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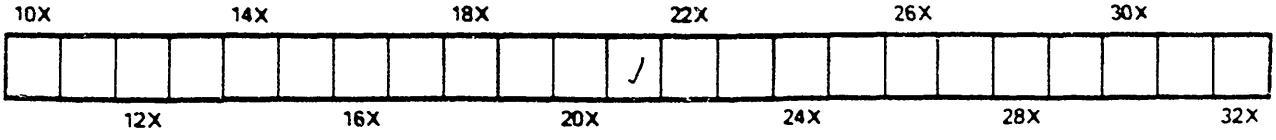

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LATOUR: A BALLAD OF ACADIE.

A. D. 1643.

BY JAMES HANNAY.

Of all the gallant Frenchmen whose names and deeds endure
In old Acadian annals, the greatest was Latour.
Son of a Huguenot father, husband of Huguenot bride;
He clung still to the ancient faith in which his grandsires died.
While yet a simple school-boy unto this land he came;
Little he thought what stirring tales would gather round his name:
That here before his life was spent 'twould be his lot to know
Misfortunes great and triumphs grand—success, care, joy and woe.
Five years he dwelt with Biencourt among the Micmac braves,
Whose wigwams were on Restigouche and hard by Fundy's waves.
None followed up more keenly the Mohawk foeman's trail:
The grim old warriors loved him, altho' his face was pale.
He built a potent fortress beside that harbour deep,
Thro' which the broad and strong St. John flows with a mighty sweep.
Down from the fall's great rapid the river rushes free;
It doubles round a point of land and turns towards the sea.
A bow-shot off, an island divides the racing tides,
Whose current for a thousand years has frayed its rocky sides;
But bold would be the swimmer, and strong his arm and sure,
To venture o'er the narrow strait and cross to fort Latour.
The Danube's tide is sluggish, slow is the Severn's stream,
Compared to this swift current; it passes like a dream.
Yet still the ancient rampart a rugged front uprears,
Tho' this strong tide hath sapped its base more than two hundred years.
Strong were its earthen bastions, its palisades were tall,
Heavy and great the cannon that frowned above the wall;
And bold and true its soldiers, all men of fair Rochelle—
Stout Huguenots who knew no fear, but loved Latour full well.
But none within that fortress, tho' tried in many a fray—
Sons of the gallant men who fought on Ivry's bloody day—
Possessed more dauntless courage to dare or to endure,
So kind and yet so brave a heart, as the wife of Lord Latour.
Her father was a noble—last of an ancient line,
Which civil strife had stricken as the lightning blasts the pine.
Her grandsire fell at Ivry, charging by Henry's side.
When the last onset broke their ranks and quelled the Leaguers' pride.

Cruel and fierce was D'Aulnay; he held Latour in hate:
His fort was at Port Royal, and there he dwelt in state.
High o'er that ancient river its gloomy bastions rose,
Scowling defiance upon all who dared to be his foes.

And many an armed retainer obeyed his mandates there—
Whene'er he raised his banner, five hundred swords were bare;
And musketeers and pikemen, all soldiers tried and bold,
Gascons and hardy Bretons, were gathered in his hold.
He sent Latour a letter, signed by the king's own hand,
And thus it read: "Give up thy fort! such is the king's command.
For thou art charged with treason; now prove the charge untrue
By yielding it to D'Aulnay, and to us homage do."
Then made Latour this answer: "I built these earthen walls:
I will not basely yield them, altho' king Louis calls.
In this rude land a soldier holds, by his own sword alone,
A ten-fold stronger tenure than homage to the throne."
Forthwith he sent a message for aid to fair Rochelle,
Where dwelt his Huguenot brothers; their friendship served him well.
They sent the *Clement*, laden with stores and armed men;
But warlike clouds had gathered o'er fort Latour ere then.
For from the heights the sentry, one pleasant morn in May,
Beheld six gallant vessels sweeping across the Bay,
Their tall white sails careening beneath the western breeze,
Their bows embraced by foam wreaths, they leaped across the seas;
And from each lofty mainmast the sentry could descry
The flag of haughty D'Aulnay flouting against the sky—
That flag long viewed with terror on many a dismal day
By the fishermen of Casco and the men of Boston Bay.
Then from the northern bastion the bugler blew a blast;
Over the wide-spread forest the note of warning passed:
And homeward fast the stragglers by tens came hastening in,
Wondering and much surmising the cause of such a din.
Now in the fort were gathered two hundred men and more,
And on the bastions mounted were cannon twenty-four.
No lack was there of daring within the fortress' walls,
But little store of powder or shells or musket balls.
Latour stepped lightly forward, his sword girt on his thigh:
Quoth he, "The wolf is coming; to falter is to die.
Then raise aloft my banner, unfurl it in his sight.
Man all the seaward cannon, and arm ye for the fight."
Forth came his gentle lady, the banner in her hand:
"Be mine the task to raise it before this gallant band:
And may that hand be withered, be it of friend or foe,
Even be that hand of weakness mine, that dares to lay it low!"
Then, as its broad folds gaily above them floated free,
The soldiers raised a mighty cheer that swept across the sea.
The dark-brow'd D'Aulnay heard it as he paced his deck in pride,
And cursed the sound, and cursed Latour, and cursed the adverse tide.

They passed by Partridge Island—by rocks and shoals of dread,
And up the silent harbour the gallant squadron sped;
Bold D'Aulnay, in his flagship, led the flotilla on:
Never before had such a fleet parted the broad St. John.
Upon the eastern bastion Latour had ta'en his stand:
Beside him was a cannon—the match was in his hand.
One touch, and forth in vengeance the bolt of battle fled,
And traced on D'Aulnay's flagship a line of mangled dead.
At once from ship and fortress began the combat then,
With cannon's roar and hiss of shot, and groans of wounded men
Nor ceased the din of battle until an hour had passed.
And D'Aulnay's stoutest vessel lay shattered, hull and mast.
Then five tall ships stood seaward, with press of canvas on;
But one as staunch was sinking beneath the broad St. John.

Close under Partridge Island the fleet of D'Aulnay lay,

Guarding, like constant sentries, the passage to the bay.
"What tho' one ship hath perished," quoth he unto his men;
"Hunger, which tames the lion, will drive him from his den!"
Meanwhile, within the fortress was many an anxious heart—
Each weary day beheld some ray of blessed hope depart;
And day by day the sentries gazed seaward from the height,
To see if that long hoped for ship had chanced to heave in sight.
At last, one pleasant evening a scout the tidings bore,
That a tall ship was standing along the western shore.
Quickly the welcome message was borne to every ear;
But Lord Latour came forth in haste and hushed the rising cheer:
"Silence, my gallant soldiers! your joy would but betray
Into the hands of D'Aulnay the aid that comes to-day.
One ship would aid us little against the potent foe;
But with the help of fortune I'll lay the tyrant low.
To-night I'll board the *Clement* and sail for Boston Bay,
Where I have friends who gladly will aid me if they may.
When you behold my banner far in the west appear,
Prepare yourselves for battle, and know that help is near.
With you I leave my lady to bear the chief command;
Worthy is such a noble heart to lead so brave a band:
And should the foe assail you, fight on and never yield;
For D'Aulnay gives no mercy—his heart is sear'd and steel'd.
Bold hearts, so true and constant, be firm and faithful still."
Then from that line of bearded lips the answer came—"we will!"
And on their swords they swore it—to bear allegiance pure,
And fight for the fair lady and fortress of Latour.

Four weeks of weary watching—four anxious weeks—went by,
And still the flag of D'Aulnay flew in the southern sky;
And oft Latour's fair lady gazed o'er the distant foam,
Which whiten'd 'neath the rising gale, to see her lord come home.
At length, one joyous morning, just at the dawn of light,
The sentry from the hill-top beheld a cheering sight;
For, coming from the westward before the steady gale,
He saw five gallant war-ships beneath a press of sail;
And as they fast came nearer his eager eyes could see
Four bore the flag of England—that land so great and free!
And one—oh! sight of triumph, despair and fear to cure—
Bore on her lofty mainmast the banner of Latour!
Bold D'Aulnay from his flagship, with many a curse and frown—
For well he knew their mission—beheld his foes bear down.
Quickly he gave his mandates, with hate and anger pale;
Quickly they cut their cables, and quickly hoisted sail;
And homeward was the watchword, as the puissant blast
Careened each lofty war-ship and bent each lofty mast;
And o'er the seething waters, with all their canvas spread,
Homeward towards Port Royal the fleet of D'Aulnay fled;
But swift and hard behind them the ships of England came,
And fast Latour press'd forward with wrath no fears could tame:
And the deep sound of cannon was heard upon the bay,
As o'er it the avenger held his pursuing way.

Back he returns in triumph with all his soldiers bold:
D'Aulnay the proud is conquered and driven to his hold;
His ships are sunk or shattered—his stoutest soldiers slain;
For the strong ships of England have met him on the main;
And the long beleaguer'd fortress is deck'd with banners gay,
For Latour has marked his victory with a festival to-day:
And deep were the potations in the grape's red juice and pure,
To the fair and noble lady and the triumph of Latour.

STATESMANSHIP AND LETTERS.

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

When we read the lives of those men who have exercised remarkable influence on national affairs, we cannot fail to be impressed by their unwearied industry, as well as by their versatility of genius. Not content with moderate success in some particular department of activity, men of vast minds have been ever ambitious to rise far above the ordinary level of human intellect, and dazzle the world by the variety and perfection of their accomplishments. It would seem as if there need be no definite limit to the range or capacity of true genius. When we have hardly ceased admiring the ability with which an eminent statesman has guided his country through a trying crisis, we may be called upon to contemplate some new effort of his talent in an entirely different field of action. The examples that we find, in the present as well as in the past, of men, eminent both in statesmanship and letters, are very numerous. Statesmen have, time and again, sought refuge from the countless distractions of public life in the pleasant walks of literature, where they have been able to gratify their natural tastes, and win a reputation far more enduring than any dependent on the favour of a political party, or the applause of the senate. As I shall attempt to show in the course of the present article, this reputation has been achieved not only in the department of history—for which political experience admirably fits a writer, by giving him that practical insight into the feelings and motives of public men and political parties, which otherwise he would not so well attain,—but in science, philosophy, poetry and general literature, as well.

Let the reader recall the histories of Greece and Rome in their palmy days, and he will find that then men of action were historians, philosophers and poets; or warm patrons of art and literature, when they were not authors themselves. Solon, the wisest and best of Athenian statesmen, devoted all his leisure hours to poetry. His poetical powers were undoubtedly of a high order; for the few fragments which are still extant are distinguished by graceful simplicity and remarkable vigour. Pisistratus and Pericles were not more famous as statesmen than as patrons of art and letters. Xenophon, the historian and philosopher, was a soldier, and took a prominent part in conducting the retreat of the Ten Thousand, of which he has left us so graphic an account in the Anabasis, that model of perspicuous narrative. The ablest historian of old, the Athenian Thucydides, was also employed in the military service of his country. Every school-boy knows the commentaries of the great Roman Dictator, who fell by the hands of assassins, and is one of the most remarkable examples that history gives of a combination of talents. Augustus, the first Emperor of Rome, was the friend of Virgil and Horace, and the author of several works; and the Augustan age has ever since been remembered as the most

brilliant period of Rome's history. The elder Cato, Cicero and Sallust were also eminent statesmen and men of letters; but the names of these and others need not be recalled to the memory of the student of classic literature.

Let us now come down to later times, when the empire of Rome had been shattered into fragments, and new nationalities and states were in process of formation throughout Europe. Charlemagne, emphatically a man of action, had his hours of study, whether in the camp or court, and is said to have formed his courtiers into an academy, with the view of interesting them in literary pursuits. Alfred of England, a truly great man, was not only an eminent statesman and lawgiver, but a scholar and author of high attainments, having translated Boethius on the Consolations of Philosophy, and written other works in Saxon. To the princes and nobles of Europe must be awarded the praise of having fostered poetical literature in those ages when learning was confined to the clergy, and printing had not been invented to spread knowledge and create a love of letters among the masses. Many of the Troubadours were knights and men of noble birth, who sang the praises of some fair lady, or told in stirring strain of chivalrous deeds; it was, in fact, one of the rules of chivalry that the nobles should keep open house for all the wandering followers of war and minstrelsy. Richard Cœur de Lion is generally remembered for his heroic deeds; but he was also famous in his day for his wit and eloquence in song. The illustrious Florentine family, the Medici, have ever associated their name with the patronage of art and literature. Machiavel, the author of that curious work, "the Prince," which has so long afforded a prolific theme for political essayists, was an exceedingly astute statesman, who did good service for his country during his public career.

Previous to the sixteenth century, the principal offices of the state in England had been generally filled by men famous in war or in the church; but during the reign of Elizabeth, there appeared for the first time the professional politician. He did not belong to the church—he was not connected with the leading nobility; but he was highly educated, and sought in public life that preferment which was not attainable, so far as he was concerned, by any other avenue. Prominent among these men was one who, with all his weaknesses, occupies a place in the estimation of his countrymen which few Englishmen have ever held. No man in ancient or modern times can be brought forward as a more striking illustration of the versatility of commanding genius than the illustrious Bacon. As a lawyer, he will be ever famous for his labours in arranging and reforming the laws of England; as a statesman, he took a conspicuous part in bringing about the union of Scotland and England—a measure which all Englishmen and Scotchmen will now willingly confess has conduced greatly to the interests of both sections; as an historian he will be known for his clear and succinct history of the reign of Henry VII.; as a philosopher he towers above all who have preceded him. He was the author of many admirable treatises which, in themselves, would have entitled him to fame; but his ablest work was the *Novum Organum*, in which, to quote

Macaulay, we must especially admire "the vast capacity of that intellect which, without effort, takes in at once all the domains of science, all the past, the present and the future, all the errors of two thousand years, all the encouraging signs of the passing times, all the bright hopes of the coming age." Bacon has given us, in a few emphatic words, the advantages which men, in or out of public life, derive from literary studies. "Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, *and wise men use them;* for they teach not their own use: that is a wisdom without them, and won by observation. Read not to contradict, nor to believe, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. *Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man:* and therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, have a present wit; and if he read little, have much cunning to seem that he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, morals grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend."

The name of Sir Thomas More must ever be associated with those of the most eminent defenders of the privileges of Parliament; and when we read his life, it is difficult to understand how a man, so well versed in the secrets of the human heart and in the science of practical politics, could ever have framed a system of government like that in Utopia. Sir Walter Raleigh, the courtier, the statesman, the soldier, the explorer and navigator—a remarkable man in a remarkable age—the age of Shakspeare and of Spenser—found solace during a long imprisonment in writing his great work, the History of the World, and was also the author of several poems possessing undoubted merit. James I. of England, who was guilty of no more monstrous crime during a long reign, conspicuous for the exhibition of his vices and weaknesses, than the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh, was himself a very voluminous author, as may be seen from the list of works enumerated in "Royal and Noble Authors," by Horace Walpole; but nobody now-a-days remembers the titles of any of his productions, except, perhaps, his Counterblast against tobacco.

The successor of James, the ill-fated Charles I., was one of the most elegant and forcible writers of his time, as well as an extremely liberal patron of the fine arts. But we pass on to refer to a statesman who occupied a very conspicuous position during his reign and that of his son, the "gay monarch." Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, exemplified forcibly the truth of the maxim, "put not your trust in princes." Those who survey his character by the light of the present, when the passions and jealousies of the times in which he lived have passed away, will acknowledge that, wanting though he may have been in the highest attributes of a statesman, yet he stood far above the corrupt and unprincipled politicians who were too often the favourites of the court. Clarendon's political downfall, fortunately for posterity, enabled him to cultivate historical studies and eventually write the history of the rebellion—a history remarkable for its clear and comprehensive narrative, and its admirable portraiture of character.

Addison must be quoted as a memorable example of a man who

attained to a high position in the councils of his country, purely on account of his distinction as a man of letters. Before the time of the eminent essayist, philosopher and wit, literature simply furnished a means of recreation for men during the intervals of leisure; but the revolution of 1688 increased the power of the press, and gave men of letters great influence in the state. With the extension of the power of Parliament it became indispensable to influence public opinion; and the only way that could be done was by the distribution of able pamphlets and essays, since there was then no daily press as now to send broadcast over the United Kingdom verbatim reports of the Parliamentary debates. Swift's talents as a satirist were constantly called into play, not only on the Whig, but also on the Tory side of politics; and, no doubt, if it had not been for the peculiar character of his profession, he would have attained a higher position than his friends were able to confer upon him. Addison's wit, however, was not caustic like that of the stern dean; and strong as were his political opinions, he never sullied his pen by diatribes calculated to wound the personal feelings of his opponents. His wit was of that genial cast which never excited the enmity even of those against whom it might be levelled.

Contemporary with the great English essayist was Lord Bolingbroke who, it is said, esteemed it an honour to be styled the Alcibiades of England. Bold, unscrupulous, reckless, possessed of unrivalled oratorical powers, he attained to the highest offices of the state; but his restlessness and love of intrigue led (as has been the case with so many other eminent statesmen) to his political downfall. His political writings attracted much attention in their day; but their interest has passed away with the events that called them forth: and now, like his works on mental philosophy, they are only known to the deep student, who may have occasion to look into the history of the times in which the great statesman lived. Wanting as his productions are in solidity and breadth of knowledge, yet their style is admirable for its clearness, fluency and liveliness, and had its effect in improving the public writing of his own as well as subsequent times.

Edmund Burke stands pre-eminent among a brilliant phalanx of orators and statesmen, who adorned parliament during the latter part of the eighteenth century. His literary productions attest the wide range of his philosophical mind; but none of them are so valuable as his public addresses, which are remarkable for their philosophical and constitutional wisdom, as well as for their richness of language. It was said of Burke that he often cleared the benches in his later days, by refining when "others thought of dining;" but the very elaboration of his oratorical efforts has rendered them more valuable to posterity than the comparatively superficial productions of his compeers. Among the great intellects who were contemporary with Burke was Sheridan, the statesman, orator, wit and dramatist. In Sheridan we see a remarkable illustration of the eccentricities of genius. His life was a continual struggle with bailiffs, and he died deserted by his friends. Yet after his death his countrymen, forgetting his weaknesses and only remembering his brilliant talents, gave him a place in that famous old Abbey where lie the remains of so many of England's illustrious dead.

It is very conclusive evidence of the intellectual progress of the present century that so many men have distinguished themselves, not only in politics, but in science and literature. No public man, certainly of these later times, exhibited greater versatility of genius than Lord Brougham. Like Lord Bacon, he was a man of wonderful energy, who seemed capable of grasping and making himself master of every branch of knowledge. History, politics, biography, theology, science, were all handled by this extraordinary man with equal vigour and ability. Like Bacon, he associated his name with law reform; for it is well known that as Lord Chancellor he performed the remarkable judicial feat of clearing the Court of Chancery of every cause that had been heard before him. His efforts, in his later years, to promote science and philanthropy, gave additional force to his claims to be considered among the benefactors of his race. Great minds like Bacon and Brougham resemble magnificent comets—only making their appearance at distant intervals of time, and awing us by their splendour.

Before we refer to the immediate present, we must recall the names of other distinguished men who, within a very few years, have passed away. To Lord Macaulay must be conceded the first place among the historians and essayists of the present age; his reputation, indeed, in letters has entirely overshadowed the ability which he displayed in parliamentary and official duties. Lord Normanby was also the author, in his early manhood, of a number of novels which were exceedingly popular in their day, although they, like his disquisitions on political topics, are now almost forgotten. The late Lord Campbell, devoted his intervals of leisure to the lives of the Lord Chancellors and Chief Justices of England—both of which distinguished positions he himself filled with dignity and ability. Another distinguished statesman, too soon deceased, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, was the author of numerous philosophical, historical and critical works, exhibiting research and perspicuity, although wanting in originality and imagination.

The noble woman who graces the throne of Britain has herself come down into the republic of letters, and in a simple, pleasing style has given additional evidence of the tenderness of her heart, and her deep sense of the beautiful in nature. Among the peers that surround her throne, we also meet with many who have devoted not a little attention to the cultivation of literature. The Duke of Argyll has been well known as an able controversialist, as well as for his zeal in all matters relating to social progress. The Earl of Derby has found leisure, amid the many political and social duties devolving upon him, to write a translation of the Iliad of Homer, which is remarkable for its comprehension of the spirit of the great original. His eminent political opponent, Earl Russell, is quite a voluminous author, especially in biography. The astute ex-Premier, Disraeli, is the writer of a number of political novels which have never been equalled in their peculiar line, and show that he might have elevated himself to a literary throne, if he had not thrown himself into the busy political arena. His political rival, Gladstone, has also made his mark in literature; one of his latest works, Homer and the Homeric age, exhibiting the high stand-

ard of his classical knowledge.* Lord Lytton is equally eminent as poet, dramatist and novelist, and proved himself an able administrator during his connection with the government of England. Richard Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton, has secured for himself an honourable position both in politics and literature. One of the most eminent lawyers of the empire, Sir Roundell Palmer, has written a volume of hymns, entitled the Book of Praise—hardly the subject one would expect a member of the legal profession to select. Mr. Kinglake, the author of a fascinating volume of travels, Eöthen, and a very attractive, if not always impartial, history of the Crimean war, was long in parliament.

If we go across the Channel, we find that in no country has literature exercised, nowhere does it now exercise, more influence than in France. There, literature and statesmanship have been long closely allied: there, is the aristocracy of intellect placed above the mere aristocracy of family. No honours that the state can confer are refused to the man of talent. We have no space at present, however, to go through the whole list of eminent statesmen and men of letters during the past century, and shall, therefore, only refer to a few names. Chateaubriand took an important part in public affairs as a diplomatist and statesman; but the impartial verdict of his countrymen has long since decided that he was a very unsafe, unstable political guide; and he is now only remembered as the author of works which, if not always chaste and accurate in style, were characterized by great brilliancy and remarkable imaginative power. Thiers, the historian of the French revolution, took a prominent position in public life, from 1830 to 1848. Guizot remained connected with politics until the revolution of 1848. His histories of the civilization of Europe and the English revolution, and his essays on Shakspeare, will be familiar to many of my readers, as they have been translated into English and widely circulated. Lamartine, so eminent as a poet and historian, took a prominent part in the revolution of 1848, and was a member of the Provisional government that was then formed. The present Emperor is himself known to the literary world by a life of Cæsar, which shows a perfect insight into the character of the great Roman. To those I have just mentioned may be added Victor Hugo, Arago, Barante, Garnier Pages, Walewski, Thierry, and many others, distinguished as journalists, poets, historians and statesmen. The press is a great power in France. No doubt, the fact that every public writer appends his name to his productions has much to do with giving him personal influence, and eventually political position. Be this as it may, journalism is very influential in France. How exceedingly its power is feared, can be judged from the numerous restrictions which the government has felt itself compelled, time and again, to impose upon it.

Leaving Europe and coming to the United States—for the writer will only refer in this article to those countries with whose history and public men his readers are most familiar—we will be struck by the

* The Premier has very recently contributed a series of interesting papers to "Good Words," edited by Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod.

fact that men of letters by no means take that leading position in political affairs that we would expect in a country where the press is so powerful. It must be remembered, however, that it is only within a very short period that the American Republic has had a literature of its own. The absence of a large class of professional literary men—excepting of course journalists—may be easily accounted for by the fact of the splendid career open to enterprise in a new country. So many undertakings and speculations, leading to the acquisition of wealth, are open to men of action, that there has been hardly room, until recently, for the purely literary man. Within a very few years, however, the United States has been able to present a noble array of talent:—Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, in history; Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, in poetry; Cooper, Irving and Holmes, in general literature; besides very many others, almost as eminent in the same or other departments of letters. With the acquisition of wealth, intellectual tastes have been developed, and a literature, essentially American, has grown up. The statesmen of the early days of the Republic were men of highly cultivated minds, who found in the pursuit of letters agreeable rest from the absorbing public cares which naturally weighed down those who were engaged in building up a great state. Franklin, a patriot in the real sense of the term, was a man of science—a moral and political philosopher of a high order. Jefferson's attainments were of a very superior standard, and his public writings exhibit a purity and conciseness of style that have been rarely surpassed by the best English political writers. John Quincy Adams—the son of that John Adams who was called by Jefferson, "the column of Congress, the pillar of support to the Declaration of Independence, and its ablest advocate and defender,"—was an active pamphleteer and contributor to the periodical literature of his country. It is unfortunately too true that men of conspicuous talent do not now possess the influence they should in the arena of politics, and that they have too often to yield to the reckless, noisy demagogue. We must agree, however, with a distinguished British American statesman,* whose terrible death is still so fresh in our memory:—"It needs no argument to prove that in this reading and writing age—'the age of the press,' as it has been called—power must be wherever true intelligence is, and where most intelligence, most power. If England conquers India by intellect and bravery, she can retain it only at the price of re-educating India; if a Czar Peter and a Czarina Catherine add vast realms to the Russian Empire, they, too, must send out the schoolmasters to put up the fences, and break in the wild cattle they have caught; if a United States reaches the rank of first powers, it must at the same time *send its best writers as ambassadors of its interior civilization.* To this end Benjamin Franklin, Irving, Everett, Paulding, Bancroft, Motley and Marsh have been selected with the true instinct of mental independence, to represent the new country at the old courts of christendom; while Payne, Gooderich, Hawthorne, Mitchell, and other literary men, have filled important consular offices, by the dictation of the same sentiment of intellectual

*The Mental Outfit of the New Dominion: by T. D. McGee. Montreal, 1867.

self-assertion." No doubt, in the course of time, the man of lofty patriotism and true intellectual power will obtain his proper position in the American republic. Civilization is ever progressive, and ignorance, even in a country of pure democracy and universal suffrage, must recede before the irresistible forces of intellect and knowledge.

In the Provinces constituting the Dominion of Canada, we have been all leading so active a life that few individuals have had time to devote to the pursuit of literature. The people of these new countries have had a great work to do, and the ability and energy they have brought to its accomplishment are attested by the present wealth and prosperity of this section of the British Empire. The development of their superabundant resources still demands their best energies; but it should not be forgotten that if they are ever to attain national greatness, it must be by improving their intellectual as well as material condition.

When all classes have had such active work to do, it is not strange that the number of public men who have been distinguished for their literary ability should be very few. It is true, journalists* have exercised, and are now exercising, a very considerable influence in the administration of public affairs; and they must continue to do so under our system of free government. The literary class in the Provinces, apart from journalism, has hitherto been extremely insignificant—indeed it can be hardly said to have had an existence. Judge Haliburton, "Sam Slick," was one of the few men who pursued purely literary studies in connection with politics and law. Mr. McGee was undoubtedly the most prominent example of the statesman and man of letters combined in one individual. His public addresses always exhibited that copious illustration and depth of thought which proved the high standard of his intellectual attainments, and the extremely wide range of his reading. During his career in Canada, this able writer and orator did a great deal, by means of lectures before literary societies, to encourage literature, and set an example to the other public men of the Dominion which they might well imitate. With the fine oratorical powers so many of them possess, all of us must feel that they could assist materially in developing intellectual tastes in these new countries. Our people naturally look to our public men as the leaders in all matters of public importance; and certainly they could not employ their talents more profitably than in stimulating a love for letters.

Mr. Howe is another colonial statesman who possesses a well-cultivated intellect, and invests every subject that he handles with illustrations drawn from a persevering course of study. Like Mr. McGee, Mr. Howe has written several poems which, although few in number, and only found floating through the columns of the colonial press, possess a rhythmical flow and purity of style that cannot fail to please.

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* Among the prominent public men of the Dominion who have been, or are still associated with the public press, may be mentioned: Hon. George Brown, of the Toronto *Globe;* Hon. W. McDougall, C. B., Minister of Public Works; Hon. J. Cauchon, President of the Senate; Hon. J. Howe, President of the Privy Council; Hon. C. Tupper, C. B., M. P.; Hon. J. McCully, Senator; Hon. W. Annand, M. L. C., Premier of Nova Scotia; B. Chamberlin, M. P., of the Montreal *Gazette;* E. M. Macdonald, M. P., of the Halifax *Citizen,* &c.

The present premier of Quebec, M. Chauveau, is the author of several literary productions, which are favourably known among his countrymen, and give promise of much excellence in the future, if he can find time to devote to the promotion of letters.* We might refer to many other men who now occupy prominent positions in the provinces, and constantly give us eloquent evidences of the high cultivation of their minds; but as we have only to deal here with those who are known in the field of authorship, we must pass them by with the expression of the regret that they have not connected their names, in some enduring form, with the literature of the New Dominion just springing into vigorous life.

When we look at the number of our colleges and schools—at the condition of our free and enlightened press—at the increasing interest in all matters of social, moral and intellectual improvement,—we have conclusive evidence that the development of a colonial literature is only the work of time. It would indeed be a sad mistake if our people were taught to consider the mere acquisition of wealth the most laudable object of their ambition. In communities like our own, there is sometimes a disposition to over-rate the practical and under-estimate the intellectual. In the opinion of some persons, such a superior education as is afforded by our universities is unnecessary except for the professional man. According to them, anyone in business should not have an idea beyond the counting-room or the ledger. Fortunately, such fallacious opinions are fast disappearing with the intellectual development of the country, and it would be superfluous to attempt to show their absurdity at the present time. It must be admitted on all sides—indeed it is a truism—that the politician, whether drawn from the learned professions or from the counting-room, is useful to his country in proportion to his literary attainments. The men who are most thoroughly versed in historical learning and political economy—who have gathered inspiration from the masterpieces of classical literature, and drank deeply "from the well of English undefiled,"—must certainly do much to raise the standard of oratory, and give that intellectual elevation and dignity to the profession of politics in which it is too often found wanting throughout America.

*If the reader wishes to obtain some information as to the state of colonial literature, he should go through Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis*.

A PARTING.

Few, simple, farewell words!—no tear, no sigh,—
No burning kiss, no lingering embrace,—
No passionate vows of truth, defying fate,
Expressed the love our hearts had learned too late:
An eager, questioning glance,—a calm, pale face,—
Hands quivering in quick clasp,—low, tremulous: "Good-bye." C.

SPORTING SKETCHES IN MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

BY AN OLD ANGLER.

LAND-LOCKED SALMON FISHING ON THE ST. CROIX.

(*Concluded.*)

CHAPTER III.

MUCH to our chagrin, the morning broke gloomy and lowering, and gave every symptom of ushering in a rainy day. No situation in life is without its disagrémens, and a rainy day is the angler's penance, which puts his philosophy to the test. If he has a taste for reading, he is a happy man, for his book friends furnish as interesting occupation as he can desire. If he has not the taste, he must kill the day as he best can, according to his humour. Your "old hand" is generally skilful in all things pertaining to the gentle art, and he takes advantage of a rainy day to make a thorough inspection of his implements. He cleans his gun, adjusts his fly-book, repairs worn leaders, discards chafed gut-lengths, puts aside all untrustworthy and suspicious hooks, and occupies himself in dressing such flies as his observation and judgment lead him to think will be successful. To the real sportsman these indispensable duties are a pleasure instead of a task, and having completed them, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has reliable tackle to meet the improved sport which generally follows a rainy day. What with books, fly-dressing, and the necessary repairs of his tackle, he can generally spend a day or two in camp without weariness, and if he is fortunate enough to have congenial company, a rainy day in the woods is not without pleasures peculiar to itself.

After a late breakfast, Harry and Jim were busily engaged in inspecting their rods and tackle, caring little for the heavy showers which, at intervals, passed over. As there was no prospect of the rain passing off for at least twenty-four hours, we had relinquished all idea of fishing, had made up our minds to spend the day in quarters, and were intent on our several employments—Jim in arranging his fly-book, Harry in replacing the loop on the tip of his rod, which long use had worn nearly through by the friction of the line. We were interrupted in these pastimes by a visit from Charles and Fred, who came with a message from Papa and Mr. R. to join them, and take part in the conversation which was the staple pastime in camp Saptogus. Both Fred and Charles added their persuasions, and the invitation was accepted in the same spirit in which it was proffered.

On arriving at the camp, we found Papa and Mr. R. discussing the relative merits of English and American rods, Mr. R. contending that American makers surpassed English ones in neatness, lightness and strength.

"What is your opinion," asked Mr. R. of Harry, "do you not

think we have taken one step beyond our English cousins in the manufacture of rods? I have never seen an English rod equal in appearance to this."

"I suspect that is because you have never had an opportunity of seeing the best English rods, while this one is the finest specimen of American work I have yet seen."

"Have you ever seen an English rod as light, as strong, and as well finished?"

"Yes, sir, many; and I think, that in every respect, except, perhaps, in lightness, (which, past a certain point, is a fault, because it interferes with the requisite strength,) the best English rods surpass American ones, in the philosophy of their construction, while in the neatness and accuracy of their finish, they are quite equal to them."

"I have never seen such work as you describe," said Mr. R.

"That is quite possible, and easily accounted for. The best English rods are seldom imported into the States, perhaps never, for sale. But if you will order from Chevalier of London, one of his best rods, you may rely on having as nearly perfect a tool as can be produced in four pieces, and one much superior to any American rod I have ever seen."

"In what do you consider its superiority to consist?"

"In the first place in the wood of which it is composed, which seems, as yet, to be quite unknown among American rod-makers. A West India wood, called "green heart," which possesses the qualities of strength and elasticity in a remarkable degree, is now used almost exclusively by the best English makers. In the next place in the proportions of the English rod, which are so adjusted that the most perfect arch is formed, and in the last place in the better balance of the rod. In aiming at excessive lightness, your American makers have destroyed the balance of their rods. I have seen the tip and the butt of a rod made by Chevalier, brought together, and the rod resume its perfect straightness. I have never seen an American rod stand this test, nor do I think the materials they employ will admit of it."

"Why is it this work never finds its way among our anglers."

"I cannot tell, except it arises from the erroneous impression that you yourself share, and which is supported by 'Frank Forrester' in 'Fish and Fishing,' that American work is superior. You have formed your opinion from the trash made for exportation, which an English angler would not look at, much less use. Since Frank Forrester wrote, English makers have not been idle, and of course have improved on the rods which were considered the best at that time."

"Are the rods you describe exclusively in use among Provincial anglers?"

"By no means. They are, however, very common among good anglers. Our enthusiasts, those who have made the art a study, think they have approached nearer to the perfection of a rod than even their English and Irish teachers."

"What improvements do they claim to have made?"

"I will try to explain. Believing that the formation of a good arch on the rod is the true philosophy of angling, they have turned their at-

tention to this desideratum, and while they have adopted the most approved material of the English maker, they have essentially altered its construction. Having found that the brass ferrules interfered with the proper formation and play of the arch, they first reduced the joints of the rod to three, connecting the middle piece and tip by a splice, thus dispensing with two ferrules and removing the remaining one a little further from the butt. This was considered a great improvement, for it gave the tip more freedom of action, and lessened its tendency, under a heavy strain, to break at the ferrule. This change was followed by another, making the rod in two pieces, with a ferrule in the middle, bringing it in the longest part of the arch, where it interferes but little with the uniform bend of the rod. The pieces are connected by a screw joint, and the rod is put up or taken down in a minute. Some very particular anglers discard even this ferrule, and use a splice, by which, no doubt, they get the best play of the rod, but as it involves considerably more trouble, it is not generally adopted."

"Have you such a rod as you describe with you at present? I should like to see one."

"Yes, sir, several. My friend and I use no other for trout fishing; satisfied they are much superior to any four or three jointed rods that can be made."

"Do you not find them inconvenient in travelling, on account of the length of the joints?"

"No, sir. When we go far from home, as at present, a long, light box holds all our rods, and is no more trouble than a shorter one, for either must be looked after."

"Have you adopted this mode with your salmon rods also?"

"As far as practicable we have. The great length of our salmon rods obliges us to use three pieces, but we have discarded all but one ferrule, and use the splice joint for the tip. These rods, when well made, are much better than any English or American rod, in four pieces, with three ferrules, that I have yet seen."

"Your ideas and your practice are both at variance with those of our best anglers."

"I am aware of that, sir, but we consider your practice faulty in many respects, However, we have no wish to obtrude either our ideas or our practice on brother anglers. Every enthusiast has his own pet notions, and the indulgence of these is one great element in the pleasure of the pursuit."

"May I ask in what other respects you consider our practice faulty?"

"Were I not fearful of offending the *amour propre* of our American neighbours in a matter in which they are beginning to pride themselves, I could enumerate quite a list of particulars in which we consider them in error. First in regard to choice of hooks, as I have already explained to Fred; next in the mode of arming them, which, in common with some of their English teachers, they continue to do on the under side of the shank, instead of on the upper side. Third, in the use of coloured leaders and gut-lengths in fly fishing, as already explained. Then in dressing their salmon flies on lengths instead of

loops, they are in error. Also in whipping the knots and loops of their leaders and fly lengths. Then in their mode of handling a fish, using a straight rod, and killing the fish on the line, we consider they deprive the sport of all its art and thrilling excitement. In the mode of putting on and using the reel, we also consider them entirely wrong. All American anglers I have seen place the reel on the rod in such a position that in reeling up, the line is on the top of the rod, and in addition to the weight and resistance of the fish, it meets the further resistance of contact with the rod in its whole length. Now, in reeling up a fish, the arch should be maintained, and the rings of the rod should be underneath, so that the minimum of resistance may be attained. In this position the only friction is where the line passes through the rings, which is trifling compared with the additional contact of the wet line with the whole length of the rod. These are the main points in which we consider American anglers have not studied the philosophy of angling."

"Still some of the gentlemen on the other side of the stream have been very successful. Mr. D. took over fifty fish yesterday."

"If the quality of sport is to be judged by the number of fish murdered, a net stretched across the stream would still further have enhanced his. I do not call that angling,—it is merely catching fish."

"The distinction would be considered finical by most fishermen."

"I am well aware of that—and it is this fact I regret. While the number of fishermen increases rapidly, that of anglers receives few accessions. When your splendid lakes and streams, which already feel the effects of such slaughter as our friends opposite have been doing here, become thinned out by this style of fishing, more attention will be paid to angling. Mere *fishing* will not then be so successful."

"Then you think it is not in consequence of skill that our friends have been taking so large a number of fish?"

"There is certainly but little skill required to sit in a boat, have it rowed up and down, with a long line trolling behind it, three flies on the leader, the last having also a bait—when a fish strikes, the motion of the boat fastens the hook, and he is hauled in on a straight rod. This is not angling."

"Well, I must confess I agree with you, and Papa has been grieving for the last week over the wholesale murder you also deplore."

"This thing will work its own cure, and just in proportion as fish decrease, will anglers increase. At present there are exercise and excitement, and perhaps some degree of sport in the pursuit, although it seems to me that the prevailing feeling is an ambition to kill the largest number of fish."

"Doubtless, this rivalry enters largely into the excitement; otherwise, I am at a loss to understand the unwearied patience they display. From dawn to dusk I have seen some of them incessantly engaged, scarcely suspending their efforts long enough to eat. This is making a toil of pleasure with a vengeance."

"Each one to his taste in that respect; but I certainly deprecate such rude ideas of our refined sport."

"In angling, as in other pursuits, it is hard to disconnect success

with skill. He who takes the greatest number of fish is apt to be considered the most skilful fisherman."

"I do not object even to this criterion of skill, and I contend that, in this respect, the skilful angler will, in the long run, beat the unskilful fisherman; but I deny that mere numbers, taken as our neighbours are doing it, are any criterion of either knowledge or skill. There are certain conditions essential to an angler's sport, and when these are absent, the mere catching of fish has no charms for him. Now, the method pursued by the men opposite deprives the few anglers present of all desire to fish. The best stands are occupied by bait fishers, while boats or canoes are constantly passing and crossing, giving the angler no opportunity to make a delicate cast; and if he hooks a fish, these boats or canoes are instantly on the spot, with flies or bait trolling over it, so that it is useless to cover the spot again with the hope of raising a fish."

"That is true, and is the very reason why we seldom fish at the dam. Papa raised a fine speckled trout the other day at the mouth of the brook below, and has visited it daily since in the hope of capturing it *en règle;* but this morning, one of our neighbours who had observed Papa's frequent visits to the spot, went out in a boat before the rain commenced, and took the trout with bait, much to Papa's disgust."

"I doubt not he prides himself in his superior skill—having succeeded in doing at his first attempt what Papa failed to do in several. When fish become scarce and shy here, such skill will be found inadequate."

"In the meantime, this is a capital school, not only to foster a love of sport, but to acquire the skill to which you allude; and, of course, among so many scholars there will be quite a number ambitious of the higher honours."

"What is the usual length of the salmon rods used in your Province?" asked Fred: "I have lately read that a salmon rod ought to be full 20 feet long. Is not this a ponderous weapon, requiring the thews and muscles of a Hercules to wield?"

"On this subject every salmon fisher has his own notions. The rods in use among our most successful anglers never exceed 18 feet, and seldom go below 16. In our Provincial rivers, although some large fish are occasionally taken, especially in the Nepissiguit, the average does not exceed 12 lbs., and for fish of this size a 16-feet rod is sufficiently large, even in the heaviest waters. For the Canadian rivers, where the fish are larger, I should not care to use a rod less than this: beyond this length, the exertion is almost too great for sport."

"A friend of mine has been very successful with a rod 13 ft. 4 in., and he thinks it large enough for the purpose."

"I do not know the character of the water in which your friend fished; but if it resembled the generality of our salmon streams, I should consider such a rod, if at all proportioned to its length, entirely unfitted for the work it has to perform."

"What are your objections to it?"

"In the first place, it is too short and light to cast the long line

necessary in salmon fishing. In the next place, it is not strong enough to control a fish, even in still water; while in rapid and broken water, interspersed with rocks, it is wholly inadequate to turn a fish, and the line must be resorted to—a radical error in angling. What are called one-handed salmon rods among American anglers, are the most useless tools conceivable: they are too large for trout, and not large enough for salmon."

"What force do you suppose a salmon can exert in his rushes?"

"I know of no way in which this can be accurately determined, as no ordinary tackle is strong enough to stop a salmon in full career. But the best and strongest tackle, on a 16-feet rod, with the hook fastened to the ring of a spring balance, will draw out about 3½ pounds; and I know from actual trial that this strain is not sufficient to turn a determined fish in still water, before his strength has become impaired. This fact, which I can vouch for, will enable you to form some idea of the fitness of a thirteen feet rod for this work."

"But could not the fish be exhausted first; and, after he had become weakened, would not the lighter rod be sufficient to secure him?"

"In still water, with skill, coolness and patience, no doubt it would; but much time would be wasted in securing a fish that is past fighting, and this is another radical error in angling. In rapid water, the lightness of the rod would render it almost impossible to draw the fish back after his rush, and again the error of resorting to a straight rod and the line becomes necessary."

"Why do you consider it so important to lose no time in securing an exhausted fish?"

"For two obvious reasons: First, the fish is incapable of affording any more sport, and it is only useless cruelty to prolong his pain; second, although exhausted, he can still struggle feebly, and every struggle is weakening the hold of the hook. I can conceive nothing more annoying than to lose an exhausted fish through insufficient tackle, except, indeed you do it through bad management."

"Why do you consider it a radical error to resort to the line to turn or reel in an exhausted fish?"

"Because, on a straight rod the full strain of the fish comes directly on the line, and you have no means of estimating what that strain is, except by the difficulty you experience in turning the handle of the reel. By making the rod do the work, you can estimate to an ounce what the strain is, and reduce or increase it by lengthening or shortening the arch: you also throw a great portion of the strain from the line on the rod, and thus diminish the constant danger of tearing out the hook; for you must remember that you can never tell with certainty how a fish is hooked until he is on shore."

"You say you can never know with certainty; can you ever form any idea on this subject?"

"Old salmon fishers, who possess the faculty of close observation, even under the excitement of playing a salmon, think they can form a pretty correct notion from the peculiar actions of the fish."

"What are those peculiarities? Do you share this knowledge?"

"I am not quite satisfied on the point, not having made a sufficiently

large induction to arrive with confidence at a general principle; but from my own experience, I always distrust a lazy and sluggish fish, and handle him more carefully than a lively and active one. I think I have observed that a securely hooked fish generally makes the most determined efforts, and I always feel very suspicious of a 'sulky one,' having frequently found such but slightly hooked. While there may be as much fancy as reality in these conclusions, I have no doubt that careful observation would throw much light on the subject; but an angler, with a lively salmon on his hook, when rod and line are being tried to the utmost verge of prudence, is not in the best state of mind for cool philosophizing."

"I see," said Papa, "you are more careful in arriving at a general principle than the young medical student, who, having taken his degree in Paris, went to London to walk the hospitals and familiarize himself with English practice. In one of the wards was a man in the last stage of fever; he had been pronounced incurable by the physician, who saw no hope of his recovery. This man begged most piteously for a red herring, but it was refused. He was so urgent in his entreaties, that the physician, considering his case hopeless, ordered it to be given him, and anything else he might ask for, thinking him so near death that the gratification of any whim was allowable. The herring was broiled and given him: he ate it with evident relish, and soon called for copious draughts of water, which were supplied. He drank an inordinate quantity and went to sleep. Soon a profuse perspiration broke out; and after sleeping soundly for several hours, the man awoke with every dangerous symptom removed, and was speedily convalescent. The student, who took much interest in the case, noted in his tablets, '*Mem.—Prescribe a red herring in the last stages of fever.*' Returning to Paris and commencing practice, he soon had a fever patient; and after having treated the case according to the most approved method without success, he prescribed a red herring, and the man died. Out came the tablets, and down went another '*Mem.—A red herring cures an Englishman, but kills a Frenchman.*'"

"This false reasoning is not uncommon," said Harry. "I had a specimen of it this morning, and from one of the most successful, as far as numbers go, of our neighbours opposite. He said it was quite useless to strike a fish—they always hooked themselves; but he forgot to take into account the motion of the boat, which did the office for him. When he becomes an angler, and throws the fly, he will find his general principle as fallacious as the medical student's."

"Then you believe in the much doubted power of salmon and trout to eject the hook, when they discover the cheat?"

"I do, most firmly. Long observation leaves me no room to doubt this; and I am only surprised that any fisherman should question it. Bait fishers can scarcely fail to have noticed how often the bait is forced several inches up the line, while the hook is firmly fixed in the mouth. Fly-fishers have not the same chances for ocular proof of this power; but close attention cannot fail to convince them that fish possess it."

"By what means is this power exerted? As fish have no lungs, air can hardly be the vehicle of force."

"I should think a quick and forcible closing of the gill-cover would send a volume of water out of the mouth with considerable force, and possibly this is the mode employed; but whatever the *modus operandi* of exerting this power may be, the fact that fish possess it is incontestible."

"What, in your opinion, is the species of the fish that we have been catching here? Do you think them degenerated salmon?"

They are called 'land-locked salmon' by very intelligent anglers, and of this opinion, I understand, was that good man and fine angler, the late Dr. Bethune, who has spent many a pleasant hour on this stream. But from the position and general features of this extensive chain of lakes, I cannot understand the possibility of the fish ever having been land-locked, which they certainly are not at present. On the supposition that they are degenerated salmon, they must have had, previous to their becoming degenerated, free access to and from the sea, or else there could have been no salmon to become land-locked. The head of water that you saw yesterday above the dam, occasioned by shutting the gates only 24 hours, shows that some outlet must always have existed. Were this outlet to become stopped by any sudden change in the level of the country, through volcanic or aqueous agency, so immense a body of water, augmented by the melting snows of winter and the copious rains of summer, which pour into it from the hills on every side, would soon have found another; and it is hard to conceive that so active a fish as a salmon could ever have been land-locked in this chain of lakes. The instinct of the salmon to reach salt water is so strong, that it is difficult to believe the fish would ever entirely lose it; while it is not yet settled beyond a doubt that the salmon will live and propagate if deprived of periodical visits to the sea. The land-locked salmon of Sweden are now believed to be distinct from the *salmo salar*. These considerations are serious objections to the degeneration theory, and point to another solution of the matter—that they are a distinct species of *salmo*—which, however, is hedged round by many difficulties. As far as I have been able to ascertain, this fish is found only in the St. Croix and its tributaries, and in the two great chains of lakes which it empties. As far as my own knowledge of the waters of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia extends, and from all I have been able to learn from brother anglers, the fish is not found in either, and is peculiar to the St. Croix. It is not mentioned as frequenting either European or American waters in any of the works on ichthyology with which I am acquainted; and it is somewhat strange that a distinct species of the *salmo* should be confined to a single river in countries so well watered as Maine and New Brunswick. The subject is one of great interest, and, I should think, well worthy the investigation of your great naturalist, Prof. Agassiz."

"He has, I understand, already given his opinion that the fish is a degenerated salmon," said Mr. R.

"So I have been informed by the late lamented Mr. Perley, who was himself a close student of ichthyology, as well as an ardent sportsman; but I have since learned that Professor Agassiz saw reason to doubt his former opinion, in consequence of inspecting another fish,

furnished him by Mr. Perley, which is peculiar to a single chain of lakes in New Brunswick. This fish, in point of size and general external appearance, is the exact counterpart of the St. Croix salmon, but its flesh is white, coarse and unpalatable, compared with that of the latter. Its species has long been a mystery to our anglers. It has never been debarred from the sea; but, as far as has been ascertained, it never goes to salt water. What makes the matter more puzzling is, that although there are several smaller lakes emptying into this chain, the fish has never been found out of the restricted range of the three lakes forming the body of water known as 'Loch Lomond.'"

"When I was a young man," said Papa, "I used to catch the same fish in Lake Sebago, sometimes as heavy as three and four pounds; but since the erection of a dam at the foot of the lake, they have become very rare, and have almost disappeared. What makes the question still more interesting is the fact that the fish, confined to the river since the erection of the dam, have diminished in size, and their flesh has become white. One was sent me last spring—a poor specimen—which I sent to our friend here for his opinion."

"I distinctly recollect its characteristics," said Harry, "and I had no difficulty in identifying it with the trout of Loch Lomond: it corresponded in every respect with that fish, even to the trial of the flesh. I took some trouble at the time to get further information on the subject; and one piece of intelligence I ferretted out rather supports the theory that the fish is, in some way, descended from the true salmon. In the course of my enquiries I was informed by Mr. Thomas Trafton, a hale, vigorous old gentleman of 79 years, who still retains his fondness for angling and a distinct recollection of the time when this fish was *not* a denizen of Loch Lomond, that, previous to the erection of the dam at the mouth of Mispeck River, which empties into the Bay of Fundy the waters of Loch Lomond, salmon used to frequent the stream to spawn. At that time, he is positive that the fish I speak of was not known in our waters; but, soon after the dam was built, which effectually prevented the ascent of the salmon, these *white trout*, as they were then called, made their appearance in the lower lakes of the chain; and, as in the case with the St. Croix trout or salmon, they congregated in large numbers at the foot of the lake on the breaking up of the ice. They were then very large, often reaching four and five pounds, and a small one was seldom seen; but now the large fish have become rare, while the whole chain of lakes abounds in vast numbers of smaller fish of the same species, seldom exceeding a pound in weight, and often caught as small as a half and even a quarter pound. They have increased just in proportion as the speckled trout have decreased, until, at present, the latter are becoming very scarce, where formerly they abounded in great numbers. The question is certainly one of great interest, and I should much like some competent man to investigate it."

"Would not the supposition of hybridity offer a probable solution of these enigmas?"

"Scarcely, even if the hybridity of fish, which naturalists deny, were admitted; for, in both these fish, the only possible solution is that

they are hybrids, between the salmon and the trout. Now, we know that trout will devour salmon ova, and salmon devour trout ova; but suppose this difficulty overcome, and that, by some perversion of instinct, a hybrid were produced by a female salmon and male trout, or by a male salmon and female trout: as both these fish visit the sea, it is hard to suppose their mixed progeny would be averse to it. On the whole, I incline to the opinion that the supposition of a distinct species presents even greater difficulties, although I doubt if Darwin himself could readily explain its origin in either case."

"I am informed," said Papa, "that these trout are sometimes caught in the river opposite Calais. Would not this show that they do visit the sea?"

"That some fish occasionally stray down the stream, and even get below the dams, is natural enough; but it by no means favours the idea that the instinct of the fish urges it to seek the sea. Were this the case, the lakes and streams would soon be deserted; for, while there is no obstacle to their descent, their return is impossible in consequence of the dams. Were any considerable number even to go over the lower dam, they would be plentiful in the river, whereas they are rare. Some of the oldest settlers in Calais or St. Stephen might be able to throw light on this subject. If these fish were known to be in the lakes before the dams were erected, I think that fact would be fatal to the degeneration theory."

"Why so?" asked Mr. R.; "I do not see that consequence."

"For this reason: You see that the fish resort to this stream to spawn. Before the dams were erected here and at Princeton, there were no obstacles to the free passage of the fish, and they would spawn in the main river below Princeton as well as here. As we know the St. Croix, throughout its whole length, was a fine salmon stream previous to the erection of the dams at Milltown, we should have to admit that the perfect salmon and the degenerated salmon frequented the same stream, and that, under precisely similar conditions, they had very dissimilar habits. This, I think, would constitute a distinct species."

"I see the question is a puzzling one, and well worth more careful investigation. I will bring the matter to the notice of Prof. Agassiz again, and try to interest him in its solution. Could you procure me a specimen of the fish you mention as being peculiar to Loch Lomond?"

"Very easily, sir, and I will, at any time you may name, send several. They can reach you not more than 48 hours out of their native lake. If Papa would also procure one of the Sebago trout, and you would at the same time submit a specimen of the St. Croix fish, I think the great naturalist would be enabled, from a comparison of the three with the true salmon, to arrive at a decided opinion. Our anglers will be much pleased to have a satisfactory solution of this enigma."

It was now twelve o'clock. About an hour previously the wind had changed, a breeze from the north-west had dispelled the clouds, and the sun came out in mid-day splendour; the rain-drops on the foliage glistened like diamonds; the sweet, fresh odour, peculiar to the forest

after a drenching rain, was borne on every breeze; and the whole neighbourhood was astir, enjoying the renovated beauties of nature, and eagerly pursuing their enthralling sport. Every accessible stand in the vicinity of the dam was occupied by a fisherman, while boats and canoes glanced to and fro over the narrow neck above. The rain had enlivened the fish, which took both fly and bait eagerly, and the scene was one of hilarious activity.

Papa and Mr. R. proposed to drop down to the first rapids, and try their luck in the same spot where they had been so fortunate on a previous occasion. Fred and Jim arranged to fish Big Fall, while Charles and Harry determined to walk to Little Fall, not having yet visited that fine cast during their stay on the stream.

Little Fall is a series of small cascades, rather than a regular fall. The first pitch is over a ledge at the foot of a very short and narrow gorge; the water above this spreads out into a great, deep pond, at the head of which, as well as at the brink of the pitch, numbers of the largest fish usually lie. Both casts are fished from the bank, which, being clear of trees and bushes, affords a chance for very fine angling, and a skilful hand is generally rewarded by good sport.

Harry had persuaded Charles to use one of his rods, a provincial one, 13 feet long, in two pieces, made entirely of "greenheart," and so nicely proportioned and balanced, that the arch was formed from butt to tip. He took his stand at the head of the pond, and a very few casts gave him command of the rod, with which, although longer and heavier than he had been accustomed to use, he found he could cast a fly with quite as much ease and lightness, and to a greater distance. Having become master of the rod, he threw his fly well down the pond, when it was instantly taken by a fine trout, and before it could be secured, a second one struck the upper dropper, and almost immediately afterwards a third was hooked on the middle fly. Charles now had his hands full, and the rod quite as much work to do as it was able to accomplish.

Although three fish are frequently hooked at one cast, it is comparatively seldom that all are secured, for they shoot about in all directions, so that it is quite impossible to keep a tight line on all at once, and it usually happens that in securing the upper fish one of the lower ones is lost, sometimes both: for in disengaging one from the hook it is impossible to control the motions of the others. To cut the gut on which the fly is dressed, close to the leader, as soon as the first fish is in the net, will greatly lessen the chances of failure, and to repeat this with the second fish, will almost always enable a cool angler to secure them all, as the third fish is quite under control, and may be counted as safe. This of course sacrifices two flies, but it often happens that in securing the first fish the leader is broken by the struggles of the others, and the angler has the chagrin of losing both fish and flies, and a good piece of his leader besides, with the additional mortification of knowing that he threw away a chance of saving both leader and fish.

Charles was fearful of breaking the rod, if he brought the whole strain of the three fish on it, and was proceeding to reel up on a straight rod. Harry insisted on the arch being maintained, assuring his friend that the rod was quite safe, as long as a regular arch was formed, and that he par-

ticularly wished him to observe the action of the arch, and the superiority of this mode of handling a fish. Accordingly the line was reeled steadily in, the arch being shortened or lengthened as the strain was light or heavy, the line, underneath the rod, running freely through the rings, meeting the smallest possible resistance from friction The first fish was soon within reach, and speedily in the net. Instead of wasting time in removing the hook from the fish's mouth, Harry instantly severed the gut close to the leader, and the rod again resumed its graceful curve. The same tactics soon had the second fish in the net, and again the gut was severed; the fish on the trail fly now had a fair chance to exert his strength, not being met by the resistance of the others, and he started for the fall. This was just what Harry wanted, as it gave his friend an opportunity of testing practically the philosophy of managing a fish on the rod instead of on the line. Harry directed him to point the butt of the rod instead of the tip at the fish, and to mark the result. This was done, and the pliant rod bent till the tip nearly touched the water, bringing such a strain on the fish that it at once lessened its speed, when a gentle but gradually increasing upward strain lengthened the short arch, and soon turned the fish's head towards the angler. Finding his flight stopped and an irresistible force drawing him forward, the fish now leaped several times in quick succession; the arch of the rod kept the line taut, and out of danger, and the use of the reel soon brought the captive to the net.

Charles expressed himself highly pleased with this mode of management, and at once determined to exchange his light 12 foot rod, a most admirable tool for brook trout, for one better adapted to the heavy fish of the St. Croix.

He resumed his fishing, took a number of fine trout, and after two hours' excellent sport, in the course of which he thoroughly mastered the new system, he and Harry retraced their way to camp, having between them taken over a dozen and a half, Charles elated at his newly-acquired knowledge and skill, and Harry pleased at having found so apt and appreciative a pupil.

Calling at Big Fall we found Fred and Jim still engaged in fishing. They had met with fair sport, but the fish did not appear to be so plentiful as usual.

An incident had occurred during their fishing which convinced Fred of the unfitness of extremely light rods to control these strong, active fish. He and Jim had exchanged rods, and each had hooked a fish at nearly the same moment. They rose within a few yards of the verge of the fall, and both fish strove to go over as soon as they felt the hook. Fred, by good management, and by pointing the butt at the fish with his thumb on the line snubbed him on the imminent brink, and by steadily retreating, maintaining the arch all the while, he confined his prisoner in the pool above, and soon had the satisfaction of landing a very fine trout. Jim had been less fortunate; having found the slight rod incapable of turning the fish, and disdaining to resort to the line, he left the reel free, and over the fish went; making a straight rush through the basin, he shot the second pitch, and was in the rapids below, which made it necessary for Jim to follow him with all speed, for the strength of the current pre-

cluded all hope of checking him till he had reached the comparatively still water several hundred yards below. Hastening along the bank with all the speed he could, and checking him to the full capacity of the rod, Jim soon came up with him, and by careful management coaxed him into a small cove out of the heavy water, and after a few minutes of good handling, he had the pleasure of landing him. With his own rod the fish would probably never have left the pond above the fall, and certainly would never have left the basin below it. Fred had a practical proof of the correctness of Harry's remarks, and frankly admitted to him that he had become a convert to both his theory and practice.

Among the fish they had taken was one so strangely malformed that it is worthy of mention. Malformed fish are comparatively rare—whether it is that Nature produces few malformations among the finny tribes, or that, being produced, they are not able to escape their numerous enemies and thus fall an easy prey, certain it is that few mishapen fish are taken either in salt or fresh water. This fish weighed about two pounds, and was well formed in every respect except in the tail, which was double. There were two well formed caudal fins, one in the natural position, and another under it, lying flat; they were joined together, the bottom edge of the normal fin growing into the middle of the abnormal one They were of the usual size, and each was perfect in form and appearance. This remarkable freak of nature was carefully removed and preserved, and was recently, perhaps yet, in the possession of W. B. Esq., the gentleman already mentioned as enjoying the well-deserved reputation of being one of the most enthusiastic, as well as the most accomplished angler in the United States.

We all walked back to camp, and found the neighbourhood of the dam still presenting the same scene of busy activity. Every pier had several occupants, while boats and canoes were darting in all directions. The afternoon had been lovely, and the fish rose as eagerly as the most greedy fisherman could desire, consequently a large number had been taken.

Papa and Mr. R. had returned some time previously, having been quite successful, and having ceased fishing only when love of sport gave place to fatigue. Mr. R. gave a graphic and amusing account of an incident that had occurred a short time before our return, which might have been more serious in its results, but which, fortunately, entailed no graver consequences than a good ducking.

One of the Indians in our party had a small but very fine birch canoe, which a young man had borrowed, with the intention of amusing himself by paddling about the neck above the dam. In pushing off from the shore, he allowed the canoe to get too near the influence of the current caused by the rush of water through the nearest gate in the dam, and in his efforts to propel her out of this dangerous spot, he lost his balance, and went, literally, heels over head into the water. Rising to the surface he retained his hold of the paddle in one hand, and swam ashore with the other not even letting go his pipe, which he had been smoking. On reaching shore he was unable to speak for several moments, having inhaled the smoke into his lungs on getting his head above water. He said the effects of this almost paralyzed him, and nearly prevented his swimming, thus making his escape, from the strong current running

through the gate, a very narrow one. As soon as he had recovered breath he again plunged into the water, and notwithstanding his heavy clothing and boots, he swam some distance and back, remarking that as he was wet he might as well have a good swim. The canoe had not turned completely over, but, having dumped her load, righted again, and was immediately sucked into the current. She shot through the gate, and was soon floating down the stream, running a race with her late occupant's hat. The moment the accident occurred the Indian, fearing the man would be carried through the gate, with great presence of mind launched another canoe below the dam, and after having seen the man safe on shore, he hurried in full chase after his runaway. This and the hat were soon recovered, and fortunately the canoe had escaped damage. Had she upset, or caught in going through the gate, she would have been crushed as easily as an egg-shell.

The canoes of the Passamaquoddy Indians, the tribe that dwells on the St. Croix, are smaller than those used by the Micmacs and Milicetes of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and in consequence of their narrowness in the middle are more easily upset; but all of them are ticklish and treacherous to those unaccustomed to their use To fish from, they are extremely unsatisfactory, as a setting posture, and that in the bottom, is the only safe one. As the undivided attention of the Indian is necessary to manage the canoe in rapid water, he can seldom assist the angler, by using the landing net, and usually he is obliged to go to shore to secure a fish. But as they are the only vehicles to be had at Grand Lake, those who fish there in the spring must be content with them, as, from the depth of water, and its extreme coldness, it is impossible, without their use, to reach the best casts on the stream.

There are several fine casts on each side, easily accessible from the shore, but in consequence of trees growing to the very edge of the water, it is impossible to cast a fly over them. A subscription among the gentlemen who annually visit the stream would be well expended in having these trees removed; the increased facilities for sport, and the greater satisfaction in pursuing it, would amply repay the trifling expenditure. The trees are valueless, and no possible objection could be made to their removal. Besides the greater satisfaction to the angler, in fishing from the bank, and the opportunity thereby afforded for finer fishing, this step would increase the number of good casts, and prevent such crowding at the dam, where sport usually degenerates into mere slaughter.

CHAPTER IV.

The weather continued fine for over a week, occasional showers enhancing, rather than detracting from the pleasures of our sojourn on the stream. Our staple pastime, angling, was varied; target shooting, excursions in the woods or up the Lake, and walks to the top of "Prospect Hill," the view from which always presented some fresh charm, and was also a source of renewed pleasure. Our friends had now been nearly a fortnight in camp, and although by no means tired of its free and invigorating life, began to talk of their return

Our party had been joined by Lieut. G—t, of the 15th Regt. then stationed in St. John, whose gentlemanly manners, high spirits, enthusi-

astic love of sport, and extensive knowledge of all matters pertaining to it, made him a welcome guest, and a prime favourite with our American friends. The fishing for several days had been superb, and this being Lieut. G.'s first visit to the stream, he spoke in the highest terms of the splendid sport, describing it as the very perfection of angling. His intimate acquaintance with the best streams in England and Scotland, fully qualifying him to speak *ex cathedra* on the subject. His experience with the rod in Provincial waters, and with the gun in the forests of Maine and New Brunswick had been extensive, and many well-told and interesting accounts of his former expeditions added much to the cheerful gossip of the camp. His account of an expedition to the River Miramichi, and the Lake of that name, where he had been successful in "calling moose" the preceding autumn, awakened the interest of Charles and Fred, and they resolved, that if circumstances permitted, the following autumn should not pass without their visiting that famous and beautiful river.

The chain of lakes above Grand Lake is very extensive, and offers every description of beautiful scenery. Salmon, speckled trout, toag, perch, and pickerel, abound in one or other of the series, and offer a variety of sport to the fisherman. An expedition, exploratory and piscatory up these lakes had been talked of for some time and was at length agreed upon. The following morning was appointed for setting out, and the evening was spent in making preparations necessary for a three days' absence from head quarters.

We set out at eight o'clock in four canoes, three of them carrying two persons each, beside the Indians, the fourth carrying, in addition to Lieut. G., two tents and the necessary provisions. The morning was lovely; scarce a breeze rippled the surface of the water, and as we intended to camp at the head of the lake, we pushed steadily on, till we reached Ox Brook, where we halted to stretch our legs, and have lunch. While this was being prepared, Lieut. G. and Charles caught a fine string of speckled trout, and Fred shot a porcupine, the skin of which the Indians removed, with a view to its preservation as a trophy.

After a pleasant rest we resumed our course up the lake, passing a number of beautiful islands, whose rich green foliage diversified the scene. The monotony of the journey was broken by occasionally taking a toag, one of which weighed twenty pounds. About 4 o'clock we reached the head of Grand Lake, and halted at the mouth of the stream connecting it with Compass Lake. Our intention had been to pitch our tents here, and spend the evening and the morning in fishing, but a thorough trial of the stream gave no sign of either salmon or trout, and so we concluded to proceed into and across Compass Lake, to the foot of the stream connecting with the great Sisladobsis Lake. Accordingly we resumed our canoes and made our way across Compass Lake, about five miles, the head of which we reached about 6 o'clock, and landed at the mouth of a very promising stream. While the Indians pitched the tents and made preparations for the night, we all had ample employment. Fred and Lieut. G. were detailed to catch some fish, Jim and Charles volunteered to build a good fire, Harry to prepare and fry the pork, while Papa and Mr. R. undertook the preparation of the coffee. The first casts our anglers made

were successful, and the speedy landing of two fine salmon gave us fish for dinner, and a promise of good sport in the morning.

Practice had rendered each one an adept in the various duties of life in the woods, and Lieut. G., having taken another fine fish, proceeded to prepare and broil the three. This division of labour expedited matters, and in a very short time we had a comfortable dinner prepared, to which each brought a good appetite and buoyant spirits.

Much as we had enjoyed life in Camp Saptogus, this change from the busy scene at the dam, to the solitude of the unbroken wilderness, had an additional charm; the only drawbacks to our complete pleasure were the persistent attacks of myriads of mosquitoes and black flies, which, notwithstanding the numerous "smokes" that surrounded our bivouac, occasioned much annoyance. They were evidently quite pleased with our visit to their dominions, and welcomed us with unremitting attentions. In spite of these pests, however, we enjoyed a most pleasant evening. The sun was sinking in the western horizon, which was gorgeous with many-coloured clouds, and the waving light shone on a scene of wondrous beauty. The calm surface of the lake, reflecting every shade of purple, blue and crimson, stretched its wide expanse before us, mirroring the rounded outlines of densely wooded hills; the stream beside us flowed swiftly over its rocky beds, musical in its soothing murmur; the woods behind and on each side of us showed rare effects of light and shade. The absence of all sounds caused by human agency impressed us with a sense of solitude, yet busy life was all around us. The attentive ear could detect the buzz of myriads of busy wings, numerous bats flitted around, and the occasional splash of the musk-rat, as he plunged into the water, was varied by the melancholy cry of a pair of loons that called to each other far down the lake. The evening was one of those rare and delicious ones in the last of May, not warm enough to be oppressive, yet sufficiently so to be pleasant. As twilight deepened, the attacks of flies and mosquitoes became less determined, and a most enjoyable time was spent by all.

Fred and Lieut. G., having arranged an expedition to Machias Lake and River the next day, retired early to rest, comfortable and fragrant beds of fir and spruce boughs having been prepared by the Indians; the rest of us found sufficient excitement in conversation to ward off drowsiness till a late hour, when we also sought repose.

We rose before the sun, and found the sport, as we had anticipated, very good. The fish were not so numerous as in Grand Lake stream, but were of a larger average. After having despatched an early breakfast, Lieut. G. and Fred set off on their expedition, which led them into and across Sisladobsis Lake to an old Indian "carry" about a mile and a half long, which led to the Machias Lake, in which the river of that name takes its rise. We shall leave them to pursue their way, as we can learn their adventures on their return, while we accompany Charles and Jim in another direction.

Papa and Mr. R. decided to confine themselves within easy reach of the tents, and proposed to spend the day on the stream, and make an excursion into and up the Sisladobsis. Harry, Charles and Jim

decided to explore Compass Lake, and we were soon afloat in the largest canoe. Speeding swiftly across to the junction of Junior Lake, which we crossed, we came to the mouth of Chain Lake stream, a fine body of water, which, from its appearance, promised good sport. Careful fishing, however, revealed the discouraging truth that no salmon, and but few trout were there. Several large pickerel were caught, and a few hundred yards from the shore, a large number of fine white perch were taken, some as heavy as two pounds. These fish were strong and active, and proved, when cooked, to be of fine flavour. Not finding the sport we had expected, we ran up the stream into Chain Lake, a shallow and marshy place, which gave no promise of fish, but was the resort of numbers of wild ducks, the shallow waters and marshy shores fitting it for their summer haunt. In the months of September and October, this lake gives fine sport to the gunner, and is annually visited by gentlemen from Calais, who are usually very successful. We were too good sportsmen to shoot a duck in brooding time, so they passed us, unmolested, in all directions.

This excursion had occupied the best part of the day, and we now commenced the "back track" in order to reach our rendezvous before dark. We had been rather disappointed in our expectations of sport, but the scenery was delightful; the excursion was a very pleasant one, and gave us a better idea than we could otherwise have formed of this splendid chain of Lakes.

From this point the tourist can reach the settlements on the Machias waters, and others, by running up Junior Lake stream into Scraggby Lake, crossing that into Pleasant Lake, which by the way, is very appropriately named, presenting, as it does, some beautiful sylvan scenery, and thence into Duck Lake, upon the shores of which is a settlement whence conveyance can be had to Springfield, five miles distant. From this place Lincoln is easily reached whence a stage runs forty-five miles to Bangor. To one who is at home in the wilds, and who enjoys the beauties of nature as displayed in lakes, streams, forests and skies, and who can appreciate the quiet enjoyment of the angler's holiday, this route offers many attractions, and doubtless the time is fast approaching when it will be more commonly frequented than at present.

We made all speed back to camp, which we reached before dark, and found that Lieut. G. and Fred had not returned. Papa and Mr. R. had enjoyed a fine day's sport, varied by a cruise of some miles along the shores of Sisladobsis Lake, in the course of which they took several large toag, and a number of straggling salmon, which are also attracted by the "spoon." They listened with much interest to the incidents of our excursion, and when they had learned of our meagre sport, they congratulated themselves on their own day of quiet enjoyment.

The shades of evening were fast approaching when Fred and Lieut. G. made their appearance, much fatigued by a hard day's work, but they were enthusiastic over the pleasure and satisfaction derived from their journey. The Indians had, at first, some difficulty in finding the old path, but at length they hit upon it, and carrying their canoe on

their shoulders, lead the way through bush and mire for about a mile and a half, when they came out on the shores of Machias Lake. Resuming their seats in the canoe, they proceeded to the foot of the lake and commenced fishing in the outlet, where they had good sport, taking a number of trout, but not one salmon, which appear to be peculiar to the St. Croix waters. From the foot of the lake they went to its head, and fished in the stream which empties the upper Sisladobsis. They found no salmon here, but plenty of speckled trout, from one to two pounds weight. They described the scenery as very fine, and the lakes as very inviting to the angler. As the day was now well advanced, they retraced their way to the "carry," returned over the same rough path, and made for the tents with all speed.

Two days of the three allotted to the excursion had now passed, and, as the greater part of the next would be spent in reaching Camp Saptogus, it was agreed to start next morning immediately after breakfast and reach the camp in time for dinner, which was to be the last day in that pleasant home in the woods. The evening wore away in lively conversation and friendly discussion on sporting topics.

The earliest gray tints in the east found us all astir to throw a last fly and take a last salmon in this spot so little frequented by the angler. Day-dawn and sun-rise in the woods are so seldom seen by dwellers in towns and cities, that when seen, they have rare charms. The gradual lighting up of the scene, the constantly changing effects of increasing light upon the surrounding foliage, the splendid effect of the sun's beams as they steal slowly down the wooded slopes, the glistening of the dew-drops in the slanting rays, the mist that hovers over the lake, and the solemn silence of all around, impresses the beholder with a deep sense of the grand and mysterious operations of Nature. The scene we looked upon combined all these things, and presented Nature in one of her finest aspects. We all enjoyed it the more as we were so soon to leave it behind us, and resume our usual routine of city life, where piles of bricks, miles of pavements, and a smoky atmosphere would take the place of verdant foliage, spreading lakes, and the clear blue sky.

Silently we commenced fishing, each impressed with the influence of the surroundings, but the first exciting "rise" entirely changed the current of our thoughts, and in a moment each was intent on his sport; excitement usurped the place of reverie—emulation that of sympathy. For two hours we plied the rod with various fortune, and ceased only when a call to breakfast reminded us of the duties of the day.

Breakfast having been despatched with a good appetite, preparations were at once made for our return. The tents were struck and packed, the canoes laden, and bidding a reluctant adieu to this noble stream, we were soon afloat, making rapid progress down the lake. On reaching its foot, and entering the stream which led into Grand Lake, the Indians called our attention to three deer, quietly drinking in the stream about a quarter of a mile below. Fred was instantly on the alert, his ever-ready rifle was seized, and while his canoe proceeded cautiously down the stream, as much under cover of the bank as possible, ours drew back out of sight, and we waited anxiously for the result. The

report of the rifle almost immediately followed, and on rejoining Fred, we found him grieving over the loss of a rare trophy. The senses of smell and sight are so acute in the red deer, that it is almost impossible to approach them while feeding or drinking, and on this occasion they detected the danger long before Fred had got within shooting distance, and as they turned to reach the thick woods bordering the stream, Fred hopelessly took aim, and fired with no better result than he had anticipated. We learned from the Indians that although once numerous in this section of the country, deer are now rarely seen.

This little episode was the only thing of note that occurred during our passage down the lakes. We reached the dam about three o'clock, and by invitation of our kind hosts, who had determined to vacate it next morning, we and Lieut. G. took up our quarters there for the night, and occupied it during the remainder of our stay on the stream.

The first care of Mr. R. was to order dinner; while this was being prepared, we strolled through the encampment opposite, and found that three days had considerably lessened the number of our neighbours. The havoc made among the fish during the last two weeks was evidenced by the diminished number now being taken, and the great majority of the *fishermen* had departed, leaving the few *anglers* a better opportunity of indulging in legitimate sport, which was still good enough to satisfy any reasonable sportsman.

We whiled away a pleasant hour among our neighbours, relating our experience up the lakes, and hearing in return the various incidents that had occurred since our departure. These were amusing enough to us, but would possess little interest for the reader. We learned with regret, however, that large numbers of fish had been taken, fifty and even sixty a day scarcely satisfying some of the fish Goths who had departed.

A summons from Hamlin recalled us, and for the last time in Camp Saptogus we all assembled in the dining-room, and again enjoyed the more elaborate dishes prepared by the worthy steward. He was an artist in his way, and, although he might not have succeeded in getting up a dinner at White's, Delmonico's or the Reform Club, the cooks of these celebrated establishments would have to yield him the palm of superior skill in the *cuisine* of the woods. His efforts on this occasion did him great credit and all agreed that he had surpassed his former achievements.

After dinner the conversation naturally turned upon the departure of our hosts, and the probability of future meeting. Lieut. G. and Fred had already made a solemn compact to meet in the autumn and "call moose" in the wilds of New Brunswick, while Mr. R., Papa and Charles promised to join Harry and Jim in a visit to the Miramichi or some of the other famous salmon rivers of the Province. These matters settled, a more discursive field was opened, and as usual, conversation took a wide range, and all sorts of topics were discussed, ideas freely exchanged, and opinions expressed with freedom and unreserve.

"Why is it," asked Lieut. G., "that Americans generally are so sensitive when English writers venture to touch upon American socie-

ty, while they are callous enough when their own writers say much harsher things? The 'Potipher Papers,' written by an American, contain things much more severe than Dickens, or even Mrs. Trollope ever indulged in; but while you generally laugh heartily at the former, you growl at and abuse the latter."

"The reason is very obvious," replied Mr. R., "in Mrs. Trollope's case we were annoyed because she was quite incapable of taking a broad view of Americans and their institutions, and even if she had been competent, she saw only the surface of our society. In Dickens' case we were still more justly annoyed, because, while he was quite capable of estimating what he saw, he pandered to the prejudices of his English readers, in his really laughable caricatures. At the 'Potipher papers' we laugh, and freely admit they contain much truth, just as you laugh at Dickens' and Thackeray's sarcasms on your own society. It is the *motive*, rather than the matter which annoys us."

"Do you not think your countrymen generally morbidly sensitive to strictures on the national character?"

"Among educated men, no. What we object to is having a false national character foisted upon us. The truth is that your tourists and writers pay us a flying visit, rush through the country, see the more glaring faults of our heterogeneous society, and put them all down to the debit of our 'national character.' Now, strictly speaking, the national character is not yet formed. Immigration has been so extensive in our country, and the foreign element is yet so large, that it will take at least two more generations to form the national character. In the old Southern States, and in Boston, where the foreign element is less perceptible, the germs of the national character may be found."

"Dickens has done ample justice to the superiority of Boston society, and you can hardly complain of him on that score," said Lieut. G.

"Nor do we. But we complain that he has grossly caricatured the American character, for no man knew better than Dickens that the worst faults of the English, Irish, Scotch and Germans have been transplanted bodily to America, and have there developed into what he falsely calls the American national character. But let me ask you why the English display such a jealousy of America, of her growth and prosperity?"

"There I think you err," replied Lieut. G. "Englishmen are not jealous of America; on the contrary, an intelligent Englishman looks with much interest on what he considers the *great experiment* of American Democracy. He thinks he sees in your universal suffrage, a weak point. He knows Democracy is not suited to England, and, though not *jealous* of America, he is, perhaps, fearful of her example upon the overgrown population of his own country, for he knows that any sudden change in the existing order, will be followed by vastly greater evils than those he sees, deplores, and hopes to see gradually ameliorated. That this feeling is made use of by demagogues in England, just as the vulgar hatred of England is made use of for political purposes in the States, is, perhaps, true; but in neither case are they the exponents of national opinion. You would not, I presume, have

us believe that the vulgar spoutings of New York demagogues give a fair index of an American's feelings towards England."

"By no means; and I am glad you do not so consider them. The truth is that national prejudices are hard to overcome, and our feeling against your hereditary aristocracy is, perhaps, less excusable than yours against our levelling democracy."

"At all events," said Papa, "it is very gratifying to know that gentlemen can discuss these questions without letting prejudice blind their judgment, and become offensive to the holders of either opinion. Our hope is that our school system, by placing a fair education within the reach of every child in the Union, may, in the course of a generation or two, result in a good, solid national character, essentially different from the present transition one. Our great social cauldron has *not yet boiled clear—the scum and froth is still bubbling and running* over, but there are good and valuable ingredients in the pot—these cannot fail, eventually, to run clear of froth and sediment."

"That is just the problem to be solved," said Lieut. G., "and in view of late occurrences in France, and more recent events in your own country, we may well be excused for doubting whether the masses are yet capable of governing themselves. Grossly ignorant men are unsafe depositories of political power."

"Granted," replied Jim, "but we have established a school system to remove this gross ignorance, and even at present general intelligence is more common among American than among European populations. England has not made education a national measure, fearing the spread of enlightened ideas. She thinks ignorant men more readily kept in subjection—we think intelligent men more easily and cheaply ruled."

"I think you are in error," said Lieut. G., "England does not fear the spread of knowledge—she does what she can to encourage it; but *there are difficulties in the way of a general school system, springing* out of Sectarian jealousy. This arises, no doubt, from the establishment of the Church, which you Americans call the *State Religion.* On this point we must continue to hold different opinions."

"And in the meantime," said Papa, "your most earnest minds can only pray, in the language of Ebenezer Elliott, the working man's mouth-piece:—

> 'When wilt thou save the People,
> O, God of Mercy, when?
> *Not thrones, or priests—but nations,*
> Not Kings or Lords—but Men!'

And the estimate of prayer, among men of business, is described in Pope's Homer:—

> 'Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,
> Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;
> With humble mien and with dejected eyes,
> Constant they follow where Injustice flies;
> Injustice swift, erect, and unconfined,
> Sweeps the wide world and tramples o'er mankind.'

"The men who signed our Declaration of Independence," said Jim, "believed that 'Science was the Providence of Man,' and that earnest

and persistent effort was the best form of prayer. They wished to see the smile of God reflected in the faces of the poor, and they thought with Coleridge that—

> 'He prayeth well who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast;
> He prayeth best who loveth best,
> All things both great and small
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all.'"

"Then you leave Religion out of the question, as a means of elevating men."

"By no means," replied Papa, "but we have no national religion. We do not support one church to the exclusion of all others. We keep the Church distinct from the State, and leaving our citizens to follow their own convictions, we expect them to support their own churches. We fully endorse Lord Brougham's sentiments:—'That man shall no more render an account to man for his belief, over which he himself has no control. Henceforth nothing shall prevail upon us to praise or blame any one for that which he can no more change than he can the hue of his skin or the height of his stature. Henceforth, treating with entire respect those who conscientiously differ from ourselves, the only practical effect of the difference will be to make us enlighten the ignorance on the one side or the other, from which it springs, by instructing them if it be theirs, ourselves if it be our own, to the end that the only kind of unanimity may be produced which is desirable among rational beings—the agreement proceeding from full conviction, after the freest discussion.'"

"Does not Sectarianism prevail to as great an extent in America as in England?" asked Lieut. G.

"Certainly it does, to a much greater extent, as is very natural. But there is not the same importance attached to mere abstract ideas. There is no encouragement for intolerance, and the perfect freedom with which all questions are discussed will, if it lead not to the establishment of truth, at least tend to the overthrow of error."

"But does not this lead to a dangerous looseness of morals?"

"Not that I can perceive. In this respect I think we compare favourably with any European nation. I do not see that a higher state of morals exists in any of the priest-ridden countries of the continent. The truth is that abstract opinions have little effect upon conduct. The records of our state prisons and jails show that the largest number of criminals are professors of some of the different *isms* of christianity. The fewest are found among those who profess no religion. The law takes care of *acts*—God judges of *motives*."

"I admit the experiment is the most important that has ever been tried by society, and for my own part, I heartily hope it may be entirely successful."

"It can hardly fail to be more successful than the monarchical systems of Europe, for however much an undiscerning priesthood may lament, and designing politicians plot, the fact remains that the revolutionary element is in the heart of civilization—not the element of

brute violence or purposeless change, but that of necessary transition and ceaseless progress. Truth is this innovation—it defies despotism, armies and diplomacy—and it is always the friend of the people."

"Come, Papa," said Fred, "don't turn Camp Saptogus into a school of ethics. We go home to-morrow, and can study social ethics practically in its actual working. I wish we could get rid of it and its perplexing problems. For my part, I would rather hear one anecdote than two dry lectures, when in camp. All your worldly wisdom cannot alter the existing order of things."

"You are right in your conclusion, but wrong in your premises, Fred. Progress is slow, but not the less sure, and you may live to see greater changes than have occurred in my time. But I quite agree with you that these topics are scarcely such as sportsmen are interested in. Harry shall tell us the anecdote he promised to relate after dinner."

"There is not much interest in it," said Harry, "but it is *apropos* to the subject on which we were talking at the time—the disposition in men to regard as an absolute loss what they never possessed except in imagination. A prudent, thriving Scotch trader in one of our country towns had done a pretty fair business during the year, but, on making up his books, he was surprised to find his gains some $1,800 more than he expected. He was at first rather doubtful of the correctness of his clerk's figures, but a hasty examination of the accounts showed that his assets summed up the amount of which he was dubious. Of course he was grateful at this result, and felicitated himself upon the satisfactory state of his finances. For several days his mind was occupied with the subject, and still he could not clearly account for the unexpected surplus. Cogitating the matter one night in bed, an idea struck him, which he was so impatient to investigate, that he rose, repaired to his store, and proceeded to institute a more thorough examination of his books. This revealed the source of his unexpected wealth, which, however, was by no means satisfactory, after having accustomed himself to the idea of being richer than he now found himself. He roused his clerk, and began to upbraid him, as if he had done him a positive injury.

"Oh Sandy, you dog, you've ruined me! ye stupid fule, if naething mair, ye've gane and added the year o' our Lord to the column o' assets, and I'm just $1866 nearer poverty and starvation the day than I was yestreen!"

"Your anecdote recalls ideas of business," said Fred, "and I shall very unwillingly assume its cares after my return. The silken woof of sporting memories will unconsciously mingle with the cotton warp of every-day life, and my thoughts will wing themselves in a bee-line to these pleasant scenes, meandering through the mazy roads of the unknown which lie outstretched between Camp Saptogus and Boston. After one of these holidays, my principal pleasure is to mount to the roof of the house, and, lighting my briar-wood, survey the panorama of the city under my feet. The charming view of the harbour and islands bring to mind a host of pleasant associations. I look over the chimney tops, beyond the farthermost Eastern speck of brown land

which dots the ocean, and my mental eye rests lovingly among the hills which mirror themselves in dear old Grand Lake. I think of the gaps of weary miles that separate our once so closely united little party—one in England, one in Detroit, a third in St. John, and I in the 'Hub.' Will these divergent lines of occupation ever converge again?—shall we ever again sing a quartette in unison with the sweet harmonies of birds, woods and waters? My prophetic soul answers yes; and I long for the time when the Cerberus of Pluto's domain will relax his jealous watch, and set me free to revisit these congenial scenes."

"Hallo! Fred, whose thunder have been stealing now?" said Charles. "Your flight of imagination has called up pleasant memories, and a host of favourite authors flit across my mental vision. Have you read Whittier's last poem 'Snow-bound?' If not, do so, and bless me for the suggestion."

"Oh, yes," replied Fred, "I shall not soon forget the pleasure it afforded me. Do you know, my first thought on reading it was one of surprise that I had not written it myself: I have heard the same remark made by others, which I consider a sure test of its merits. It is so simple, so natural, and the ideas are just those which have occurred to thousands; but it needed the poetic mind of Whittier to weave them into true poetry."

"How do you like Gerald Massey?" asked Harry. "I think him as rich in fancy as Alexander Smith's first blossoming into verse, as true to nature as Wordsworth, as musical at times as Tennyson, as heart-touching as Lamb, Hood, or Mrs. Browning."

"I have not found time to cut his leaves," said Fred; "but I shall remember your high praise of him, and shall lose no time in cultivating his acquaintance."

"Have you read 'Guesses at Truth,' 'Friends in Council,' and 'Companions of my Solitude?'" asked Charles. "They comprise a trio I love full well. Ah me! what hosts of pleasant books lie closed, like oysters, on the shelves of my book-case. In a dreamy mood, I sometimes imagine them tumbling down, marching in from the library, and crying—'Read me! ME! ME!' while with surprise I ask, 'Who are these?' Spenser, Chaucer, Gay, Suckling, Swift and Milton step forward, and rustle their leaves. 'Well, boys, you have all done some decent and some indecent things in your day and generation. Mr. Spenser and Mr. Chaucer may stay a few minutes and smoke a pipe of sympathy; but you last three chaps must march back to your shelves and clean yourselves.' (Deep groans from Suckling.) 'Well, Sucky, what's the matter?' 'Her feet (groan), little mice (groan), peeped in and out (groan), as if they feared the light (groan).' 'Well, John, that was a pretty conceit; but the knowledge of so much virtue only makes your vice the blacker: so tramp with these other two literary blackguards!' 'Who's this? Milton—Milton, read a hundred times, and still fresh as ever!' One must like this old literary Saturn, despite his 'little prejudices.'"

"What do you think of Keats?" asked Fred. "I think his sonnets among the best, if not the very best, in the language."

"Yes," said Harry, "I admire his masterly sonnets. If we except some of Shakspeare's best, it will be hard to find his superior in this most difficult species of composition. Speaking of sonnets recalls two of much merit, written by a friend of mine, a scholarly man, with a finely cultivated literary taste. I think them well worthy a place in some more lasting depository than the ephemeral pages of a newspaper, in which only they have yet seen the light. One was printed some time since in the Boston *Advertiser*, on the 71st birth-day of your great poet, Bryant. I think I can remember both:—

"'The mountains old, the hoary, solemn trees
And simple flowers, the unfettered wing
Of free wild bird, and the sweet crystal spring
Hid deep in woodland shades, mild summer breeze
And wintry winds, sweeping the pathless seas,
BRYANT, in thee a worshipper have known
Of Liberty; thine ear hath caught her tone,
Thine eye her form, in the grand harmonies
That fill thy Maker's works; her image bright
Is stamped indelibly upon thy heart;
Amid her votaries, bearing a noble part,
Long may'st thou wear, in the calm evening light
Of happy days, the fadeless wreath that fame
Has woven around thy pure and honoured name.'"

"It certainly has more merit than is usually found in ephemeral writing," said Charles, "and I am much pleased that your memory has retained it. I should much like a copy."

"I will write it with pleasure," said Harry, "and also the following, which is not inferior in merit, although the subject is more personal to the writer:—

IN MEMORIAM.

C. A. D.

11th October, A. D., 1863.

"'The cold, gray clouds have made the cheerless day
A fitting emblem of my darkened life,
Whose hopes were dimm'd when death took thee, my wife;
Quenching the love that beamed with purest ray,
And glowed with quickening warmth along the way
My weary feet have trod, with sorrows rife,
With thorny cares hedged up;—a constant strife
'Gainst sins that turn my faltering steps astray.
The rustling, withered leaves upon thy grave
Are slowly falling, as the fitful breeze
Sighs sadly through the melancholy trees,
Whose blackening branches all reluctant wave,
Mourning the summer gone: yet the green sod,
Smiling, reflects thy steadfast trust in God."

"Is your friend an angler?" asked Mr. R. "I should like to meet him amid the scenes he appears to love and appreciate."

"No, sir," replied Harry, "his tastes are more of a scholarly and literary cast. Books are his pet hobby, as angling is mine; but he finds time to steal from the city to the fresh beauties of the country, as well as I do to keep up my acquaintance with current literature. We often meet, exchange ideas, and pass many a pleasant hour, notwithstanding the superiority of his attainments."

"Have you ever heard," asked Fred, "the anecdote of Victor Hugo and the comedian? It contains a retort which Charles would call the 'retort cutting.' This is the pith of it:—The comedian requested Hugo to unite with him in the production of a comedy for the *Theatre Française*. Hugo replied majestically,—'No, sir; nature permits not the horse and the ass to be yoked together.' The comedian assented to the truth of the remark, but said that if the *horse* was willing to submit to the indignity, he did not see why the *ass* should object."

The night was now far advanced, and as preparations had to be made in the morning for the departure of our friends, which necessitated rising at an early hour, we all retired to rest.

Several hours were occupied next morning in packing up; and by nine o'clock our friends, having partaken of breakfast—their last meal in camp,—were ready for the walk to the place of embarkation at the head of Big Lake. The Indians had transported the luggage and canoes over the portage, and we all set out to accompany our friends, and see them fairly started on their homeward journey.

The prevailing feeling was one of regret at the severance of the ties that intimate acquaintance had made very pleasant. But to the inevitable all must bow: so a cordial farewell, a heartfelt grasp of the hand ended our intercourse, and left Harry, Jim and Lt. G. to find new sources of interest during the few remaining days of our stay.

The departure of our companions, and the previous break-up of the several parties present at the time of our arrival, left the place quite deserted; but this gave increased facilities for sport. After prolonging our stay for three days longer, during which we had some splendid fishing, we, too, turned our faces homeward, loth to resume the prosaic duties of life.

Harry's confident anticipations of restored energy were fully realized; and the vigour with which he handled the paddle on the downward trip was very different from the feebleness of his upward efforts.

We reached the Indian village at Point Pleasant about 11 o'clock, and halted for half an hour to stroll through the place, and observe the habits of these aborigines in their attempts to adopt the customs of civilized life. It seems strange that the red man, though not destitute of the qualities that would enable him to attain a high state of civilization, has ever manifested a settled repugnance to its restraints. The law of progress does not seem to include the Indian: he appears to be the exception that proves the rule. The Indians at Point Pleasant make but little progress, nor could we learn that their numbers increased. With every facility for surrounding themselves with the comforts of life, they appear to be content with their half-civilized state, and to eke out a hard livelihood by partial tillage of patches of their reserve, trapping the musquash, fashioning baskets and moccasins, and hiring their canoes and services to the anglers frequenting the lakes. They have a small chapel in which Divine Service, according to the Roman Catholic ritual, is performed every fortnight. Some of them can read, and a few can write their names; but the majority of them, both male and female, are as ignorant as their forefathers of all the

arts of civilization. It would seem that, having acted their part on the world's stage, the curtain of oblivion will fall on their race.

With a feeling of regret at their apparent destiny, we resumed our canoes, and reached Princeton in time for the mid-day train to Calais, where evening found us, surrounded by sights and sounds very different from those we left behind us on the pleasant banks of Grand Lake stream. With our angler's clothing, we laid aside our woodsman's habits, and again resumed the manners of city life at the hospitable table of Dr. W****r, a keen angler, to whom we are indebted for many courtesies.

In bidding farewell to the St. Croix and its splendid chains of lakes, the writer cannot refrain from expressing his regret that this river, once famous as a splendid and well-stocked salmon stream, has been ruined by the culpable neglect of mill-owners to provide proper fish-ways in their dams. Every Spring a small remnant—the 'forlorn hope' of the numerous army that once resorted to it—ascend to the dam at Milltown, and make abortive efforts to pass that obstruction. Year by year these are becoming fewer, and if immediate steps be not taken to provide a passage, all hope of restoring the river fishery will be lost, except by re-stocking. This river needs nothing but sufficient fish-ways, and a rigid enforcement of the fishery regulations, to become again the finest river in the State; and while these are being enforced, some steps should also be taken to prevent the annihilation of the fish that now abound in Grand Lake and the lakes above it. American sportsmen do not properly appreciate the magnificent sport afforded by this rarely game fish, and the time is fast approaching when they will bitterly regret their want of foresight in not protecting them. Field sports and angling are now, when both woods and waters are nearly depopulated, beginning to be enjoyed and appreciated by Americans; who are fast acquiring, not only a taste for these healthy and exciting sports, but knowledge and skill in their pursuit, and the rational and invigorating pastimes of field and flood, of moor and stream, are attracting increased attention. Where one man went angling twenty years ago, hundreds now look forward with eagerness to the time when, for a brief period at least, the rod and gun will take the place of the pen and hammer—when the pleasures of former seasons will be renewed amid the beautiful scenes of river, lake and forest. It therefore behoves American sportsmen to take some vigorous steps *now*, in order to prevent the total annihilation of fin and feather, or else the next generation will curse the short-sighted folly of their fathers, and ten times the outlay that would *now* effectually preserve the lakes and streams will be necessary to re-stock them.

The writer intended to offer some suggestions as to the means by which this could be effectually done, and had written out his ideas on the subject; but, having learned that the Legislature of Maine has at length moved in the matter, and appointed commissioners to examine and report upon the River Fisheries of the State, under the direction of a gentleman in every way qualified for the duty, and one whose heart is in the work for its own sake, and to whom it will be a labour of love, he fears his remarks may be premature, and he refrains, feel-

ing well assured the duty is in competent hands, and that to its performance will be brought not only a sound practical knowledge of the subject, but also a full appreciation of its vast importance.

SANS TOI.

From Essais Poetiques of the French Canadian poet, Lemay.

By Mary A. McIver, Ottawa.

Sweet is the whisp'ring zephyr
During the silent eve—
Dear are the solemn shadows
Of groves to hearts that grieve;
But neither balmy south-wind,
Nor dreamy woods for me;
For these lose all their sweetness,
My love, when wanting thee.

Pleasant the billow's murmur
When gliding o'er the rocks,
Bright the lone gem that glitters
Amid night's ample locks;
But neither perfumed blossoms,
Nor wave nor star for me;
For these lose all their sweetness,
My love, when wanting thee.

Fair is the unblown flower,
Whose leaves morn's tears have stirr'd
Sweet is the sun's arising,
The voice of singing bird;
Nor birds 'mong dew-drops scatter'd,
Nor song of bird for me;
For these lose all their sweetness,
My love, when wanting thee.

IN MEMORY.

By Carroll Ryan, Ottawa.

Oh! cease those strains of mirth to-night
The song I deemed divine
Falls bitterly upon my heart,
As poison into wine;
For ne'er again one gentle voice,
Beloved in our throng,
Will make the weary heart rejoice
In sweet and merry song.

No more—alas! no more for him
Bright eyes will overflow,
When rise the shadows, faint and dim,
From out the long ago.
Then let us pledge a solemn toast,
For tears are in it shed,
Nor rudely wake his happy ghost:—
"The mem'ry of the dead!"

UNSUCCESSFUL MEN.

BY LÆLIUS.

The world is full of unsuccessful men. We meet them at every turn, in all ranks and classes, and among all sorts and conditions of people. And the causes of their failure to achieve what the world calls success in life are probably as various as are their features or their characters. Of course, in very many cases the reasons why men do not succeed are obvious. Some vice or fault too great and too plain not to be observed by every one, and too direct in its influence upon their fortunes not to produce palpable results, is the unmistakable cause of the difficulties and failure in which they become involved. But there are many others,—indeed they constitute the vast majority of the unfortunate ones around us,—whose want of success cannot be readily traced to any apparent weakness or defect in themselves. Their best-laid plans have been totally deranged, their most hopeful prospects have been fatally blighted by some sudden, untoward event, which the most prudent could not have forseen, or by some potent influence which the bravest and ablest could not have long resisted. Every day proves to the candid observer the fallacy of the saying, which in a thousand different forms of expression has obtained the authority of a proverb, that a man is the architect of his own fortune. This apophthegm,—if, indeed, it is entitled to be called an apophthegm,—claims respect not only on account of its wide-spread currency, but also on account of its antiquity. The credit of being its author has been given to Appius Claudius Cæcus,—the earliest Roman writer whose name has been transmitted to us. He flourished more than three hundred years before our era, and, during his censorship built, or began the building of, the famous Appian Way, along which so many victorious generals rolled in triumph towards the Capitol. Those who came after him taught as a philosophic truth what he had said in his verses, "*Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ.*"

The idea is one which might naturally occur to a builder or an engineer; but it probably occurred to some one long before the time of Appius Claudius, and may possibly date as far back as the Pyramids of Egypt or the Tower of Babel. Yet neither its age nor its almost universal prevalence among those who aspire to be teachers of mankind, proves its truth. We have only to look around us upon the community in which we may happen to live, to see at a glance in how many instances a man's fortunes are moulded by what, to human vision, are merely accidental circumstances, or by events which he cannot control. And they sometimes are shaped and guided by secret influences which entirely escape our observation. We commonly speak of all these things collectively as Chance; and, in spite of logic and philosophy, the popular phraseology is far from being essentially wrong or improper. True, we are often gravely told that there can be no

such thing as chance in either the physical or the moral world;—that every event takes place as the effect of some sufficient cause, as the result of the operation of some fixed laws, as the consequence of certain precedent events. I have read long essays and dissertations devoted to proving the impossibility of chance. Yet they have shed no new light for me upon the course of human affairs. When we have once fairly comprehended the terms employed in the reasonings upon this subject, we may admit as inevitable the conclusions to which they conduct us. But we shall be not a step nearer to a knowledge of the causes which so often and in so many various ways produce success or failure. True, we are constantly being informed by writers of Biography, especially of the Industrial kind, and by lecturers upon platforms at *Mechanics' Institutes* and elsewhere, in the very words of our ancient worthy Appius Claudius Cæcus, that every man is the architect of his own fortune. And it is expected that we shall regard with unbounded admiration, even with a sort of distant worship, every lucky individual who in any sphere or by any means wins among his fellows the title of a "self-made man." Although this teaching may be well-meant,—may be designed to impress, particularly upon the young, by the force of some eminent examples, the importance of virtuous habits and noble aims, yet as it inculcates the lesson that industry, integrity and perseverance always meet their due reward in this life, it only shows how superficial a survey of human affairs these teachers of ours have taken. It is positively amusing to see to what lengths of absurdity they are sometimes carried by their favourite proposition. Shortly after the sudden death of Edward Everett a few years ago, a short article thereupon appeared in the North American Review, to the high position and prosperity of which excellent periodical he had so largely contributed. The writer, of course was bound to speak of his subject in the language of admiration and eulogy. But he should hardly require us to go with him entirely when he says: "His death, then, taking place, as it did, ere the inevitable diminutions of age had sapped either his physical or his intellectual vigour, might seem but the natural completion of that good fortune which had attended him through life. But to allow any such precedence to luck would be to moralize poorly a career of so much accomplishment and success. The root of all prosperity is in the character of the man. This is his better chance, his fortunate turn of events, the lading of his dice." I suspect that Mr. Everett was conscious to himself of some points in which his life, that outwardly seemed so fortunate and so serenely happy, was not, after all, a successful life. We know that although he earned some distinctions as a scholar, a public speaker and a diplomatist, his career as a politician was not very brilliant. And he failed to reach that highest office in the gift of the people, to which, beyond a doubt, he had rather anxiously aspired. Granting, however, that he was a successful man, and that his character alone made him so, it is not very easy to see clearly how it follows that his death was by that means fixed to take place under happy circumstances. If it occurred suddenly, although under conditions fortunate for his reputation and memory, the occurrence, being not brought about by himself,

could only be attributed to causes quite beyond his control. The event was determined no more by his mental character than by his wishes.

Reason as we may, what we call chance is an element that enters into the lives and occupations of all men. The merchant in the purchase and the sale of his goods, in all his ventures and speculations, the physician in the treatment of his patients, the lawyer in the conduct of his cases, the soldier in the exhausting march and the deadly strife, the labourer in his hard, daily toil for his daily bread,—these all make more or less allowance for the chances which may turn for them or against them. In all ages and nations eminent men, men who, in some character or other, were at times eminently successful, have entertained an almost instinctive belief in a rigidly-ordained destiny, which it was beyond their power to avert, and from which it was impossible to escape. We all know how much even the powerful intellect of the great Napoleon was under the influence of this belief. He had, indeed, in the course of his wars, some good reasons for being so influenced. After he had marched across the Alps, a slight circumstance, upon which he had not calculated, had nearly arrested his conquering progress and spoiled the splendid campaign he had so carefully planned. The little Fort of Bard, commanding every passage possible for troops, stood sternly in his way. But the star of his destiny was still in the ascendant; and smiling fortune aided his ready genius to find means to avoid the obstacle and to pour his enthusiastic legions down from the snow-clad mountains upon the fertile plains of Italy. At Marengo, too, the lucky arrival of Desaix and his columns on the field at a critical moment, when, in fact, the French forces had lost the fight, and the cry of "*Tout est perdu; sauve qui peut*," was already heard in their ranks, alone turned the tide of battle in his favour. When Wolfe climbed the Heights of Abraham in the midnight darkness, he was, no doubt, enlightened by the belief that he was destined to win the day and make himself immortal by the conquest of Canada. He risked all upon the sole chance of surprising his adversaries. At Plassey Clive staked confidently upon a single throw the fate of the British Empire in India, when he boldly launched his three thousand against twenty times their number. His glorious success, which amazed every one, seems to have been little else than the result of chance, or the work of that blind fortune which so often favours the brave. And in how many other instances has the issue of a battle upon which the interests of half a world and the destinies of mankind have hung, even as they hung at Marathon and at Waterloo, been determined by what to human view seemed the merest accident! Paradoxical as it may at first sight appear, the belief in destiny springs directly out of the conviction that all our intentions, projects and actions are liable to be controlled or modified by chance, that is, by contingencies which we cannot avoid. From this common source have arisen all those old ideas of a Fate, which found a place in the mythology of the Greeks and Romans. Under various impersonations, they had conceptions of a dread power that often frustrated the designs of the Gods themselves, and overruled the decrees even of him who reigned in Olympus and, with red right hand, wielded the thunders and the

lightnings. Those ideas pervaded all their systems of philosophy. They may be traced through the ancient systems prevalent in the distant East, and are dominant among the dim religious notions held by the aborigines of this Western hemisphere. They secretly possess to a greater or less extent the minds of almost all men, and are the root of nearly all the superstitions which survive even in the midst of our Christian civilization. We all believe more or less in chance, although reason may have taught us that, strictly speaking, there can be no such thing. I say nothing now of what we should learn from the Holy Scriptures. And while we admit the impossibility of chance, we may properly enough employ the term, as it is popularly used, to express the fact that we are unable in the great multitude of cases to account for apparent results. We all regard life, and habitually speak of it and of all the different pursuits men engage in, as a game in which we must hazard something in order to win anything, and in which the wisest, the most acute and the most cautious may be losers. It is our ordinary observation, our common experience, which induces us so to regard it. We look around us and see those unsuccessful who started in life with every qualification that seemed requisite to ensure their success. And we are every day surprised by the success of others who appear to possess no power to command it, and show no especial right to deserve it. The ignorant and unskilful often acquire wealth and attain to prominent positions, while the clever and well-educated remain in comparative poverty and obscurity. The stupid clown succeeds where the man of genius fails miserably. Mere craft and cunning far outstrip in the race wisdom and honourable conduct. Indeed, although I cannot consider the present generation as worse, but am inclined to think it upon the whole rather better, than those of our forefathers, it does appear that throughout the world the most successful men nowadays are generally those who exhibit the least regard for principles or for the just claims of others. On all sides, the ministers of state who are most ready to tear the seals off solemn treaties and to destroy vested rights, the public representatives who can most easily find excuses for renouncing former opinions and changing sides on great questions, are those who find most favour in the public eyes and move along the shortest roads to honours, emoluments and fame. And everywhere many acquire wealth, and are called successful in trade and commerce, who violate without scruple all the old-fashioned notions of honesty and morality. I read the other day the announcement that a certain Frenchman who some few years ago obtained a patent for a kind of *fish-bait* had just died a *millionaire*. Every experienced fisherman who tried his bait found it worthless. But he advertised its imputed merits extensively, after the manner of the compounders of patent medicines; and he made a fortune out of his sales. So he became a successful Frenchman, and could quietly defy the opinions of the competent judges who would not take his bait. It is no uncommon thing to hear it said that such or such an one is too honest to succeed in his business or profession. The system that may be designated by that now expressive, vulgar word *humbug*, of which system P. T. Barnum is an acknowledged apostle, is fully received and

acted upon in all their dealings by a large class at the head of which he stands as a type. Those who follow its teachings not seldom make their way upward in society: those who dare not, or cannot, obey its precepts too often are conspicuous among the unsuccessful. Riches are heaped up by some who adulterate what we eat and what we drink, our clothing, our medicines, and every thing else which we include among the necessaries of life. Fortunes are lost by others who, dealing in such articles or producing them, are governed by the principles of justice and honour. And the world hails with applause and smiles those who grow rich, no matter by what means, and scoffs at conscientious scruples that stand in the way of rapid success. For the unsuccessful, whom honesty or delicacy or a self-denying regard for the rights or interests of others has kept back, it has only a frowning face or, at the best, a coldly-pitying word. It has adopted the motto, "To the victors belong the spoils;" and it receives with open arms as a victor whoever happens to possess the spoils.

They who are acquainted with the annals of New England may have read something concerning a certain eccentric person, Timothy Dexter, who for many years flourished as a wealthy merchant at Newburyport, in Massachusetts. I refer to his story simply to show how much success in one's calling depends upon accident, and how it sometimes comes in spite of manifest disqualifications. Ignorance proved no bar to his prosperity. His very blunders turned to good account, and his most absurd ventures yielded handsome profits. He had several vessels engaged in the trade with the West Indies; and, having been told by a wag who had lately returned from Jamaica that the people there were falling in great numbers as victims to fever, because there were no warming-pans in the place wherewith to take the chillness and dampness off their beds, he purchased all he could procure of those useful articles. When one of his vessels was soon afterwards getting ready for sea, he proposed to the master to send the warming-pans as part of the cargo. The master was a man of ready wit, and having observed upon his last voyage that there was a scarcity of ladles, to be used on the sugar estates in the lifting and straining of syrup, the idea suggested itself to him that these pans might be applied to a service so entirely foreign to their original purpose. He took the warming-pans on board, and with them a lot of poles, to be fitted to them as handles. The ladles of this novel and singular pattern were found to be admirably adapted to their new use, were quickly sold at high prices, and turned out a most profitable investment. Thus ignorance contributed to a trader's success. There, no doubt, were in Timothy Dexter's time many prudent and enterprising merchants at Newburyport who, as compared with him, were all their lives unsuccessful men.

As a pendant to this story might be given one which I saw years ago in some journal or other, and which I remember as full of humour. In brief it was only this:—Before the days of railways and the electric telegraph, which have brought the ends of Great Britain so close together, there lived at Glasgow a grocer who imported from London the goods that stocked his unpretending little shop. One day he sent up an order for forty pounds of indigo, which was, for his small business, an unusually large amount. Sawney was not a proficient in orthography or in penman-

ship. Instead of writing *pounds* legibly, he wrote *pons;* and the *p* not being brought down far enough below the line of the other characters, his order for forty pounds was read as an order for *forty tons* Of course the London merchant was somewhat astonished; but as the Scotch grocer had always been a good customer, who made punctual payments, and was considered a careful man, the whole quantity, which was with not a little difficulty got together, was duly shipped. When the invoice reached him, and the vessel arrived which bore the precious freight, Sawney was rather more astonished than his London correspondent had been, and did not know what course to take in the matter. Before the cargo was landed, however, a special messenger, who had travelled down post-haste, entered the grocer's mean-looking shop. A few days after the extraordinary order had been filled, news had come from India of the failure of the indigo crop, and the price of the article had immediately risen immensely. To re-purchase what he had sent to Glasgow was the London dealer's first impulse, and he hurried off a confidential clerk to execute the commission. As soon as he understood the agent's real business, which he had elicited by a series of ingenious questions and canny answers, the shrewd Scot perceived the advantage he had unwittingly won. The final result was that, having driven a good bargain with the elegantly-attired clerk, Sawney realised a snug fortune out of his bad writing and worse spelling of a common English word. And this humorous story, of which my sketch gives a bare outline, has always afforded to my mind an apt illustration of the views I hold regarding the causes of success in life.

In every department of affairs they often fail of success who appear to deserve it best. How many brilliant authors and artists have toiled with brains and hands for a lifetime, only to enrich by their exhausting labours mere mercenary traders in the fruits of their genius and industry! The miseries and calamities such men endure occupy too many pages in the records of civilization. Poverty, obscurity, neglect and untimely death have filled up the lot of many a one to whom mankind now eagerly raise monuments of sculptured marble, and engrave thereon sonorous sentences of praise and admiration. We point with pride to what they suffered, as well as to what they achieved; but in their lifetime and among their fellows they were unsuccessful men. A sound and vigorous constitution, and a temperament calm if not somewhat cold, sustained Wordsworth, indeed, against adverse criticism and popular neglect, until he saw with triumph the literature of the day filled at last with the inspiration of his genius. But Milton and Burns had to look far forward for the rewards that never came to gild with success and happiness their declining days and broken fortunes. Among eminent statesmen, too, how many, even in the very midst of their greatness, have suffered all the penalties of a want of success in their personal concerns. Notwithstanding the devotion of themselves and their lives to their country's weal, such men as Burke and Pitt and Webster, regarded from the point of view which worldlings take, were unsuccessful men. Through the bright halo history has cast around their glorious names, are caught dark glimpses of private resources exhausted and private credit impaired or destroyed. And some of those who expressed in tears over their graves deep sorrow for their death, had contributed, by opposition to their plans and views,

to lessen the grandeur, the glory and the success of their lives. When reading a biography like that of the artist Haydon, I have often reflected upon the apparent slightness of the causes which may influence for good or for evil, for success or failure, the whole of one's career. With all his faults of temper and disposition, his vanity and his unreasoning sensitiveness—small faults, after all is said,—Haydon possessed many noble qualities both as a man and as an artist. He was earnest and diligent in the pursuit of his profession, of excellence in which he had formed an exalted ideal. He chose no mean subjects for his pictures, and always worked with a high purpose: and his motives and habits were always good. The purity of his life and manners presented a favourable contrast to the low enjoyments in which some prosperous contemporary artists at times indulged. Yet he was an unsuccessful man,—harassed all his days by sordid cares, wearied by anxious toil, disheartened by repeated disappointments and by cold neglect,—driven at last in desperation and madness to the saddest of all deaths. The simple reason of his want of success was, that his pictures, whatever might be their merits, did not please the popular taste of the time, and did not become the fashion. They did not happen to get praised and puffed as were Turner's canvasses, for the very defects and unmeaning blots in which eloquent and learned critics found an artistic expression and a profound purpose. Haydon's melancholy story affords a notable example to prove that they do not always achieve success who most deserve to succeed. But the pages of history are studded with examples of the same kind. To be neglected by the mass of mankind around them, and to pass their life amid discouragements, misrepresentations and present failures,—to be, in a word, what we call unsuccessful men, seems to be the almost invariable doom of lofty intellects and noble natures. Looked at from the vulgar, selfish point of view, it is a great misfortune to be in any respect above or in advance of the generation into which one is born. What a recent writer has well said upon this point of the lighter and gayer portion of society is true of all classes. "To appreciate general superiority of intellect and excellence of character requires some nobleness of endowments and of aims in the observers, and these are rare amidst the self-indulging fickleness and frivolity of fashionable circles. Therefore, high-minded and original characters, who cannot stoop to use dishonourable arts for self-advancement, are often neglected in favour of those pushing mediocrities who make their way by being always in the way, so that it is 'less trouble to notice them than to avoid them.' Conformity, obsequiousness, especially inoffensiveness, are more likely than power and desert to get conventional honours."* Among the greatest names which have come down to us from antiquity how many are those of men who, notwithstanding their powerful minds and rich endowments, were unsuccessful in their main purposes and grand enterprises! The ingratitude and base indifference of the Carthaginians clouded the bright renown and brought to an unhappy end the career of him who first "broke down the awful barrier of the Alps,"—of that Hannibal who was the most skilful and accomplished general of his own age, and whose equal no other age, perhaps, has ever seen. The glowing eloquence of Demosthenes and

* "The Solitudes of Nature and of Man," p. 121: by W. R. Alger.

of Cicero, which shed an undying lustre over the annals of Greece and of Rome, had not power to re-awaken in their degenerate countrymen the ancient love for their hereditary institutions. These were great men; but although they have left splendid names to after times, they were in their own day unsuccessful men.

Among certain classes of men it seems to be a rule that the most eminent and really greatest are, so far as private fortune and advantage are concerned, the very ones who have the least success. More than one brave and bold explorer, whose genius and indomitable spirit have bestowed untold blessings upon our race, has been compelled to endure the severest trials and afflictions. Christopher Columbus, stripped of his hard-earned honours, in poverty and disgrace, in chains and in prison, enjoying only the fame won by his great deeds, of which neither ungrateful kings nor envious rivals could rob him, stands as the grand type of a class. Many a discoverer of scientific truths which have pushed the world forward fast and far in the paths of knowledge, many an inventor of useful machines and processes which have increased beyond estimate the wealth, comfort and domestic happiness of civilized communities, cheated of the due reward of his labours, has pined and died in neglect and penury. And it can hardly be necessary to mention the many conspicuous in the fields of literature whose brains have been mines of riches only to prosperous publishers. Of all such unsuccessful mortals may be said with melancholy significance, "*Sic vos non vobis!*"

It is a sad lot to be an unsuccessful man;—to be, at least, one who is recognized as bearing that character. Among the hard things he has often to endure is that good advice, commonly so called, which intermeddlers, who assume to be his particular friends, are always so extremely ready to offer, which is generally so very cheap, and for the most part so utterly worthless. These friends can, of course, easily perceive the causes of his misfortunes and defeats; they can put a finger exactly upon the spot in his conduct which has been faulty; they can detect without hesitation and with unerring vision the qualities in which he is wanting; they can quickly reckon up all the false steps he has taken. He has done what they should, under the circumstances, certainly have avoided; and he has left undone what they should just as certainly have done. He has been lavish and prodigal where they would have been sparing and thrifty, extravagant where they would have been economical, adventurous where they would have been cautious, timid where they would have been bold, generous where they would have been exacting, careless where they would have been prudent. In a word, they fully demonstrate the truth of the proverb that it is easy to be wise after the event. Quite as annoying are the self-complacent comparisons between him and themselves, between the supposed advantages he enjoyed and the magnified disadvantages under which they started, sure to be made by men whom he feels to be his inferiors, but whom prosperity has happened to follow and overtake. Such comparisons will be often made, too, by those immediately around him, and by those whose interests may be affected by the issues of his schemes and his exertions. To a sensitive man these are of all comparisons the most odious. But harder still, perhaps, than any of these things to encounter and bear up against, is that haunting

idea of his inability to succeed, that inner apprehension of the fruitlessness of all his efforts, which frequently clings to him and tends strongly to reproduce the failures that gave it birth. If he be unfortunately conscious that he possesses fine abilities, and is proud, as nearly all clever and sensitive men are,—too proud to have recourse to mean arts, to fawning or flattery or inflated pretensions, for the sake of the profit, the advancement, or the popularity he might by such methods ensure, this instinctive dread of failure is most galling and enervating. And mixed with this oppressive sense of weakness may be the still more oppressive regret for lost chances,—for opportunities suffered to pass unimproved, and only now, at last, viewed in a proper light. The feelings to which such a retrospect gives rise, and the language in which those feelings find unconscious expression are always of the mournfulest complexion:

"*For of all sad words of tongue or pen,*
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

It may be argued that one of the chief reasons why many are unsuccessful is the want of some definite plan of life; that where our efforts and labours are merely desultory and not persistently directed towards some end kept steadily in view, whether that object be high or humble, no satisfactory progress can be made, no solid results obtained. And as the complement of this, it will be urged that every obstacle is overcome by perseverance; that industry, integrity, energy and skill are certain to meet their just reward in prosperity, wealth and honour. This is but to state in other words the old proposition, that every man is the architect of his own fortune. But it is only too apparent how little carefully-formed plans of life really have to do with eminence or success. Every one's own experience sets the proofs before him. Several years ago I held a public office which required me to act as an examiner of candidates for licences to serve as teachers in our Parish schools. Among one set of students at the Training School was a worthy young man who had laid out with care and anxious deliberation his humble plan of life. The height of his ambition was to attain a respectable standing in the profession he had chosen to follow, and to secure an honourable livelihood. I became interested in him and learned something of his personal history and position. A widowed mother and one or two sisters were dependent mainly upon him and his success. He worked hard; but his early education had been neglected, and his intellect was heavy and slow. As he was exceedingly timid and nervously distrustful of his ability to pass through the public examination the rest of his class would have to undergo, I consented, at the suggestion of the Principal of the school, to examine him privately. I invited him to my own home one evening, and introduced him to the rest of the family, who assisted me in trying to set him somewhat at his ease. Taking him to a quiet room which served as my study, I endeavoured in as gentle a way as possible to elicit, in reply to the questions I had to put, such answers as would warrant me in granting him a licence. But it was all of no use. In spite of my indulgent inclination towards the struggling youth, a sense of duty to the public would not allow me to make such a report as would secure him a licence even of the third class. I never shall forget the look of despair from his tear-filled eyes when I told him at last in the softest words and tones I

could command, that he was not quite up to the mark required for a certificate, and advised him to devote a little more time to study. They were not brilliant eyes, but rather leaden in their hue. Yet they conveyed to me much that was not expressed by the homely language and trembling accents in which he said he was fully aware of his own deficiencies, and could not blame me. As I thought of the probable effects of his present failure, I strove in vain to check the tears that would roll down my own cheeks, or to keep the lump that choked my utterance from rising in my throat. I wished that I was able to extract from my own small stock of knowledge and infuse into his ill-tutored brain enough to enable him to pass with credit the prescribed ordeal. I offered to do anything I could for him by lending him books, helping him through the difficulties he might at any time find in his lessons, and even by giving him instructions privately on one or two evenings in each week. The sympathy I expressed and the encouraging words I spoke re-animated him at length, and he took his leave in quite a cheerful mood, promising to avail himself of my offers. As time went by without my hearing from him, I used to recall now and then the scene I have described. The recollection of it and of the poor fellow's frustrated plans always made me sad. By degrees the impression wore away somewhat under the increasing weight of my own cares and personal troubles. But it had not been wholly effaced when I chanced to hear that he who had failed in his cherished purpose to begin life as a teacher had abandoned that pursuit, had commenced as a trader in his native county, had prospered and become comparatively rich. If he had persevered in the path he at first chose, it is more than probable that he would never have thriven much, but would have lived all his days as an unsuccessful man.

I never hear any one discuss plans of life and prospects of success without calling to mind that charming little essay of Dr. Johnson's,* in which he shews how illusory schemes of life often are. It was among the selected pieces contained in the good old Murray's Reader which we used at school, and was often read in our classes. It pleased me in my boyish days; and when in after years I had perused all the *Idler*, I still considered it the most beautiful paper in the series. In it is briefly told the story of "*Omar* the son of *Hassan*," who "had passed seventy-five years in honour and prosperity. The favour of three successive califs had filled his house with gold and silver,; and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage." In the eyes of the world *Omar* was a remarkably successful man. But the vigour of his body naturally failed at last; and he retired from a public to a private life. Among the friends and admirers who eagerly thronged his house to profit by his experience and wisdom, "*Caled*, the son of the Viceroy of *Egypt*, entered every day early, and retired late." Beloved by the old man for his beauty and eloquence, his wit and docility, *Caled* was emboldened to ask of him by what arts he had "gained power and preserved it," and to seek to learn upon what plan his wisdom had built his fortune. "Young man," said *Omar*, "it is of little use to form plans of life" Then he relates how, in his twentieth year, he had determined to

* The Idler, No. 101.

spend the remaining fifty years allotted to man. The first ten he would devote to the attainment of knowledge, and the next ten to travel in foreign countries. With a mind thus endowed, he intended to "marry a wife beautiful as the *Houries* and wise as *Zobeide*," and to spend "twenty years within the suburbs of *Bagdat*, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase and fancy can invent." He was then to "retire to a rural dwelling, pass his last days in obscurity and contemplation, and lie silently down on the bed of death." As a part of his scheme of life, he resolved never to engage in affairs of state, never to "pant for public honours," never "to depend upon the smile of princes," never "to stand exposed to the artifices of courts." But a good part of the first ten years was suffered to pass away without the proposed improvement, and therefore the purpose of travelling was postponed. Having engaged for four years in the study of the laws of the empire, *Omar* became profoundly versed in them, and, the fame of his skill having spread, he "was commanded to stand at the footstool of the calif," and occupied the place of a confidential adviser. He could not find time for visiting distant lands, because his presence at court was always necessary, "and the stream of business hurried him along." In his fiftieth year he gave up altogether the design of going abroad, and thought it best to marry. "But at fifty," said he, "no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the *Houries* and wise as *Zobeide*. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of gazing upon girls. I had now nothing left but retirement, and for retirement I never found a time, till disease forced me from public employment. * * * Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of *Bagdat*."

In this pleasantly-written fable, is there not a great truth? Do we not find in the narrative of almost every distinguished man's life that some apparent accident, some merest chance, has given him the first impetus towards success, and shaped his whole career? How many who afterwards rose to eminence in their professions, won honours, and acquired riches, have at some point in their course been on the very verge of absolute failure, and have almost made up their minds to abandon the further pursuit of objects that seemed continually to elude their grasp, when in a single moment, the happy turn in their affairs came suddenly upon them! But what shall we say of those to whom, struggling valiantly along the same rough paths, bearing patiently the same burdens, facing bravely the same difficulties, looking hopefully towards the same end, the fortunate chance has never come, the golden gate has never been opportunely opened? Of those who, wearied with fruitless toil, exhausted by anxiety and care, made sick at heart by hope so long deferred, have fallen back at length into the ranks of unsuccessful men? Shall we say that it was all their own fault, and repeat as an axiom beyond dispute that every man is the architect of his own fortune? May we not accept as something better, something nearer the truth, than that saying of the rough old Roman Appius Claudius Cæcus, the remark of the most learned and

polished of Romans, Marcus Tullius Cicero: "*Fors aliquibus in rebus plusquam ratio potest?*" If I were allowed to try my hand at an alteration of this remark, even if I should injure its Latinity, I think I could improve its philosophy, thus: *Fors in rebus humanis plusquam ratio sæpe potest.*

It may be said that, in enlightened communities, merit of all kinds and grades is more generally recognized in these days, and more amply and constantly rewarded, than it ever was before; and that it is more in the power of every individual to command at least some share of success. And it is true that of those who render great services to mankind a somewhat larger proportion now receive honours and compensation. But are not many who really deserve success and rewards systematically neglected? Do not even social laws and customs, our ill-founded prejudices, the very workings of institutions we cherish and are proud of, tend to repress the energies of many a worthy aspirant, and to utterly blight his prospects? Do not caprice and frivolous fashion, and ignorance, folly and vice contribute to the prosperity of greater numbers than ever before worshipped at the unholy shrine of Mammon? The philosophy most in vogue is based upon the idea that in all animated nature, throughout the whole scale of organized and sentient beings, life is just a long and constant struggle for existence. If we accept the theory as true, and apply it to human affairs, we may observe that among men, as among the lower orders, it is not always the highest or finest type that predominates. The accidental presence of some elements or conditions, or the absence of certain others, often settles the question in favour of the coarser individual or the inferior species.

The world is full of unsuccessful men. Taking my view of the whole matter, what is left for them to do is simply to gather a stoical resignation from their defeats and despair, or, better still, to look up and learn the hard lesson of patient submission from a higher source.

HISTORICAL SONNETS.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

V.

Ninus! first of the world's great conquerors—
Type of all subsequent imperial sway—
What guiding impulse did thy mind obey,
To lead to Ashur thine invading force,
And build thyself an Empire there, whose course
Over the necks of prostrate millions lay?
Ancient, renowned, gorgeous Assyria!
From Egypt to where the Tigris has his source
Thine Empire reached: Star on the brow of time!
Flaming on the swart forehead of its morn:
But as when the sun doth in the heav'ns climb,
All lesser lights are of their glories shorn,
Babylon ruled in all that orient prime—
Ashur and Egypt in her chariot borne.

VI.

Assyria! Babylon! a golden mist
Envelops you in that far wondrous dawn:
Two giant figures on the horizon drawn—
Glittering in armour, golden amethyst—
Contending mortally in that ancient list:
Ominous conjunction, with light, lurid, wan,
Of two great orbs; with their dim shadow thrown,
In cold obscuration, o'er the east!
The captive Judah sings her captive strains,
Sitting by Babel's streams; or silent, mute,
Restrains her harp upon those osier'd plains,
Recalling of-times when she strung her lute
In her own bowers: Egypt feels her chains—
The chafing fetters on her proud sinews put.

VII.

Belshazzar holds high revel with his lords,
In Babylon's sumptuous and regal halls,
Quaffing cups served by solemn seneschals;
And every luxury the east affords—
Wines from all grapes—doth crown these festal boards;
While flattery, 'mid strains of dulcet music falls
On the King's ear: but lo! upon these walls,
More terrifying than a thousand swords,
The hand-writing, traced in living light—
"Mene, Tekel, Upharsin": the King's knees,
While every joint is loosed, together smite,
And fears on hearts unused to trembling seize:—
As shakes the aspen in the tempest's might,
As the lake's surface quivers in the breeze.

VIII.

Already the Conqueror is at the gate—
Cyrus, God's servant, though he know it not;
The Euphrates, whose waters wont to float
Semiramis within her barge of state,
Bared to its channel, seemeth but to wait
Till Persia's armies enter by that moat,
And, passing the open valves, for ever blot
Babylon's name from out the rolls of fate:
This was thy renown, great Cyrus! thou
The purest hero of antiquity!
Skill'd to achieve, but ignorant to bow
To obstacles, courageous to defy
Thine enemies: God's chosen—even now
Thy name is like a trumpet sounding high!

IX.

The veiled Isis! meet symbol of that land
That erewhile held thee for a deity:
The veil of ages is still over thee,
Gaunt Egypt!—thy pyramids, thy temples, stand,
Shrouding themselves in deepest mystery,
Th' enigma still to every passer by:—
Thy temples, level'd with the desert sand,
Crumbling to the earth, from which they rose
In vast proportions, which confound the gaze,
With all their hieroglyphics can't disclose
The secrets guarded by those priests of Sais:
The pyramid—Time's Gnomon—only shows
How "all that is and shall be," saving Mind, decays.

MODERN DEMOCRACY.

By Rev. M. Harvey, St. John's, Newfoundland.

The United States of North America present one of the most deeply interesting subjects of study to which a thoughtful mind can turn. Whether we consider the immense territory and boundless resources which they possess, or the achievements of the energetic race by which they are peopled; whether we study their rise and progress, or try to measure their probable influence on the world's future, we feel convinced that by far the greatest and most significant political fact of the last hundred years is the growth and development of the Great Republic. In little more than two hundred years, from a few poor colonists, who originally settled in a pathless wilderness, a great nationality has sprung, that already claims a foremost place among the great powers of the world, whose flag is respected in every clime, and the arms of whose commerce touch the ends of the earth. Their unbroken march has ever been onward, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, driving the Red Men before them; subduing forest and wilderness; draining marsh and bridging river; building up great cities; covering the continent, from ocean to ocean, with the monuments of civilized life. Where, two centuries ago, the unbroken stillness of the primeval forest reigned, is now heard the multitudinous hum from the busy haunts of men. Over the wide prairies and savannas of the West, where, but a few years since, the elk and buffalo roamed undisturbed, save by the Red Man's arrows, the snorting locomotive now glides along the iron track, bearing countless multitudes onward for the invasion of the farther west. Where on the Mississippi, "the Father of Waters," the canoe of the painted savage alone disturbed the turbid stream, now fire-breathing steamships cleave the waves of the mighty river, along two thousand miles of its course. The Anglo-Saxon invasion is seizing upon those vast prairies and converting them into rich corn fields and broad wheat-lands, that will yet become the granaries of the world. Across the Alleghanies and the Mississippi—over the Rocky Mountains—away to the gold fields of California, to the golden crags of Nevada, to the dark forests of Oregon, till the still, bright waters of the Pacific gleamed on their vision, these restless earth-subduers have pursued their path—a resistless human tide, before which all barriers have broken down. Their iron road will soon link the Pacific to the Atlantic; and along this track the treasures of China and Japan will find their way to Europe. No longer is heard the war-whoop or death-song of the Indian. Gone are the wigwam, the war-dance, the camp, the council-fire of the Red Man. Where the Sachems, the Sagamores, the Pow-wows smoked their pipe of peace around the fires of council, the settler's axe and hammer now resound, and the garden of the white man smiles. And like the cloud-rack of the tempest,—like the fragments of some mighty shipwreck—like the withered leaves of

Autumn before some wintry blast, the Red races have been swept away westward, before the advance of the pale faces, from one retreat to another, till now only a worn, decaying remnant is to be found scattered over the wilds around the base of the Rocky Mountains. Thus has been fulfilled the vision of Hiawatha:—

"I beheld, too, in that vision
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder."

When we glance at the geographical aspects of that vast region under the sovereignty of the United States, we cannot but be impressed with the thought that it is destined by Providence to be the home of a great nation. Nowhere on the face of the globe can we find a country so admirably adapted for agriculture, manufacturing industry and commerce on the most gigantic scale,—so inexhaustible in its resources, or furnishing such facilities for the development of material and national greatness. Those rivers, deep and wide, navigable for large vessels for thousands of miles—some of them flowing from polar to tropical regions—what magnificent arteries of commerce!—what highways for the produce of those fertile valleys, rich, alluvial plains, and mighty forest-growths to reach the ocean! What variety of production, from the great lakes of the north to the Gulf of Mexico!—all that the temperate zone can yield, and almost all that the tropics can produce for human subsistence and enjoyment. England's greatness has sprung largely from her coal and mineral treasures; but America's stock of coal and iron is thirty times as great as that of Britain, and twelve times as great as that of all Europe; while out of the United States territory might be made fifty-two kingdoms as large as England, and fourteen empires as large as France. Fancy the result when one hundred and fifty millions of men cover these regions—men who, in regard to enterprise, are "Englishmen exaggerated," with a similar passion for wealth, and an equally indomitable industry. Every twenty-two years the population of the States doubles itself; so that, forty-four years hence, they will number one hundred and thirty-six millions. If thirty millions have raised England to her present pinnacle of greatness and glory, what may not five times as many of her stock achieve, with resources almost illimitable? What Anglo-Saxons have done on that little speck of earth named England, is but a type of what Anglo-Saxons will yet do, on the far wider and more favourable field presented in the New World. The Republic boasts of owning three millions square miles of land within her two ocean frontiers. The valley of the Mississippi alone has a surface six times as great as

that of France, and is capable of sustaining 100,000,000 inhabitants. Taken as a whole, this valley may fairly be pronounced the most magnificent dwelling-place prepared by the Creator for man's abode. Here the husbandman finds, in some places, the rich, black mould one hundred feet deep, that turns up light and free as the driven snow, requiring no manure, and inexhaustible in its fertility: here it is that the great developments of the future, the most wondrous births of time will take place; and here, for centuries to come, will be the busiest theatre of enterprise on the face of the globe.

It is among the inhabitants of this vast and magnificent region that the greatest and most momentous experiment, in political and social life, has been going on for the last eighty years—one upon which the eyes of the civilized world are more and more fixed. That political problem, which is now in process of receiving solution in the United States, is this: whether a State, founded on the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, can sustain itself and secure the liberty and welfare of those who compose it; in other words, whether sovereign power can be safely entrusted to the mass of mankind, so that they may have the uncontrolled regulation of their own affairs. This is the grand political problem of the age in which we live, in comparison with which all others are utterly insignificant: in fact, this is the question on the decision of which the fate and freedom of the world depend; for, if there be one fact that is more unmistakable than another, it is that, during the last two hundred years, Democracy has been slowly but steadily advancing in all European societies, with the irresistible might of an inrolling tide. At this moment its power is enormously increased, and its ultimate supremacy is not even doubtful; for, one by one, all opposing barriers have given way. We may dislike it—we may rail, argue and strike against it as we will; but here is this rough Frankenstein of the nineteenth century, with enormous power for good or evil, brawny of arm, dogged in assertion of its rights, resistless as doom, and stern as destiny. This is, by far, the most important fact that announces itself in these modern days. Kings, statesmen, aristocracies, middle classes, moneyed classes, are all called upon to make note of the fact that big-fisted, broad-shouldered Democracy is upon them—the full-grown giant of two centuries, the dread product of the destinies; and it is for them to consider how it is to be dealt with, how restricted within due bounds, how organized so that its huge forces may produce beneficent results. To understand it aright, to know what the advent of Democracy means, to accept it as coming in the evolutions of an all-wise but inscrutable Providence, and therefore as having a wise and good end, and to mould it into form, so that it may not result in the overthrow of society: this is the task to which the whole social wisdom of the day is called, under stern penalties. To attempt to ignore this portentous fact, or to treat it as a passing storm that will soon be gone, is mere folly: to drive it back by force, is the most hopeless of all projects. This Democracy that we see full-grown in America had its origin in the Old World; all its ideas and principles are of European origin. Its great doctrine of the sovereignty of the people was borne across the Atlantic in the *May-*

flower, and landed with the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. Whatever may be its developments,, it first sprang up on English soil, among the sturdy, self-reliant Saxons. Every year has witnessed its growth and extension in England; every year has seen the development of the equality of conditions, social and political, which is the vital principle, the very life-blood of Democracy. Looking back at the past, we behold the gradual extension of political power, along with wealth and intelligence, to larger and larger sections of the people. *Magna Charta* early limited the royal authority. Four hundred and seventy years afterwards, the democratic impulse had risen high; and the revolution of 1688, which dethroned one monarch and elected another in his room, annihilated the principle of legitimacy, established the supremacy of parliament and of law, dismissed the doctrine of passive obedience as an exploded superstition, and endorsed the right of resistance. That was a momentous day in the history of rising democracy, when the representatives of the people, in parliament assembled, sat in judgment on their king, declared the throne vacant, and, by electing a new king, made themselves his constituents, and parliament the fountain of sovereignty for the English world. Speedily, the liberty of unlicensed printing was claimed and conceded, as well as the freedom of parliamentary debate, and the right of petition, which belongs to every Englishman. The right to representation could never again be separated from the power of taxation; and this was the germ which, in the American colonies, developed at first into resistance, and finally into the declaration of independence. From the era of her revolution, England became the star of constitutional liberty; her natural resources were rapidly developed, her power, wealth and commerce increased; and to her colonies, planted all over the world, she transmitted her liberties and her culture. America received and carried out to their legitimate consequences the principles of the revolution of 1688. Still, the power of the territorial aristocracy was great in England, the governing power being mainly in their hands; but, as commerce extended, the moneyed class rose in influence, the area of popular power was widened, the upper portion of the middle class was admitted within the pale of the constitution. Then came the armed resistance of the American colonies to the mother country, and their ultimate independence. The shock was felt throughout the world. Democracy everywhere took courage and advanced. The French revolution followed as a consequence, shaking the civilized world convulsively. American ideas re-acted on the societies of Europe, and initiated vast political reforms, all tending to throw power more and more into the hands of the masses. In England, the Reform Act of 1832 was the next step in the march of Democracy, enfranchising large classes of the population. In spite of the resistance of the propertied and privileged classes, the movement advanced, each fresh gain leading to a demand for more. The consummation came at last: the restricted franchise could no longer be maintained; and the year 1867 will be for ever memorable in the annals of England, as that in which Democracy achieved its ultimate triumph in the adoption of household suffrage, to be followed inevitably by manhood suffrage. If we want any proof that the days

of the English oligarchy, as a ruling power, are numbered, we have it in the abject manner in which they surrendered what they so long possessed, as though conscious that the enforced concession was *just*, or else feeling that resistance to destiny was useless. No one seriously tried to stem the tide of Democracy in 1867, as was attempted in 1832. The conservative party actually inscribed on their banners the watchword of Democracy, and led the way to "the leap in the dark." The parliament of 1869 may be mainly composed of the same elements as its predecessor; but the *constituencies* the members have to satisfy by their votes are very different: and aristocracy is evidently bowing deferentially to burly Democracy, and re-echoing its battle cries. Already the reform axe is smiting the foundations of one of the religious establishments of the empire—an institution hoary with age, any attack on which would, till recently, have been denounced as sacrilege.

Thus, then, it would seem to be one of the facts of Providence that the gradual development of the equality of conditions, among mankind, should advance; and that in the new order of things which we see approaching, Democracy is destined to hold a prominent place. This holds good, not of England and America alone, but of all christendom. Ever since the feudal system began to decay, the whole progress of western civilization has been in the direction indicated. The progress of Democracy has been "unhasting but unresting." All events have contributed to advance its triumph. The spread of civilization and knowledge, embracing ever-widening areas, has helped to level ranks and diffuse power. Every new idea, every fresh truth, scattered broad-cast among the masses, and put within the reach of all minds by the printing press; every addition to science, every improvement in manufactures, in the practical arts of life, were steps towards the universal level. Nay, "the very taste for luxury, the love of war, the sway of fashion, have all tended to enrich the poor and impoverish the rich." The invention of fire-arms, equalizing noble and plebeian on the field of battle; the discovery of the New World; the organization of the Post; the laying down of the electric wire, placing the cottage and the palace on an equality in regard to the reception of intelligence, have all tended in the same direction. Vain have been all the efforts of adversaries to resist this aggressive Democracy that has already broken down the power of kings and nobles, and now threatens the citizen and the capitalist. Like a divine decree—like the irresistible sweep of a law of nature—it has advanced, and continues its victorious march, singing its battle hymn:—

"When wilt thou save the people,
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations—
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people—thine they are;
Thy children, as thine angels fair;
Save them from bondage and despair.
God save the people!

"When wilt thou save the people,
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people—

Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Towers of thy heart, O God, are they;
And must they pass like weeds away—
Their heritage a winter's day?
God save the people!

"Thy angels are our brothers;
Let us like them become,
And emulate in beauty
The first-born of our home.
Lord, they are thine, and we are thine;
In Eden, rescu'd, let us twine,
With mortal virtues, love divine,
And be earth's angels!"

In what light, then, are we to regard the progress of this Democracy, of which America is the advanced guard? Are we to welcome its arrival as that of a millennium?—are we to regard it as the blissful goal towards which human progress points, or as a judgment of Heaven, sent as a punishment for the accumulated sins and wrongs of many generations of rulers, to whom Providence had entrusted the destinies of men, and who have been unfaithful to the trust? Is it the last plunge of anarchy broken loose—"shooting Niagara," as Carlyle phrases it,—or does it come by the birth-throes of a new and better era?—Is paradise or pandemonium before us?—Is Democracy another Alaric, to execute judgment on a corrupt, worn-out civilization?—or a strong builder, destined to lay the foundations of a new social and political order, having first cleared away the rubbish of a crumbling past? Many thoughtful minds regard the advance of Democracy with undisguised fear and horror, and look upon it as an unmixed evil. Perhaps, indeed, the bulk of the intelligent, educated and comfortable classes are either helplessly perplexed at its advent, not knowing what to make of it, or shudder at the idea of living under its rude and ignorant rule; and, truly, at first sight, this big-boned, grim Democracy has not a very lovely aspect. If Democracy mean, as we know it does, universal suffrage and the rule of the majority, then it seems a dismal prospect that society is to be guided and governed by the rude, the uneducated, the destitute, who, in every community, constitute the vast majority; and that the intelligent, the cultured, and those who by industry, sagacity and self-denial have acquired property, and, by education, are lifted above the petty interests of the hour—that this minority should have no direct voice in the magagement of national affairs. Ignorance, presumption, incapacity, being thus placed at the helm, ship-wreck must ensue. The hungry "lack-alls" will legislate for their own interests; and all that is beautiful and valuable in civilization will speedily meet with an ignominious grave. This view, we think, is one-sided, and gives but a part of the truth. Let us try to take a wider range. Beyond all doubt, the advent of Democracy is attended with tremendous perils. The sudden accession to power of rude and ignorant masses of men, who will be flattered and deceived by self-seeking, unscrupulous demagogues, pandering to their passions in order to secure their votes, and so reach place and pelf,—this is in itself a serious danger. Then the temptation to tyrannize, on the part

of a majority, and trample on the rights of individuals, or of a minority, is very strong; and there is no tyranny so loathsome and crushing as that of an intolerant majority, from whom there is no appeal, who arrogantly denounce freedom of thought itself, and will not, at times, hesitate to crush opposition by brutal force. An uninstructed Democracy will, too, be very apt to have recourse to legislation for the removal of all evils, in ignorance that all reforms must begin with the individual, and that it is indeed but a small part of the ills of life that the law-makers can cure. To extinguish merit, to drag all down to a common level, to exclude the most enlightened from the conduct of affairs,—these, as experience teaches, are dangers besetting the progress of unbridled Democracy. But, admitting all this, let us not forget the incompetency, blundering, cold-blooded, narrow-minded selfishness that have too often distinguished the government of an aristocracy, and also the rule of the middle classes; and let us not assail Democracy with a condemnation too sweeping. Take the condition of the masses —the peasantry and artisans of Europe,—and say is the state in which they are living at this moment so beautiful and wholesome that we need wish to see it perpetuated? If it be a fact in Providence that society gravitates inevitably towards Democracy, passing, in orderly progression, from the rule of one, through the rule of a few, to the rule of all, then may we not conclude that the progress of equality is really the progress of civilization, and that as God has so willed man's destiny, it must be for the best? To give way to idle terrors, or to withdraw in disgust from contact with the rude possessors of power, is to betray a solemn trust, and to leave all to the wild, unguided propensities of the populace. Is it not rather the duty of the educated classes to admit that a new order of things has arisen, requiring a new science of politics; and that as in this there must be great capabilities for good, their part is to connect themselves, by kindly sympathies, with those untamed forces, so as to control and direct—so as to introduce those safeguards that may preserve from ruinous excesses; so as, in one word, to organize Democracy, and establish it on a safe foundation. John Stuart Mill, the profoundest of our political philosophers, in his able work on "Representative Government," strongly insists on the necessity of securing personal representation, so as to preserve the rights of minorities from the tyranny of majorities; and he and Mr. Hare have proposed a plan for securing this end. But the grand safeguard of a democracy consists in educating it, warming its religious faith, purifying its morals, inspiring it with a love of justice, and a reverence for law and religion. May it not be that an all-wise Providence has ordained the advance of Democracy for the very purpose of elevating the masses in the scale of being, lifting them out of ignorance and wretchedness, and securing help for those toilers who are perishing for want of light and guidance, thus widening the diffusion of that culture and happiness hitherto possessed by a few? Now that political power has passed into the hands of the masses, their education must be attended to, or society will be overthrown. Their condition can no longer, with safety, be overlooked. We must become "our brothers' keepers." In an address delivered last year in Edin-

burgh, the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, who so strenuously opposed the lowering of the franchise, used the following words, after the Act securing household suffrage had received the sanction of Parliament:—"I am most anxious to educate the poorer classes, to qualify men for the power that has passed, and perhaps will pass in a still greater degree, into their hands. I am also anxious to educate, in a better degree than at present, the higher classes of the country, and that also for political reasons. The time has gone past when the higher classes could hope by any indirect influence, either of property or of coercion of any kind, to direct the course of public affairs. Power has passed out of their hands, and what they do must be done by the influence of superior education and cultivation, by the power of mind over mind, by that sign and signet of the Almighty which never fails to be recognized where it is truly attested." Such, then, according to the view of one of the ablest men in England, will be the effect of the late democratic advance. The higher classes will be compelled to educate themselves more perfectly, in order to retain their influence; while the safety of the state calls for the education of the poorer classes. The dumb millions have now a voice and will make themselves heard. They can no longer be ignored. They cannot be left in the condition of blind Cyclops, with huge force but no light—badly housed and fed, huddled together in the pestiferous courts and lanes of great cities, poisoned with physical and moral pollutions, dying in mute despair, the rights of property having trampled out the rights of man. The new era is full of hope, if it only introduce a searching and honest investigation into the condition of the sunken classes of our modern society.

The working of democracy in America is at least calming and reassuring to all who fancy that Democracy means spoliation, rapine and murder. In De Tocqueville's great work on "Democracy in America"—the profoundest treatise on political philosophy that the nineteenth century has produced—the advantages and disadvantages of Democracy are summed up with judicial impartiality, by one of the keenest observers and most philosophic thinkers. He has shown how a great, wealthy, intelligent nation has grown up under democratic institutions; and how the government of Democracy has been reconciled with respect for property, with deference for rights, with safety to freedom, with respect for law and religion. The great and noble qualities of the American people, whose training has thus been secured, constitute the best of all testimonies in favour of Democracy. Their patriotism, energy, generosity, patience and courage in the hour of peril; their enterprise and self-control; their reverence for law; their great religious and educational institutions, calculated to benefit the whole mass of the people, have secured them the respect and admiration of all impartial and intelligent minds. De Tocqueville has shown that, while Democracy in America has not the romantic features of character which its enthusiastic admirers usually ascribe to it, while it has many drawbacks and defects, and is less favourable than some other forms of government, to the growth of the finer elements of human nature, yet that it has great and noble qualities. Certainly it

has not made a paradise for man in the New World. It cannot, as experience has shown, secure a nation from the horrors of civil war, or the hurricanes of party strife; yet, under its sway, an energetic, moral and religious community has grown into greatness, and gives promise of a mighty future. It does not, by any means, follow that the development of Democracy in England will take republican form, or that it is necessarily hostile to the principle of loyalty to the throne. The day is very distant, and very unlikely ever to arrive, when England will desire to exchange her constitutional monarchy for an elective presidency. But still, the successful working of American Democracy should entirely allay the terrors of those who anticipate from it only the frenzy of a revolution, and should inspire us with hope as we sweep forward into a new, if not a brighter day.

America is important to the world as the country where new ideas on all human affairs are specially welcomed, and obtain a fair field. The boldest experiments, the most audacious theories regarding all subjects of thought, are permitted and even welcomed there, and discussed with an utter disregard of established systems. The world will be the better for all this. Surely truth and nature are not exhausted: surely something better than a reproduction of the past may be looked for on the free soil of America. When we consider the present most unsatisfactory relation between labour and capital in the Old World, can we not conceive of juster laws facilitating co-operative associations, through whose workings the rights of both would be made to blend and harmonize? Might not education, enforced by law, and reaching down to the lowest strata of the community, go far to save from the evils of over population, and to deliver from that pauperism that is gnawing at the vitals of modern society? The present accumulation of the whole land of Great Britain and Ireland, in the hands of a few holders, threatens soon to become so intolerable that the state will be compelled to *resume possession* of the land for the benefit of the whole community, due compensation, of course, being secured to those in possession. The ideas regarding all such matters, now germinating or bearing fruit in America, will re-act powerfully on Europe, and suggest improved modes of living, "sweeter manners, purer laws." In education, America has led the way: her theory, however imperfectly reduced to practice, being, that government should be founded on the intelligence and morality of the whole people. Why, then, should we not willingly give our meed of praise to American intelligence and enterprise?—why should we not cheer her on in her path of progress? All that tends to make her great she owes to the old sea-taming, colonizing Mother. Her glory is the glory of the Saxon race—of the stout hearts that fought at Agincourt, and won at Trafalgar and Inkerman. And if, at some distant day, the star of empire should pass over to the Great Republic, with its boundless territories and inexhaustible resources; and if, in the greatness of the Western giant, the glory of England should pale its fires, still the sceptre would be in the hands of a race owning her as nursing mother, speaking her noble tongue, and proud of that name that can never perish from the records of fame: and even then as now, the words of one

of America's noblest poets might be wafted from Columbia to Britain:

"All hail! thou noble land—
Our fathers' native soil!
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore;
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright,
The world o'er.

"Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,—
O'er untravelled seas to roam—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins;
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

"While the language free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Ronnd our coast.

"While the manners, while the arts
That mould a nation's soul
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;
Yet still from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
'We are one!'"

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

By Daniel Clark, M. D., Princeton, Ontario.

VIRGINIA AND ITS BATTLE-FIELDS IN 1864.

A volume might be written on the above caption did time and opportunity permit, but even in a short article it will be our aim to give as much information to the reader as possible in a few words, and on a subject so prolific and sad and interesting to every student of history, especially of the Anglo-Saxon race. No spot of ground of the same area as that of Central Virginia and the environs of Washington has ever been saturated to the same extent with human blood, in the same period of time. Not a day dawned for four long years but during its twenty-four hours, life was violently taken in the rifle pits, on the vidette lines, in the skirmish, or in the whirlwind of battle, and scarce-

ly a hill or valley from Fortress Monroe to the Shenandoah valley and from Harrisburgh to the South-side Railroad, where there is not now some evidence of vandalism, rapine, cruelty and of war-worn tracks of malice and fiendish destruction to property and life. This is to be expected in a country that has become the theatre of war, but we know of no land where the besom of vengeance has been so vigorously wielded and so ruthlessly unsparing as in proud and aristocratic Virginia, the supposed home of American chivalry. In 1864 the whole country was one vast scene of ruin. The fences were gone and the landmarks removed. Where forests once stood in primal grandeur are even now forsaken camps. Where crops luxuriated and which were never reaped are now myriads of graves, whose inmates are the stalwart sons of the North or of the Sunny South, but now festering, rotting, and bleaching in the wind, the rain, and the sun of heaven, far away from home, in and on the clay of the "Old Dominion." The evil-omened raven and buzzard were the only living permanent occupants of the harvest-field. The ploughs could be seen halfway stopped in its furrow from which the affrighted husbandman, bond or free, had fled in terror to gather (it might be) his wife and little ones into a place of shelter. Behind him boomed hostile cannon—brayed the hoarse bugle to the charge—clanked the rusty and empty scabbard of the fierce dragoons—rattled the ironed hoof of the war horse—rolled the vibrating muffled sound of the distant but ever approaching drums —shrieked the demon shells in their fierce pathway through the heavens—glittered the accoutrements and bayonets and shotted guns of surging masses of humanity and murmured the multitudinous voices of legions of warriors "as the sound of many waters" panting for the excitement and empty honours of battle. Here the poor son of toil or servitude had ploughed or sowed for himself or for his proud and hard taskmaster, but the Destroyer was mercilessly at his heels. The place that knew him once shall know him no more forever. The verdure of his homestead is turned into dust. The rural retreat has been despoiled and ravaged of its beauty, and the beautiful gardens and fields and magnolia groves are one vast city of the dead—a necropolis—where voracious Mars has burned incense on his gory, reeking and dripping altars. Where love, and youth, and beauty met at trysting hours then met the bearded heroes of many battles and the scarred veterans of many a bloody fray. Where once rattled the phæton of luxury laden with the flower of a proud aristocracy, rolled the ponderous wheels of cannon or reeking ambulances. Where once rode the gay bridal cortege making hills and vallies vocal with song and melody and glee, charged fierce and cruel troopers—who like Attalus left desolation in their train. Where hearthstones once shone in the ruddy light of home, with no bloodstains on the domestic hearth and no ruthless invader to darken its door-lintels; nor to sit unbidden by its hospitable fire and unwelcome at its table, were blackened ruins, the monuments of cruelty, sitting solitarily in the midst of desolation. Friends and foes alike have disembowelled the proud State with the long gaunt fingers of rapine, and swept it of every trace of civilization save that of modern warfare. The remorseless

and vengeful waves of pitiless conflict have met, and surged, and dashed and foamed in wild fury over its fair landscape, until the spectator is almost compelled to believe that he is the victim of a hideous nightmare or of some strange phantasm of the brain which time will dispel and

> "Like the baseless fabric of a vision
> Leave not a wreck behind."

We are told in classic history that the venerable and noble Trojan Æneas stood in the midst of carnage on the way to Mount Ida as grey dawn began to herald in the day, and saw beneath him Troy in flames, and in the fullness of his heart cried out "*Illium fuit.*" The proud and noble city *has been* but shall be no more forever. Virginia was the home of a proud, exclusive and haughty race that scorned the Northern men and women because of their so-called plebeian extraction, and treated the far South with wondrous condescension because of the admixture "of the poor white trash." "Virginianus sum" was to them the same as "Romanus sum" to the Romans, a passport of unusual significance being an undisputed testimony of *noble lineage* and "blood." They forgot that the pilgrims at Plymouth rock were puritans and that the far South was settled by worthy Englishmen and French Huguenots; but Virginia was at one time a penal colony and their blood has diffused in it the blood of convicts. In all the fearful struggle through which they have passed "They have sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind," for the exclusiveness and *hauteur* of the Virginian patrician have like his ephemeral glory passed phantom-like away. The sword has cut the Gordian knot. This imperfect glimpse of Virginia in 1864, is not written for effect, nor is it an idle chimera conjured up by a busy brain to fill to plethora the pen of fiction, for our heart was sad as the dreadful panorama passed day after day before our vision, and as we contemplated what might be the probable fate of the tens of thousands of young and old, male and female, who were not to be found near their bleak and barren homes, and who were either in their graves or standing within the rebel lines, or within the walls of some beleaguered city, we felt that every such household would have a history sad, pitiful and inevitable, the recital of whose woes would wring the most obdurate heart. Comfortable, happy, prosperous, peaceful Canada does not know but very imperfectly what are the horrors of war *at home*. Glory, like a snow-ball, gathers greatness the farther it rolls. The soldier's fame is a guerdon that needs to be at our doors in order to know how hollow is the empty bauble,

> "Religion, freedom, vengeance, what you will,
> A word's enough, to raise mankind to kill;
> Some factious phrase by cunning caught and spread,
> That guilt may reign and wolves and worms are fed."

We often grumble because of hard times and failing banks, and fluctuating markets, and commercial panics, and deficient harvests; such make many men misanthropists and miserable, drivelling, imbecile grumblers; but let war ensue, and let the invader cross our borders, and let him for even one short month burn, plunder, murder and de-

stroy with only 100,000 men, and we would think such times as these halcyon days, and earnestly pray for their return. Not that our sons and our daughters would bow the knee to the oppressor, or be recreant to their trust, or tread their mother earth, a race of cowards, no, perish the thought, far better that Canada should be one scene of utter ruin than that we should not defend our freedom, our constitution, our laws, our country and our flag, against any foes; for lost manhood, national decay, effeminancy and tottering decrepitude would be an irreparable loss more to be lamented tenfold than all our riches, still let us be thankful for peace. We sit down "under our own vinea nd figtree none daring to make us afraid." We hear at morning dawn, noon and eventide, the voices of affection and friendship, mellowed, in being the out-gushing of hearts real and true. We see on the right hand and on the left luxuriant fields filled to plenitude with a bounteous harvest, or barns bursting out with fullness year after year, and a country dotted all over with rural retreats, beautiful villages, prosperous towns, and populous cities, covered and surrounded not by the dread paraphernalia of war, but by the emblems of peace and plenty. We see from day to day, faces not begrimmed by the smoke of battle, not scared in the mortal combat, not fierce with hellish passions, nor contorted in the agonies of death; but those bearing on every lineament "peace, good-will towards men." We lay our heads on our pillow at night and are wooed to sleep by the quietude of nature and are not disturbed by the boom of cannon, the roll of musketry, the yells of human demons, and the cries of infuriated men. War does not break up our family circles, and does not snatch a link from the chain,—a twig from the filial tree—a stone from the perfect arch and a gem from the sparkling coronet. It makes no empty seat at the family board, where now sits the hope, pride and joy of the family. To gaze upon all those happy scenes and not upon a worse than sterile desert, should fill our souls with profound thankfulness to Him who holds the destiny of this mighty Empire in the hollow of His hand. We never miss the spring until it is dry. We know not what hunger is until the cupboard is empty and gaunt famine is stalking through the land. We never appreciate health until disease has commenced to prey upon our vitals, and the fell-destroyer, like a vampire, is tearing our heart-strings asunder and we will not know of and feel the blessing of peace until relentless war has withered and blighted our beautiful Canada, as the Sirocco with its hot breath, does the verdure of the East. But even in such an hour although it might be, that our nation would be in the agonies of death, who would "turn and flee?"

During the Campaign of 1864, the principal armies of the North and South were in a life and death struggle between Washington and Richmond. The head and front of the Rebellion were there, and all knew if it were crushed the body must fall into decay. The army of the Potomac and the army of Virginia had been for three years watching each other, with lynx-eyes, like skilful pugilists, now and then giving a blow in order to ascertain the weak and strong points of one another. With the exception of the first battle of Bull's Run, the Southern army of Virginia had only one general, but not so with

the army of the Potomac, it had been commanded by general after general appointed primarily by the ill-advised importunities of the press, or the frenzied clamour of the mob, or ignorant public opinion unable to judge as to the capabilities of the army on the one hand and of the difficulties to contend with, in the face of a wily foe, on the other. The American people expected more from this army than any other in the field, yet, strange to say, it has ruined the reputation of nearly every general who commanded it, and who had been victorious everywhere else. It had fought the foe on many a well contested field and thundered twice at the portals of Richmond, but the goal seemed as far off as ever. Braver men never lived and died as the grave behind them testify, yet a strange fatality dogged their footsteps leaving on all sides a trail of blood. This army knew and the whole world knew that on it chiefly depended the success of the union cause. In the spring of 1864, there was a final gathering of the soldiery for a determined march to Richmond, or rather to annihilate Lee's army and scatter its remnants to the four winds of heaven. Meade had been partially successful at Gettysburg and to him was entrusted the army of the Potomac proper, consisting of the 2nd, 5th, 6th and 9th corps: the 1st and 3rd being merged into the 2nd and 5th corps. On the 1st of May the 9th corps, commanded by Gen. Burnside, lay at Annapolis as if ready to embark for distant service, the remaining three were camped in front of Lee, between the Rapidan and Rappahannock. At this time there was concentration everywhere. Butler, who failed in the South, was re-called to occupy Bermuda-Hundred, at the confluence of the James and Appomattox rivers in the rear of Richmond. Gen. Gillmore was recalled from before Charleston to harass the enemy on the Peninsula and at Suffolk. Gens. Crook and Averell and Sigel were to occupy with a firm hand Western Virginia, while Sherman and Thomas where to harass the enemy in the south-west, assisted by Banks at Mobile. The plan was good but badly spoiled in the execution. Banks suddenly left Mobile intact and went on a wild-goose chase up Red River and was badly beaten, leaving Sherman to meet a concentrated enemy single handed. Sigel, who was expected to clear the Shenandoah Valley of the enemy and knock at the western gates of Richmond, was himself sent pellmell down the *valley of humiliation* into Harper's Ferry and such impetus had he gathered in his downward and backward course, that Maryland had to receive in dismay his body guard and the *disjecta membra* of his army. The failure of these armies loosed Lee's hands in the South and enabled him to concentrate in front of Washington. Breckenridge was recalled from the Shenandoah, Finnegar from Florida, Beauregard from Charleston, Pickett from North Carolina, and Buckner from Western Virginia. The destination of Burnside was a puzzle to all but those in high command. When he broke up his camp some thought he was on the way to Washington—others that he would sail up the Rappahannock, or the James or the York, to unite with the forces under Butler; but after the review of his troops by Lincoln,—especially the negro division of the 9th corps who were *going to certain* victory or to sure death, for after the cold-blooded butcheries of Fort

Pillow, Plymouth and Milliken's Bend, no quarters were asked and none given—Burnside suddenly appeared with Meade on the Rapidan. At this time Gen. Grant was made commander-in-chief, and took direct command of the army of the Potomac. Speculation was rife as to what he would do to dislodge Lee from his entrenchments. Would he walk, like Pope, into the very jaws of the lion, and share the same fate? Would he move by his right toward the mountains of Blue Ridge and force Lee to retreat, or give battle in the rear of his fortifications? Or would he make a sudden dash on Fredericksburg and cross the river there bristling with guns and swarming with men? None could tell, but all saw that the huge *belligerent* was drawing up slowly its mammoth legs for a move, and consequently every rumour was listened to, every *fama clamosa* had believers and every man in the teeming camp was on the *qui vive*. The rebel army lay at Orange Court House nearly west of the wilderness, with Clark Mountain in his rear,—a capital point for observation. At dawn, on the 3rd of May, all hypothesis were put at rest and the first act in the drama had commenced. On the flanks the Ely and Germann fords were crossed by Gregg's and Wilson's cavalry, followed respectively by the 2nd, 5th and 6th corps. The roads were dry and clouds of dust obscured the light of the sun that looked of a blood-red colour. Grant's intention was to slip suddenly round Lee's right, and already part of Grant's army had passed him. He had no wish to fight then, but Lee saw his opportunity, and putting his army in motion on the 4th, struck Grant's army about the centre. The time was critical, Grant's reserve artillery, and 8,500 supply waggons were partially exposed. Think of it: one hundred waggons with four mules reach a mile, that would make 85 miles of a train! His lines were necessarily attenuated but fight he must, for he was marching along one side of an isosceles triangle and Lee, along the other and at the apex a collision of contending forces must take place. Were it not for his train Grant could have passed the dangerous point, but now it was too late. He wheels his forces towards the west and prepares for battle. Burnside was left at the Rappahannock to cover the Capital until such time as Lee was sufficiently employed, not to attempt a diversion toward Washington, on the evening of the 4th, however, he was on the march to join the army. The wilderness is not a barren, open waste, but is full of clumps of oaks, cedar, and stunted pines, interspersed, at long intervals, by small farm-steads. Here the first blow was struck. At the Wilderness tavern on the Stevensburg plank road the Northern army came in contact with Ewell's brigades, and soon Hill's and Longstreet's corps joined in the issue. The woods and streams and ravines prevented both armies from making simultaneous advances, but still there was continuous fighting of the most desperate character. The fusilade rattled along the front as if a monster piano, sadly out of tune, was being played by unskilful hands, and in the interludes roared and bellowed the still more discordant cannon. In clumps of bushes, by the running brooks, in sequestered dales the struggle went on intermittingly and spasmodically. There were no general advances in lines or by columns in battle's magnificent array,

but a sort of indecisive attempt on either side to gain time and to feel each other's strength. Thus Thursday passed away. On Friday Lee felt that he had before him serious work, and he knew that Grant, by tactics not often resorted to in the face of an enemy, was attempting to make an advance by cutting loose his connections from Washington, and withdrawing corps after corps from his right and placing them on his left, thus making an advance laterally. Lee attempted to spoil this game by making a formidable advance on Grant's right, as this movement was *in transitu*. He fell like a thunderbolt upon Rickett's division of the 6th corps and captured Gen. Seymour and a portion of his brigade. The reverse, however, was only temporary, for the marching troops turned to the rescue of their comrades and drove back the enemy. All Friday and Saturday mornings the fighting was very severe; 260,000 men were struggling for the mastery. From morning dawn to morning dawn, with the exception of a few hours at midnight, blood flowed like water. The outline of six miles of conflicting men could be seen from almost any elevation, by the dense clouds of gun-powder smoke, at one time settling down sulkily upon the tree tops, and at another driven up into the blue expanse by the passing breeze—and also from the cheers and counter-cheers heard now, far in advance and anon very near as the bloody tide ebbed and flowed, leaving behind it the usual *debris* of human misery, laceration, woe and death. On Saturday morning five miles of wheeled ambulances wended along, a melancholy train, to Fredericksburg. About 11 o'clock, a. m., Lee began to retreat, and in doing so threw himself squarely in front of Grant, therefore Grant had the disadvantage of being compelled to take circuitous marches while Lee had a direct road. The one had to make arcs of circles in every advance, while the other retreated on the chords of these arcs. At Spottsylvania Lee offered partial battle on the banks of the Po and the Ny. On Saturday, the 7th, Gen. Gregg and Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee had met and had a short but sharp cavalry contest. On the 9th, the 5th corps was in hot pursuit when it was suddenly checked by Ewell and Longstreet and thrown back in considerable confusion on the 6th corps. It rallied however, and the two corps chagrined at this reverse drove the enemy with considerable *vim* to his original position. Next morning, Tuesday the 10th, Grant advanced, determined to force the enemy from his strong position, and from morning until noon the whole of both armies were engaged in mortal combat. This country is marshy and more open, that is the wilderness, and consequently artillery was oftener brought into requisition. Here columns advancing to the attack with fixed bayonets, in open fields or in a treacherous morass, were unexpectedly met by grape and canister; there, dense bodies of men were nearly decimate by exploding shells coming down in sixes and sevens at a time, and hurtling solid serrated fragments in perfect showers, whistling and singing and howling like fiends a weird requiem song over the living and the dead. Still no ground was gained by either arm. The rebel outer works were carried by a division of the 6th corps, about 2 o'clock, p. m., but the place was made too hot for them, in consequence of an enfilading fire by the rebels. There was very

little fighting on the 11th, but on the 12th hostilities commenced and just at break of day, Birney's and Barlow's divisions, silently and stealthily, like a beast of prey, bore down on the enemy, gathered up, as if it were a gossamer, the enemy's picket line, and on the run, plunged into the enemy's encampment, capturing Gens. Stewart and Johnson at breakfast, three thousand men, twenty cannon and ten standards. In a few minutes this *coup d'etat* was completed, amid cheers and defiant yells. This unexpected assault was the prelude to a general battle. The 9th corps advanced to profit by the capture. Longstreet was brought forward to recover lost ground. From these sections of the army the strife spread, until by 9 o'clock, a. m., the fighting was general, and for fifteen hours it continued without intermission. The pertinacity, obstinacy and valour of both sides had no equal in any battle of the war. There were charges and countercharges, sudden assaults and ambuscades; a perpetual belching of hundreds of cannon, and an unceasing din of firearms, voices, shouts, shrieking, wailing, moaning, muttering delirium, curses the most bitter and laconic imprecations more pointed than polite. This medley made, from day break to late in the evening, an uproar indiscribable. The combatants heard it and felt it, and despatches, the symbols of human sorrow, were sending out from the field of blood to all the Republic every day, like an electric wire, sad messages that were telling the widow and the fatherless and the fair maiden that a vast holocaust had murdered their loved ones among the victims of a bloody oblation. "The flowers o' the forest were a' wede away."

At night, in spite of all his efforts, Grant had only advanced 1,200 yards; but the position was so advantageous to the Union troops, that Lee deemed it prudent to withdraw his army during the darkness. It was fast becoming decimated and now for the first time assumed the form of a semicircle, somewhat like Meade on Cemetery hill, Gettysburg. From the 12th to the 18th there was only skirmishing, sometimes so heavy as to partake of the nature of miniature battles. On the 19th Ewell made a sudden attack on the rear-right of Grant and gained more advantage, but it was only a feint to cover Lee's retreat to the North Anna. Grant followed, driving the enemy from a strong position on the banks of the Mattapony and then made another attempt to swing round Lee's right. This brought about a heavy artillery and cavalry engagement at Bethesda Church, the Shelton House and Cold Harbour, within about 18 miles of Richmond. Cannon opened upon one another only two hundred feet apart. In the charges of cavalry, friends and foes became commingled in the shock, and then hand to hand encounters took place without order and without discipline, but Lee held his ground, for he knew that another move towards the Capital would be demoralizing to his troops, and would put Richmond in jeopardy. He was reinforced at this time by South Carolina troops, as was also Grant, by the 18th corps under Gen. Smith, still, notwithstanding these additions, of about 20,000 men, both armies were weaker than when thay were on the Rapidan. The losses could not be far from 60,000 men killed and put *hors de combat*. Grant made another left flank movement, but this time backwards, along the road

that McClellan took by Malvern Hill to Bermuda-Hundred, crossing the James river, at City-point, and by rapid marches attempted to capture Petersburg in the rear of Richmond—break up the railroads—stop the supplies—and adopt precisely the same tactics which secured to him Vicksburg. A blundering cavalry general failed to throw himself between Petersburg and Richmond and cut the railroad. Butler, with characteristic obstinacy, ignorance and jealousy, maintained that most disastrous of all positions for an army in the field,—a "masterly inactivity"—and while Grant was transporting his army across the James, Butler allowed the golden hours to slip away and the consequence was Lee stood face to face with Grant on the new field of operations. Both armies, completely exhausted, commenced a species of siege operations. The Union army stretching from near Chapin's bluff on the right, to Norfolk and Petersburg railroad on the left, a distance of about twelve miles. The shovel and spade and pick now were plied busily in making redoubts, rifle pits, fosses, parallels and excavations. Butler, in order to avoid Howlett's battery, on a bluff, and at a bend of the James' river, commenced to dig the well-known Dutch Gap Canal, a monument of folly, and the grave of many a negro. He kept hundreds of men to work at it for ten months, and yet no monitor ever sailed through it, for it was never completed, and is a memento of the burrowing propensities of the one-eyed ogre whose cruelty and brutality have become a by-word and a reproach. When Grant was securely entrenched, he began his former strategy by extending his left. After a severe struggle he seized the Weldon railroad, the fortified works beyond the railroad at Poplar church, the Peebles house and on the Pegram estate. Gen. Pegram came into notice at the beginning of the war by being defeated horse, foot and artillery by McClellan in Western Virginia. This fight brought "Mac" into notice also. What a pity! The Pegram and Peebles mansions had still left in them some furniture badly used. The damask curtains did very well for blankets. The sofas, minus legs, were a treat after sleeping on the ground. The doors and windows had been perforated by shells and round shot; but rags (of which we had an abundant supply) stopped up the crevices, and the medical department took thankful possession in cold October, the envy of all outsiders whom fortune had not favoured. On the 25th October it was evident to the medical staff that another step was to be made to the left. The south side railroad, only ten miles distant, was a great thoroughfare from the south-east to Richmond, and it was important to lay an embargo on the supplies of the enemy. The front was well fortified and all available troops were withdrawn from it, and formed at right angles to the front and made to swing, as if upon a pivot, from the Pegram House, in a south-easterly direction, for about six miles. The field hospitals were emptied. The military railroad company brought to the extreme left trains of cars filled with straw. Four days' rations (already cooked) were in every man's haversack Supernumeraries, sutlers, baggage, &c., were sent to the rear. All night long there was a steady stream of soldiers marching to the left, through pine woods and over ruined plantations, and as we lay sleeping in

the shelter of a dwarfed rose tree, our naps were often disturbed by the rattling scabbards of cavalry, or the voices of officers of infantry in *sotto voce* tones saying "right shoulder shift" or *vice versa*, to passing columns. As the 27th October dawned a regular advance was made along the whole line. The excitement was intense, for if Lee was caught napping and we could take possession of the railroads, the beleaguered city was doomed, and that too, in 48 hours. As mile after mile was marched over and not a solitary shot fired, we began to think that we would find deserted camps. Congratulations were being exchanged on the probability, after six miles of a hitherto *terra incognita* had been left behind, and the south-side railway and its extemporaneous branches almost in sight; but we were too hasty in our conclusions, for at 10½ o'clock, a. m., far to the left was heard a *cavy* fusilade accompanied by the occasional boom of ordnance. The firing became heavier and nearer, until immediately in our front and out of the bowels of a marsh, belched forth a furious sheet of flame, and sung in close proximity the rifle bullets as if the air was pregnant with death and unearthly sounds. We soon realized the fact that we had not struck a thin skirmish line, but rather the well-posted army of Lee waiting our approach. The day was spent in vain attempts to pierce that line, and although we were at times partially successful, yet the battle of Hatcher's Run was fought with a loss of 4,000 men and "Richmond was not taken." We retreated to the old camp. The wounded suffered severely during the night. A cold rain commenced to pelt unpiteously in the early part of the evening, and continued all night. The dripping forests, the sighing of the wind through the pines, the inky darkness, and the moans of the wounded, lying on the ground or being carried by on stretchers, were enough to make humanity shudder, and curse that exciting cause which loaded the air with groans and the earth with corpses, and hung a pall of mourning over many a disconsolate household for those that were not "never more" on earth. Many a Rachel, during the past few months, have been weeping for their children who have left not even a record behind,

> "Their memory and their name are gone;
> Alike unknowing and unknown."

The newspapers tell us of brilliant charges—of indomitable courage—of glorious deeds—of our names being inscribed on the scroll of fame, and of being held in grateful remembrance by a loving country. With the words ringing in our ears, and home and dear ones cosily kept in some "nook or cranny" of our hearts, we jump into the breach and are Samsons among heroes. Well, take up that lantern from the operating table,—don't stumble over those arms and legs yet warm and quivering—nor slide and fall in those slippery pools of gore, nor mutilate with your heels those bodies which breathed their last in the surgeon's hands; come out into the darkness and the forest. To the right are other lights flickering, and fatigue parties are on the search. "Will you please come here," we hear a voice feebly cry: a gray-haired man of nearly 60 years of age is lying by a tree wounded. His right foot has been torn away by a piece of shell, and he has tied up the

stump with the lining of his coat. Fifty yards farther on is a group of wounded and dead—about ten. A shell had burst in the midst of a company, and this was the result: three dead; one dying; one with his jaw broken and one of his thighs torn; one with his chest broken gasping for breath; another lying with concussion of the brain by a blow from a partially spent fragment of shell, and two others disabled from sundry wounds, and all this misery from one exploded missile. The ambulances are brought and these are tenderly cared for by members of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions. We plunge farther into the forest, and hear through the storm some one singing a ribald song. Strange night and surely a strange place for such hilarity. Let us go and rebuke him for his profanity. Here he lies by a decayed log with his face to the heavens, gazing intently on the tree tops, nor does he heed our approach. Fair hair clotted with blood is hanging over his forehead, The skull is fractured and the torn brain is slowly oozing out on his temple.

"He knows not, hears not, cares not what he does."

Yonder are two soldiers of the 2d corps carrying a wounded sergeant on a stretcher. He is also delirious and singing in low plaintive tones "Rally round the flag, boys." But why need we give details of such common scenes. "The night after the battle," when the sum total is reached and all gathered into one hospital, then we have some idea of the untold horrors of such mutilated men, being nights and days uncared for, thirsty, hungry and faint, yet it is wonderful how indifferent men become to danger. We visited the trenches many a time on duty, and were often astonished at the reckless exposure of those on guard. Behind earthworks only three feet in height, were posted a continuous line of men about six feet apart, some were firing a sort of *feu de joie* at an imaginary enemy—if no real foe appeared—while others were killing time by playing cards, and improvised chequers, "fox and geese" &c., for a change, and crouching in all imaginable postures. This outpost was only about two hundred feet from similar works by the *Southrons*. We never did as much crawling on all fours since we were born, and never produced as much abrasion of the cuticle of our knees and elbows since the days of hunting eggs under the barn, or climbing the trees after bird's nests, as we did in the neighbourhood of Forts Stedman, Sedgwick, and "The Sisters." If a man wishes to have peculiar sensations running like currents of electricity along the spine, let him creep, turtle like, along these parallels, with his back on a level with the top of these defences, and whether he be a coward or not, his ears will be peculiarly sharp when extra bullets are humming over-head, and we predict that he will embrace more fondly than ever his mother earth. When the blood is hot, even a weak-kneed man will perform feats that will astonish himself, but in cold and wet trenches it needs bull-dog pertinacity and great endurance to finally conquer. The fiery French were unequalled in an assault, or in the tidal waves of conflict, if not continued until the hot fire burned out; but in long marches, sickness, a continuous struggle, the Anglo-Saxon race has no equal. In the army of the Potomac

the generals knew what to expect from each corps and division and brigade and regiment, by the predominant nationality in these sections of an army. "Birds of a feather" in the long run, manage to get together, and thus taking advantage of peculiar national idiosyncracies, the successful commander knew where was dash, or doggedness or obstinacy, or perseverance, and laid his plans accordingly. The army was a monster sandwich composed of the different strata of bread and meat and butter and mustard. Will the reader be pleased to draw the inference and say to which of these ingredients he would refer the down-east Yankee, the "bruisers" and "Hammerites" of New York, the "plug uglies" of Baltimore, the Dutch of Pennsylvania, the nondescript of the border states, or the American French and French Canadians of Illinois? These and a dozen other equally distinct classes of citizens, including 40,000 Canadians, made up the armies of the great Republic. And while at first these foreigners had no particular interest, as a whole, in the war and its results, yet, the army of the Potomac had suffered so many reverses while all its companions in arms were everywhere else victorious, that at last personal chagrin and repeated disappointment, had given it a sort of desperate courage which at last begot mobilized valour and finally victory. In 1865, the Hatcher's Run battle was fought over again, and the same movements, "over the left," were made which culminated in the capture of Lee's forces and the long sought for city—the one reduced to 30,000 men and the other almost a second Moscow, in partial ruins. With the capitulation of the army of Virginia, the war ended. The head was crushed and the convulsive movements of the body were only the throes of dissolution. The curtain fell, for the last act in the tragedy was ended. The loss of human life was immense, and from the bombardment of Sumpter, during which "nobody was hurt," to the surrender at Five Forks, a magnificent army of stalwart, healthy and vigorous men had been swept away, and we venture to predict that the sensible men of the United States will seriously consider, knowing the severe trials of the past, before they will consent to plunge their country into another war. Power, greed of possessions, lust after conquest, national pride and envy, may sway and urge to violence, the masses who have nothing to lose and plunder of booty in prospect, but those, whose homes have been made desolate, or whose possessions have been swept away—or who have to meet by their taxes the public creditors, with a still more depreciated currency, will be a huge balance wheel to regulate the spasmodic motive power of the political machine. Like the pommelled and bruised Scotch boys whose bloody noses and black eyes told of sharp practice in the school ring, and who cried out simultaneously "Gin ye let me alane, I'll let you alane," so may the same wise cause be pursued by the late belligerents and let the dead past bury its dead.

ERRATA.

In 5th line, 1st verse, for *sheares* read SHEAVES; for *clung* read FLUNG.

THE LARK AND THE REAPERS.

BY REV. JAMES BENNET.

The reaper's scythe was sounding
In the ears of the golden corn,
As he the swathe was grounding
In the dewy autumn morn.
The stalwart sheares the binder clung,
Behind him banded strong,
And the comely stooks with hoods were hung,
Lest rains might work them wrong.

Then spake a lark to her callow brood:
"'Tis time to flee, my dears;
For the scythe is distant not a rood,
And down this way it shears.
These men care nought though tender birds
Should mourn o'er hopes undone:
No pity may we wake with words
For the song-birds of the sun."

The little ones their wings did flap:
Alas! they could not fly;
Their hungry mouths they held agape—
For food they 'gan to cry.
But on came the scythe a-sweeping;
While the mother-bird in air
Hung o'er the mower, weeping,
That he her young would spare.

The scythe just shore the stubble
Above their little heads;
While, careless of their trouble,
The mower onward treads;
But the binder saw, when passing nigh,
The little throats upraised,
And looked on them with loving eye;
While down the mother gazed.

"Come, Jack," said he, "set up a stook
Above these infant birds:
It will be writ in mercy's book,
In holy, angel words;
And when the little ones are strong
They'll tell of kindness done,
While, soaring up with joyous song,
They look upon the sun."

The mother-lark and eke her mate
Looked on them from on high,
And sung a hymn at heaven's gate
Of wondrous harmony:
A hymn of blessing on the men—
Their hearts they felt its thrill—
Who dealt with birds in danger then
Dear mercy's gentle will.

SKETCH OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD 2ND.—FROM THE ELIZABETHAN TO THE AUGUSTAN AGE.
Continuation of 2nd Period.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

THE 'Paradise Regained' beside the 'Paradise Lost' is like a cabinet picture beside a great epic painting—like some exquisite miniature of Raphael beside his 'Transfiguration,' or compared with one of his 'Cartoons.' But just as the miniature may exhibit more elaboration, greater finish perhaps, more exquisite beauty, minuter handling, than the larger canvas, so the 'Paradise Regained' in some parts shows more classic treatment, and is characterized by a more restrained and disciplined imagination than the companion poem. It bears no comparison, however, to the 'Paradise Lost' in grandeur, in compass, in invention, in creative imagination, in richness of diction, in superb beauty of description, in accumulated incident, in the unity and tragic interest of the composition. There is perhaps more thought, more reflection: there is the opportunity, in the dialogue between Christ and the Tempter, for profounder moralizing than is indulged in the greater epic poem. The epos consists more of action than of moral dialogue. For this very reason the 'Paradise Regained' is more a moral poem than the true epic. For other reasons as well it does not come up to the character of the true epic. It is at best but the fragment of an epic: it is the middle, perhaps, without the beginning or the end. Whatever reasons may be assigned for this, the poem is not complete: it either did not take complete form in Milton's own mind, or other causes interfered with its completion. It is like a torso dug up from among the *debris* that covers the remains of ancient sculpture—only we know that we have the poem as Milton wrote it. It may be the torso, however, of what was in Milton's own mind: it is a sketch for a grander picture which the great artist either could not finish, or which for adequate reasons he was restrained from fully carrying out or embodying,

The incident which gave origin to the poem was simple enough. Ellwood, the Quaker, having had submitted to him for his opinion by the Poet himself, the 'Paradise Lost' in manuscript, in returning it said to the Poet very characteristically: "Thou hast said much of 'Paradise Lost,' but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?" This was enough for Milton, and when the Quaker and Poet met again the latter produced 'Paradise Regained.' From such small beginnings may the greatest works originate. In this very incident perhaps we have the explanation of the imperfect form of the poem. The idea or plan of the poem was perhaps too hastily taken up, and it seems to have been as hastily executed. The poem consists accordingly of only four books while the 'Paradise Lost' extends throughout three times that number; and the books of the former in length bear about the

same proportion to those of the latter, as do the numbers of the books respectively of the two poems. The subject of the Poem is simply the temptation in the wilderness. That striking episode in Christ's life, on which so much hinged, certainly carrying in its results, a second time, the fate of our race, has been most dramatically given. Each temptation furnishes the subject of a separate book. Christ is introduced upon the scene receiving baptism at the hand of John at the river Jordan. Thither great crowds resort from all Judæa to John's baptism. Thither Christ himself repairs, under a divine guidance, or prompted by the Divinity which formed part of his nature as the God-man. Satan is there also to look after his interests, or with his eye already upon this remarkable man, who had probably ere this excited the surmise in Satan's mind, whether he might not be the seed of the woman who was to bruise his own head. He has his fears confirmed by the testimony borne to Christ from the clouds, and by the form of the Dove lighting upon him, the well-known symbol of the Divine Spirit. He immediately takes his resolution to frustrate the designs of God in connexion with this illustrious person. He is not altogether certain yet in what sense Jesus is declared to be the Son of God. He is the seed of the woman: may he not be the Son of God in no other sense than the Angels themselves? He will test this. He summons a council of his peers—not in Pandemonium now, but in mid-air, where it seems they had more eligible seats than their former place of lurid confinement—

> Regents, and potentates, and Kings, yea Gods,
> Of many a pleasant realm and province wide:

He states the new emergency, and imposes upon himself, as formerly, the task of meeting it: such a task can be entrusted to no inferior spirit: it will task even all his skill, and require all his wiles.

Christ, meanwhile, is led up of the Spirit into the wilderness. The poet conceives him led on partly by his own thoughts, abandoning for a time the haunts of men to give scope to his own musings; and it is partly the consequence of this that he finds himself at last in the heart of the desert bordering upon Judæa, whence

> ———return
> Was difficult, by human steps untrod.

The poet adopts the theory held by many, that the superior nature in Christ did not ensure omniscience to the inferior or human, or any more knowledge than from time to time was supernaturally suggested or communicated, and he represents Christ therefore as still uncertain of his true character and mission, and only gathering from his own high aspirations and lofty instincts, as well as from such an incident as had just transpired at the Jordan, that he was possessed of more than ordinary humanity, and was indeed the Son of the Most High with the great mission and work to accomplish which his inward promptings, and the declarations of Scripture, of which he was no inattentive peruser, led him to connect with himself. The Poet, we think, carries this too far, and accordingly the impression which his representation leaves upon the mind is not what the Scriptures give of the hypostatical or personal union. This, however, is the basis on

which the whole poem is constructed. Christ in uncertainty of his mission and character is so far open to temptation; and Satan, who cannot be supposed to be better informed, is prompted by this very circumstance to attempt the integrity and fidelity of the reputed Son of God. To the three temptations which the Evangelists give in such sublime simplicity, the poet adds another, if not several others, growing out, or an expansion, of the three scriptural temptations. We have a banquet served up in the most sumptuous and gorgeous style, "in regal mode," with every delicacy and dainty that would have tempted a Roman epicure, even when Rome's luxury was at its height, with troops of Ganymedes, while

> ———distant more
> Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood,
> Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
> With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
> And ladies of the Hesperides, that seem'd
> Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
> Of faery damsels, met in forest wide
> By Knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
> Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.

The whole of course was an illusion produced by Satan for his own purpose—an enchanting scene evoked in the desert, in the midst of such wild sterility, and when the Son of God had fasted for a space of forty days. This can only be justified by poetic license, if it can be justified by that: it does still remain a question whether it is consistent with the simplicity of Scripture, and with the conditions which Scripture should have imposed upon the poet's imagination—conditions which Milton is so careful to observe in his greater epic. The poetry of the passage, however, is in Milton's finest vein.

The address with which Satan follows up the temptation thus presented to the senses is conceived with the most consummate art, and certainly with no lack of beauty, even while it indulges in a vein of irony worthy of the tempter of our first parents:

> What doubts the Son of God, to sit and eat?
> *These are not fruits forbidden;* no interdict
> Defends the touching of these viands pure:
> *Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil;*
> But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
> Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
> All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
> Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay
> Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord.
> What doubt'st thou son of God? sit down and eat.

Christ's reply to this is exceedingly fine, high-toned, temperate, though conveying a cutting and dignified rebuke.

Satan baffled in this direction very adroitly follows up the particular temptation with another which he conceived more likely to succeed with Christ, viz., that of riches—not for themselves, however, but veiled in the less vulgar form of ambition of power, or presented as the necessary condition of the Kingdom which Christ was to gain for himself. Satan presents this new bait with great dexterity, but is as dexterously foiled, or his glozing words have their edge turned with

the most admirable wisdom, and utmost nobility of sentiment. Satan plausibly says:

By hunger that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not moved;
Thy temperance, invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite;
And all thy heart is set on high designs,
High actions: but wherewith to be achieved?
Great acts require great means of enterprise.
* * * * * *
Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me:
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand:
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain;
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want.

Christ's reply to this is in these noble words:

Yet wealth without these three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved:
But men endued with these have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat
So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the heathen, (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of memorial) canst thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I esteem these names of men so poor,
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches, though offer'd from the hand of kings.
* * * * * * *
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms? yet not, for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, snares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears;
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king.

These are Miltonic lines, and in some respects, though yet so different, recall the dramatic style and manner of Shakspeare.

Milton's power of picturesque delineation is finely exemplified in this 2d book, though it is but in snatches, miniature sketches, as it were, suggestions of scenery, rather than detailed description: there is the night scene; with Christ's broken slumbers, and his dreams of food, as "appetite is wont to dream"—the morning dawn, with the fine English circumstance of the "herald lark" leaving

His ground-nest, high towering to descry
The morn's approach:

The ascent to the hill-top, to view the landscape round—the detection

of a solitary spot possessing any features of beauty, in a bottom or dell removed:

> ——————— a pleasant grove
> With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud:

Thither Christ bends his steps,

> determined there
> To rest at noon, and entered soon the shade
> High roof'd, and walks beneath, and valleys brown
> That open'd in the midst a woody scene.

There the arch-fiend, still in disguise, way-lays him, and plies him with his temptations: with what result we have seen.

The third book is occupied with that temptation which we have referred to in these words of the Evangelist: "Again the Devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and said unto him, all these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

Baffled in his previous attempts upon Christ: finding he could not be assailed on the side of sensual appetite, that he was inaccessible to the solicitations of mere sensual gratification or indulgence—Satan makes a higher bid for the fidelity and steadfastness of Jesus. In reading the simple narrative of the temptation, as given by the Evangelist, we are apt to miss the profound meaning involved in the fact of a temptation at all, and the modes adopted by Satan to bring Christ into his toils. The temptation in the wilderness is obviously the counterpart of that of the Garden of Eden: there is obviously a certain parallelism between the two. There is a poetic justice at least in this: but there is more: theologically, or in its bearings upon our race, there is a strict parallelism between the former event and the latter. Revolving in his mighty intellect, all the long ages that had elapsed from the first temptation and the consequent apostacy, the prediction in reference to the seed of the woman; not ignorant, doubtless, of the utterances of the prophets regarding the advent of the Messiah, and the expectations that were prevalent about this time of his coming; and hearing the testimony borne to Jesus at the Jordan; Satan bethinks himself of achieving a second victory by his wiles, and of involving a second time our race in ruin. God prepares the way for this; it is his purpose that the race should be again put on trial in the person of its second representative: it is in the accomplishment of this very purpose that Christ is led up of the spirit into the wilderness: Satan seizes his opportunity, comes upon the Saviour in that scene—a fitting scene—themselves the only objects amid the blank expanse, looked down upon by the broad eye of heaven:—and a new thing surely is transacted under the sun.

In the second great temptation all the chief kingdoms of the world, both those which had been, and those which then were, are made to pass before the eye of Christ by a power known only to the tempter himself. Here the introduction of geographical names, as in other places, has a fine effect, and Milton always adopts the most poetic of these, with their most euphonious sounds, it was possible to choose. This is a striking feature throughout Milton's poetry, while his

learning is conspicuous—if not too conspicuous, in the knowledge of such names, with such minute geographical details. The colloquy in this case is as instructive as those which had gone before. The temptation is artfully plied and as artfully repelled.

At the beginning of the fourth book we have Satan giving to Christ a sort of panoramic view of Imperial Rome in its then existing greatness—mistress of the world—extending its sceptre over all nations—the dispenser of destiny to empires—prœtors and proconsuls leaving or entering the city—hastening to their several provinces, or "on return"—the embassies from the farthest east to the "British West," from Syene in the south to the "Tauric pool" in the north:

> In various habits, or on the Appian road
> Or on the Emilian:

the city itself with its magnificent structures—the Capitol,

> Above the rest lifting his stately head
> On the Tarpeian rock, ———
> ——— Mount Palatine,
> The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
> The structure, skill of noblest architects,
> With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
> Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.

This has only the effect upon Christ that was to be expected. He puts away from him the offer of the Imperial diadem with calm disdain, predicts another kingdom far better than that of Imperial Rome as that which he was to set up, and leaves Satan irrate, and at a loss what to say, though it is exactly when he finds himself thus baffled and at a loss he still rejoins, keeping up the show of his power, or in his infatuated anger ignorant of what he really was uttering:

> All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
> The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give,
> (For, given to me, I give to whom I please)
> No trifle; yet with this reserve; not else;
> On this condition: if thou wilt fall down,
> And worship me, as thy superior lord,
> (Easily done) and hold them all of me;
> For what can less so great a gift deserve?

This is met by a fine paraphrase on the words of Scripture: "Get thee behind me Satan: for it is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

Satan does not leave our Lord, however, and Milton with the same latitude he had already taken with the temptation of turning the stones into bread, now supposes the Arch-fiend tempting from the side of knowledge or learning: he presents Athens as the obverse of Rome, the representative of all that was great in intellect, as Rome was of all that was great in power; and here we have one of the finest passages of the poem, an instance of how Milton, when he comes upon a congenial theme, breaks away from the stilts of a more affected style, or the restraints of a stiffer and more awkward, and is himself again, or actually excels himself.

> Look once more ere we leave this specular mount,
> Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold:
> Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,

Built nobly; pure the air and light the soil;
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing: there Illissus rolls
His whispering stream: within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; his, who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand; and various measured verse,
Æolian charms, and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes:
* * * * *
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
From Heaven descended to the low-roof'd house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools
Of Academicks, old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripateticks, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoick severe.
These here revolve, or, as thou likest, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight:
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.

The answer our Saviour returns to this, according to one of Milton's critics, "is as much to be admired for solid reasoning, and the many sublime truths contained in it, as the preceding speech of Satan is for that fine vein of poetry which runs through it: and one may observe in general, that Milton has quite, throughout this work, thrown the ornaments of poetry on the side of error; whether it was that he thought great truths best expressed in a grave, unaffected style; or intended to suggest this fine moral to the reader; that simple naked truth will always be an overmatch for falsehood, though recommended by the gayest rhetoric and adorned with the most bewitching colours."

We regard this as more ingenious than just: we are far from being willing to think this is the secret of the superior poetry of such a passage, or other similar passages: we are inclined rather to refer it to the cause noticed in a previous part of these criticisms in connexion with Milton's poetry: Milton's muse rises with his theme: takes shape or style according to it: the more poetic it is, his poetry is always adequate to the occasion. Some subjects are more didactic,

some are more ideal, and this is just one such, allowing a more ideal treatment; while Milton does not grudge Satan the poetry of the fine lines quoted. We think Milton in the reply which he puts into the mouth of Christ, has made him undervalue more than he need have done, the philosophy, the eloquence, and the poetry of Greece—of Athens in especial. They might be excelled by the Divine truths of Scripture, and the eloquence of Hebrew Prophets and Statesmen, and the poetry of Hebrew bards, without losing their own distinguished merit, or failing in the purpose for which they existed or were prosecuted at the time. However, there is a fine moral truth pervading the words of Christ in reply to this noble eulogy upon Greece, suspicious only from the quarter from which it comes. Perhaps the puritanism of the age had something to do with such an estimate.

Satan retires for a brief space, and night intervenes: a storm such as is incident only to the tropics, and might be conceived to sweep over the desert, is described with great sublimity, and *the poet* finely exclaims:

> Ill wast thou shrouded then
> O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
> Unshaken!

Nor was this all: the powers of darkness set on him, to do their worst, and the poet continues:

> Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
> Environ'd thee; some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
> Some bent on thee their fiery darts, while thou
> Sat'st unappalled in calm and sinless peace!

Then follows a fine description of morning, and its effects, in clearing the storm, chasing away the clouds, laying the winds and grisly spectres and cheering the face of nature, which is hardly surpassed by anything in Milton. Satan renews his attack with less latent malice, with sneering impudence, and with still baffled and impotent revenge. Cut short by an emphatic rebuke by Christ, he enters into a defence of his own conduct, acknowledges he had found nothing in Christ on which his temptations could take effect, or by which he could satisfy himself that He was no more than human: still all these evidences may have been quite consistent with nothing more than merely a superior humanity: many men have been superior to similar temptations: he would still put it to the proof whether Christ were the Son of God in the higher sense or no.

He sets him on a pinnacle of the temple, having transported him "without wing of hippogriff," by some supernatural power, and leaving him "added thus in scorn":

> There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
> Will ask thee skill: I to thy Father's house
> Have brought thee, and highest placed: *highest is best*:
> Now show thy progeny; if not to stand,
> Cast thyself down; safely, if Son of God:
> For it is written,—He will give command
> Concerning thee to his Angels: in their hands
> They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
> Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.
> To whom thus Jesus: Also it is written,
> Tempt not the Lord thy God. *He said and stood.*

This was the crowning act in the great drama; this was the last attempt of Satan: he needed no other proof that Christ was the veritable Son of God. It is not without reason, we think, that Milton puts this temptation last, as St. Luke does, though St. Matthew makes it the second temptation. The poet has grandly given it as the climacteric, conveying indubitable evidence of the divine nature, and the *eternal* Son-ship of Christ:

> He said and stood!

Not only was this the last ineffectual effort of Satan, but he himself, exhausted, as it were, of power, and collapsing from that instant, fell—fell from the very pinnacle whence he expected to see the Son of Man fall. The thought is fresh and sublime.

Comparing him to Antæus in conflict with Alcides, who ever, as he touched his mother earth, received new strength, but,

> Throttled at length in the air expired and fell;

and to the Sphinx who, upon her riddle being solved,

> Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep;
> *So, struck with dread and anguish, fell the fiend.*

The victory was won: Christ was victorious: Angels came and ministered to him:

> ———— a fiery globe
> Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
> Who on their plumy vans received him soft
> From his uneasy station, and upbore,
> As on a floating couch, through the blithe air:
> Then in a flowery valley, set him down,
> On a green bank, and set before him spread
> A table of celestial food, divine
> Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,
> And, from the fount of life, ambrosial drink,
> That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd
> What hunger, if aught hunger, had impair'd,
> Or thirst; and, as he fed, angelic quires
> Sung heavenly anthems of his victory,
> Over temptation and the tempter proud.

This is the 'Paradise Regained!' Not quite, however, for in the conclusion of that song with which the angels celebrate the great victory, Milton represents them as saying:

> Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,
> Queller of Satan! On thy glorious work
> Now enter, and begin to save mankind.

It seems then that Christ was but entering on his work. We have still then the question to determine: why Milton stopped here; why he did not follow out the great theme: it will be admitted that the more important part of Christ's work had yet to be begun. Why was it not carried to its completion? Was Milton afraid that his powers were inadequate to the task? The theme might well seem too arduous even for his powers. Or, which is more probable, did he feel that the subject was too sacred for poetry?—that it was enclosed ground where angels might fear to tread?—or was he by this time inclining to the Arian creed? Did he hold too human a view of Christ's person and character?—was his mind not altogether made up on the nature of

Christ's work?—was he afraid to commit himself to the more accepted view of the Atonement and of the work of human redemption? It is difficult to answer these questions in any determinate way. That Milton held the doctrine of Christ's Son-ship in a far higher sense than that in which the same relation may be ascribed to angels or to men, we think, cannot be doubted, and has already abundantly appeared—but there is a vagueness and uncertainty—a negativeness, if we may be allowed the expression—in the whole treatment of this theme, at least in reference to this point—something like that which is connected with a recent famous work, the sort of prose counterpart of Milton's 'Paradise Regained'—we mean the "Ecce Homo"—leaving us somewhat in doubt as to Milton's real views on a subject so important. The other reason, however, which we have hinted at—the peculiar sacredness of the theme—a mystery into which the very angels desire to look with reverence—is itself a sufficient solution of the question without resorting to anything else; and we would prefer accepting this as the explanation, rather than challenge Milton's perfect orthodoxy, in these poems at least, on the subject of the great and cardinal points of our religion. Klopstock has not shrunk from the extended theme which Milton declined, but only with that success which rather justifies Milton in the theory he has adopted, making the triumph in the encounter with Satan at the very threshold of his work conclusive and prophetic of Christ's final and complete victory over the powers of darkness, and over Sin and Death. Milton therefore has much to justify him in his treatment of the new subject which he proposed to himself: but this does not amount to a vindication of the poem as fulfilling the promise of its very title, or professing to be the obverse or counterpart of his great Epic. It will always bear some such relation, to the latter, and be interesting as the companion poem of 'Paradise Lost.'

AD HESPERUM.

BY W. P. D.

I.

Fair star! of evening's placid brow the gem,
What charm to entrance the soul has thy soft light,
Melting to silent worship him whose sight
Drinks the clear splendor of thy dewy gleam?
Thy quickening rays flush the rapt lover's dream
With forms divine; with hopes serene and bright
Lift downcast hearts; to lumine sorrow's night
Bring white-robed peace: Borne on each trembling beam,
Comes tenderness absorbed from myriad eyes
Through the long ages since in Paradise
Eve caught thy conscious smile, and instant knew
Mysterious sympathy. Shine on, sweet star!
Still greet his gaze who seeks on high, afar,
An emblem of the pure and beautiful and true.

II.

Thee his apt name poetic legends gave
Who toiled up heaven-sustaining Atlas steep,
Closer communion with the stars to keep.
Old Ocean's breath, from far-off western wave,
Bore lightly to the sky his spirit brave,
That longed its earthly barriers to o'erleap,
In venturous course to explore the awful deep
Whose changeless shores calm tides ethereal lave.
So ardent souls will ever hopeful climb;
Will rise above this feverish world of care
And blinding mists of sin to purer air;
Striving by earnest faith from heights sublime,
Like HESPERUS, to reach that crystal sphere
Where Heaven's unclouded glories all appear.

GAILLARD DE BEARN.

BY JAMES WOODROW.

CHAPTER I.

GAILLARD DE BEARN was one of the early Acadian pioneers. He was among those who wintered at Neutral Island in the St. Croix in 1604-5, and shortly afterwards we read of him at Port Royal. He does not appear to have occupied an important position among the colonists; but he was one of those who made up his mind to live in the new country the balance of his days. De Bearn cared but for two persons in the world—one, his daughter, then in France with a relative of her deceased mother; the other, a priest by whom he had been educated, and who had taken him to his home at the time of the Bartholomew massacre. Father Valcour had on that eventful day gone forth on a mission of mercy, and had promised to a dying mother that her son should be cared for, and that no *improper* influence should be used to induce him to become a Catholic, a promise which the good priest had fulfilled to the letter. Gladly would Pere Valcour have seen his protege grow up in full communion; gladly would he have witnessed his admission to the priesthood, had he not noticed that Gaillard, though outwardly a conformist to the religion of the state, was at heart a Huguenot. After de Bearn's marriage he associated himself more with the Calvinists, without, however, interfering with his pleasant relations with the kind-hearted priest. And when de Bearn went off to the new world, the priest promised to accompany Mlle. de Bearn when it was thought advisable that she should join her father. "These locks are silvery, these limbs are feeble; still, I may do some service in my old age, and, if need be, soften any asperities that may arise in the colony on account of differences of religious belief." As de Bearn was the son of wealthy parents, Father Valcour had interested himself with Henry IV., and a portion of his father's property had been restored; so that de Bearn himself was no needy adventurer, and his daughter was well cared for in France.

The time at length arrived for Mlle. de Bearn to join her father, and

Father Valcour prepared to accompany the Huguenot maiden according promise. Helene de Bearn had met at the Calvinist church Theophile to Maubert, and had not discountenanced his attentions. The young man urged his widowed mother to accompany him to New France; and she, glad to be rid of her persecutor, Arnold LeNoir, who had killed her husband in a duel, and still sought her hand, and had threatened her with evil consequences if she became the bride of another, readily agreed to her son's proposition; the more so, as, since the death of Henry IV., she had no longer powerful friends at court. The vessel that conveyed Father Valcour and Mlle. de Bearn to Acadie, had also on board Mme. Maubert and her son Theophile. The heart of the widow was soon drawn to the motherless Helene; and Theophile would gladly have become the accepted lover, had not Father Valcour urged delay until the pleasure of her father was known.

On their arrival the colony was in commotion. The inhabitants had been composed of both Catholics and Huguenots, who had lived as brethren in peace and harmony. Fears had been entertained that, by the death of Henry IV., religious liberty might suffer; and these fears were beginning to be realized. The Jesuits of Canada, who had nobly made great sacrifices for the spread of their faith, were not very tolerant; and through their influence two members of that order had been sent out from France against the wishes of Gov. Poutrincourt, himself a Roman Catholic. As soon as Fathers Biart and Massé arrived, the seeds of dissension were sown: Father Biart especially was bitter against the heretics. Poutrincourt withstood all the efforts of the Jesuits to draw him into their plans, and a priest, temporarily at Port Royal, stood by him in the emergency. The aged Father Valcour on his arrival was appealed to, and his voice was given decidedly against intolerance and bigotry.

"See," he said, "what France was during the unhappy days of Charles IX., and compare with it the glorious reign of Henri IV. While the former occupied the throne, bloodshed, danger, depression; while the latter, France the foremost nation of the earth. Pursue your proscriptive policy," he said to the Jesuits, "and Acadie is ruined, its settlements destroyed, its homes desolate, and perhaps the foreigner its master. Let Catholic and Huguenot be united, then comfort, happiness, prosperity."

At one time there was a long dispute and high words. At length Pere Valcour tottered to a seat and appeared unconscious for a time. Starting up, he said, "I see blood, death, mangled bodies!" After a pause,—"green fields, beautiful gardens, happy homes, peace, plenty." Again—"I see Henri murdered,—desolation, ruin! Oh, France, France! are your days of liberty gone? The future!—oh, save me from the sight! I see a reign of terror!—France, France, France!" and again swooned away.

CHAPTER II.

Gaillard de Bearn accepted Theophile Maubert for his son-in-law, and gradually an affection sprung up in his heart for Mme. Maubert. A wedding was a rare event in Acadie in those days, and a double marriage was to take place. Of course there was much stir, the event affording room for a great deal of gossip. Public attention was almost wholly di-

vided, as the day approached, between the wedding and the arrival of a ship from France with soldiers and emigrants.

In a building then set apart for Protestant worship the ceremony was to take place. Father Valcour was requested to be present, but declined. Gov. Poutrincourt attended, as well as the leading people, Catholic and Protestant. Among the spectators were several military men who had just come ashore. Theophile Maubert and Helene de Bearn were united together, and then stood forward Gaillard de Bearn and Mme. Maubert.

At that moment Father Valcour quietly glided into a corner, where, almost unobserved, he could watch the proceedings, having felt uneasy for some unexplained reason. The Huguenot minister paused as he enquired if any person objected to the ceremony. A rough voice which made the widow tremble forbade the marriage, and she beheld with amazement Arnold LeNoir before her. The minister demanded his name and his reasons.

"I am Arnold LeNoir, in his Majesty's service," said the stranger, "and I command you to desist."

"Your reasons?"

"The lady understands them," said LeNoir; "she already knows the obstacles and the dangers."

"Unless the reasons are given I will proceed, if the parties are willing."

"Proceed," said de Bearn, who had heard of LeNoir and understood his meaning; "I fear not his threats."

The minister again commenced the services, when LeNoir, addressing his soldiers, directed them to take de Bearn into custody. Gov. Poutrincourt commanded the men to desist, but they paid no attention. A collision between the governor's men and those of the officer became imminent; when Father Valcour, leaving his seclusion, rushed between the conflicting parties. Facing LeNoir, he said, "back, back!—what means this outrage?" LeNoir and his men stepped back, and the governor's party followed the example. The bride fainted: de Bearn seemed to notice not his affianced, but stood motionless in deep thought, his hand on his brow, as if endeavouring to recall some event to his memory; while Pere Valcour gazed steadily at LeNoir, who quailed not before his searching glances. After the confusion all was stillness, except the movements of those who endeavoured to restore the lady to consciousness. As soon as she recovered, Gov. Poutrincourt waved his hand for the conclusion of the ceremony. Again did the service commence, when the words "Let the marriage be stayed!" startled the audience. This time Father Valcour was the speaker. As the minister stopped the aged priest requested permission to hear from the parties concerned, which was readily granted.

"As you value your souls, Mme. Maubert, M. de Bearn and M. LeNoir, answer truly the questions I am about to ask;" and they all nodded assent.

"You knew this lady in France, M. LeNoir?" The officer bowed.

"You sought her hand in marriage?" and he again bowed. "Why were you not united?"

"She married a dog of a Calvinist!" and some of Gov. Poutrincourt's men instinctively grasped their swords.

"Son," said the priest, "our holy religion forbids such language. Let no words of insult be heard in this peaceful place. Is the lady's husband alive, and if not, why forbid her marriage?"

"M. Maubert is dead," said LeNoir; "he fell by my own hand in a duel. I was honourably acquitted, and again sought the lady in marriage, as she owed everything to our family. She refused, and I then told her that marry other than myself she never would. I am well advanced in life, but this arm is still strong, this sword ——."

"You were the lady's guardian once?"

"Yes; she was educated by my mother."

"And where did your mother obtain the girl?"

"She was supposed to be an orphan child—perhaps of the Huguenots."

"Picked up by you at the time of the Bartholomew massacre?" said the priest at a venture; and the officer bowed.

"M. de Bearn," said Pere Valcour, "do you remember the day I took you from the bedside of a departed mother to my own home? You were small then, but old enough to remember."

"I recollect," said de Bearn.

"You have told me if you ever met the slayer of your brother you could recognise his features. Look at that man," pointing to LeNoir, who was now fifty-eight years of age.

Looking the officer full in the face, de Bearn replied, "there stands my brother's murderer. I saw the blow struck, and hid behind the window draperies."

"You had a sister, a little girl, you have told me," said the priest.

"Yes; and he," pointing to LeNoir, "then a very young man, attracted by the cries of the child, was about to plunge his sword through her heart, when, changing his purpose, he took it up in his arms and carried it I know not whither. Until to-day I have sought that face in vain. I cannot be mistaken in that countenance!—Man, what did you do with the child?"

The priest motioned LeNoir to silence, when de Bearn left the side of his intended, new passions and new thoughts seeming to struggle within his breast.

"Mme. Maubert," said Father Valcour, "do you remember anything of your childhood before you lived with Mme. LeNoir? Do you remember if you ever had a brother?"

Putting her hand to her forehead, Mme. Maubert remained in thought a moment. "I remember—it seems like a dream,—I recollect a playmate, a brother. I remember a horrid sight—blood, blood,—a shriek,—something glittering above me! Oh! it's only a dream—only a dream!"

"And now," said the aged priest, "listen to my tale:—On the eventful Bartholomew morning, sleep had gone from me. As day dawned I was impelled to go into the street; blood seemed everywhere. I entered the de Bearn mansion, out of which two men had passed, followed by a youth (whose features I remember) with a child in his arms. The family had all been murdered, with the exception of a boy who had hidden behind the curtain. Those features," said he, turning to LeNoir, "are your features. Since that morning we have not met till to-day. You are not amenable to the laws of France for your crimes on that occasion, but

you are responsible to a higher power. Repent of the past, atone for your sins, and live a holy life the remainder of your days. Your Excellency," turning to Governor Poutrincourt, "can you not trace the same features in the couple before you, evidently the children of the same parents?" and the priest glided to the retired spot whence he had come, as if out of place in that assembly.

"My sister—my long lost sister!" exclaimed de Bearn. "My brother, oh, my brother!" and Mme. Maubert again fainted.

The proceedings were brought to a close. When an opportunity offered, the fiery Theophile Maubert privately addressed LeNoir: "I had promised to avenge the death of my father and the persecution of my mother, but you have, unintentionally on your part and for your own purposes, rendered us all a service. Let the past be buried," and he waited not for an answer.

LeNoir became a source of trouble to the colony, losing no opportunity to insult the Huguenots, and plotted with Father Biart. Gov. Poutrincourt was frequently subject to insult, and he hesitated not to tell the Jesuit that it was his business to govern, while the functions of the latter were solely confined to spiritual matters.

CHAPTER III.

M. Poutrincourt at length retired from Acadie in disgust. The greater part of the Huguenots, feeling unsafe, abandoned the colony, M. Maubert and the ladies among others. Gaillard de Bearn and Father Valcour chose to remain and share the trials with those who were left behind.

Biencourt, the new governor, was not so mild as his father. Through his influence LeNoir was dismissed from the French service. Calling to him one day Fathers Biart and Massé, he said, I know of your intrigues: I will pass them by this time; but as sure as you make trouble I will have you punished just as I would punish other persons. And both priest and governor wrote to France on the subject. The governor *was not sustained* in his course, and the Jesuits *were ordered to St. Sauveur*, to a new settlement, which was shortly afterwards captured by Argall. Father Biart was taken to Virginia a prisoner, and longing to revenge himself on Biencourt, offered to show the English to Port Royal, which he carried into effect, and Port Royal was taken, the settlement broken up, and many of the people carried away prisoners. Biencourt and a number escaped, and found a refuge among the Indians. Father Valcour occupied his time with his missionary work, and de Bearn lived the life of a hunter. The refugees returned to Port Royal after some time, and Biencourt put affairs in as satisfactory a condition as possible.

A few years later, at some distance from Port Royal, a white man is journeying towards the settlement, accompanied by a number of red men. Meeting an Indian against whom he has a grudge, he resolves on revenge, and makes an excuse. The Indian is well known as a consistent Huguenot; and LeNoir, now about sixty-five years old, proposes to his red companions to seize the heretic. The Indian is accordingly seized and ordered to recant. Declining, he is stripped of the greater part of his clothing, bound to a tree, and under the directions of LeNoir is lashed mercilessly. The Indian bears the punishment without a murmur,

and shows no signs of flinching. While the brutal work is in progress, de Bearn approaches unobserved. He is on his way to Port Royal to meet Father Valcour, and this is the day appointed. The victim gains a respite while de Bearn makes enquiries. LeNoir, who has given de Bearn but a very cool welcome, directs the Indians to proceed; but de Bearn is a favourite among the red men, and he opposes. The Indians refuse to obey LeNoir, when de Bearn is about to untie the cords and let the captive free. A difficulty occurs between the white men; the Indians step to one side, weapons are used, and a hand to-hand conflict follows. At length de Bearn receives a severe wound, when Father Valcour, passing towards Port Royal, arrives and stays further conflict at the risk of his life. "Children," he said, "can quarrels not be settled without blood?" Explanations followed, and de Bearn seated himself while the priest released the Huguenot. Turning to LeNoir the priest said:—

"It is your business and mine to live in accordance with the rules of our church—to teach men its truths; but we have no right to enforce belief. Every man has to account to his maker. As yet the Catholic persecutes the Huguenot and the Huguenot the Catholic. I see the glorious future revealing itself, when side by side rise Catholic and Protestant temples, and every man worshipping God in his own way. Hasten the day, O Father, when persecution shall end, and men shall live in peace."

Attention was now drawn to de Bearn, while LeNoir slipped off alone. The life-blood of de Bearn was ebbing away. "Write to France," said the dying man; "tell them I loved them all. Tell Maubert not to revenge my death. Thanks, father, for your kindness to my dying mother and the orphan boy. Mother, I meet you ——!" his voice failed and he breathed his last.

Father Valcour had the body of de Bearn properly buried, and directed the Indians to carry their Huguenot brother to Port Royal, where Biencourt had him properly cared for. Father Valcour reported the circumstance to the governor: a search was made for LeNoir, but no tidings came for a few weeks. His body was at last discovered under a heap of leaves, bearing marks of violence. It was supposed the Indians had retaliated for the death of de Bearn, and rid themselves of one who was always getting them into difficulty.

Father Valcour spent a short time at Port Royal, making preparations for a final departure from the place of civilization. He wrote his last letter to M. Maubert, closing as follows:—

"I have allowed myself too long to set my thoughts on things earthly, and have had too many earthly friendships. I trust I may be forgiven. I go henceforth further away from the settlements, and devote the remainder of my days to the conversion of the heathen."

Leaving Port Royal, he passed through the wilderness down the Annapolis valley, telling the red men as he went the story of the cross, and was never seen at Port Royal afterwards. He made his way around the head of the Bay; and when the Recollet fathers, in 1620, went up the St. John river to convert the Indians, they heard of the aged patriarch who had passed through to its head waters, where he soon after rested from his labours.

CANADIAN CHARACTERS.

No. 2.—THE MAN WHO ROSE FROM NOTHING.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

Around the world the fame is blown
Of fighting heroes, dead and gone;
But we've a hero of our own—
The man who rose from nothing.

He's a magician great and grand;
The forests fled at his command,
And here he said "let cities stand"—
The man who rose from nothing.

And in our legislative hall
He towering stands alone, like Saul,
"A head and shoulders over all"—
The man who rose from nothing.

He sees that truth shall have its swing,
Dreads no insult the knave can fling;
For he's a *man* and not a *thing*—
The man who rose from nothing.

And he'll have neither knave nor fool,
For he was bred in hardship's school;
The very man who ought to rule—
The man who rose from nothing.

His efforts he will ne'er relax,
Has faith in figures and in facts,
And always calls an axe an axe—
The man who rose from nothing.

The gentleman in word and deed,
And short and simple is his creed:
'Fear God and help the soul in need!"—
The man who rose from nothing.

In other lands he's hardly known,
For he's a product of our own;
Could grace a shanty or a throne—
The man who rose from nothing.

Here's to the land of lakes and pines,
On which the sun of freedom shines,
Because we meet on all our lines
The man who rose from nothing.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DEESIDE.

By J. R. Kingston, Ontario.

Hæc olim meminisse juvat.—Horace.

In attempting to put together a few stray reminiscences of the "days o' lang syne," and my experiences of the folk in one of the upper-lying parishes in the county of which my native town is the capital, I must premise, by appropriating for what I have to say, the deprecative language of Canning's Knife-grinder:—

Story! God bless your honour, I have none to tell, sir,—

and my lucubrations can therefore rank no higher than as gossip, or illustrations of the process of mental "daundering."

A reference to a Gazetteer will show that there are three rivers in Britain bearing the euphonious name of Dee. The English or rather Welsh stream is celebrated in the ancient ditty:—

There was a jolly miller once
Lived on the river Dee,
He danced and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he.
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be,
"I care for nobody, no, not I,
Since nobody cares for me."

Another river of this name flows through the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in the south-west of Scotland. It is referred to in the beautiful verses written by John Lowe, son of a gardener at Kenmuir Castle, in Galloway, commemorative of the loss at sea of a gentleman named Alexander Miller, the lover of Miss Mary Macghie, about the year 1772, the first of which may be quoted:

The moon had climb'd the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low, a voice was heard,
Saying, "Mary weep no more for me."

The Dee, to which my recollections have reference, is the largest of the three rivers bearing that name. It rises in the neighbourhood of the mountain Ben Muchdhui, 25 miles north-west of Castleton of Braemar, and, after a course of 96 miles, it falls into the German Ocean at Aberdeen. It is of course superfluous here to mention that Her Majesty's favourite residence, Balmoral, is situated on the south bank of the river, about 48 miles west of Aberdeen, at the base of the north shoulder of Lochnagar, the mountain forming the subject of Byron's lyric *Away ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses.* This noble poet spent a portion of his early boyhood in the neighbourhood of the locality whose denizens form the subject of my recollections. He al-

ludes to the river several times throughout his works. Thus, in one of his lyrics included among his *Hours of Idleness*, there occurs this stanza:

I arose with the dawn; with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along;
I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,
And heard at a distance the Highlander's song.

He includes the river also in the allusion made by him in *Don Juan* to the recollections of his childhood and early youth:

—My heart flies to my head—
As "Auld lang syne" brings Scotland one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgownie's brig's *black wall*,
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams—
* * * * * * * *

As may be supposed, the river, with its scenery and associations, has frequently formed the theme of Votaries of the Muses less known to fame than was the unhappy Byron. A number of families inhabiting its banks in days of yore, several of whom are "yet to the fore," figure in the ballad poetry of the north-east of Scotland; and, altogether, it may be said that, in comparison with other rivers in Britain, the Dee of Aberdeenshire is entitled to no mean rank in point of literary and historical associations.

A single specimen from the works of an Aberdeen poet, the late John Imlah,* will suffice to show the estimation in which the river and the people inhabiting its banks, are held in that town. In a panegyric, written by him for a certain festive occasion in his native town, entitled BON-ACCORD, (the motto of Aberdeen), is the following stanza:—

Come fill a bumper o' the best
That man can make frae grape or grain,
Let *clean-cap-out* our zeal attest
For "Deeside dichtin"† o'er again;
And here's a stoup, and hame-ow'r strain,
For social souls, at bowl and board,
That winna gang against the grain
Wi' them wha bide in Bon-Accord!

Finally, on the subject of local metrical reference to the Dee, there may be quoted a couplet, describing very pithily, the characteristics of that river in contrast to its sister stream the Don, (mentioned by Byron), which flows through Aberdeenshire in a direction nearly parallel to it, and enters the sea at some three miles distance to the northward of the mouth of the Dee, at Aberdeen:

A mile of Don's worth two of Dee,
Except for salmon, stone and tree.

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* Imlah was a piano-tuner, in the employment of Messrs. Broadwood, the eminent musical instrument makers, of London. His pieces, which appeared under the *nom de plume* of *Matt. Macaiah*, are well written, showing no little poetical genius. No one could make himself more agreeable at the social board, and he was a welcome guest wherever he appeared. He died, unmarried, some twenty years ago. See Blackie's Book of Scottish Song for some of his pieces.

† A "Deeside dichtin" means a castigation as effectual as that affected by Cromwell's "crowning mercy," the recent Prussian victory of Sadowa, or last, though not least, Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

At the present era in the nineteenth century, when the power of steam has achieved such wonders in lessening distances, both by sea and land, those of an age not exceeding thirty can have little idea of the exquisite pleasure derived by a boy in Scotland, in contemplation of a journey of 40 to 50 miles from home, in the days when railways were not, steam-boats were few, the roads (except leading lines) were bad, and stage coaches were lumbering and slow. The expense of travelling by any of these modes of conveyance was so great as to deter almost all but those bent on business avocations from moving about. In a middle-class Scottish household, therefore, such as my father's, a contemplated excursion of 40 miles up Deeside would have formed a topic of animated conversation and delightful anticipation for weeks and months previous to the eventful day when it was to commence. It may give some notion of the ecstatic delight with which I, then an urchin, in my ninth year, received my father's unexpected announcement that I was shortly to accompany him in a projected journey to his native parish of Tullich, (adjoining Crathie, in which Balmoral is situated), when I mention that, until then, my experiences of travel had been confined to taking part in two annual family excursions, covering distances of only a few miles each. The first was early in May, by ferry row-boat, to Torry, a hamlet in Kincardinshire, locally situated, with reference to Aberdeen, as Carleton is to St. John. It was presided over by my mother, assisted by her faithful and active hench-woman, Kirsty our nurse, and the object of this excursion was to furnish the party with a treat of curds and cream, a dainty procurable by the folk in Aberdeen only by going to the farm-houses in the vicinity of the town.* The second of these *saturnalia* was in the fruit season, when the juicy and toothsome gooseberry hung in abundance on the bushes—Aberdeen and its neighbourhood having long been famed for the excellence of this fruit, as well as for the size and flavour of its strawberries. This *majus iter* of the year was superintend-

* It appears that, at the beginning of the 16th century, the Merchants of Edinburgh, had nothing better to expose for sale at the Cross of the city, than curds and milk. They are roundly taken to task for this and sundry other short-comings by William Dunbar, the poet-laureate, at the court of the chivalrous but ill-fated James IV.:

Why will ye, merchants of renoune,
Let Edinburghe, your nobill toune,
For laik of reformatioune
The common profit tyne and fame?
Think ye not shame,
That ony uthir regioune
Sall with dishonour hurt your name?
* * * *
At your Hie Croce, where gold and silk
Suld be, there is but cruds and milk;
And at your Tron but cockle and wilk,
Panshes, puddings of Jock and Jame:
Think ye not shame,
Sen as the world says that ilk
In hurt and slander of your name?

The *Tron* here referred to was the public weighing-beam; *Jock* and *Jame* were names probably local, given to certain kinds of puddings now unknown.

ed by my father, (who did not condescend to curds and cream!) and our journey or voyage of some four miles was accomplished by the canal boat from Kittybrewster, now a station on the Great North of Scotland Railway, by which the canal from Aberdeen to Inveruriy has been superseded, the line, for that distance, occupying for the most part the former bed of the canal. Our destination was "Haud-again," a small hostelry, kept by the parents of a young man in my father's office, to which was attached a large and well-stocked fruit garden. On our arrival at Haud-again, we were turned into this inviting region, with license to pull and eat *ad libitum*, but with the understanding that we were to "pouch nane." I have yet a grateful recollection of the zest with which my brothers and I discussed the luscious, tempting "grosers," growing in such profusion at Haud-again, and of our enjoyment of the passage to and fro in the "fly-boat."

On a fine day, in the summer of 18—, my father and I seated ourselves in the stage coach, plying between Aberdeen and Ballater, of which Johnnie Irvine was proprietor and driver. He was quite a character in his way, and was long popular on the Deeside road. He was clad in tartan, of the Farquharson clan, from top to toe, his headpiece consisting of a Tam o' Shanter bonnet of portentous dimensions, while his coat was large and abounded in capacious pockets. in which he carried letters and small parcels, to be delivered on the way, the ample skirts of this garment reaching almost to his feet. He had a face like a "nor' east moon," lighted up by a merry, twinkling gray eye, and a self-satisfied sarcastic smile always lurked about the corners of his mouth. He abounded in good-humoured "chaff," and could turn the laugh very deftly against any one attempting to take him off. He was a good many years on the road, and ceased to run his coach only after a gallant contest with several competitors for the public favour, the one who eventually monopolised the ground having had the largest purse.

On this journey, I did not enjoy the pleasure of a ride on the top of the "Cathern convenience," as my father had to travel inside, owing to the then state of his health, and I therefore saw little of the fine scenery along the road. We had for our fellow passengers inside a couple of dull, prosy people, and the journey itself afforded interest to me mainly from the excellent dinner furnished by the Deeside "Meg Dods," Mrs. Gordon at Kincardine O'Neil, the memory of whose faultless *cuisine* is still fragrant, although it is upwards of twenty years since she died, full of years and gastronomic honours. At this stage of the journey, Johnnie Irvine very judiciously halted his coach for a whole hour, and thus his passengers had ample leisure to discuss Mrs. Gordon's good things, and enjoy a "daunder," if so minded, through the quiet and prettily situated village. This practice was much commended by Deeside travellers in those slow-going times, although now-a-days, alas, a halt of such duration, and for such a commendable purpose, ranks among the customs more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Another half hour's stoppage for tea at Charlestown of Aboyne afforded a second agreeable episode in the journey, and after an hour's jolting over the rough and boulder-strewed road through the long and

dismal muir of Dinnet,—a fit spot for the doings of the witches in *Macbeth*—we reached our destination in the quiet "auld-warld" looking hamlet of Tullich, having been some 8 or 9 hours on our journey of 40 miles. We were cordially and affectionately received by the relatives, named Paterson, whom we had come to visit. The household consisted of two brothers and a sister, none of whom had ever married, the trio having lived together, in a plain and economical manner, from their earliest years, and they continued to reside with each other until only one of them survived. James, or Jamie, as he was generally called, was the patriarch of the household, his brother William being younger than he and than Lizzie their sister. They occupied a small farm on the haugh land between the public road and the river, to which was attached a pretty extensive grazing (as grazings go in that quarter of Scotland) for sheep and black cattle, on the hill and moorland lying to the north of the little hamlet. William took the direction of the farm, doing all the business connected with the purchase and sale of stock and produce, while Jamie, clad in his shepherd's plaid, and carrying a good sized cudgel, acted as cow-herd and shepherd, being assisted in this important department by a sagacious and well-trained colley dog, of the purest breed, whose services could not have been dispensed with. At the time of our visit, our worthy friends were preparing to occupy a newly erected dwelling house,—small in size, but substantially built and comfortable inside, though its walls knew neither lath nor plaster,—which shortly superseded the old and weather-beaten "biggin" they were then occupying, whose limited accommodations consisted of a "butt, a ben and a mid." This cabin was guiltless of chimneys, the smoke, from the peat fires on the hearths at the gables, finding its way through holes in the roof, over which were placed square wooden "lums." The rafters, unceiled, were jet black and shining, as with an artificial varnish, from the effects of the peat smoke, of which a thin blue cloud constantly floated through the upper region of the cottage. Attached to one end of this humble structure was a small out-house or "toofall"* fitted up with a counter, shelves, nests of drawers, &c., in which Lizzie dispensed to her neighbours, in her own unpretending and leisurely way, tea, sugar and other groceries with tobacco and snuff, and, as I soon discovered, her stock of merchandise included a selection of confectionary dainties, by the frequently gratuitous dispensation of which to the juveniles sent on errands to her little shop, she earned a reputation for kindliness, which, I believe, is still remembered in the hamlet, although she has been resting in the kirk-yard of Tullich for more than thirty years. The manners of the brothers and sister, though plain, had no taint of coarseness, and their conversation showed that they had each, to a greater or less extent, profited by the education they had obtained at the parish school. They all enjoyed excellent health, and, being well off as regards means, they were always in good spirits, although never rising far out of the region of Scotch

* According to Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, derived from the Teutonic, and meaning a building annexed to the wall of a larger one.

"douceness." The brothers were clad in suits of blue homespun cloth, manufactured by a neighbouring customer-weaver, and they wore the flat, broad blue bonnet, now seldom seen on the heads of the country folk in Scotland. Lizzie, as became her mature years, wore a close cap or "mutch," of white muslin, and her dress was of dark coloured wincey, of stout and serviceable material, the homeliness of which was relieved by a white muslin kerchief worn round the neck and folded over the bosom. She had no pretensions to personal beauty, but she was a "trig, little bodie," and her cheery smile and "couthie" manner made up for her lack of personal attractions. Jamie, in make, costume and personal appearance, as well as in gait, so closely resembled the principal figure in Sir David Wilkie's well-known picture *The Rent Day*, (illustrative of the couplet in Burns' *Twa Dogs*—

Puir tenant bodies scant o'cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash)—

that, as I well remember, when I first saw an engraving of this picture, I could not help fancying that the illustrious painter might, at some time or another, have penetrated to this quarter of Deeside, and seeing Jamie's venerable figure, have taken him for his model—reproducing on the canvas Jamie's douce features, his short skirted coat, knee-breeks and boot hose. William was good looking, his features being well formed and betokening the possession of a fair share of shrewdness and intelligence. His face was embellished by a *nez prononcé*, which he indulged with a moderate supply of the "titillating dust," administered by a "snuff-pen," a little implement used by snuff-takers in his canny and thrifty country.

My father and I were quartered in the new house already spoken of, but we had our meals with the trio in the old cottage, sharing the simple fare on which our friends subsisted thoughout the year. In North America, where the table, even in a log-shanty, is loaded at every meal with a variety and abundance of good things, people would naturally wonder that well-to-do folk like our friends should have been contented with the homely fare on which they subsisted, and which they discussed with a relish an alderman might have envied. Butcher meat or fowls appeared on their board but once or twice throughout the year. Fish, except an occasional trout or salmon presented surreptitiously by a friendly poacher, they never tasted, while pies, pastry and pickles they knew only by name. At the time of my first visit to our friends, breakfast consisted of

The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food,

eaten with milk; for dinner we had milk brose, or broth of barley and milk, and for supper, sowens with rich cream, the latter condiment appearing as a treat to the guests of the family. Skim-milk, cheese and fresh butter of rare flavour appeared on the table at every meal. The bread used was in the form adopted in the "land o' cakes;" but the material employed was rye-flour, slightly mixed with oat-meal, to qualify the peculiar flavour of the former grain, and I cannot say that, even with the appetite of a healthy juvenile, I relished it. This style of living, diversified by dishes of vegetables—principally potatoes, kail

and cabbage, the growth of the kail-yard, adjoining the cottage—prevailed with our friends, as it does, I believe, in its essentials, throughout the parish of Tullich to the present day.*

The table on which the meals of the household were discussed consisted of a bracket, about five feet long by two at its greatest breadth, (shaped somewhat like the outline of a balloon,) the smaller end of which was attached by a hinge to the wall of the "butt" end of the house near the hearth. When not in use it was turned up flat against the wall and secured in position by a "sneck," so as to be out of the way. It was fitted at one end with a folding leg which rested on the floor when the contrivance had to duty as a table. It formed an adjunct of that piece of kitchen furniture generally in use in the "butt" end of Scottish cottages, the dais (pronounced in Aberdeenshire *deese*), and, according to the custom of the country, the post of honour at meals was occupied by Jamie, as the patriarch of the household, who sat on the dais, with the bracket or table on his right hand. The plain folk who then dwelt in Tullich did not consider it necessary to remain uncovered during meals. The two brothers, therefore, wore their blue bonnets while they sat at table; but the grace before meat being regularly said by Jamie, due homage was done by the bonnets being doffed while the blessing was asked. He lifted his bonnet a few inches off his head and held it in one position, while he slowly and reverently uttered the "guid words;" and when he had concluded, it was deliberately replaced. This worthy household were satisfied with table appointments of the plainest kind—use, not show, being the only requisite studied; their spoons, for instance, employed in the discussion of parritch, brose, &c., being made of ox-horn, and of dimensions such as would have suited the "kail-suppers o' Fife." William, as the manager of the farm, visited Aberdeen at least once a year, to attend the wool market held in June, and transact other business requiring his attention. Neither Jamie nor Lizzie, however, to the end of their existence, were ten miles away from Tullich, having been content to pass their uneventful lives in the seclu ion of the little hamlet.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

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* Milk forms an important item in the food of the peasantry in Scotland, and is partaken of at almost every meal. In the *Cotter's Saturday Night* it is referred to as

The soup their only hawkie does afford
That yont the hallan snugly chows her cud.

The loss of his "only hawkie" to a poor cotter in Tullich has entailed upon his household the dire necessity of "kitchening" the parritch with *raw sowens*, which may be defined as uncooked hasty-pudding, made from the finer particles of oatmeal adhering to the husks in the process of grinding, the husks being steeped in water for some time until the liquid becomes acidulated, and is then poured off, carrying with it the floury particles. This unpretentious compound must do duty as milk until the cotter is enabled to procure another cow.

They learned all they cared to know of

—what the news is,
Who wins and who loses,
The cause of all this pother and rout,

in the outer world, from the *Aberdeen Journal*, that eminently successful and well-conducted newspaper, which has continued, in the hands of the lineal descendants of the original proprietor, to maintain the advocacy of a mild and tolerant conservatism since the Scottish rebellion in 1745. The household had their turn of this paper, subscribed for by a small "club" of neighbours in Tullich, and it was read aloud by William for the benefit of his brother and sister. When the Parliamentary Reform Bill for Scotland was passed, William was entered on the roll of voters, and, with the other tenants on the estate of Monaltrie, for which the late Mr. Roy, of Altdowrie Cottage, Invercauld, was factor, always voted for the conservative candidate, Whiggery being tabooed on the estates of Monaltrie and Invercauld.

The visit paid by me to our friends in company with my father was of brief duration; but I had ample opportunity of getting intimately acquainted with them on a subsequent occasion, when I spent the whole of my summer holidays under charge of Lizzie, as I had been ordered to the country to recruit. The kindly woman petted and made much of me, administering on every fitting occasion a due supply of the dainties already referred to. I shortly knew when she intended thus to treat me, by her exclamation, "faar's my laddie?—faar's my laddie?" and her satisfaction with my conduct when I was a "good boy" was expressed by her hearty exclamation, "fawmous, fawmous!" I was at this time also the subject of regard by an ancient maiden, Lizzie Galt, living in an adjoining cottage, who had been for a good many years, when in her prime, a servant in my grandfather's family, in the neighbouring village of Ballater. Lizzie Galt was famed the country side for the peculiar style of head-dress which she affected. It consisted of a stupendous white mutch, owing its bulk, it was said, to half a dozen interior coverings, of which it was the outer integument, and her head was thus in its appearance out of proportion to the rest of her person. She set great store on a few yards of white muslin sent to me from Aberdeen, to be presented to her for the construction of mutches. Notwithstanding this peculiarity, Lizzie Galt was not wanting in shrewdness and intelligence, her style of head-gear being her only weakness.

It may here be noted, as bearing on the topography of this district of Deeside, that the inhabitants, living as they do in a narrow tract of country lying between steep hils, seldom traversed laterally but by sportsmen and shepherds, talk of their motions hither and thither only in one line. The folk in Tullich thus speak of going "wast to the village" (of Ballater), or "east to Cammis o' May;" and they have seldom occasion to speak of the other two cardinal points of the compass.

Some years after Lizzie Paterson's death, William gave up the farm, and having "made his pile" by a life of industry and economy, he purchased a small property adjoining the farm of Milltown of Tul-

lich, called Oakwood Cottage, where he and his brother Jamie spent the remainder of their lives in comfort. During the numerous subsequent visits which I paid to this quarter in my youth and early manhood, I generally lived at the farm-house on the Milltown, which was long occupied by Charles Paterson, a brother of the trio referred to. Like them, he was in good circumstances, and being well read and intelligent, being also one of the elders of the parish, he was regarded throughout the district as one to whom might justly be applied Dr. Chalmers' significant designation, "a man of weicht." "Milton," as he was called, delighted in nothing so much as a "twa-handit crack" *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, and his remarks on such occasions were always shrewd and to the point, expressed though they were in the broad Doric for which Aberdeenshire is famed. His garb was the same as that of his brothers, and included the blue bonnet worn by them. His features, though not cast with regularity, were pleasing, especially when lighted up by a smile, and he might have sat to a painter as a model for a picture illustrative of Burns' *Cotter's Saturday Night*, his appearance as he advanced in age being highly venerable and attractive. With "lyart haffets wearing thin and bare," his head was well formed, and his light-blue eyes looked keenly forth from underneath bushy overhanging eye-brows. Milton's sole weakness was his fondness for snuff, of which he imbibed large quantities; but he cultivated the habit "under difficulties" which would have deterred most people from practising it. He had a troublesome fleshy growth in his nostrils, which almost entirely obstructed them, and rendered it necessary for him to exert some force in "redding" them, when about to take a pinch, by a series of loud snorts, portentous and alarming to one hearing them vented for the first time. Having thus cleared a passage for his snuff, the same force had to be exerted to make it ascend high enough to effect the desired titillation, so that the administration of each pinch was the work of several minutes. At church, Milton's snuff-taking ("lickin" is the Aberdeenshire phrase) came to be regarded as an "institution," and, as he ventured only on one or two pinches in the course of the service, the dissonant tones of his nasal organ but little disturbed his fellow worshippers. Sitting with him at the Milltown on one occasion, engaged in a crack, I referred to the difficulty under which he laboured in discussing his snuff, as he was then enduring more than ordinary inconvenience from the obstruction referred to. He had just with great exertion got a pinch up the distance required, and as a rejoinder to my remark he said, "It's sae ill to get the sneeshin up, add sae little guid it does me that when I've gotten it there, that I micht just as weel lick aiss."* He persevered, however, in snuff-taknig to the end of his life. But enough of these reminiscences for the present. My space and "aiblins" my reader's patience are both exhausted, and I reserve for a future occasion notices of sundry other folk in Tullich and Ballater, with peculiarities more marked than those I have attempted to chronicle, for whose sayings and doings, as observed by me

In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,

I shall ever reserve a cherished nook in my memory. I ask for these

lowly people and their belongings the consideration bespoken by the poet:

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

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* This word forms the key-note, so to speak, of the poem of *Man's Mortality*, by Dunbar, the laureate, which commences thus:—

Memento, Homo, quod cinis es!
Think, Man, thou art but erd an aiss;
Lang hear to dwell na thing thou press,
For as thou come so shalt thou pass,
Like as ane shadow on ane glass, &c.

JOHN BULL ON HIS TRAVELS.

By Evan MacColl, Kingston, Ontario.

John Bull goes on a tour through France:—
Its people dance
And laugh and sing, all happy—rich and poor:
What brainless fools these French are, to be sure!
He never saw such goings on!
He'll write the *Times* each in and out o't:
That land is blest—that land alone
Where Saxons rule,—that's all about it!

Now goes he grumbling up the Rhine,
Self-superfine,—
Finds Rhenish wines but sorry stuff,
And the calm German such a muff!
Scornful of all who come between
The wind and his nobility,
The Teuton thinks the man insane,
And leaves him to his humours free.

Anon, he roams through Switzerland:
Its mountains grand
If grand to *him*, is pretty much a question
Dependent on the state of his digestion.
He finds the Swiss *sans* any lord
Or duke or marquis—men who must
Be rulers born: The thing's absurd!
He quits the country in disgust.

The Isles of Greece now wandering through,
Each fairest view
Is fair or foul to him, just as the sinner
Findeth the chances of roast beef for dinner.
He owns indeed the Greeks one day
'Mong nations held the foremost place;
Yet all that granted, what were they
Matched with the Anglo-Saxon race?

At last arrived in Italy—
What does he see?
Half-naked beggars swarming everywhere—
A contrast vile, of course, to England fair!

Such sights our traveller sets a loathing,—
He sighs for England once again,
Where, though men starve, 'tis counted nothing,
If only they but starve unseen.

SONGS OF A WANDERER.*

The people of Canada have good reason to feel proud of the volume whose title appears at the head of this paper; for, open it where you will, some striking passage greets the eye, and in rapid succession bold and effective war lyrics are followed by calm and tranquil love pictures. Then again, as if by magic, the reader is transported from this mundane sphere into regions far away, to mingle for a time with sprites and demons, and then, enraptured, meander through more blissful realms. The author, Mr. Ryan, is quite a young man, having been born at Toronto in the year 1840; but he has probably seen more of the world than many double or treble his age. He was actively engaged in the Russian war, and many of his earlier poems are founded on Crimean episodes. He excels in war scenes.

The first poem is *La Sentinella*, and it is full of beauty. The leading character is the author's friend, Lionore, who appears to be somewhat strangely constituted:

"He moved among his fellows calm and great—
The tempest that had swept across his soul
Had made him so, but left him desolate;
So as his hope had fixed no earthly goal
He lived unmoved by things o'er which men have control."

A soldier's barrack was no place for such a man. His mild nature was not fitted to bear with "the gay and rude and reckless spirits," as his companions in arms were. Whilst they were sitting round the bivouac, chatting over the events of the day and thinking of what the "morrow would bring forth," *his* mind wandered back to his happy boyhood days—his thoughts reverted to

"His blue-eyed sisters smiling as of old;"

the old familiar objects at home appeared before him, which

"The treasures of remembrance sweet unrolled.
* * * * * *
Oh! it is sad to roam this lovely earth
With pensive thought alone for company,
To gaze on scenes of beauty, peace or mirth,
And yet with them to have no sympathy;
To look around and find there is for thee
No home of quiet, nor a place of rest,
Save, should you die, where'er you chance to be,
Maternal earth would clasp you to her breast
In that mysterious state where purer hopes are blest."

* "Songs of a Wanderer," by Carroll Ryan: Ottawa, G. E. Desbarats.

The soldier-poet's description of the battles of the Alma and Inkerman, in the same poem, are very fine. We quote:—

"When Russia's despot sent his millions forth,
His mean, hereditary, voiceless slaves,
Like icy torrents loosened in the north,
That bear destruction on their seething waves,
They onward came; but serfs are little worth
Opposed by freemen, and they sank in graves
Which he, and such as he, did make beside
The Alma's ever memorable tide!

"Again at Inkerman he hurled them back,
And stood triumphant on the awful field
When night o'er carnage hung a shadow black,
And headlong ranks in conflict wildly reeled,
'Mid scenes of horror that the soul would rack
With thoughts of anguish, he did firmly wield
The sword of justice, nor did sheath the blade
Until the tyrant shrank aback dismayed."

The evening wanes and the wind becomes colder. The sun has sunk to rest behind the hill, and to while away the hour the solitary sentinel sings:

"The battle was all over,
And murky clouds of night
Come quickly up to cover
The gore-encrimsoned height
Of Inkerman, where thousands lay
In death's unwaking sleep:
And dogs that tore their reeking prey
Howled o'er the dismal steep;

"When Raymond, sorely wounded,
Laid down his throbbing head
To die, while night winds sounded
Their dirge above the dead.
He felt his life go from him
With every feeble breath—
His heart grow cold, his eye grow dim,
Beneath the hand of death.
* * * * * *
"And tell her the last pray'r he sighed
To God's eternal throne,
Was for his long forsaken bride
In Erin left alone.
'Oh! now have mercy on me, God!'
With feeble voice he cried,
As, falling back upon the sod,
The wounded soldier died."

The *Fall of Quebec* is grandly sublime:

"Soon on the shore the marshalled squadrons stand,
And high above them looms the fortress proud
In awful silence, threat'ning, stern and grand;
Around its bat'ries hung the grayish cloud
Of morning, then the trumpet sounded loud
From guard to guard along the leagured wall,
While the invaders up the mountain crowd,
And form the ranks to their commander's call,
Presenting there a front that nothing could appal."

The death of the brave Wolfe is nobly sketched. The march of the forces, the charge, the repulse, the wounded, the dying, the dead, the fierce carnage, are all ably portrayed. Quite a romantic tinge is given to this epic:—A pale face, while walking in the woods, is seized by an Indian brave, who spares his life until the morn shall have unfolded itself. The captive, overcome by awe, is unable to rise: his captor deems him dead, but having doubts about it, takes him home with him,

"Where squaws attend to cure him for the gauntlet race."

He recovers in time, and is then led forth to the stake. He is bound; the faggots are piled around him: a moment more and the match will be applied. Smiles play upon his face; no remorse, agony or terror is depicted there. But why are his bonds suddenly loosened and he set free?—Has succour come? No: all round him are the horrible forms of the fiendish red men. No friends' willing hands are engaged in freeing him: it is done at the command of the mighty chief, who, all at once, takes a strong liking for the brave youth who scorns fear. He would have him supply the place of a long lost son who was killed in battle years before. The rescued captive grasps the proffered hand of the old chief and swears obedience to his will. Time rolls on. The white man becomes attached to his friend the chief, who makes all things pleasant and agreeable for him. But alas! in an evil day intelligence comes to the tribe of a battle soon to be fought. Edward will have to fight against his own father and his hosts, or engage in conflict with his lately found friends. He goes to battle with the Indians against his own flesh and blood.

Five hundred braves arose on a morning fine, "drest in their war paint," sang their battle song, and then marched on to the field of battle. When they reached the place

"Where soon conflicting foes would tread the gory ground,"

the aged chief said unto his protege, after wiping away a tear that, unbidden, coursed down his swarthy cheek, for "a father's love had triumphed o'er his pride:"

"'Art thou, pale face, thy father's only son,
And dost think he lives for thee to seek?'
'My chief, I am my father's only son,
And fondly do I hope his race of life's not run.'"

The old man's face was clouded for a moment by a look of sadness; but he gained the mastery over his feelings. Said he:

* * * * "Thou art free!
Go to thy people—see thy father soon,
That his heart may rejoice when he shall see
The sun at morning rise, and spring-time's blooming tree."

A vivid picture is drawn of the battle. The old Indian mows his enemies down like grass; but at length the hero of a "hundred fights" lies bleeding on the ground. No more will he handle club and tomahawk; he is dead.

Of course Edward has felt the mystic power of Cupid's winged shafts. During the long years of absence, which some affirm "makes

the heart grow fonder," though this aphorism has been doubted by *others* who think that absence makes the "heart grow fonder" *of some one else*, Edward never once forgot the "girl he left behind him." Her spirit haunted him where'er he went. They met: love was as powerful and strong as ever.

* * * * "Oh! there is nought
On earth more beautiful than love so strong,
Which could outlast accumulated wrong,
And separation, time, and changes sore,
With all the evils that we live among,
Remaining still untainted, as before
They, in a selfish world, had gained a deeper lore."

The happy pair were married and lived happily all their days.

Hiamorah is an Indian legend of the 1000 Isles. The scene opens in a beautifully picturesque spot. Long ere the gold-seeking Spaniard found America, long before Cartier's gallant band settled on the bleak shores of Canada, when the

* * * "Dark Indian, unsubdued,
Roamed through his native solitude,"

there lived Wawnewaw, an aged chieftain, with his only daughter, Meetah. Wondrously beautiful was she. She was her father's only hope, and often-times in a bark canoe, the grim old warrior and the blithe young maiden sped o'er the placid waters of the St. Lawrence, until they neared

* * * "A little isle that lay
From other groupes a longer way."

Here, on this romantic spot, the sire listened to the soft musical voice of his child, as she sang in her native tongue the war songs and ballads of the Indian braves.

We are next introduced to a young chief of another tribe. He was tall and handsome, and reckoned a power in the tribe which he led. Deeply in love with Meetah did he fall. So enraptured was he that he durst not tell his love. Often his steps were directed towards the "little isle," where sat on a mossy couch his unconscious idol. He

"Stood for a while with raptured glance
To view the grand and far expanse
Of smiling nature;"

but no further could he go. He dared not break ruthlessly on so holy a scene. He fancied himself in a dream, and scarce dare speak for fear "he'd break the charm."

One day, however, a fitting opportunity presented itself, when he could "pour forth his anxious plaint." "Tired nature's sweet restorer" wound its lethargic influence round the "old man," and he slept. His loving child smiled as she toyed with the long tresses of hair that shimmered down her parent's breast and neck. Suddenly she was startled by the sound of a foot-fall, and turning she beheld the "gay Lothario." He spoke in tones "low and sweet," lest his voice should awake the sleeper, and cause the "vials of wrath to pour down upon his devoted head." To the maid he said,

"Soft is the voice of Meetah, fair,
And waters stop their course to hear

Her sing, and then the conscious waves
Bear the sweet music to their caves."

She seems to have caught the inspiration;

* * * "But her face
Of tender feeling bore no trace,
'Twas but a softened look of pain,
As if she strove but all in vain
Some thought within her soul to hide,
But which she could not crush or guide,
Then in low accents she replied;
'Hiamorah is a mighty chief,
And Meetah's heart he knoweth well;
But yet he filleth her with grief—
He has not sought the secret spell:
He knows the Island King has said
That none but one can Meetah wed;
He who restores at any cost
To Wawnewaw the pow'r he lost.
Tho' Meetah loves her chieftain's face
She owes a duty to her race.
When Hiamorah can command
And rule the spirits that now roam
The waves, oh! let him then demand
And Meetah shall be all his own!'"

Brave words and bravely spoken. Hiamorah, upon hearing them, bestowed one long, lingering look upon the object of his admiration, and jumping into his frail, bark "swift o'er the darkening wave" he flew. Days of solitude and pain he spent. The choicest game and offerings were laid at his feet by his devoted band; but "one in love cares not to eat."

In those days there were no New York astrologers, who for a red stamp will furnish potent love powders, warranted to charm either party into a perfect frenzy of love; but there was a sage, and to this being Hiamorah repaired and unfolded bare the deep recesses of his heart. In answer spoke the worthy Powah:

"'O chieftain!' said the Powah wise,
'A hundred braves before to-day
Have perished in that rash emprise;
Then rule thy wayward heart and stay.
Are there not maidens fair as she,
Upon whose shores among those isles,
Who would be proud to wed with thee,
And give themselves to win thy smiles?'"

But no; Hiamorah loved but Meetah, and she alone would he lead to the altar of Hymen. Said the youth:

"'To Meetah only will I wed,
Nor care if all the rest were dead.'
'Dead!' spoke the ancient Powah; 'dead!
O chieftain, now the word is said:
Know'st thou not the prophecy?—
Who wins the secret *he must die!*"

Summer passed away, and cold, dreary winter was upon the earth. The lover's heart was still true to his Meetah. With his faithful dog for his only companion, he wandered over the beauteous isles. Once, while on one of these excursions, he gave play to his feelings in the

form of a plaintive dirge. When he had ceased singing, and ere the echo of his voice had died away, there arose up before him a lovely water-sprite. The water, as it dripped from her fair, pure form, glistened like falling diamonds in the sunshine.

> "Her tresses loose of golden hair
> Hung down upon her shoulders bare."

This marvellously handsome inhabitant of the aqueous regions enquired of Hiamorah what his errand was on her domain; but before he could reply she continued:

> "'I know thy thought; but, ere thou'lt ask,
> Reflect upon the awful task.
> You little know what scenes of woe
> And sorrow you must undergo
> Ere you return to Meetah's side,
> To claim her promise and your bride."

To NEE, the Spirit of the Wave, Hiamorah promised to brave every danger. She remonstrated, but in vain. "Follow me!" she cried. Then the sky lowered, and a thick mantle of darkness pervaded the earth:

> "The snow and ice before him shrank,
> And down amid the waves he sank—
> Far down into the stilly deep,
> Where fancied treasures buried sleep."

In this sub-mundane ball he was greeted on all sides by monsters with fierce, dilating eyes. On, on he pressed: no heed paid he to the numerous warnings he everywhere received. Nee, the faithful water-sprite, went with him as far as she could, and wheresoever her power served her, protected him from evil. When he left her dominions he was at the mercy of "fierce monsters." His little unstable bark succumbed. In the waters dark she

> "Sank down and left him on the wave
> Where none could stretch an arm to save,
> Or snatch him from the awful doom
> Hidden in yon devouring gloom."

But how fared it with Meetah all this time? The seasons rolled on and still her lover came not to claim her as his bride.

> "Her haughty bosom learned to know
> Of blighted love each bitter throe,
> And feel what deep, heart-breaking pain
> It was to love and love in vain."

At length, broken-hearted, she died, and in the "happy hunting grounds" she sought her Hiamorah. The sequel of the tale is here:

> "'Behold!' and at the loud command
> They saw a cloudy, pointing hand
> The northern arch of light divide,
> Discovering a valley fair,
> With Meetah seated by the side
> Of Hiamorah, happy there."

Malta is another brilliant, dashing, bold poem, abounding in fine periods.

We would fain quote more from the admirable work before us; but we have given enough to show the general scope of the book. The

appreciative reading public of the Dominion will hail with pleasure the advent of another volume from Carroll Ryan's pen. Many of the shorter poems, such as *At Last*, *Lines on leaving and on arriving in Canada*, *the Death of the Old Year*, &c., are perfect gems.

SONGS OF A WANDERER should be in every library in Canada.

ABERDEEN AND ITS FOLK.*

REMINISCENCES always afford pleasant and instructive reading. There is an irresistible charm about them not easily removed. Reverently we dwell upon recollections of the past, and, as our thoughts revert, we fondly linger on certain events of our early life more endeared to us than others by some pleasant association. When one leaves the place of his nativity, and goes to other climes to seek his fortune, his thoughts, more than once, take a retrospective glance, and in fancy, he returns to the scenes of his youth. Once more he mingles with his fellows, the same boyish sports and pastimes are enacted o'er again, old friends are visited, but not always seen. Death has robbed him of some, others have left the dear old spot. A new generation has sprung up, and "Home" is no longer the genial, hallowed place it was. Strangers now occupy the familiar hearth-stones, the kind, cordial greeting of our forefathers, with a hearty "gie's us your haun' my lad," has vanished, and a cold, reserved, almost haughty air reigns in its place. Still we have a love for home which years cannot efface.

The *brochure* before us is an admirable little history of Aberdeen, from the 20th to the 50th year of the present century. It is written in an easy style, and abounds in fine glowing passages. Lively and amusing anecdote, and judicious selections from the poets, too, are happily blended. We can hardly tell which one of the five chapters is the superior. All are good. "School and College days," is a beautiful "bit of writing." The author's sketches of his school masters, and of his College Professors are life-like and real. On this subject the "Son of Bon-Accord," seems to dwell with grateful admiration. Some pretty clever stories are here introduced, mostly from the author's own personal experience. They serve to set forth the peculiarities of the different *Dominies*, who, from time to time, ruled the educational establishments of the "braif toun."

In "the Family Circle," we have several ancient Scotch proverbs and quaint sayings, given in the original dialect, and explained in English.

The "Clergy in Aberdeen" is the most pains-taking paper in the lot. The eccentricities of the different preachers are vividly held up to the light, and impartially reviewed. We are well pleased with this chapter and recommend it to all who like a polished and graceful style.

"Notable Citizens" and "Street Venders, Mendicants, &c.," are full of comic and sentimental stories. As a recent writer remarked, "the bathos and pathos are happily connected by a subtle link."

In the whole work the author displays considerable enthusiasm for his subject. With him, to write these reminiscences was a "labour of love," and not a sordid lust after "filthy lucre." He pays a well merited compliment to the sons of Bon-Accord for their untiring zeal and energy. But, while agreeing with the author in much that he says regarding the natives of the "braif toun," and of their ability to "hold their own," with other competitors, we must remark, that there are other towns in "Auld Scotia," whose sons are equally able to bear off honours, emoluments and laudations, whenever they present themselves. Well, we are not going to abuse this capital volume, because we don't quite agree with its author in all his ideas respecting Aberdeen or its citizens. The reading matter, the stories, the poetical extracts and the thoughts are here. Scotchmen, and particularly Aberdonians, will be charmed with these reminiscences, while those of other nationalities will find much of interest in them. The book makes a fine appearance typographically, and the author can find no fault with his publishers in that respect.

* "Aberdeen and its folk," by a son of Bon-Accord, Aberdeen, Lewis Smith.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. Henry J. Morgan, of Ottawa, intends publishing in the course of three or four months a very valuable work. It is to be called the "Canadian Annual Register," and its scope covers an immense amount of ground. It will be issued on the plan adopted by the publishers of similiar annals in Great Britain. The first volume of the "Register" will contain:

I. The Political and Parliamentary History of 1867, including: 1. A Preliminary Sketch of the Proceedings in the B. N. A. Provinces in 1864–65 and '66 which led to Confederation. 2. An Account of the London Colonial Conference of 1866–67. 3. The Debates of the English Parliament on the Union of the B. A. Colonies, &c. 4. The formation of the Local Governments. 5. The General Election and its Issues, with the names of the successful and unsuccessful candidates, and the number of votes polled for each respectively. 6. A Sketch of the Business of the Dominion Parliament, and of the several Local Legislatures, with full and accurate reports of the principal speeches delivered during the Sessions of those bodies.

II. The Financial Affairs of the Dominion.

III. The Church in Canada.

IV. Retrospect of Literature, Art and Science.

V. Journal of remarkable occurrences.

VI. Promotions, Appointments and Changes in the Public Service; University Honours, &c.

VII. Obituary of Celebrated Persons.

VIII. Public Documents and State Papers of Importance.

It is hoped that the undertaking will receive that encouragement

which its importance deserves. The annual history which the Editor proposes to publish will be of great value to all interested in the future of our country.

Should the Register be as well received as the Editor hopes, he will spare no effort to justify future support. All that labour and impartiality can accomplish will be done to ensure the success of his work. He has been promised assistance by men in different parts of the Dominion whose capacity is undoubted. He intends, with as little delay as possible, to prepare the volumes for 1867 and 1868.

The volume for 1867 will contain 350 pp., R. 8 vo., and will be bound in cloth. Price Two Dollars.

Every Canadian should "take in" this coming history. It will be by far the most important book published this year. Subscription lists are at all the bookstores.

The Magazines, &c.

The June number of the Atlantic Monthly contains the concluding chapters of Mr. Higginson's charming romance, "Malbone." We cannot too highly commend this story. It is written in a free and open style. At times we are struck with its beauty and simplicity, and again we are held with its power and force. Mr. Higginson strongly reminds us of genial Nathaniel Hawthorne. "Aunt Jane" is an eminently *new* creation in fiction. The "Hamlets of the Stage" is a fine paper. Mr. Bowles' "Pacific Railroad-Open" III. is an exceedingly well written article on that great work. "A Carpet-Bagger in Pennsylvania" is good. Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

Our Young Folks.—There are many good things in the June No. of this popular juvenile monthly. Mr. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," is still the great attraction. We have seldom heard of a story that has so firm a hold upon its readers as this one unquestionably has. It is admirably told and the interest is kept up with considerable tact. Old as well as young read it with avidity. "How to do it," by that brilliant author E. E. Hale, is the title of a series of interesting and instructive papers on reading, writing, talking, &c. There is always a good piece of poetry in *Our Young Folks*. Same publishers.

Every Saturday is as well conducted as ever. Its contents are judiciously selected. Here we have in this number, matter that will suit the tastes of all. Heavy and light literature go hand in hand with science and history. The Foreign Notes are capital. Same publishers.

Putnam's Monthly for June is the most valuable No. of that serial that has yet appeared. The article on the Suez Canal—with maps and plans—is of incalculable importance. Mr. Davis' story—"A Stranded Ship"—is, we regret to say, concluded in this number. It is a good story and well told. There are many fine touches of nature in it. "Some things in London and Paris" by G. P. Putnam is clever and interesting. Goldwin Smith is shortly to furnish a paper for *Putnam*. G. P. Putnam, New York.

Littell's Living Age.—Auerbach's "Country-House on the Rhine," is still the attraction in *Littell*. It is extensively read by a large class of appreciative readers. The other contents are made up of

selections from the best British and Foreign reviews and magazines. The *Age* will soon begin its CII. volume. Littell & Gay, Boston.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—This publication is ever a welcome guest in our sanctum. It is ably edited. Fowler & Wells, N. Y.

DIOGENES.—We are glad that Canada has at last got an illustrated comic paper of some respectability. The cynic reaches us once a week. The cartoons are humorously drawn and well engraved, as are also the lesser pictures. "Korn Kobb" is a regular contributor and serves up every issue a very palatable dish. There are many good things in *Diogenes*. Published at Montreal.

THE MEN OF THE NORTH AND THEIR PLACE IN HISTORY is the title of a lecture recently delivered at Montreal by R. G. Haliburton, Esq., F. S. A. &c. It has been very neatly published in pamphlet form by John Lovell.

LIVINGSTON'S HAND BOOK AND VISITORS' GUIDE TO ST. JOHN, is the title of a *brochure* which made its appearance last month. It is well got up. In it are given a carefully prepared historical account of the City of St. John, a list of the principal drives, walks, churches, buildings, &c., in and about St. John and Fredericton. Besides these we have information regarding Railroads, Steamboats, Post Office and Telegraph matters, places of resort, &c., all of great importance to the tourist. The author is Mr. Gordon Livingston, formerly connected with the *Telegraph* newspaper and more recently with the *Journal*. The *Guide* contains over 130 pages, is beautifully printed on fine paper and is sold for a mere trifle.

Rev. James Bennet, whose contributions are familiar to the readers of the QUARTERLY, is now furnishing to the *Presbyterian Advocate*, of this city, a series of papers entitled the "Wisdom of the King." They are full of cogency and power. Probably, when concluded, they will be collected and published in book form.

Heavysege's SAUL—reviewed at length in our last number by Chas. Sangster—was the subject of an eulogistic notice in the May number of the *Galaxy*. The reviewer, Richard Grant White, a scholar and a critic of rare ability, speaks of SAUL as "one of the most remarkable and admirable works of its kind, in any language."

Dr. Clark—who is well known to the readers of the QUARTERLY, through his interesting and graphic PEN PHOTOGRAPHS, which have attracted so much attention in Great Britain, the United States and Canada—has commenced the publication of the *Weekly Review*, in company with Mr. Gissing. The *Review* is an admirably conducted paper and takes a broad, philosophic view of matters in general. It is issued at Princton, Ontario.

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—Edward Manning, Esq., M. A., is the author of this very useful little work. It is designed for the use of the schools of the Dominion, and is certainly an excellent and accurate text book. Messrs. McMillan are the publishers.

NEW MAGAZINE.—We are in receipt of the Prospectus of a new religious monthly to be published at Hamilton, Ont., by Thos. & R. White. It will be called *The Churchman's Magazine and Monthly Review*.