on local geology. It requires very great judgment and taste to decide what it is proper to insert and what to omit. There is always a strong temptation to theorise, and dwell on general principles, many of them so often repeated, as to have become mere common-place. And there is on the other hand a disposition to omit facts and illustrations. The means by which certain conclusions have been reached or substantiated anew, cease to appear so important as these conclusions themselves. And we often find in works such as the present, long disquisitions on general principles, which should find a place only in works devoted to the general subject, regarded from a theoretical point of view.

Dr. Dawson has not only frequently fallen into these errors, but he has doubly increased the difficulty of his task, by keeping in view a purpose which it was all but impossible he could execute successfully. This purpose he tells us in his preface, is "to place within the reach of the people of the districts to which it relates, a popular account of the more recent discoveries in the geology and mineral resources of their country, and at the same time to give to geologists in other countries, a connected view of the structure of a very interesting portion of the American continent, in its relation to general and theoretical geology."

We have recently seen a great many attempts made to popularise science, but with very few exceptions they have all ended in failure. To deprive any science of its technical character, and present it in an intelligible manner in language already found insufficient for the purpose, and instead of which a new phraseology had to be invented when the particular science was brought into existence, is certainly a task which, in any circumstances, cannot be conceived of as easily accomplished. But to make a work on local geology popular is a task more difficult still. With all due respect to Principal Dawson, it seems to us very much like the time-honoured feat of sitting at once upon two stools: and it is much to be feared that he has more than once experienced the awkward results which usually follow upon such an experiment.

To careful readers, the perusal of the work will furnish many illustrations of this remark. In some portions of it we find pages occupied with discussions of elementary principles, and statements of facts usually to be found in any ordinary text-book. Matter with which the merest tyro in the science is acquainted constitutes a considerable proportion of some chapters, particularly in the earlier parts of the work. This is simply wearisome to those already acquainted with it, while it cannot but prove inadequate for the end intended to be served by it, namely, to render the more technical portions of the work intelligible to unscientific readers. It is impossible to give lengthened extracts. One or two sentences must suffice. Here, for instance, is one specimen:—

"The unstratified drift or boulder clay may be viewed as consisting of a base or paste, including angular or rounded fragments of rocks. The base varies from a stiff clay to loose sand, and its composition and colour generally depend upon those of the underlying and neighbouring rocks. Thus, over sandstone it is arenaceous, over shales argillaceous, and over conglomerates and hard slates pebbly or shingly. The greater number of the stones contained in the drift are usually like the paste containing them, derived from the neighbouring rock formations. These untravelled fragments are often of large size, and are usually angular, except when they are of very soft material, or of rocks whose corners readily wither away. It is unnecessary to give illustrations of these facts. Anyone can observe that on passing from a granitic district to one composed of slate, or from slate to sandstone, the character of the loose stones changes accordingly. It is also a matter of familiar observation, that in proportion to the hardness or

softness of the prevailing rocks, the quantity of these loose stones increases or diminishes." And so on for several pages.

This is surely "popular" enough for any reader. Here is another specimen:—

"The volcanic rocks of this period (New Red Sandstone) are of that character known to geologists as *Trap*, and are quite analogous to the products of modern volcanoes; and like them consist principally of *Augite*, a dark green or blackish mineral, composed of silica, lime and magnesia, with iron as a colouring material. Various kinds of trap are distinguished corresponding to the varieties of modern lavas. Crystalline or basaltic trap is a black or dark green rock, of a fine crystalline texture, and having on the large scale a strong tendency to assume a rude columnar or basaltic structure. Amygdaloid or almond-cake trap is full of round or oval cavities or air-bubbles, filled with light coloured minerals introduced by water after the formation of the rock. This represents the vesicular or porous lava which forms the upper surface of lava currents, just as the basaltic trap represents the basaltic-form lava which appears in their lower and more central parts. The only difference is, that in the amygdaloid, the cavities are filled up, while in the modern lavas they are empty. In some old lavas, however, the cavities are already wholly or partially filled. A third kind of trap, very abundant in Nova Scotia, is tufa or tuff, or volcanic sandstone, a rock of earthy or sandy appearance, and of gray-greenish or brown colour. It consists of fine volcanic dust and scoriac, popularly known as the ashes and cinders of volcanoes, cemented together into a somewhat tough rock. Modern tufa, analogous to that of the trap, is very abundant in volcanic countries, and sometimes sufficiently hard to be quarried as a stone."

It is difficult to guess what might have been the specific intention of such a paragraph as this last. Not certainly to inform scientific readers. It might surely be presumed that *they* would not require to be told the characters and differences of basaltic, tufaceous and amygdaloidal trap. And yet, on the other hand, of what possible use can it be to non-geological readers, who know nothing of trap or its varieties? Surely, when Professor Dawson lectures to his Freshmen on elementary geology, if he ever does, he finds it necessary to tell them more than this, about the constitution and origin of trap rocks, before he is satisfied they understand the subject. Instead of adapting his book to the two classes of readers he mentions, this seems very much like making large portions of it all but useless to them. The parts adapted to the general reader, the scientific reader may pass over, assuming that he already knows their contents, while those portions which the man of science will find interesting, unscientific readers must be satisfied to postpone the perusal of, until they have thoroughly studied the subject, with the help of some elementary text-book.

There is another general feature of this volume, and especially the earlier chapters of it, which requires a remark. It contains a large amount of irrelevant matter. There are lengthened disquisitions on subjects, whose connection with geology seems sufficiently remote. An instance of this will be found in the very first chapter on the origin

and meaning of the name "Acadia." This perhaps might be passed over without remark, were it a solitary instance; but so many others follow in the chapters immediately subsequent, that it almost appears as if it were Dr. Dawson's weakness to endeavour to show off the variety and extent of his knowledge. In Chap. IV, for instance, we have no less than ten pages occupied with an account of the "Results of Forest Fires," in which, by the way, it might be remarked, there are a number of statements, some of them of rather doubtful correctness, and others defective and insufficient. The phenomena which he attempts to account for, namely, the growth of trees of a totally different class, from those previously destroyed by fire, in the place where the latter grew,—he fails satisfactorily to explain, in fact seems to lose sight of the point altogether before he ends his discussion. And in the previous part of the same chapter, we are treated with a rather lengthy dissertation on the ethnological relations of the aboriginal Eastern Americans—a subject no doubt of very deep interest, but which it might be as well to consider in its proper place and connection—certainly not in a work on local geology.

If instead of these unnecessary and useless digressions Dr. Dawson had entered more fully into the different points presented for consideration by the superficial deposits of the country, he would have increased greatly the interest of the introductory chapter of his book. Take for example, "River Intervales" which he passes over with the remark that he is "not aware that they present any geological features requiring detailed notice." It will be considered extraordinary by persons acquainted with this branch of the subject, that anyone professing to treat of it, and especially of that portion of it referring to the formation of river beds and valleys, should have made such a confession. We know of no more interesting subject in the whole range of geological science, than this of river valleys; and there is we venture to say, no country in which it is more abundantly illustrated by curious and interesting phenomena than Nova Scotia. On the rivers entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence, such as those of Pictou, Merigonishe, and Antigonishe harbours, many specimens of these may be seen. Well-marked terraces at various heights line their banks; gravel ridges accumulated by the retiring waters bound the lower and upper limits of these; and shingle beaches containing well-rolled pebbles are found at various heights; while sometimes in the centre of the broad "intervale" there are portions still remaining of the high land out of which the valley has been excavated, which rise occasionally to the average height of the upland on both sides of the river, though isolated from it by the intervening flats. And again, there are found at depths of six and eight feet below the silt, of which the intervale consists, and resting on a bed of clay underlaid by gravel and pebbles, the trunks and boughs of trees, maple, beech and birch, with their leaves and even their fruit in a state of preservation, almost as perfect as when they first fell to the ground.

A little more attention to facts such as these, if they were known to him would have added to the interest of Dr. Dawson's book, and have formed an acceptable substitute for the irrelevant matter above refer-

red to In this new edition it would be expected that more attention should be given to the post-pliocene and modern periods than had been given in the former. And this no doubt to some extent has been done. But still leaving out of account the amount of matter that does not properly belong to the subject, his treatment of the various points involved in the study of these accumulations is extremely meagre and unsatisfactory. Besides the subject just referred to, there are others, such as Lake Beds, and margins, sand-hills, peat-bogs, and swamps, on which we would have desiderated more full information as these are illustrated within the country. For instance there is one feature of the action of blown sand which deserves special notice, but which Dr. Dawson passes over without once referring to it. The sand-hills are continually moving. This is true not only of the individual particles of which the mass is composed, but of the mass as a whole. And especially as the forests are being cleared away, and the obstruction caused by them to the free blowing of the wind, removed, the sand-hills are being carried from the old sites and driven farther inland. Near St. Peter's bay, for example, there is a mound of blown sand, where this displacement may be observed going on, and with which there are connected interesting historical associations. It appears that in 1755, when by order of the British Government, the French settlers were obliged to leave their homes, with only a few day's notice, a number of them living in the vicinity of St. Peter's bay, drove their oxen and carts, with such of their effects as they could carry with them, to the place of embarkation, and there unharnessing the animals turned them loose, in the hope that ere long they would be permitted to return and resume possession. The carts were left standing together just as when the goods were delivered from them. But the hopes of the poor Acadians were not to be realized. Years passed away, and not even strangers visited the spot. The sand blown up from the bay, accumulated around the abandoned carts, until they were completely hidden from sight, in which condition they remained for more than a century, until within the last ten or fifteen years the sand has begun to be swept away from them and removed farther inland, and they are gradually being laid bare.

One of the most marked cases of this gradual advance of sand-hills, in the direction of the prevailing winds, with which the writer is acquainted, is in the island of Bermuda. On the south side of that island, the sand, cast up by the sea upon the beach, is then caught up by the wind, and carried over the precipice, in upon the land. There it creeps along by slow and almost imperceptible movements, until it reaches the highest point of the sloping hill it has formed, and there topples over the edge of the reverse precipice which bounds it landward. In some places, it has accumulated to such a height that it has partially covered up small houses filling every part of them, so as to form one perfectly solid mass, up to the height to which it reaches. The very form of the sand-hill is determined by the blowing of the wind. It slopes up in the direction of the prevailing wind, something as a sea-beach slopes up from the low-water line, and when it reaches its highest point, falls away suddenly, or rather forms a vertical face in the direction of its progress.

Similar, and also dissimilar phenomena, may be observed in connexion with blown sand, in other parts of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, besides the locality mentioned above, and it would have been interesting had Dr. Dawson given us some more detailed account of them, than he has done. The fossil contents of those sand-hills, their stratification, their form and modes of increase and movement, throw considerable light on some appearances presented in the older rocks. At any rate, it would have been so much addition to our knowledge of the subject; and this is the leading purpose one might expect, would have been attempted to be served, by a work on local geology. It is right to mention that in connection with this subject of blown sand Dr. Dawson has given us an account, extending over some three or four pages, of Sable Island. This is the longest notice of any of those accumulations with which he favours us. But we do not find that it contains anything new. He merely reproduces in his own words, what previous writers had told us on the subject.

A large amount of interest in the present day, centres around these two surface formations,—the post-pliocene and the modern. The latter particularly attracts attention, involving, as it does, the all-absorbing question as to the extreme antiquity or comparatively recent introduction of man. Acadia under proper examination might be made to furnish some amount of material throwing light upon the subject. The very recent presence of savage life has left its traces in many places. And these correspond as closely as could be reasonably expected, with the human remains of oldest date found in Europe. The *Kyökkenmoddings* of Denmark, flint implements, and cavern contents generally, have their corresponding phenomena on this side of the water. And in the circumstances of the case, the light thrown upon the questions involved, by the facts collected here, may be expected to give some indications as to the way to their final solution. Dr. Dawson insists on this very strongly. He says truly, that "one can scarcely open any European book on this subject, without wishing that those who discuss pre-historic man in Europe, knew a little more of his analogue in America." And yet, dealing with a field, which presents considerable materials for the purpose, he has contributed amazingly little towards the solution of the question. If instead of disquisitions on philological questions, and "forest fires," he had collected a few more facts in connection with the habits of life, articles of food, weapons and methods of warfare, and modes of sepulture of the Micmac and Micicete tribes, we would have been doubly indebted to him. But while dwelling so strongly upon the necessity of adopting this course, if we are to reach a satisfactory solution of the question, he contents himself, while professing to deal directly with it, with some general remarks upon the ethnological relations of Indian tribes, and gives us only about half-a-dozen sentences on the real point under consideration, namely the monuments of the stone age in Acadia.

He has given however a rather more full discussion of questions connected with the formation that precedes this in the geological scale,—the Boulder Drift. Dr. Dawson has published some speculations as to the origin and relations of some of the superficial clays of

Lower Canada, and therefore speaks with authority on these points. The vexed question of the *origin* of the Boulder Drift, occupies the chief part of the chapter he devotes to the general subject. He differs from some of the highest authorities who have written on it, such as Agassiz, Dana, Ramsay, Jukes and Geikie, who believe that it results from the action of ice moving over an inclined surface in the manner of modern glaciers.

We cannot help thinking that Dr. Dawson's judgment is here again at fault, in at all introducing this discussion into such a work as the present. Were it an ordinary text-book, a short statement of the arguments on both sides might be suitable. Or were it a volume devoted to the general principles of the science, a more full discussion might be admissible. But in a work on local geology one would above all things expect, an account of the phenomena characteristic of the formation, which the country presents. Instead of this, Dr. Dawson has given us a philosophical disquisition, on what he himself admits to be, "one of the most vexed questions of modern geology," adopting in the most exclusive and one-sided manner, the old theory of ocean-currents and ice-bergs.

As he has seen fit to adopt this course, it may be well, by way of bringing these remarks to a close, to look, with him, at one or two of the points on which he touches.

This is his theory of the origin of the drift, "Let us suppose," he says, "the surface of the land, while its projecting rocks were still uncovered by surface deposits, exposed for many successive centuries to the action of alternate frosts and thaws, the whole of untravelled drift might have been accumulated on its surface. Let it be submerged until its hill-tops should become islands or reefs of rocks, in a sea loaded in winter and spring with drift ice, floated along by currents, which, like the present Arctic current, would set from N. E. to S. W. with various modifications produced by local causes. We have, in these causes, ample means for accounting for the whole of the appearances, including the travelled blocks and the scratched and polished rock-surfaces."

Were this theory true to fact, we should find the drift arranged in two distinct strata, in accordance with the change in the operating cause. We should have, first and lowest, the "unstratified drift," composed exclusively of the waste of the rocks underlying it, as produced by "the action of alternate frosts and thaws." Above this we should have, what should be distinguished as the "travelled drift," accumulated by ice-bergs and ocean currents, and mingled largely with foreign boulders carried from a greater or less distance. Now, it is notorious that this is not the case. There is not the remotest sign of anything like stratification characteristic of this formation. And this could not have been so, if the action of the sea were the chief cause concerned in its production. Besides, foreign boulders are mingled with the clay and sand throughout it. They are as numerous near the base as near the surface. In short they are irregularly and indefinitely scattered throughout it without any apparent order or arrangement.

And, further, did the invasion of the land by this supposed ocean

current, loaded with ice, not take place until after the whole of the "untravelling drift" had accumulated on the surface, the situation of the rocks would have been rendered impossible. As Dr. Dawson remarks, wherever the rock is laid bare for the first time, it is found to be thickly covered by these striae, under the greatest thickness of overlying drift. But were the greater part or all of this drift formed before the depression of the land, and the consequent overflowing of the sea took place, these striae manifestly could not be formed as asserted. The covering of debris, clay, sand and broken rocks formed by the previous action of the supposed frosts and thaws, would effectually protect the underlying rock from the action of floating ice-bergs and their contents.

There is one point connected with this discussion, the satisfactory settlement of which, would exercise a powerful influence, in leading to a conclusion one way or the other. It is asserted positively by those who favour the glacier theory, that there are no marine shells found in the drift proper, and they naturally fix upon this as a strong argument in their favour. It is as positively stated on the other hand by Dr. Dawson and those who hold with him, that sea-shells have been found in various localities which are distinctly specified. A question of fact such as this can of course be settled only by additional and more correct observation. In the meantime it may be taken as an approximation to the truth, that if shells of the character stated have been found to occur, it is only at the base or summit of the formation,—never throughout the body of it,—and then only in localities not far removed from the sea. The Lower St. Lawrence, the north-east coast of Scotland, and the coasts of Ireland and Wales, are mentioned as places where they have been found, but we have nowhere seen it asserted, that in places far removed from the sea, and towards the centre of the formation they have ever been observed. Another fact which strongly confirms this, is, that five hundred feet is the highest limit above the present sea-level, they have been known to reach.

Should this prove true, the difficulty so far is easily disposed of on the glacier hypothesis. In the early part of the period, when the land first began to rise from the sea, and before the sea had receded from these spots, marine animals lived where their remains are now found. And towards the close of it again when the land had once more sunk to near its previous level, their old home became gradually habitable for them. In the meantime, that is to say, throughout the long period when the main part of the formation was being deposited, these localities with all the region lying to the interior of them, stood above the level of the sea.

The recent separation of the Boulder drift proper, from the Champlain clays, and other superficial deposits makes it probable that mistakes may have occurred in fixing the proper geological horizon of the beds in which the specimens are said to have been found. The presence of shells in the superior deposits is of frequent occurrence, and failure sometimes in distinguishing these from the unstratified clay below may have occasioned the error of assigning to the latter what properly belongs to the others.

Among the chief conditions of the glacier theory, is that of the existence of a temperature so low as to cover the whole surface of the country with a sheet of ice many feet thick, and, secondly, of a slope of, at least, one or two degrees, to allow of the movement of this sheet of ice, in the manner of modern glaciers. The former of these conditions it is believed would be realized, were the land towards the north elevated some five or six thousand feet above its level; and the latter by the unequal surface existing, and the greater accumulation of ice which must have been formed northward. The supporters of the iceberg theory, require for it a subsidence of the land below its present level, of several thousand feet,—a supposition not any more probable than that of an elevation to the same extent. Such a rise, taken in connection with the existence of such high lands as the Laurentides, Adirondacks, Green Mountains, &c., would go far to fulfill all the conditions required. And taken in connexion with the other causes that may have been at work, such as changes in the relative proportions and elevation of land and water, and the varying eccentricity of the earth's orbit, as expounded by Mr. Croll, the difficulties attending the theory in question seem to a large extent to be neutralized by them.

Glaciers are known to move on slopes of not more than one or two degrees; moving ice adapts itself to the inequalities of the surface over which it travels, climbing over hills or passing round them, and sometimes scooping out deep valleys and fiords in the course of their progress, and thus "over the whole surface of a continent" as Mr. Dana remarks, "a very little motion would produce in time great results." As regards the formation of fiords it seems impossible satisfactorily to account for them on any other supposition.

The occurrence on the tops of high hills, of boulders which have been transported to a great distance, is fully explained by phenomena with which geologists are familiar, as observed among the Alps. The *Pierre-a-bot*, a mass of protogine sixty-two feet long by forty-eight feet broad, containing about 40,000 cubic feet, and weighing some 3000 tons, is known to have been transported from Mount Blanc to the Jura mountains over the valleys now occupied by the lake of Geneva, lake Neufchatel, and other Swiss lakes. It lies among immense piles of smaller boulders on the slopes of that part of the Juras which faces the Alps; while the whole region between bears abundant evidence that an immense glacier once moved across it. It was at one time asserted that these boulders must have been transported by means of ice-bergs, but further observation has proved beyond doubt that glaciers were the agents at work.

The occurrence of fossil remains, such as the sea-shells already referred to, and the peat deposits with fir roots, and land snails, mentioned by Dr. Dawson, prove nothing more than that in the earlier part of the boulder period, these organisms lived and died on the spots where their remains are found. They occur as far as has yet been shewn, at the very base of the formation—the shells below the limit of 500 feet above the present sea-level, and must have all become extinct long before the elevation of the continent had reached its highest point.

There seems, therefore, to be sufficient ground available, from which

to meet the objections made by Dr. Dawson, to the theory of the origin of the Boulder Drift, by means of the action of glaciers. While, at the same time, the theory which he adopts as sufficient to explain all the phenomena observed, is in many parts of it, surrounded by grave difficulties, and in supporting it he is clearly at variance on several points with the opinion of some whose names he would fain claim in his support. With regard to Sir William Logan for example, while it could not be expected, that in an official report he would formally advocate either side of a question so much disputed as this, there can, we think, judging from the indications given in more than one portion of his work, be little doubt as to which side he inclines. This is specially clear in that part of it in which he treats of the formation of the Canadian lake basins. Dr. Dawson believes them to have been formed, by the action of the waters of the Arctic current, upon rocks of unequal hardness, during the supposed depression of the continent throughout the Boulder period. Sir William Logan, without once referring to this as a probable cause, says ;—“These great lake-basins are depressions not of geological structure but of denudation ; and the grooves on the surfaces of the rocks which descend under their waters, appear to point to glacial action as one of the great causes which have produced these depressions.” And in a note to this passage, after giving Professor Ramsay’s opinion as to a similar origin of the lake-basins of Europe, he goes on to state that the facts enumerated in the text, “go far to show that the fresh water basins of North America have had a similar origin. This hypothesis points to a glacial period,” he continues “when the whole region was elevated far above its present level, and when the Laurentides, the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains, were lofty. Alpine ranges covered with perpetual snow, from which great frozen rivers or glaciers extended far over the plains below, producing by their movements the glacial drift, and scooping out the river-valleys, and the basins of the lakes. Dr. J. S Newbury has pointed out in a very clear manner the evidence of this former extensive glacial action in North America.” After this, it might be thought, one would rather hesitate to state that Sir William Logan with his usual caution, has not committed himself to the glacier theory.

It is especially worthy of notice, that Dr. Dawson, in common with nearly all who have written on the subject, whichever of the above theories they may have adopted, meets once and again with appearances which his favourite theory will not explain, and feels constrained to call in the assistance of that which he combats. For instance in speaking of striæ observed in some portions of New England, he says : “Nor would I exclude altogether the action of glaciers in Eastern America, though I must dissent from any view which would assign to them the principal agency in our glacial phenomena.” And further on he remarks in a note “I have no doubt that Logan, Hind and Packard are correct in assigning some of the striation in the Laurentide Hills of Canada and Labrador to glaciers. The valley of the Saguenay, which is a deep cut caused by denudation along a line of fracture traversing the Laurentian rocks, shows near its mouth distinct “roches moutonnees,” smoothed on the northern side, and very

deep grooves and striæ cut in hard gneiss with a direction of S. 10 E. magnetic, which is nearly at right angles to the ordinary striation of the St. Lawrence valley. I think it quite possible that these appearances may have been caused by a local glacier, and if so, there may have been glaciers along the whole line of the Laurentide Hills, with their extremities reaching to the sea or strait then filling the St. Lawrence valley."

On the other hand, Dana, who holds strongly to the glacier theory, in his "Manual of Geology," makes a similar admission in favour of that which assigns the production of certain effects to ice-bergs. "In view of the whole subject," he remarks in his chapter on the 'Post-Tertiary Period,' "it appears reasonable to conclude that the glacier theory affords the best and fullest explanation of the phenomena over the general surface of the continents, and encounters the fewest difficulties. But ice-bergs have aided beyond doubt in producing the results along the borders of the continents, across ocean channels like the German ocean and the Baltic, and probably over great lakes like those of North America. Long Island Sound is so narrow that a glacier may have stretched across it. In Europe ice-bergs were evidently more extensive in their operation than in America. Glaciers have probably continued there in action from the time of their first appearance on the continent to the present day; and the glacial era on that continent may not, therefore, be the well-defined period that it is in North America."

Like the dispute that raged so long and so fiercely between rival schools as to the igneous or aqueous origin of rocks, this, as to the origin of the boulder drift, may end by a mutual compromise between the two theories now so keenly advocated. There are facts which cannot be explained by either exclusively, while both combined with the necessary limitations, seem amply sufficient for the explanation of all. Many of Dr. Dawson's positions in support of his favourite hypothesis seem all but impregnable on the facts to which they appeal; but as has been shown above, his objections to the theory he combats are by no means unassailable. It would have been preferable, however, if the discussion must be admitted within his pages, had he furnished us with a more full and candid statement of the arguments on the other side. This in so limited a space it would be perhaps inconvenient to give, and it were better to have omitted the discussion altogether, and confined his attention to the facts and phenomena he may have observed in connection with the formation.

CHARLES SANGSTER, AND HIS POETRY.*

On the 16th of July, 1822, at Kingston, Ontario, was born Charles Sangster. His grand father was an U. E., Loyalist who attained some notoriety in the American Revolutionary War, as an *attache* of the Royal Army, and his father, who died when young Charles had

*The "St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, and other poems." by CHARLES SANGSTER, Kingston, Ontario, John Creighton and John Duff, New York, Miller, Orton & Mulligan. "Hesperus and other poems," by CHARLES SANGSTER, Montreal, John Lovell, Kingston, John Creighton.

only reached his second year, was employed at one of the Naval Stations on the Upper Lakes. In those days the education furnished at the schools was of a very deficient nature, and though the future poet when he reached the age of manhood, exhibited a vast knowledge of literature, yet, he is not in any way indebted to his scholastic training for it. Indeed, he left school when but fifteen, and then he began to realize for the first time what life really was. His best energies were devoted to the support of a widowed mother. With these cares and trials upon so young a lad, it is surprising that he should have snatched from the hours of labour, time sufficient to enable him to form the acquaintance of our best authors. Not only did he read much; but his brain expanded, and new ideas crowded themselves upon him, so at an early age we find him "weaving into magic verse" poems that would do no discredit to the laureate of this or past ages. In the play-ground he was always a favourite with his school-fellows, and many, now living, have a vivid remembrance of the little songs and ballads which he wrote for them, and which Sangster himself says "were as far removed from poetry as the earth is from the heavens."

But as he grew older, and his mind became more vigorous his poetry, assumed bolder and finer proportions, and now the works he has sent into the world will live forever in the annals of Canadian literature.

Up to 1849, Sangster's life was uneventful; the positions he occupied being of a somewhat subordinate character. In this year he went to the town of Amherstburg, and edited a Conservative journal called the *Courier*. But this situation had to be given up before the year closed, as the publisher of the *Courier* died. In 1850 our poet entered the office of the *Kingston Whig* as proof-reader and book-keeper. For 11 years he remained here, occupying his leisure time in writing poetry and prose for the newspapers, the *Literary Garland*, *Barker's Magazine* and the *Anglo American*, the latter an excellent magazine issued at Toronto, but now defunct.

In 1856, our author's first work appeared. It was quite a large volume of some 260 pages, and bore the title of "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, and other poems." In this volume there is much to praise, and, as might be expected, considerable to find fault with. Rough, uncouth lines are to be found, more particularly in the major poem; but the fine rhythm and rich cadences of the others more than atone for the ill ones. The book is in every way Canadian in its tone. Scenes, laid in our own dear Canada, are vividly brought to our notice in the most prepossessing light. The late Thos. McQueen, a native of Ayrshire, Scotland, for a long time a resident of Canada, a poet of note and an editor of much ability, paid a high tribute to the genius of Sangster, and Professor Wilson compared some of the more striking passages of Sangster's first book to Byron's "Childe Harold."

We must quote some of the better portions of the leading poem. Our readers will see how true to nature these extracts are. They can feel the fire and vim which are imparted to the grand metrical lines. Here is a description of a storm on the waters:

“Hoarsely reverberates the thunder loud
 Through the charged air. The fiery lightnings leap
 Forth, from their mystic dwelling in the cloud;
 Electric shafts through all the heavens sweep,
 And penetrate the surface of the deep;
 Like flaming arrows from the bow of wrath,
 Shot down some dark and cloud-pavilioned steep;
 Each red-hot bolt the fearful power hath
 To scatter blight and death along its burning path.

* * * * *
 “The storm is lulled; the heaving waves subside;
 The lightning’s flash grows fainter; and the eye
 Can just perceive the silver girdle tied
 About the groups of pleasant Isles that lie
 Before us. Down the hurrying stream we fly,
 Like a white dove unto its nest. The eve
 H’s closed around us, and the brightening sky
 Yearns for the coming stars. Nobly we leave
 The Lake, and glide through scenes that Fairy-hands might weave”

Every one who has sailed on the bosom of the beautiful St. Lawrence will perceive how real and natural are these two stanzas :

“And we have passed the terrible LACHINE,
 Have felt a fearless tremor thrill the soul,
 As the huge waves upreared their crests of green,
 Holding our feathery bark in their control,
 As a strong eagle holds an oriole.
 The brain grows dizzy with the whirl and hiss
 Of the fast-crowding billows, as they roll,
 Like struggling Demons, to the vexed abyss,
 Lashing the tortured crags with wild, demoniac bliss

MONT ROYALE rises proudly on the view,
 A Royal Mount, indeed, with verdure crowned,
 Bedecked with regal dwellings, not a few,
 Which here and there adorn the mighty mound.
 ST. HELENS next, a fair enchanted ground,
 A stately isle in glowing foliage dressed,
 Laved by the dark St. Lawrence all around,
 Giving a grace to its enamored breast,
 As pleasing to the eye as Hochelaga’s crest.

There are many other verses which we might transcribe; but these are sufficient for our present purpose. We feel assured none can begin this poem without reading the whole of it. Beyond the few irregularities we have mentioned, there is much to admire and appreciate.

“Spring” is of an entirely different metre, and to be properly enjoyed should be read, while reclining ’neath the unbrageous foliage of of a huge tree. Like Moore’s *Lalla Rookh*, it affords more enjoyment in the country, on a calm clear day, with nought but the chirping of the birds to disturb the placid quietness of the rural retreat. These are fine, beautiful, picturesque verses :

“Over the meadows pass
 The bronzed butterflies and the wild bees,
 Searching in the young grass
 For the fresh daisies; and the lilac trees
 Surfeit the odorous air with breathings sweet.

The fields are carpeted
 With amethystine hyacinthes; the rose
 Peers from its leafy bed
 Along the ledge; the purling brooklet flows
 Over the white sands to the lilies side :

Here, in the apple tree,
 Where surely as the spring time comes is heard
 His soft rich melody,
 The happy robin sits—a welcome bird,
 Waking the pulse to joy each morning tide.

“The Death of the Old Year” is out of the ordinary “machine poetry” style on this thread-bare subject. Every one who lays any claim to be a votary of the muses sings of the “Old Year:” and singular to relate the “one idea” pervades the whole poem of nineteen out of every twenty on this subject. The bells are tolled to ring out the “old” and ring in the “New Year” and the same reflections on, and sighs for, the departed twelve calendar months, are reiterated. This poem of Sangster’s is readable, and not of the ordinary kind.

“Merry Christmas” comes up to the standard of old George Withers’ poem on the same genial subject. The sonnets are nearly all good, that on the “one idea” is sublime. We give it :

Oh! how it burns the brain, and tramples down
 All other thoughts that struggle to be freed
 From their imprisonment, driving them back
 With its stern mandate, or its sterner frown;
 And ruling from its heaven-exalted throne
 The meaner serfs that form the motley herd!
 In vain do they attempt to intercede—
 Presuming slaves that cross their monarch’s track—
 Death to them all! The menial tribes have stirred
 The anger of their king. Degenerate pack!
 Cringe—kneel—before this giant of the mind,
 This reigning thought, which liveth there enshrined!
 Thoughts that did once at my mere bidding move,
 Are now the vassals of the tyrant—LOVE!

Mr. Sangster writes a capital song too. This form of poetical composition, unless well done should never be attempted. The “Heroes of the Alma” and “The banner of Old England” are very good and so is an Alma lyric, “The two-fold Victory.”

“Far above him rolled the battle,
 Downward rolled to Alma’s wave.
 Downward, through the crash and rattle,
 Came the cheering of the brave!”

Sangster’s first volume closes with an attempt at dramatic composition. This fragment is entitled “Bertram and Lorenzo.” The language used is for the most part good. Some very excellent ideas are put into the mouths of the speakers and a happy conceit pervades the whole. Bertram is made to say this truism!

“The moth, by struggling upward to the taper,
 Scorches its wings, and often perisheth
 While searching for the light.”

This is in reply to Lorenzo who just before said :

“There's but one road
To happiness—the upward path,”

In reply to Bertram's aphorism, Lorenzo remarks :

“As for thine image of the moth, 'tis like
As if a man, who, standing on the brink
Of a steep precipice, should sway his arms,
And springing upwards try to clutch the sun ;
Or one, who leaning o'er Vesuvius' edge,

The two then ascend the mountain, and while on the verge they both look down. The storm has just begun. Says Lorenzo :

“Observe the passionate clouds,
Struggling like giant wrestling-groups in all
The grandeur of an elemental strife!
See how yon mass of fiery vapours writhes
In agony, like a flame-enveloped fiend,
And bursts asunder with a fearful crash,
That fills the pitying heavens with alarm,
And shakes the massive crag on which we stand.”

The fierce raging of the wind, the pattering of the rain, the voice of the loud thunder and the gleaming flashes of lightning are well and effectively drawn.

Bertram is a young and frivolous youth who possesses a soul for gaiety alone. Lorenzo is also young ; but is studious and somewhat philosophical in his nature. He likes amusements ; but takes them in moderation. He has a strange and curious fancy to ascend mountains in the disguise of an old man. With the villagers he freely mingles. and they have learned to love and revere him. His gray locks and thoughtful mien are treated with the respect they deserve. The simple rustics touch their hats respectfully to him as he passes, the compliments of the day are exchanged and he is left to his meditations. Bertram is his friend. One day in disguise he sought him and the twain climb the heights together. The young man with that peculiar smartness characteristic of the “young man of the period” tries to outwit his aged companion with the cuteness of his sayings ; but the “old fox” is too much for him, and he invariably gets the worst of it. The *incognito* of Lorenzo is preserved until the close of the last scene. Lorenzo speaks of his own happiness in leading the life he does and implores Bertram to imitate him. But the youth afraid that he must give up all the pleasures of the world, refuses to do so and asks

“Must I, relinquish all the harmless pleasures,
That I had previously indulged in?”

“No,” is the answer, but “use them in moderation.”

“I would not ask
That thou should'st ape the moody devotee,
And live apart from all thy fellow men.
For rather would I have thee still remain
A trifling mortal, pleased with empty show,
And gilded vanity, than encourage thee
To be a soulless hermit.”

There is something Shakspearian in the logic of these words. It is truly a brilliant sentence.

Of course a story of love is introduced in the narrative. It is surprising how many of our poets are held within the silken bands of Cupid's power. What a noble specimen of the *genus homo* must he have been, upon whose lips his lady-love hung

‘As hangs a bee
Upon the trembling rose-bud, flushed with sweets,
Like beauty leaning forward for the kiss,
Of some impassioned lover, nectar-wild,
Quaffing his honied breath. Her fingers toyed
With his long locks of gold, that lay like waves
Of yellow sun-curls dancing on the sea,
Decking the bust of evening: and in each,
With true-love's spiritual, dreamy eyes,
She seemed to trace some intellectual thought,
Some beauteous reflex of his glowing soul,
In which his Prophet-spirit, Titan-like,
Loomed up majestic, clothed with virtue's robes.
And he, the Adam of her Eve-like heart,
To her eyes, seemed the embodiment of all
The sterling mental manhood of the time,
A golden mouthed Chrysostum, brimmed with Truth,
And revelations of a coming age
Replete with saving glory and deep Love.”

We close Sangster's first volume, and feel proud that Canada gave birth to so clever a writer.

We will now continue our *resumé* of Mr. Sangster's labours. In the month of February, 1864, he entered on the staff of the *Kingston Daily News* as reporter. He was engaged on this paper for some years. In 1860, a second contribution to our national literature, was made by him. This time a much smaller volume, embracing some 180 pages, and considerably smaller in size. In matter however, it was a decided improvement on its predecessor, and at once established Sangster's fame as a poet of high standing. The work was entitled *HESPERUS AND OTHER POEMS*. The prominent American writers all joined in according to it much praise. Bayard Taylor, Oliver Wendell Holmes, the editor of the *New York Albion* and many others addressed letters to Mr. Sangster, in which they spoke most favourably of his work. Even the gifted author of "The Story of Doom," Jean Ingelow wrote, "Mr. Sangster is evidently a true poet and his verses are all the more pleasant to read because he is never careless or affected."

The leading poem in the book is *HESPERUS*, and it is full of lofty melody and finely conceived lines. There is no unevenness about this poem. It is nigh perfect. The hand of *art* is everywhere visible. The story of the stars is well told. We quote a small portion that our readers may observe the style of the diction:

“ Innumerable as the ocean sands
The angel concourse in due order stood,
In meek anticipation waiting for
 The new-created orbs,
 Still hidden in the deep
 And unseen laboratory, where
Not even angel eyes could penetrate;
A star for each of that angelic host,

Memorials of their faithfulness and love.
 The Evening Star, God's bright eternal gift
 To the pure Seraph with the brow of light,
 And named for her, mild Hesperus,
 Came twinkling down the unencumbered blue.
 On viewless wings of sweet melodious sound,
 Beauty and grace presiding at its birth.
 Celestial plaudits sweeping through the skies
 Waked resonant pæans, till the concave thrilled
 Through its illimitable bounds.
 With a sudden burst
 Of light, that lit the universal space
 As with a flame of crystal,
 Rousing the Soul of Joy
 That slumbered in the patient sea,
 From every point of heaven the hurrying cars
 Conveyed the constellations to their thrones—
 The throbbing planets, and the burning suns,
 Erratic comets, and the various grades
 And magnitudes of palpitating stars.
 From the arctic and antarctic zones,
 Through all the vast, surrounding infinite.
 A wilderness of intermingling orbs.
 The gleaming wonders, pulsing earthward, came."

The "Happy Harvesters" is a cantata of much beauty. It is interspersed with odes and songs. Some of the Pastoral images are natural and life-like. Here is a grand picture of a family group :

"Up the wide chimney rolls the social fire,
 Warming the hearts of matron, youth and sire;
 Painting such grotesque shadows on the wall,
 The stripling looms a giant stout and tall,
 While they whose statures reach the common height
 Seem spectres mocking the hilarious night.
 From hand to hand the ripened fruit went round,
 And rural sports a pleased acceptance found;
 The youthful fiddler on his three-legged stool,
 Fancied himself at least an Ole Bull;
 Some easy bumpkin, seated on the floor,
 Hunted the slipper till his ribs were sore;
 Some chose the graceful waltz or lively reel,
 While deeper heads the chess-battalions wheel,
 Till some old veteran, compelled to yield,
 More brave than skilful, vanquished, quits the field.
 As a flushed harper, when the doubtful fight
 Favours the prowess of some stately knight,
 In stirring numbers of triumphant song
 Upholds the spirits of the victor throng,
 A sturdy ploughboy, wedded to the soil,
 Thus sung the praises of the partner of his toil."

The song the boy sings is entitled the "Soldiers of the Plough" and there is the true ring about it. The second verse is rather above mediocrity :

"In every land the toiling hand
 Is blest as it deserves;
 Not so the race who, in disgrace,
 From honest labour swerves.
 From fairest bowers bring rarest flowers,
 To deck the swarthy brow
 Of those whose toil improves the soil,
 The soldiers of the plough."

Some of the shorter poems, fragments and sonnets are admirably written, and show that the poet's heart is in his work. Some rich thoughts are diffused through them in a strikingly original manner. Of these we may mention "Glimpses" "The Mystery," "The Rapid" "Brock," "Death of Wolfe," "Eva" and "The Poet's Recompense."

In the "Plains of Abraham" there is much descriptive power shown. It is written in a martial and warlike vein, rich and forcible. The "Falls of the Chaudière" is one of the best pieces in the book and deserving of high praise. We make one more extract before closing our review of Sangster's two works. Sonnet IX. is very beautiful.

"Another day of rest, and I sit here
 Among the trees, green mounds, and leaves as sere
 As my own blasted hopes. There was a time
 When love and perfect happiness did chime
 Like two sweet sounds upon this blessed day;
 But one has flown forever, far away
 From this poor Earth's unsatisfied desires
 To love eternal, and the sacred fires
 With which the other lighted up my mind
 Have faded out and left no trace behind,
 But dust and bitter ashes. Like a bark
 Becalmed, I anchor through the midnight dark,
 Still hoping for another dawn of love.
 Bring back my olive branch of happiness, O dove!"

Our readers have now had brought prominently under their notice the general scope and style of the works of which Charles Sangster is the author. We regret to say that owing to the apathy evinced by Canadians who *will not* patronise domestic literature, the books have not met with that ready and extensive sale which their merits undoubtedly deserve. It is not too late yet to remedy this error on the part of our people.

Good matter should receive every encouragement. We do not wish to be understood as saying that *everything* published in the Dominion should be bought ^{up} whether it be good or bad: no, for indiscriminate buying is as pernicious as not buying at all. It is only the really meritorious that we should "take in." Let the bad and indifferent sink into oblivion. It is better for both author and public that such should be the case. It is the only way we can hope to secure a wholesome literature of our own.

LITERARY NOTICES,

ALEX. DUMAS has written another novel. He calls it *Love and Liberty*. An American edition of it, by Peterson of Philadelphia, will soon be out.

MILES O'REILLY'S (General Halpine's) poems, which Harper & Bros. published shortly after his death, have brought a handsome sum to his heirs.

MISS LAURA C. REDDEN has a volume of poems ready for the press. They are highly spoken of.

MR. MOORE of the New York *Tribune* has just finished a new American opera. It is called *Moolta* and the time fixed for its representation is October.

CARL DUNKER the Berlin Bookseller died on the 15th August last, in his 88th year.

VICTOR HUGO refuses to allow his gross absurdity *L'Homme qui Rit*, to be dramatized. We cannot say that his determination will cause much sorrow.

The life of Rossini will soon be given to the world by Mr. H. F. Chorley.

HENRY KINGSLEY has gone to Edinburgh, to conduct the literary department of the *Daily Review*, at a salary of £1,000 a year.

The "True story of Lady Byron's life" by Mrs. Stowe appeared in the September No. of *MacMillan's Magazine*, from advance sheets.

JOSH BILLINGS is about to bore us with another work.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH is engaged on another poem. This time he tries the historical.

Over eighty "poems," gems in their way, composed on the occasion of the visit of H. R. II. Prince Arthur to the Dominion, have appeared in the Poet's corner of the village and city newspapers. The words "noble Prince" are in sixty-eight of them, and "Scion of a Royal house." do duty in forty-nine.

LE NATURALISTE CANADIEN is an ably conducted magazine, published in Quebec by M. L'Abbé Provancher Curé de Portneuf. The terms are only \$2.00 a year. J. M. LeMoine and other celebrated writers are on its staff of regular contributors.

TIMBROMANIA has revived, and Boston comes out with a new paper, devoted entirely to the propagation of that science. It is a neat monthly sheet and entitled *The Timbrophilist*.

The New York *Imperialist* non est.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September is chiefly famous for Mrs. Stowe's narrative *anent* the Byron scandal. Elsewhere one of our contributors has a paper on this subject, "Why Henry Jones did not go to Canada" is scarcely up to the standard of the *Atlantic*. "Was Reichenbach Right," is a thoughtful and suggestive article. The other papers are good. "The Foe in the household" increases in interest as does "Gabrielle de Bergerac." Fields, Osgood & Co Boston.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for September is a splendid issue. "The Story of a Bad Boy" is as good as ever and makes us feel sorry that it will be so soon concluded. Mr. Aldrich *must* write the serial story next year. If he does not there'll be a revolution among the juveniles, who are promised aid from their seniors as sure as "guns are guns," so Messrs. Publishers you have timely warning. See that you "rouse not the sleeping, &c., &c." The other contents are up to the mark, readable, amusing and instructive. Same publishers.

EVERY SATURDAY presents weekly, as clever a bill of fare as usual. The best and the best only is served up, whether it be poetry or prose. "Foreign Notes" is ever an attractive page. Same publishers.

A fine series of short Essays is now running through GOOD WORDS. They are written by the gifted author of the "Friends in Council."

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE for September can hardly be termed a good average No. of this brilliant serial. Mrs. Nathl. Hawthorne contributes a very fair paper on English Show-Places, taking up this time "Newstead Abbey." Colleges and College Education" is handled well by Professor Chadbourne. The story "To Day" is continued. It is very well told and the interest is unabating. Professor Schele de Vere—who has lately given us a fine volume of Sonnets and poems—has a "fairish" paper on the "Earth in Trouble." Bayard Taylor and R. H. Stoddard furnish the usual batch of literary *mots*. G. P. Putnam & Son New York.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. This monthly is as ably edited as heretofore. There is no falling off in any of its departments. On the contrary it seems to improve with age: that is if the "Phrenological" can improve. Fowler and Wells, New York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. This weekly must be good. Every number is of value and interest. Its contents are composed of the very cream of foreign literature. The heavy articles of the Reviews, the short stories of the Magazines and the fugitive poetry and shorter articles of the daily and weekly press are all reproduced in the pages of *Littell*. Everyone should "take in" the *Age* Littell & Gay, Boston.

Grinchuckle, the new Montreal comic paper, has made its appearance. It promises well.

It is very difficult, says the Saturday Review, for a book altogether to die. Some little story, some mere phrase, a note, a title page, a printer's colophon, lives under the dust, and waits its Macaulay or its Carlyle to rescue it.

The New York Commercial, speaking of Dickens says, "Not learned is he in schools; not bookish or cramped by technical rules of knowledge; but full of feelings like the flowers of a June morning, beaded with dew drops, balmy and fragrant: for experience has been his true teacher, and human hearts his great study."

Daniel Defoe was one of the most famous authors of the eighteenth century, but it was not until fifty-four years after his death that the first biography of him, by George Chambers, was written, and thousands who have read with delight the wonderful story of "Robinson Crusoe" know nothing more of the man that wrote it than his name.

A book of verses, by Charles Edward Stuart, who claims to be heir to the English throne, is announced for present publication in London.

A Dakota correspondent of a Chicago journal, after a lengthy description of the country waxes warm at the end, and winds up as follows:—"Beyond the river, on the Nebraska side, the prairie stretches back for miles until lost in the dim haze of the zenith."

The "Wickedest man in New York," disbelieves the "true story of Lady Byron's Life" and won't allow anything on that subject in his house.

AT HOME AND ABROAD is the title of a new American illustrated weekly. It is published at Unadilla, N. Y.

Messrs. E. Moxon, Son & Co., are about to bring out a magnificent edition of some of Thomas Hood's favourite poems, illustrated by the eminent French artist Gustave Doré.

The *Athenæum* says: "Professor de Gubernotti, author of a History of Sacerdotal Celibacy, has just put forth (in Italy) his History of Nuptial Customs in Italy compared with those of the other Indo-European nations."

Dr. Newman, it is confidently reported, is busy on a new work upon Rationalism, and the first part of it may be expected shortly. The title of the work is not announced at present.

A new comic paper will shortly be published, conducted by Mr. Robert Abraham, late editor of *Judy*, who will be assisted by some of the principal members of the last named journal's staff.

A new play, in which Mr. Dickens' Micawber will be the principal character, announced as in preparation at the Olympic, is from the pen of Mr. Andrew Halliday. Mr. Halliday or the manager has chosen for the part of Micawber a Mr. G. F. Rowe, who comes with an Australian reputation.

The publication of *Now-a-Days*, a journal which numbers some able contributors, and is devoted to the interests of women, is deferred to the 1st of December. The Magazine will then be enlarged.

The *Broadway* and the *North British Review* have changed their editors.

South Simeoe *News* publishes a "five act poem" of original manufacture.

Professor Beck's Hymn, written for the inauguration of Goethe's monument, has been set to music by Professor Rheinberger.

The Countess Ratazzi (Princess de Solhuss) is occupied in writing the words and music of an opera entitled "Byron," describing the career of the great poet.

The following is copied from a Cork paper:—"Erratum: The words printed '*pigs and cows*' in Mr. Parker's letter on the land question, which appeared in yesterday's issue, should have been '*pros and cons.*'"

SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, who is now in Russia, proposes to publish the results of his travels and studies in that country. He intends to deal more especially with the question of the emancipation of the serfs; and in order to make a thorough investigation he will return to the country next year. His book will probably not be published till the spring of 1871.

A candidate at Cambridge being asked who Wycliffe was, and having doubtless heard him called the morning star of the Reformation, and that he died Vicar of Lutterworth, answered that the great Reformer "was for some time editor of the *Morning Star*, and died Vicar of Wakefield."

The REV. G. L'ESTRANGE and the REV. W. HARNESS are jointly busy on a memoir of Miss Mary Russell Mitford.

"Literary body-snatcher" is what the Norfolk *Virginian* calls Mrs. Stowe.

The London Stereoscopic Company have published a photograph from the east of the face of Shakspeare, taken after death, in the year 1616. The cast is in the private possession of Professor Owen.