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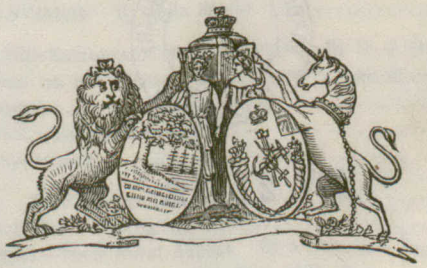

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BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

THORNHAUGH.

A DIARY.

Feb. 8th 184—What am I to do? . . . A question very easily asked, but far more difficult to answer. It is so hard for a woman to do any thing without stepping beyond the bounds and limits that custom has appointed. Had I my own way, I would go on the stage. The applause I have gained in private theatricals gives me tolerable security that I could achieve something in that way. But I suppose if I followed my own inclination so far, that the few relations I have would rise up in horror. There is certainly no reason that I should consult them, for I have no cause to love any of them much, (save one), but one would not willingly outrage the feelings of one's family.

And yet something I must do. I cannot continue to be a burden on my good aunt, who, however kind she may be, is far from being able to do for me all she might wish. Even in the few weeks I have been with her, I have learned that; and I am too grateful for the welcome and the asylum she gave me when I surely needed both, to cause her inconvenience for a moment longer than I can avoid. And surely I ought to be able to support myself, as so many others have done and must do.

But how? The case stands thus. I have been reared in affluence, and must now be content with comparative poverty. That is but little. I have been a spoiled child, petted and caressed, whose path has been through the flowery meadows of life; I must now encounter some of the rocks and stones. That is not much. I have been used to perfect independence of thought, will, and action, I shall have now, in the two latter cases at all events, to depend on others. That is a great deal; and it will, I fear, be some time before I can make up my mind to it.

After an hour's deliberation, I have come to the conclusion that I must

pursue a woman's usual calling, and become a governess. There might be a worse fate, if I can but find a home that at all deserves to be so called. I have ransacked the columns of this morning's "Times," and selected therefrom two advertisements to reply to. One of these promises well. There are but two pupils, and an elder daughter, to whom the governess is expected to be companion and friend. That might be pleasant enough if she is a girl to be made a friend of; and at twenty-three I am not yet too old to be a companion to one of eighteen or so. I have other advantages too. I am not handsome, so that whether she be pretty or plain, I am safe; I can excite neither her jealousy nor her envy. I should like to have a girl friend once more, since I am never to marry, I had better make friends.

I have written my letter. Whether I wish the answer to be favorable or not I scarcely know. I have asked for an interview, and I would rather see the lady into whose hands I give myself up, before making any definite arrangements for the surrender. I am very silly perhaps; but I cannot quite forget that I am Grace Norton, and that once——what was I going to say?

Feb. 11th–I have just returned from my interview with Mrs. Knollys; Mrs. Knollys of Thornhaugh, as she informed me with great dignity, or at least what was meant to be great dignity, but rather failed in its object, coming from her. A tiny woman, bearing the traces of great beauty, with a languid manner, and the softest imaginable voice; who complained of the delicate state of her nerves in the first five minutes I was in the room with her, and who, at every seventh word, heaved a deep sigh, and applied with an air of exhaustion to her scent-bottle. Whatever other trouble I may have in my new situation, she has not energy enough to give me much, either by word or deed.

It did not take long to come to a settlement. Mrs. Knollys asked a few questions regarding my accomplishments and the masters under whom I had studied, and seemed satisfied with the replies. Indeed I was not afraid of her scrutiny in this respect. For references, I gave the names of two or three of those who had been friends and patrons of my father in other days; this also appeared satisfactory; and Mrs. Knollys then descended to detail. "You see Miss——pardon me, I have not asked your name?"

"Grace Paulet Norton." She had forgotten that my letter had been signed.

"What a pretty name! I am so glad you have a pretty name, it is a weakness of mine, quite, that of names. What was I saying? Oh! I remember. You see Miss Norton, I would not think of engaging any

one but a perfect lady, as I wish her to be a companion to my elder daughter, as well as the instructress of the others."

This was complimentary, as she had just expressed her readiness to engage me. I felt it so, but as I could not think of anything appropriate to say, I bowed and was silent.

"Miss Knollys does not go into society yet;" resumed the lady. "She is rather young, and until she is presented we intend to reside altogether at Thornhaugh, probably till next year, you do not object to that I hope Miss Norton?"

"Not all all," I said. "I have always been fond of the country."

"Then as regards salary?"

"I begged to leave that entirely to Mrs. Knollys. I had had no experience, this being my first application"

"We gave our last instructress £50 a year; but that was when Miss Knollys had masters in music and singing. For the present, under your able tuition, ("I bowed again,") Clara and Emily will require no masters. What would you think of £80 a year?"

It was a sum so far exceeding my expectations that I was lost in surprise, and assented at once.

"Then as to attendance;" said Mrs. Knollys, who seemed determined to leave no part of the subject untouched. "Of course Miss Knollys has her own maid, but as she has not at present much need of her services, I think Phœbe will have time to attend on you also."

I murmured something in reply. "I daresay you think me very particular in settling such minor points, but it is better to have things clearly understood at first. There can then be no mistake afterwards, you know."

I assured her that I was quite of her opinion. It was an opinion however that I should not have expected from so languid and undecided looking a little woman, and gave me a somewhat different idea of her character.

"I shall go down to Thornhaugh in a week; can you accompany me, or would you prefer a longer notice?"

"I can be ready then, Mrs. Knollys, if you desire it."

"I should like to take you home with me. You might feel less strange if you went with me, than in going alone."

These words touched me. She had more feeling then for her dependant than I had given her credit for, and I felt thankful that I was not to be looked on as a machine for teaching only. This impression was deepened as I was leaving. She offered me her hand as I rose to depart, and said gently, touching my black dress, "You are in mourning, I see. Is it——"

"I lost my father three months ago." I tried to keep my voice steady, but, as I felt, in vain.

"Poor Child!" Mrs. Knollys said no more, but the tone was kind and encouraging. Altogether, I left her with a sensation of relief, and gratitude that my new life was to begin under such favorable auspices.

Feb. 25th—A week has elapsed since my arrival at Thornhaugh, under the care of Mrs Knollys and her maid. I say "her maid" advisedly, for though in name the lady was the director and chaperone of our party, in fact it was governed by Mrs. Short, as energetic and sour faced an Abigail as one would desire to see. The journey was agreeable enough, in spite of the cold weather, and the drive from the station, (of nine miles), would in summer be beautiful, as I could see even through its present mantle of snow. Thornhaugh itself is an old, and somewhat gloomy mansion, with a fir wood behind, and pleasure grounds in front and on one side of it. On the other, close (much too close,) to the house, runs the stone wall of the neighbouring park of Lord C.——the place has no pretentions to natural beauty, but is kept in exquisite order, and is highly valued by its owner as having been from time immemorial in the family; it is considered as in a peculiar manner the property of a younger or second son, and this rule has been observed for more generations than Mrs. Knollys could count when she told me the story. She seems to have great pride of birth, belonging herself to a good old family, and having married into that of Knollys, which dates back to——heaven knows when.

The time I have been here, has sufficed to enable me to make some observations on the inmates as well as on the place. Miss Knollys is absent on a visit to an aunt in the neighbourhood, so I have not yet made her acquaintance, but with my two pupils I am already on good terms. The first introduction was not particularly favorable. On our arrival I was taken to Mrs. Knollys' dressingroom, and the young ladies sent for. Two children, of eleven and nine apparently, came bounding in, but at sight of a stranger stopped short.

"Come here Clara;" said Mrs. Knollys. "This is Miss Norton, who is to be your governess in future."

The child came forward with a disappointed expression, "Oh mama!" she said. "You told me I should go to school."

"You are too young to go away from home, my dear; and besides I am sure you would not like to leave Emily, who you know could not go with you. Miss Norton will be very kind to you, and make you as clever and accomplished as she is herself."

"I shall like that. Are you very clever?" said the child turning to me. "I don't think you look so."

"Clara for shame!" said her mother. "What do you mean?"

"She is too pale and gentle to be clever," replied the little girl. "Mrs. Knight was clever, and see how cross she was! do you know a great deal, Miss Norton?"

"I have been many years learning," I answered. "I have profited but little if I do not know something. Will you not come to me too, my dear?" and I held out my hand to the other child.

She came slowly, looking up into my face. "Will you love me?" she said. "I do not want to be clever. You are not pretty, so perhaps you will care for me a little. I do so wish to be loved, but I think it is only pretty people that any body cares for."

There was a whole volume of meaning in the words, and in the sad tone in which they were uttered. I thought Mrs. Knollys looked confused, as she said languidly, "What nonsense children talk sometimes! now go, like good girls, and one of you tell Phœbe to come and show Miss Norton her room."

Thus dismissed, I rose and departed. Outside the door, as Clara was leaving me, I said, "Cannot you show me my room, dear? I should like you to come with me and make friends. We must be very fond of one another."

The younger child slid her hand into mine, and with Clara leading the way, we traversed several long galleries and corridors, some filled with old pictures and others lined with faded tapestry, till we reached a pleasant set of rooms looking to the west. "These are our rooms, Miss Norton. Your sitting-room and bed-room, our school-room, play-room, and nursery. You see they are all close together; I hope you like them?"

It would have been hard not to do so, for all the arrangements were perfect. The rooms were on the second floor, and the windows opened on a balcony that overlooked the Park. I was much pleased, and said so; which pleased the children in their turn.

"I wish the Park belonged to papa," said Emily. "It would be so pleasant to have it our own."

"You would not care to have it now, would you?" said Clara.

"Money would buy it now, as Lord C——bought it. You could never make it an old possession, like Thornhaugh."

It was amusing to see the family pride coming out in so young a child; and it gave me an idea of the deep root it must have, to have spread so widely.

"Don't you want to see Fanny, Miss Norton?" asked Emily. "She is so pretty—every one admires her."

"My dear, beauty is of very little consequence, if people are good and loving. Is Fanny your sister?"

"O don't you think so, Miss Norton? I would give anything to be as pretty as Fanny or Clara."

In those words I think I have read the secret of the poor child's life. She is not plain, possessing rather pleasing features than otherwise; but her face has the expression given by ill health, and she is besides very slightly deformed. Clara's beauty is remarkable. Large and brilliant red-brown eyes, chesnut hair to match, a waxen complexion tinged with rosy colour, mouth of sweet expression and perfect teeth, form a striking combination. It is rather singular that she shows no self-consciousness, as it is not likely she can be ignorant of her claims to admiration. Emily at all events is perfectly aware of them and feels painfully the contrast that her own pale cheeks and sad expression afford. Since our first interview I have had conversations with both, and have discovered that the besetting sin of Clara is pride, while that of her sister is a morbid craving for the admiration she can never excite. She seems to consider my want of beauty as a bond between us, evidently considering that I am as little likely to be loved as she deems herself. If she were old enough to profit by the lesson, I might tell her——Ah! forgetting again!——

Besides the members I have described, the family consists of General Knollys, of whom I have seen very little, and a son of about nineteen, who is supposed to be studying at Cambridge, but who, on account of some real or imaginary illness, is idling at Thornhaugh. He is not too ill to take a full share of all the amusement that falls in his way, but the attack always comes on at the sight of a Greek book or an Algebraic treatise. The General seems a stupid sort of good-natured man, entirely devoted to his estate and his children. The first evening I was in the drawing-room, he asked me for some music, and was sound asleep before I was through even the first of the bewitching variations of "Les Hirondelles;" and the next day he mistook a pencil drawing for a steel engraving; so that very mediocre attainments would pass muster with him. His wife is more discerning; she criticises very closely, in spite of her die-away manner.

March 1st–I am growing very fond of Thornhaugh. I wonder to-night at my feeling of happiness; I, who so lately thought I could never be happy in this world again. All here are kind to me, and I have to-day made a new friend.

My afternoon walk with the children was over, and I sat idly with a book in my hand, listening to their merry voices as they romped together in the next room, when there came a tap at my door. My "come in"

was answered by the appearance of a young lady in a riding habit and plumed hat, who greeted me as she might have done an old friend.

"Miss Knollys I presume?" said I rising.

"Fanny Knollys, at your service," answered the young lady, returning my courtesy with mock ceremony. "Where are the children? Emma! Clara!" Then as the two girls came running in, she added, "Go down to Kate and Charlie, like good girls; I can't leave Kate alone."

"Charlie! is Charlie here?" exclaimed both at once.

"Yes, I rode over with him. I've been here this half-hour and can find no one in the house. I want to see Miss Norton now, so please go and entertain Kate and Charlie for a little while, in my place."

The children disappeared, and I had time to examine the new comer, as she removed her hat, and tossed it on the table, preparatory to drawing up an easy chair and settling herself comfortably before the fire. She looked about seventeen, and was very pretty, though with a beauty far inferior to that of her younger sister. Fanny had fair curls, all blown about her face by the wind, dancing blue eyes, and an infantine expression of countenance. A pure and pale complexion only very faintly tinged with color even after her ride on a cold March afternoon, gave the idea of great delicacy, which idea was strengthened by the tiny hands and the slenderness and fragility of the figure, which the close-fitting riding dress displayed to great advantage.

"I thought I should get rid of those children by telling them Charlie was here," she began. "They'd go any where after him. I declare this house gets worse and worse. I come home after a fortnight's absence, and there's not a soul to give me a word of welcome. Papa's out,—Bob in the sulks—and when I go to Mamma, she's got a fit of nerves and can't speak to me. Now Miss Norton isn't that a provoking reception? So I come to you in hopes of a better one. Besides I want to know you. You're to be my companion and friend you know."

"If you will make me so," said I much amused.

"Oh, never fear! I shall be too glad to have you. There's no one here I care about, except my cousin Kate, and she's going abroad next month. Oh, you don't know how glad I was to hear you were young! I was afraid Mamma might take a fancy to some old decorous fright whom I should have been obliged to hate! You're not much older than myself I should think; how old are you? twenty-three? you don't look so much. I'm almost nineteen. Isn't it a shame they won't let me go out yet? Mamma says I'm too young, and I daresay she told you so. Yes? I know it! as if I did not know the true reason."

Here the young lady paused, probably from want of breath, and gave me an opportunity of uttering a word, almost for the first time since she had been in the room.

"Are you fond of society then?" I asked.

"How can I tell? I have never tried it. I think I should find it jolly fun, from the little experience I've had over at the Grange. The Grange is my aunt's place—aunt Morley—Mamma's sister. Even that was dull enough till Charlie came to be quartered at K . . . but of course he's a great deal at home now, and he brings his friends, and there are other people asked to meet them, and Kate's a nice lively girl who gets on with every one, so it has been quite gay of late."

"Some one else is lively too, I think." I remarked.

"Do you mean me? I suppose you think me a great rattle? Well I do so dislike stupid people that I try hard not to be stupid myself. I hope you are not stupid you don't look so. They told me you were not pretty but I think you are; I like that clear brown complexion and dark hair. What is your name?"

"Grace Paulet."

"Grace? It's pretty enough. I never knew a Grace before, so my notions of the character belonging to the name will be formed on yours. I suppose I must "Miss Norton," you, for appearance sake, before the children, but you shall be Grace and I Fanny when we are by ourselves.

In the same style she ran on for about an hour, till the bell rang that summoned her to dress for dinner and the children and myself to tea. "I shall introduce you to Kate and Charlie this evening," she said as she left me. "I hear you play like St. Cecilia, and sing like——Who? ——Who was the singing St. I wonder? But I don't trust Mamma's judgment much, and Papa's not at all, so I want to hear for myself. Kate is a good musician, and Charlie very fond of it, though he does not know a note."

She was much quieter in the evening. Mrs. Knollys, wrapt in lace and cashmere on the sofa, professed herself unable to bear the slightest noise. The General went to sleep over the newspaper, and Fanny carried me off to the piano to perform for her cousin's amusement and her own. Miss Morley is a "fine girl." The Lieutenant of dragoons, for such I have discovered to be his rank and station, is a handsome enough, good natured, rather silly young man of four or five and twenty, with a very good opinion of himself, and as I soon found out, very much in love with his cousin Fanny.

Whether the feeling is returned I am not sure In any case it is evidently a secret, for during the first part of the evening he was most carefully guarded in manner, and it was only under cover of the music books that I heard a whispered. "Dearest Fanny," and saw, (I could not help it,) that he held her hand a most unnecessary time as he took from it one of the candles whose position she wished altered. Also, when *I* played he talked to her; when *she* played, (not half so well), he listened.

Slight signs, but quite enough for one who knows them so well as I do. But I could not make out from her manner whether she merely liked his affection or returned it.

Both Miss Morley and her brother were polite to me. So far I have had to endure none of the indignities that governesses are proverbially subjected to. Miss Morley has a fine voice, and seemed to wish for opportunity of practising with me. While speaking on the subject she asked with whom I had studied. "At Rome, chiefly." I answered.

"Rome!" exclaimed Fanny. "Have you been at Rome?"

"I lived there for nearly three years. I only returned to England about four months ago."

"I wonder why Mamma did not tell me that." She paused, looked at Mr. Morley, and added with an effort, "Did you ever meet my cousin, Everard Knollys?"

"No, I saw very little society at Rome, I knew but few people, and most of these were Italian, not English."

She did not pursue the subject, and Miss Morley resumed the interrupted conversation. But Fanny's tone had struck me as peculiar, and I fancied she had meant more than had appeared.

When we separated for the night she accompanied me to the door of my room. "Are you tired, Miss Norton, or may I come in and sit with you a little while?"

I assented, and she took up her old position by the fire, with her feet on the fender, and her light dress carefully tucked away.

"I want you to tell me about Rome," she said. "Is it a nice place, and did you like living there?"

A rush of recollections swept over me which almost took from me the power of replying. I thought of all the happiness and all the misery I had enjoyed and endured during my life at Rome, and it was only with a strong effort that I commanded myself, and studied my voice as I answered.

"Yes, I was very happy part of the time I was at Rome. But—my father died there, so that I have some painful recollections of it too."

"Oh, I am sorry to have spoken of it! forgive me if I have pained you!"

"You did not mean it dear. Never mind, and ask anything you want to know."

She was thoughtful for a minute, and then startled me by the sudden question, "Are there many pretty women at Rome?"

"A great many," I said. "But why do you ask?"

"Oh, I don't know. People say I am pretty, so I suppose its from sympathy. I like to be pretty myself, and I admire beauty above all

things in others. I never could marry any one who was not handsome. So you never met my cousin Everard?"

"Never. Is he very handsome?"

"Indeed he is not! don't smile in that meaning way, Miss Norton,—Grace I mean. I won't have you think that! I hate him!"

Her vehemence startled me. "My dear, I did not know my face was so expressive. I will not think anything you do not like, I assure you."

"Well don't smile so again," said Fanny, with a forced laugh. "I did not just mean to say I really hated Everard, because I really don't know enough about him now; he has been abroad for two years. He's the son of Papa's elder brother, Sir Everard Knollys; they are very rich, and they have a lovely place down in Cheshire. I used to go and stay there, till once I quarreled with Everard, and vowed I'd never go again, and I have not. I like aunt, but uncle is stupid, and they do both so doat on Everard, (he is their only child), that sometimes I can't help laughing. He took a fancy that he was a born artist, and nothing would satisfy him but going to Rome to study. I suppose he will be home soon now, but I don't know, and don't care."

All this was rattled off carelessly, but there was a sort of bitterness in the tone that made me think there was hidden reason for telling it to me.

"Do you like Charlie, Grace?" she said, suddenly changing the subject.

"I don't know. How can I tell after one evenings acquaintance? Will you be offended if I say I thought him rather stupid?"

"Charlie stupid!" she exclaimed, flushing scarlet. "Oh you are quite mistaken, "He is very clever, as you will find when you know him better."

I had spoken maliciously, I confess, to hear what she would say, and I was satisfied. To imagine him clever, she must look through a very rosy glass indeed, for not one sensible word had I heard him speak, or show his ability to speak. She had implied that she read my countenance, and her's was no less clear to me.

"Good night," she said at last. "I won't keep you up any longer," and she departed, leaving me to meditate on her, and on the discoveries I had made.

THE CITED CURATE.

BY MISS MURRAY.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE scene that then met my eyes was the strangest and wildest I ever beheld. The hideous unnatural combination of mourning and revelry—reckless mirth, and the darkest superstition—blasphemy and prayers—love-making, drinking, and singing, and the sounds of wailing and woe; the eager, excited features of the men, flushed with drinking and rude, animal spirits; the bright, laughing faces of the girls, here and there touched with a shade of sadness and awe; the wrinkled, nodding heads of the old crones; the mingled groups of every sex and every age, from the witch-like old creature of ninety to the babe not a month old; and the strong lights and deep shadows which environed the motley crowd—could only have been fitly painted by Maclise. They were collected in what was at once the kitchen and dwelling-room of the family. Its floor was of clay, but smooth, hard, and well-beaten; the walls and rafters were dyed a dingy hue by the reeking turf smoke, and hams and flitches of bacon hung from huge staples driven into the roof to mellow under its genial influence. A huge dresser filled with crockery-ware, pewter plates, tin mugs, and wooden trenchers; a few heavy awkward chairs and unwieldy tables; and two immense settles, flanking each side of the yawning, cavernous fire-place, formed the furniture. A mighty turf fire burned on the hearth, mingled with pieces of bog-pine that filled the room with a deep red glare of light, and seemed almost to put out the candles. On two of the large tables lay pipes, tobacco, bottles and jars of whisky, jugs of hot water, basins of sugar, cups, glasses, and packs of cards, and round these the principal part of the company were gathered. Some of the men were playing at cards, some were smoking, some singing,—all were drinking, talking and laughing. Most of the elder women talked together in low confidential whispers, with nodding heads and uplifted hands; while the younger ones seemed each to have a "sweetheart" at her side dispensing punch and flattery, mingled sometimes with half-stolen caresses. Opposite the door was another table, on which lay a plate of consecrated salt, where a young man with a dark-skinned visage, long black locks, and wild exaggerated features, read aloud, by the light of a piece of blessed candle, a mass for the dead, to which it did not seem expected that any one should listen. In one corner, shadowed by the projecting chimney, a man seemed asleep on a bench, and in another part of the room, two

women were kneeling, telling their beads and beating their breasts, quite unconscious, it seemed, of the broad jests and bursts of merriment going on around them; while at intervals the wild wailing cries of the Keeners, who sat beside the death-bed in the inner room, rose high above the surrounding din.

I had full time to observe all these particulars, for at first no one seemed disposed to pay us any attention, and we stood for a few minutes by the door apparently unnoticed. Eardley scarcely cast a look on any one in the room, but bent an eager, straining gaze through the open door of the death-chamber, which, contrasted with the broad glare of the outer apartment, seemed to lie in shadowy gloom. Suddenly the noise and merriment became hushed. The card players stopped in the midst of their game, and let their cards fall; the punch-drinkers held their glasses suspended, or set them down untasted; the lovers ceased their whisperings; the laughter and songs died away. Every one turned to gaze at us with looks of surprise and dissatisfaction, except the dark *Voteer*, who still continued to mutter his Latin prayers, and the women on their knees in the corner, who still beat their breasts and told their beads; while still in my ears rang the dismal wail of the Keeners. Then a decent looking man, evidently one of the magnates of the company, rose, and coming towards us, said civilly, "I ask your pardon, but you seem to be strangers, and maybe you don't know that the man of this house is under hard and heavy trouble this minute, and if you'd be pleased to take your hats off it would show more respect for him and for her that's lying dead in the next room."

Eardley made no answer, but taking a hasty stride would have been in the bed-chamber in another moment, if the man who had been lying on the bench had not sprung to his feet and interposed between him and the door. I could not for an instant mistake those glittering, vindictive, blazing eye-balls, those writhing, infuriated features, in which Eardley's death-warrant seemed written. "Its Temple! its Temple!" shouted Freney, in a frenzy of rage, "the death-doom is on him, and he has walked straight into our very hands!"

The other men started up with ominous frowns and fierce mutterings. Eardley sprang back, and placing his back against the wall drew out his pistol. "The first man that moves one step nearer dies!" he said, "and this revolver is good for five more. You see my friend has another like it. So now come on if you choose."

I had drawn out my revolver also, and placed myself beside Eardley. Freney stopped, scowling like a maniac, and all the others recoiled several steps. The women screamed, the men muttered together, the devotees ceased their prayers; but still from the chamber of death came the shrill Ulaloo of the Keeners.

Then a tall aged figure rose from one of the settles by the fire, and a voice, tremulous with agitation and age, but raised to a height that was almost a scream, was heard.

"I give my curse, the curse of him that's stricken with age and sorrow, and the curse of her that's an angel in heaven now, to the first man that spills blood upon my floor this night!"

It was old Ulick Redmond who had spoken, and coming forward he placed himself between Eardley and his foes. His tall though stooping figure was wrapt in the same loose frieze coat he had worn in the morning; his sharp marked features were sunk still more by suffering than age, and his face and lips were as white as the snowy locks that covered his head. He might have been taken for a galvanized corpse, but for the troubled light in his hollow eyes; yet the very extremity of his grief seemed to invest him with a strange solemnity and sacredness, as one suffering under the immediate hand of God, and every murmur was hushed at his words.

"And now what brings your evil foot under the roof-tree you have made black and desolate?" he asked of Eardley.

"It's God's justice that has delivered him into our hands," cried Freney. "His life's but a poor satisfaction for hers, but, such as it is, we'll have it!"

"Be quiet, Freney Mac," said old Redmond, turning towards him, "don't you know that your words are troubling the peace of the dead."

"The dead?—Aye, and who was it killed her?" said Freney.

"Hush! hush!" said the trembling old man, "I know who did it well enough. I know who did it; and I hate him—I hate him with all the power of my heart!" He paused, and drew in his breath with a shuddering gasp, while a groan of vengeful import ran round the room. "But *she* loved him," he continued in a subdued and broken voice, "*she* loved him. He was dearer to her than friends, or father, or life—his name was the last word her lips ever uttered; and if you shed his blood to-night, it will rise up before the throne of God and blacken her joy in heaven. For that reason, Freney, and friends all, I forego the vengeance God has put into my hands, and no man shall hurt a hair of his head this night!"

"But I won't forego *my* vengeance," said Freney. "It's little any one knows of the tortures he has made me suffer this many a long month—and now what's the end of it? Oh, if I could drain the life-blood from his false heart, drop by drop, as he drained it from hers, I'd die happy!"

"Boys," said old Redmond, turning to the other men, "won't you hear my words, and let him go his way unharmed? Don't you think its harder on her father to ask you this, than it can be for you to do it?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Redmond, we know it is," said one of the men, "and we'll do anything to please you."

"Then leave him alone—at any rate while she's lying there with her beautiful face so white and still! Oh, my Kate, my darling, my good, loving child; the glory of my heart and the light of my eyes!" and the poor old man's voice was choked in sobs. Some of the men now gathered round Freney and whispered to him. At first he shook his head, and turned away, but the men persisted in their expostulations, and at last Freney seemed to acquiesce in what they had said.

All this time, Eardley had stood, firm and collected against the wall, his penetrating eye noting every look and action of those around; his ear I was certain catching every word they uttered.

"Now," said old Redmond, again addressing him, "if you have any business here but to triumph in your evil-doing, it's time for you to tell it."

"I only want to see her for a moment," said Eardley, in a hoarse stifled voice; and then as Freney again burst into loud imprecations declaring that he'd be the death of all in the house before he'd suffer such a thing, he added sternly, "See her I will, if I live, and if I die, some of you shall go before me."

"Wouldn't you be afraid to look on her?" asked old Redmond, bending forward to peer into Eardley's face; "is your heart as hard as the flint."

"Never mind my heart, old man," said Eardley; "it is a book you could never read. Stand back all of you, and let me pass."

"Let him have his way in God's name," said Ulick Redmond with a touch of wildness in his voice and manner; how do I know but her soul is calling him even now!"

Awed by the old man's tone and look every one drew back, leaving the door of the death-chamber free. Even Freney made no further opposition; having probably by this time resolved to reserve his vengeance for a more fitting opportunity.

The Keeners, who had at length hushed their wailings, now peered at us through the open door, with handkerchiefs tied over their brown wrinkled faces and grizzled locks, and heavy cloaks wrapped round their gaunt forms Giving them a hasty shove into the kitchen, Eardley passed into the room, holding the door till old Redmond and I entered; then he closed and bolted it with jealous haste; more, it seemed to me, lest more witnesses should profane the farewell he had so coveted, by their presence, than from any dread of danger from Freney and the other men; though their lowering and determined faces as they looked after us seemed plainly to indicate that their threatened revenge was only for a while delayed.

CHAPTER XV.

The room where she now lay in death had been Kate's bed-chamber, and showed traces of some taste and great neatness. The walls were papered, and a carpet covered the middle of the floor, beyond which there was a boarded margin as white as snow. Two or three good prints hung on the wall, and among them was one of Millais' Death of Ophelia—the sweet, fair loving Ophelia, crazed by the moody caprices of her transcendental lover, and floating gently down the stream to her mournful end. Flower-pots of geraniums, roses, and myrtles, were grouped on a flower-stand near the window; on a small round table beside it lay a work-box, some monthly roses and green leaves in a flower-glass, some shells, some pieces of glittering spar, ores, and Irish diamond, and a book of flower-drawings; and above it was a small book-case filled with books.

But death was also there.

The pale blue curtains of the little bed were looped up, and on it, covered by a white sheet, lay the drowned girl. On a table drawn close to the bed were placed seven lighted candles, and a basin of holy water. A cross formed of sprigs of holy yew was arranged above her head. It was evident that her relations were trying to atone for her life of heresy and unblessed death, by giving her such benefit as the symbols and rites of the true church could yet bestow. But Eardley, I am sure, never once noticed these obnoxious signs. He was beside the bed in a moment, and falling on his knees, he gazed into the face of the dead girl. Feeble, and old, unnerved by grief, and exhausted by the violent emotions that had torn his mind and body that day, her father sat down on a chair, and resting his elbows on his knees, and his head on his hands, let the tears that had scarcely ceased flowing for a minute since his daughter's dead body had been placed in his arms, pour forth without any effort to restrain them. No cries or sobs gave audible vent to his sorrow; he wept silently, and as it seemed without consciousness, like one whose heart was broken.

As for me, unable to resist the longing I felt to look upon the face whose living beauty had out-vied all the charms my fancy had ever pictured, now that it was fixed in death, I came softly behind Eardley, and unnoticed by him, looked at the calm, moveless countenance from which her faithless lover seemed unable for an instant to remove his eyes. Her hands, white and delicate, with rounded and taper fingers, were crossed upon her breast, and a sprig of blessed yew was placed between them. A cap of white lace shaded her face, and her shining silken tresses were laid in rich heavy folds beneath it. Still and hueless as marble was the delicate face, and the pure white eye-lids, fringed by long raven lashes, were closely sealed above the sweet and eloquent eyes; yet so fair,

soft and youthful were her features, so smooth and calm her broad white forehead streaked at the temples with a pale blue vein, so gentle and serene the hushed quiet of her face, that I could easily have believed she lay in slumber, not in death. Something unutterably sweet and soothing stole into my heart, as I gazed on the divine repose that seemed brooding like a dove over that bed, and I knew that neither compassion nor grief was needed for the spirit that had thus left the peaceful impress of the heavenly rest into which it had entered on the fair tenement it had left. Pity was not for her; scarcely even for the worn and broken old man who was sure to follow her before the Spring grass would green her grave;—but for Eardley, whose haughty nature kicked against the pricks, and made his sufferings so much harder to bear than those of softer mould, and whose anguish was only the more bitter because it had been self-inflicted, my heart ached with a deep compassion, whose sharpest pang was its utter impotence to give him any consolation.

At first the strong effort with which he had nerved himself to look on his lost love gave an aspect of stony rigidity to his features, which in all moments of powerful and repressed emotion bore more the appearance of some sculptor's handiwork than of living flesh and blood. But his anguish and remorse could not long resist the tranquil, holy influence of that pure peaceful face, from which every trace of earth's passion and woe had fled. It softened and subdued his proud and fiery spirit, stooping down, he kissed her with wild tenderness again and again. The touch of those cold white lips, once so warm and glowing, dissolved the spell that had locked his soul; his whole frame trembled violently, and covering his head in poor Kate's winding sheet, he burst into a convulsion of tears.

He wept long and vehemently, reckless of any one's presence; and not caring to watch this bitter out-break of his long pent-up agony, I moved away, and going to the window, looked out through the dim night towards the wild barren hills that lay in the distance, and then up to the blue starry heavens, in whose wide embrace those clouded heights are folded, as well as the smiling valleys that seem so much fairer in our eyes. But I could not long remain quiet while Eardley's passionate bursts of anguish tore my heart, and at last I turned towards him, and would have spoken, I scarcely knew what, if old Redmond had not anticipated my purpose. Going up to the bed he took hold of the sheet in which Eardley's face was wrapped, and pulled it suddenly away.

"Hush, hush!" he cried impatiently. "Your cries will disturb her in heaven! It's little good to moan over her. If you loved her this way what made you break her heart?"

Eardley did not seem to resent his interference, but he made no answer and struggling for self-command bent his gaze again on the fair cold face before him.

"Aye, you may grind your teeth, and bite your lips, and press your nails into the palms of your hands, but it won't give you any peace," said old Redmond, with a feverish, childish sort of vindictiveness. "All the tears that will be shed till the day of judgment wouldn't be able to bring her back again. You quenched the light of her eyes, that never cared to look on any but you, and God's earth will never be bright to your sight again; you trampled on the heart that beat for you with the truest love that woman ever gave to man, and your own heart will be cold and desolate till the day you die! But I'm not cursing you!" he suddenly exclaimed; "I can't curse you! I daren't curse you! I remember what she said—'If you curse *him*, father, you curse *me*!'"

Eardley did not appear to hear him. His whole soul seemed absorbed in the steadfast gaze that still seemed riveted on Kate.

"And now," said Ulick Redmond, turning to me, "he's stayed here long enough. God knows he deserves no mercy from me, but I don't know how it is—I can't hate him as I did. Maybe her spirit stands between him and harm. For all that, if the boys see him again it may be the worse for him, so I'll let you and him out through the window, and then the quicker you're out of the mountains the better. Some would say I was an old fool for doing this, but my Kate was always tender-hearted, and well I know she'd have put her hand in the fire any day to save him from scorching his little finger; and maybe when I sleep, if I ever sleep again, her angel will come to me in my dreams and kiss me and bless me for sparing the life that she loved so much better than her own!"

I had some trouble in making Eardley comprehend what the old man's advice had been, and when I thought I had succeeded, he turned again away, and once more laid his head down beside the pale beautiful face that seemed to be to him at that moment the only precious thing on earth. "Eardley," I persisted, "come away now. Remember, it was you who brought me here, and if you stay till their rage gets up again, and they murder us, you'll have my death to answer for as well as your own."

At this instant a knock was heard at the door, and a woman's voice spoke, "Mr. Redmond, the boys want to know, if you're going to keep the gentlemen there all night. They bid me say it's time they were going about their business."

"Yes, yes," said old Redmond; "they're going directly." Then turning to me, he said fiercely, "Will you get him out of this, I say, before it's too late—or before I change my mind!"

I was about to make another appeal to Eardley, though almost hopeless of its having any effect, when he suddenly rose. "You need not say anything more," he said, firmly; "I am ready now."

Yet even now he turned again to the bed—once more bent a long lingering gaze on the sweet face he was never to see again, except in dreams—once more pressed upon her lips a long lingering kiss; then softly, tenderly, reverently he drew the sheet, wet with his tears, over her face, and turned away. I had been trying to open the window, which fastened at one side, but coming over Eardley unclosed it noiselessly, and held it open while he made me get out first. He was beside me in an instant, and in a few seconds we reached the thorn bush to which our horses were tied. We were not long till we were in our saddles, and then we set off at a gallop. The wind was rising behind us and our horses seemed to fly before it, but whether it was imagination or reality, it seemed to me that a wild yell, as if from our baffled foes, came rushing after us on the breeze.—We reached Grey court without stop or accident, and dismounting, led our horses to the stable. Lighting a lantern, we then set to work to rub our horses down, and remove all traces of our wild journey. This done, we entered the house in the same way as we had left it, and were soon once more in Eardley's study, who seemed to have completely recovered his composure and self-possession. He stirred up the fire, drank some wine, and urged me to take some also; and while I warmed myself he stood beside me, leaning on the mantel-piece, and looking into the fire. Neither of us made any allusion to the scenes we had just passed through, but when Eardley bade me good night at my bed-room door, he caught my hand and wrung it hard, then he hastily walked away.

A TALE OF THE BAY OF QUINTE.

BY H. T. DEVON.

CHAPTER IV.

THE presence of so many beautiful women could not fail to create a great feeling of excitement and wonder among the Indians, particularly the younger ones, most of whom had never before set eyes on a white woman. There was one in particular who kept his eyes rivetted on the face of Madame de Bourdonnais, in a way to cause that lady no small amount of embarrassment. He was young, and was the only son of one of the most renowned chiefs of the tribe. The belts of wampum around his neck betokened his wealth, while the horrid fringe of coarse black

hair on his leggings told of his prowess on the war-path. This young chief was just in first bloom of early manhood; his age could not have exceeded twenty years, but his fine figure already possessed a degree of muscle and vigour that none but an untrammelled child of nature could exhibit. The most renowned statues of antiquity could show no finer form. The most idealized conception of Greek art never transcended it in beauty; while the fire and animation of his countenance betokened a mind full of audacity and vigour.

Flying Spark, for so was he named, had never before beheld the beautiful daughters of his French neighbours, and whether it was that Madame le Bourdonnais' fair face was more expressive than that of her companions, or that her beauty was more attractive, certain it is that the young savage gazed on her with marked attention, and as he gazed thought to himself that this lovely apparition must surely be one of those benificent and kindly spirits whom his traditions taught him would after death minister to his wants in the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit.

Madame le Bourdonnais' attention was attracted toward the young Indian by the ardent and undisguised expression of his admiration. She felt rather alarmed at so undesirable a manifestation of uncivilized preference, and earnestly begged La Sale, on whose arm, true to their agreement, she leaned, to conduct her back to the barge. The Chevalier, however, who in his heart only laughed at what he was indifferently pleased to term "women's nonsensical fears," assured her in his most honeyed and convincing tone that no harm could possibly befal her from poor Flying Spark's tribute to her beauty, and reminded her of his being her chosen knight and protector, adding "that he was ready to shield her, or even do battle in her behalf against all the Indians on the Island;" whom indeed, as was common with the cavaliers of the time, he regarded rather contemptuously than otherwise.

These doughty expressions, coming so gallantly from the lips of the man she loved, doubtless tended to reassure the lady, for she tried, and finally succeeded, in chasing the disagreeable subject from her thoughts, and when night came, and the moon rose, and threw a new kind of beauty over the scene, she appeared the gayest of the gay, and sung in a fine clear voice to the accompaniment of the guitar more than one of those ancient and impassioned lays of the troubadours of Provençe, which tell of woman's love and man's devotion, in an age of chivalry and romance, and which were at that time the favourite songs of the French Court.

Now, some of the boatmen of the company who had often been engaged in the fur trade, and had witnessed the great profits made by their employers in their rather dubious transactions in that branch of com-

merce, secretly determined on leaving Quebec to engage in a little private speculation on their own account, had very imprudently secreted among their baggage several bottles of French Brandy with which to beguile the simple Indians out of their furs; and they were the more impelled to this clandestine proceeding from the fact of their wages being small, and in most cases extremely ill paid, since the Seigneurs of the Province were generally poor, with an expenditure greatly exceeding their incomes.

Among the Indians enticed by the taste, and hitherto inexperienced effect of the fire-water, was our friend Flying Spark, who, not unlike some of the sparks of more modern and civilized society, had no sooner tasted the fascinating beverage than he craved for more; and at length became so pressing in his importunities that the man, whose desire for a bargain was quite equal to the Indian's desire for the liquor, was, after a suitable amount of discussion, constrained to part with the whole bottleful to his ardent customer for at least twenty times its worth in the most valuable furs. But this proceeding was conducted with the greatest possible secrecy, for the avaricious boatmen had a wholesome terror of the Governor's anger should a knowledge of the circumstance come to his ears, while the Indian was quite cunning enough to wish to enjoy his greatly prized acquisition in private, knowing that so small a quantity, though enough to produce the wildest intoxication on one individual, would only be a mere sip among a hundred; and he was, moreover, not without a certain sense of the degradation of being caught in such a predicament by the older chiefs. At any rate, the brandy was received with a chuckle of delight, and was hid carefully away to be enjoyed at a more fitting opportunity.

But Flying Spark after he had retired to his wigwam could not rest for thinking of the means of intoxication that lay within his reach. He tossed about on his couch of skins, and the more he tossed the greater became his desire to drain the contents of the bottle. He tried for a time to banish these tempting ideas from his mind, and resolutely endeavoured to think of the beautiful daughter of the pale faces whose loveliness had created so great an impression on him only a few hours before. But again and again the treasured liquor haunted his brain, and wild visions of the unknown pleasure of the draught floated before his eyes; for he had never felt the effect of the coveted fire-water, but had often heard it described by companions older in experience than himself. Unable at length to control his desire, which had become so wild and fierce as to overcome all his prudence, he arose, and as the moth is drawn to the fatal blaze of the candle, so was this poor Indian impelled to seek the fascination of his dearly prized brandy bottle. He noiselessly passed through the encampment, slipped into his canoe, and crossed to the mainland, where the liquor was safely secured. He then stealthily entered

the evergreen recess in which it was hid, and with the utmost caution, for fear of being watched, placed the bottle to his lips. First he thought he would only taste; then, again, he said to himself, one taste would give him no idea of its nature, so he took a strong pull, and then settled himself to rest on the ground.

But alas! for poor Flying Spark's resolution; the subtle liquor soon mounted into his brain, and he was no longer master of himself. He retreated farther into the forest, and there paced wildly about like one bereft of his senses. He danced, he sang, he raised the frightful war whoop, he tossed his tomahawk in the air, and uttered fierce imprecations on the enemies of his tribe; and as he reeled about, slashing at the trees with impotent rage, he may have been taken for some demon of the forest in a fit of savage fury. By and bye he slept, and only awoke when the next day's sun had already half made the circuit of the heavens. As may be supposed he felt wretched enough, but was quite revived after another drink from the bottle. Indeed he felt as though he could do wonders—perform prodigies of valour, and distance all his compeers in the hunting grounds or on the war path. So gathering his slight robe around him, he unloosed his canoe and paddled across the river to the island. As he neared the shore he beheld something that caused him to stop paddling, with a start that nearly upset the little vessel, and proceed more cautiously. A wild idea then took possession of his brain, and he cunningly prepared to attempt its execution.

CHAPTER V.

What Flying Spark beheld with so much emotion, was none other, than the person of Madame le Bourdonnais, who was seated alone beneath the shadow of a Virginia Creeper that twined itself with some overhanging branches of the wild vine around the slender trunk of a young elm tree close to the waters edge. She was gazing pensively on her reflection in the calm still autumnal water, with her cheek resting on the palm of her hand; while the long dark curls of her hair swept over her face, and almost concealed her countenance with their shadow. She had strolled along the shore, and enticed by the beauty of the spot, carelessly sank on the turf, and there, sat completely shut out from observation; for a perfect thicket of evergreens surrounded her on all sides. Flying Spark, who had become a very great Spark indeed in his own estimation, had no sooner cast his eyes on the form of the lady, than he daringly resolved to steal her away from her companions, and take her to some distant part of the shore, when he supposed he should have no difficulty in gaining her consent to become the sharer of his wigwam; never doubting in

his tipsy condition, but, that the fair pale face would feel highly honored by this signal mark of the regard of so renowned a chief.

A slight noise like the sly tread of a cat, caused the lady to look up, and there, to her inexpressible alarm, she beheld the young Savage, in all his barbarism of attire, and splendour of paint standing by her side.

His eyes looked wild and glittering, and his speech was hurried and excited, as he bent over his intended captive, and said; "Flying Spark has come to bear the lily of the Pale faces across the great lake to his wigwam;" and was recounting the advantage of so desirable a connection, when Madame le Bourdonnais, unable to speak from terror and surprise, arose in great trepidation, and attempted to leave the spot. Flying Spark however, bent on making the most of the advantage of his situation, promptly seized her around the waist, placed one hand on her mouth, and then bore her to his canoe, which lay close by under the shadow of the bushes. In a moment's time he pushed away from the shore, and with great velocity paddled into the middle of the stream. As he could only use one hand for this purpose, the other being employed in preventing Madame le Bourdannais from alarming her friends, it was not strange that the frail bark canoe rocked and trembled frightfully, and added another cause of alarm to the already nearly senseless lady, who lay on a pile of skins with her head firmly pressed under the strong arm of the savage admirer. Finding herself drifting further and further away from the island, from whence alone she could hope for succour, she had just strength enough left, to violently draw her head from the living vice in which it was held, and utter a faint scream, before the young Indian had time to prevent her.

As luck would have it, this scream attracted the attention of La Sale, who was idly walking along the shore, and at once suspected that something wrong was going on in the distant canoe. Without stopping for reflection, and without knowing from whose lips the shriek had come; though sure of it's being a woman's; he, quick as thought sprang into a birch bark canoe, of which there were plenty on the shore, hauled up beyond the reach of the waves, and speedily embarked in pursuit of the other vessel. All this took place on that side of the island nearest the middle of the stream, and was done in less time than it takes to relate, and almost in perfect silence; for the thick growth of shrubs prevented the remainder of the party, who were mostly congregated around the Indian encampment on the other side of the island, from hearing or seeing aught of Madame le Bourdonnais' abduction, or La Sale's pursuit.

La Sale, by a few swift strokes of the paddle soon placed himself in the depth of the current, whose rapidity shortly wafted him towards the Bay. There, he caught a glimpse of Flying Spark heading for a lonely island about two miles off. It was easy enough to see that the Indian

had no idea of being pursued, for he was paddling very slowly, and never once took the precaution to look behind him. Under these circumstances, the Frenchman rapidly gained on him, and hoped to get up within arms length before he was noticed, and probably would have done so, had not Madame le Bourdonnais caught a glimpse of his figure, which was now within a hundred yards distance, and uttered a shout of delight, at the same time waving her hand, and signalling him to come on.

Great was La Sale's astonishment when he beheld the occupant of the canoe, and he made superhuman efforts to approach and rescue his friend; but by this time, the young Indian aroused from the sort of stupor into which he had fallen by the impulsive utterance of his captive, imperiously commanded her to lie still in the boat, and paddled so vigorously, that he was quite a quarter mile off in another direction almost before La Sale had time to recover from his surprise.

And now the chase became intensely exciting; the little vessels seemed literally to fly over the surface of the water, which blue, and calm as a summer sky, was ripppled for miles by the swift progress of the canoes through its bosom. La Sale was near enough to see the lady offer the young Indian the rich jewels which she tore from her person, and supplicate him on her knees to deliver her up, but the infuriated, and now reckless savage, with a smile of contempt, spurned her, and apparently bade her be silent, for he took the tomahawk from his belt, and whirled it furiously round the shrinking woman's head; who uttered piercing shrieks, and at last sunk exhausted and fainting on the pile of skins in the bottom of the canoe; from which she never expected to rise alive, since at any moment, she fully believed that her captor from rage at his pursuer, might in revenge, take her scalp, or practise on her those horrid barbarities that so preeminently distinguished his tribe when their fierce passions were once fully aroused.

How long the chase may have thus continued it is impossible to say, had not La Sale, by dint of superior strength, or perhaps power of endurance, come up so close to Flying Spark's canoe, as to be almost enabled to touch its stern with his paddle. Seeing this, and knowing that there was no hope of escaping the fury of the Frenchman if captured; the young Indian abruptly turned the point of an island which they were abreast of, and paddled round it with renewed energy; apparently determined to tire his pursuer out. But La Sale, nothing daunted, followed in his wake, though for a long time he was quite unable to diminish the distance that separated them. The Indian kept circling round and round the rocky isle, till the water bubbled and boiled though the swiftness of his passage, and when a more dexterous application of the paddle than usual, placed an additional distance of a few yards between him and La Sale, he

uttered frightful yells, and like a madman menacingly shook his tomahawk in the face of his pursuer. La Sale, began to see that this sort of work would be very likely to continue until nightfall, when the Indian favoured by his superior knowledge of the navigation would easily make his escape. He therefore resolved, with the boldness which characterized him, in having recourse to a little stratagem, and so put a stop to this wearisome chase, and accordingly watched an opportunity, and when Flying Spark supposed he was following his furious gyrations, turned his canoe short about, and determined to intercept the Indian, either by running him down and sinking his canoe, or disabling the savage by means of the sword, he, in common with every gentleman of the time bore at his side. It was true; that Madame le Bourdonnais would in either case run the risk of drowning, but then she was senseless with fright as it was, and, as La Sale was an expert swimmer, and they were not ten yards from the rocky shore of the little island, he determined to try the experiment, and as in everything else he undertook, either succeed, or perish in the attempt. And what he had foreseen actually occurred, for La Sale, unperceived by the Indian, who paddled along at the same furious rate, and never thought of looking for his pursuer in the direction he was now coming, but supposed him to be all the time in the rear bore as rapidly down upon Flying Spark, and ran the strong sharp pointed bow of his canoe into the side of the other with a shock that caused both to upset in the collision, and before the astonished Indian had time to recover himself, the ever active and undaunted Chevalier had seized the now unconscious lady, and placed her comfortably in his own canoe, which was quite sound, and unhurt by the collision; while that of his adversary was stove in on one side from the force of the shock, and thereby rendered quite useless. La Sale in the agitation of the moment, and preparation for return, quite forgot the young Indian, and when he had collected his thoughts sufficiently to enable him to look around for him; lo he was gone! True to his name, he had flown, or more probably swam across the Bay to the mainland, though whether he joined his friends on the Island, or returned to the main body of his nation, was not known, for though the Governor was greatly incensed at the insult offered to a lady under his protection, he had sense enough to perceive that none of the chiefs with whom he had been treating had any knowledge of the abduction; and as after all, the consequences of Flying Spark's escapade were not particularly serious, he prudently determined to let the matter drop, after receiving the most vehement assurances from his red friends of their perfect innocence of the daring transaction, and their still greater horror of its iniquity.

So, after the Bishop and priests, who had taken the precaution to provide themselves with the necessary means, had sung mass; which they

did with all the pomp of incense, and cloth of gold, and other ecclesiastical paraphernalia, and as much perhaps to impress the Indians with a sense of the imposing ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church as for the satisfaction of their own consciences—the Viceroy and his retinue departed, being accompanied by a whole fleet of canoes for many miles down the bay, when the Indians parted from him with real regret, so great was the influence this energetic and accomplished man had acquired over the hearts of these simple minded, though ferocious sons of the forest. From the day of her rescue, Madame le Bourdonnais and the Chevalier had been quite inseparable. Something or other had occurred between them on their long route home, or rather back to the island in the river, after La Sale's exploit, greatly to the apparent satisfaction of both, and that something—was merely the recital of that old, old, story, which is pretty sure to be told to nearly every woman once at least in a life time, though to be sure it is not always followed by the agreeable consequences that were enjoyed by the hero and heroine of this tale, which untoward circumstance probably accounts for the number of vinegar visaged old maids, and crusty old bachelors we daily encounter around us. Madame le Bourdonnais was a true prophet for once in her life, the chevalier was caught at last; so nobody was very much surprised when Monseiur de Frontenac announced an approaching marriage, which was to take place whenever they reached a beautiful little cove, only a few hours journey from the Fort, a circumstance which, after a little reflection and whispered conversation, most of the company with the usual volatility of their nation declared would be "charming."

A host of congratulations were showered upon the Chevalier, who apologized for the haste of his marriage by explaining the Viceroy's anxiety to get back to the Capital before the cold frosts would set in, and his intention of only resting an hour or so at Fort Cataraqui on his way.

It was a beautiful evening when the spot was reached, where La Sale was to be made the happiest of men; beautiful—as none but an American Autumn evening can be, in a season which seems to be peculiarly one of dreams and abstraction, when the water is so divinely blue, and the waves murmur so sweetly—when the soft wind is laden with perfume, and the misty air renders the remote distance so undefined, so apparently vague, and uncertain, and poetical—when the sky is resplendent at evening with purple and golden glories that no tongue can truly tell, no artist transfer to canvas—and when the light of the morning sun covers the water and the earth with a blush of loveliness, whose tint is ethereal and transparent as the flow of an angel's drapery.

The barges were moored to the tree stems just as the sun was setting; and soon the full moon arose from the bed of the lake, and threw a long

line of silvery light in her trail, flooding the boats with a mellow robe of diaphanous light. An altar was erected on a patch of green sward, beneath a group of stately trees, through whose branches the evening glory of the sky glowed like the transparent splendour of a great Cathedral window. The Bishop attired in his splendid robes, with the priests in surplice and stole stationed themselves on a carpet that had been thrown over the grass in front of the altar, which was illuminated with hosts of consecrated tapers ranged around an ivory crucifix in its centre. The boatmen formed a circle, and held torches around the group, who placed themselves near the prelate. A chair of state was hastily erected for Monseiur de Frontenac, and then, beneath these forest trees, Madame le Bourdonnais became the bride of Monsieur de La Sale, a consummation, that her instinct or perhaps female sagacity led her to anticipate beforehand.

The signatures of the bride and bridegroom, the Viceroy, and that of the Bishop were appended to the rapidly drawn contract, and then the barges departed for Fort Cataraqui, which they soon reached, and there regretfully left Monseiur and Madame de La Sale to the tranquil enjoyment of a romantic honeymoon. The bride and bridegroom stood for a long time on the platform of the barricade watching their departing friends. The Viceroy reclined on a pile of cushions in the stern of his boat. The bishop was piously reading the sermons of Fenelon; while the ladies and their attendant cavaliers chatted or sung in voices low and soft, and the voyageurs slowly plied their oars to the music of a monotonous chaunt as the barges slowly receded from their sight, and they felt themselves alone with a military retinue within the walls of their lonely habitation.

Monseiur de La Sale afterwards left his wife in Quebec, and, as is well known, explored Lakes Erie and Huron in a vessel built by himself, or, rather, under his directions, at Fort Cataraqui, and afterwards descended the Mississippi to the sea in 1682, when he took nominal possession of al the country watered by that great river, in the name of his sovereign king, Louis XIV., in whose honour it was named Louisiana.

SMILEY.

A MAY-DAY MEMORY.

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow'll be the happiest day of all the glad new year,
Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May."
—*Tennyson.*

So might have sung Sophie Vinton on the 30th of April, 18—, for the heart she carried in her bosom was as light and as joyfully expectant as was that of the laureate's "Little Alice;" and when at length the night that seemed so long in passing rolled slowly away, and the golden sunlight of as fresh and bright and beautiful a May-morn as ever dawned from Heaven streamed through the muslin curtains of her little window, she sprang from her bed in an ecstasy of childish delight, and clapped her hands and laughed aloud for very happiness.

It was so beautiful, so lovely! the clear blue sky with its little patches of fleecy white clouds sailing softly by; and the light mists rising from the river, and melting away like a dream; and the water breaking into little dimples of light. The green grass-blades, too, and the yellow crocus cups, bending beneath their weight of sparkling dew.

All this I heard Sophie Vinton dilating on an hour or two afterwards, when we, Miss Norton's scholars, marshalled in the old school-room, preparatory to starting in procession for the Grove where our rustic fête was to be held, and the coronation of our young Queen to take place.

She was a great favorite, little Sophie, or "Smiley" Vinton, as she was familiarly called. I do not think one of the girls, elder or younger, disliked her; and the teachers, though they often found fault with her thoughtless little ways and careless performance of prescribed tasks, were ready to forgive her over and over again, and to receive her oft repeated assurances of amendment. Indeed these assurances were so sweetly and sincerely tendered that stern must have been the heart that could have resisted them.

She was our Queen that day, unanimously chosen—less, perhaps, for her beauty than for her popularity. And yet, she was very lovely! Perhaps I should not use the term lovely, for her beauty was of that kind that is best described by the word fascinating. She was a piquant, sparkling little thing—a perfect sunbeam, all childish spirits, and lightheartedness and vivacity.

In school, her class-mates had bestowed upon her the endearing apel-

lation of "Smiley," because it was a rare thing to see her sunny face without a smile upon it, and her clear laugh was perpetually heard, like a joy bell, ringing out peals of merriment.

I was one of the senior class—a grave and thoughtful girl who had already learned to look out upon life with a serious gaze, and to take up its burden patiently. Circumstances, upon which I need not here enter, had contributed to make me what, perhaps, I might not naturally have been, silent, reserved, and averse to those girlish pastimes in which the members of our class were not yet too dignified to join. But I always felt an interest in watching little Smiley's light form flitting about the play-ground, and in seeing that she carried joy and sunshine with her wherever she went.

I used to wonder if any thing would ever trouble her, for all cares and sorrows, even such little cares and sorrows as children have, seemed to glance harmlessly off from her happy nature. I used to wonder if, when she grew to be a woman and to take her place in the world, life would still be as bright and fair to her as it then was; whether she would ever learn the great mystery of suffering; whether the time would come when hot and blinding tears would dim those smiling eyes; and that little, restless, shining head, bowing beneath some heavy sorrow, and weary of life's misery, would long to lie down in the quiet grave, and find rest there. Poor little Smiley!

She was, as I have said, our Queen. I remember well how beautiful she looked in her white dress, and with her wreath of May flowers twined among the tresses of her dark brown hair.

Soon she left her throne and bounded hither and thither amongst her subjects, saying she was too happy to be dignified, and making the air ring with her shouts of innocent delight. Poor little Smiley!

That midsummer was my last term at school. I left to enter upon new and painful duties in one of the sister Provinces, and as I had determined to have no correspondents in Canada, it was not until my return thither nine or ten years afterwards that I learned what had become of most of my schoolmates.

Two of them were dead, some engaged, others already married, some removed from Canada, and of one or two I could obtain no trace.

Smiley, or Sophie, was still Smiley Vinton.

"She is very much altered," said my informant, one of our old class whom chance had thrown in my way; "I don't believe you would know her now. You remember what a bright butterfly she used to be, forever laughing and full of fun and frolic. Nothing seemed to trouble her." Well, she was just the same when she grew up and entered society. But poor little Smiley has had a serious trouble to contend against lately, and it has changed her sadly.

"About two years ago she became engaged to a Mr. Lee, a fine young fellow, as full of life and vigor as Smiley herself.

"But there was one serious obstacle to their union—Mr. Lee was poor, and Smiley's parents would not consent to their daughter's marrying him until he should be able to maintain her in the position in which she had always lived at home. The lovers were at first inconsolable. Smiley, who knew as much of the hard actualities of life as the babe unborn, and had a pretty little theory of her own of 'love in a cottage' where all the dirty and disagreeable work should be performed in some magic manner that would never involve the soiling of little white hands nor the disarranging of pretty morning dresses, nor any great fatigue of body or mind, and where poverty should signify merely a gracious competency, thought herself and Mr. Lee very cruelly treated, and wondered how her parents could be so hard hearted.

"But Mr. and Mrs. Vinton were not to be shaken in their resolution even by their darling Smiley, and so, in the hope of shortening the years of probation which in the ordinary course of events must intervene before he could claim his bride, Mr. Lee set out to seek his fortune in the gold regions of Australia.

For about a year Smiley heard as regularly as was possible, and his letters were cheerful and encouraging. He was doing as well, nay, better than could have been expected, he said, in so short a time; and then he spoke with hope of returning home when another year, or two years at the farthest, should be passed, to demand the hand of his darling Smiley.

"So Smiley kept up her courage and was soon as merry and bright as ever. But there came a mail that brought no letter, and months went by, and then a year, and now nearly two years have passed since Smiley has had word or line from her absent lover.

"Poor thing! Every one pities her—her heart seems slowly breaking; the uncertainty and suspense are killing her. She has no doubt of Mr. Lee's fidelity—her faith in him has always been as firm as when she first promised to be his wife; but she fears that he is dead, that he has perished in that far off country, and will never return to her on earth—though sometimes, indeed, Hope will assert itself in spite of appearances, and she will assure herself that it is impossible that he can be dead, that he must be alive, and will yet come back and leave her nevermore."

I was truly grieved at hearing this sad story of poor little Smiley. Then my class-mate and I parted—she to return to Brook-Maple, I to remain in a distant part of the Province. We agreed, however, to correspond occasionally, and whenever I heard from her, which was not often, she mentioned Smiley. There was no change of happiness in her lot—she was pining away, still true to her absent lover.

"She cannot bear to speak of him now," wrote my correspondent,

"and we never mention his name in her presence. She goes into society and to parties to please her parents, but, poor thing, it is sad to see her moving about with such an altered face, as if her heart were far away. Sometimes in the midst of a dance or a gay strain of music or conversation, I have seen her, when she fancied herself unobserved, turn suddenly away and close her eyes to keep back the tears that seemed ready to fall. I wish with all my heart that something could be done for her."

But nothing could be done for her until at length, one sunny summer's evening, a man, travel-stained, sun-browned, and with a huge beard and moustache, alighted from the cars, and walked hurriedly up to Mr. Vinton's and rang the door-bell and inquired if Miss Vinton was at home. Smiley heard the voice. It was changed, indeed, by all these years of sojourning in a foreign clime, but not so changed that Smiley could not recognize it.

She neither shrieked nor fainted, but rushed to the door, and in another moment was folded to the heart of her returned lover. They were married almost immediately, for Mr. Lee had prospered in his search for gold and returned to his native land a rich man. His suspense and anxiety had been as great as were hers, for he had written repeatedly when within reach of a mail but received no answers to his letters, and so had come back fearing some dreadful evil.

But the troubles of both seemed now at an end. The roses soon bloomed again on Smiley's cheeks, and the old sparkle and vivacity of look and manner returned. Her sorrows were all forgotten, and no bird of the wild-wood seemed happier or more utterly free from care than Mr. Lee's wife.

It was at this time that I saw her. We met in the distant city where my home was. She sought me out of her own accord, and proudly introduced to me her husband. I never saw a happier or more devoted pair. Mr. Lee was a noble looking and thinking man, and Smiley appeared absolutely to worship him. "Was he not worth waiting for, my darling husband?" she said, turning to me with the old radiant look I so well remembered; and indeed I could not but think that he was.

One thing in Smiley's appearance surprised me. She was tall, quite tall, and slender. My class-mate in describing her had not mentioned this, and so I was unprepared for it; in my own mind I had always fancied her short and fairy-like, as she used to be when a child.

While they remained in the city I saw them every day, and at parting they both pressed me to visit them in their home in Brook-Maple. I promised to do so when my engagements in M—— should leave me at liberty to travel for mere enjoyment.

Sometimes when my class-mate wrote to me there would come enclosed a little note from Smiley telling of her great happiness, which seemed to

know no ebb, and was still further increased by the birth of a baby daughter, whose numerous perfections, Smiley said, it was next to impossible to describe, but of which I might form some faint conception when she told me that in appearance and disposition it was a miniature counterpart of its papa. Would I not come and see it?

But alas for poor Smiley! Her cup of happiness was full to the brim, when her heavenly Father saw fit to dash it suddenly from her lips, leaving her to drain in its stead, to the very dregs, the bitter draught of sorrow.

The baby daughter died, the "mother's idol" was "broken," and then, while her poor heart was crushed and bleeding with its loss, the fond father and true husband was taken also.

"Call me not Naomi, call me Mara, for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me." Such was the cry of Smiley's smitten heart. I saw her once again after all this. I was in Brook-Maple nearly twenty years subsequently. On the cars I met by accident my old class-mate, the correspondent of whom I have frequently spoken. She was not now a resident of Brook-Maple, but, like myself, going thither on a visit.

We were both travelling alone, and as we walked up from the station together a lady passed us in deep mourning, and wearing under her bonnet a widow's cap. She was very tall and slight, and walked with a slow and feeble step. Her face was perfectly colorless, but had a resigned and pensive expression that was touching to behold, and her hair was silvery white.

As she moved slowly past us without once raising her eyes, my companion touched my arm and whispered, "That is Smiley!"

ON CONVERSATION.

BY JOHN READE.

PART I.

Every one of us (educated men), who speak the English language can easily recall a time when the awful truth dawned upon him from some scholastic luminary, that he was a great sinner—against the laws of grammar.

Dear, little phrases, the bright, gay dresses of his youngest thoughts, had then to be laid aside in that ward-robe where dearer things have since been laid. There must they lie till the lisping lips of a new generation call for them again, and dress with them *their* little fancies, till the hour of sorrow comes for *them*, too. And, it is right. We must all learn to "speak and write the English language with propriety." Taciturn or garrulous, wise or foolish, bright or stupid, we must learn to "speak the English language *with propriety*." But those who taught us, were not content with this. We must know Latin and Greek, perhaps French and German, not to speak, of course, but to keep as a sort of linguistic jewellery for state occasions, which (that is the jewels) when they are wanted most the key often cannot be found to bring them from their casket. Still we must learn Latin, Greek, French and German. There is certainly no harm in this. So did we once submit to impertinent intrusions on our freedom of speech, so perhaps did we hope that future correctness and command of words would compensate for present irksomeness. So, though we could tell a hundred things in our own simple ungrammatical way, for amusement or information, did we bear the bore of writing our adventures as "compositions." So, did we often sigh and despond, struggling with inexorable rules, sometimes trembling under pedagogic sway, till the goal was reached, the prize was won, and we "spoke and wrote," or were supposed to "speak and write the English language with propriety."—Through school, through college, into the world armed *to the teeth*, (erkos odontou !) with the *art of speaking* with propriety in English, Latin, Greek, perhaps French, German, and even Hebrew, oblivious of childish imperfections, we come ready to meet with all lingual weapons, any who should challenge us to an encounter. Now, I ask, does the conversation of most of us, educated men, in the wide, wide world, where we have to act and speak our parts, tell any tale of such long and arduous training? How many men of *liberal* education, talk *liberally*, fluently, naturally, on *any* subject, that may be broached in a mixed company, (unless it be one to which their lives are devoted)? I know the answers my experience gives to these questions, and I think that many others, if they were to speak honestly, would give the same, and these answers are not in our favor. Now, where is the cause of this evil to be looked for? Not in our school systems; not in our college curricula; these, for the most part are admirable. Where then? Just where a deficiency in the knowledge of any art or science is to be looked for—*want of attention to the subject*. No science now-a-days is occult, no language dead, no accomplishments untaught, no art without its professor, save the "*art* of conversation." Eloquence is a noble art—men study it—devote days and nights to it. It is a grand thing to be able to harangue a multitude, for which, except in a generally philanthropic sense, the orator cares nothing,

and which he may decimate and even centesimate, and not find a single *real* well-wisher. Is it of no importance to have the power of being copious or elegant, brilliant or winning, profound or vehement, as occasion may require, in the domestic or social circle, where the mother, the wife, the sister, the father, the brother, the friend, the fellow-worker—are an audience; where those who admire our words, are those who love ourselves? "If utility," says Tacitus, (*if* he wrote the *Dialogus*) "ought to be the governing motive of every action and every design of our lives. Can we possibly be employed to better purpose, than in the exercise of an *art*, which enables a man *upon all occasions, to support the interest of his friend, to protect the rights of the stranger, to defend the cause of the injured?* Now, it is hard to say, at exactly what point the oratorical training of the Romans and Greeks became forensic. Certain it is that many *learned* "oratory," who distinguished themselves far more in war in science, or in poetry, than in public speaking. It would seem to have been a necessary part of *their* liberal education. In fact they were taught to *converse*—and what Tacitus (?) says is quite as applicable to the private as to the public pleader, to the gentle preacher at the fireside, the darling of hearts whose interests are his, as to the applauded of the multitude, whose favor so soon perishes. I am by no means decrying oratory to raise my subject in importance, but noble as I think *it*, I think that which I have chosen to speak of is nobler. Its usefulness is more extended. Its *apparatus* is ever ready; it requires no pulpit, no platform —only two or three gathered together. Although the main object of this paper is to shew the lack of *conversational* power among men, whose education and reputation for knowledge place them far out of the reach of any imputation of ignorance, it may be wise to put on record a few of the leading characteristics of the conversation that we mostly find in our every-day life—and this part of the subject is not the easiest. Classification, where different species intermix, is always a difficulty, and this difficulty there is here. Few men's conversation can be said to be always of one class; still there are classes of talkers, who may be ranked under certain names and I will mention a few of them.

The Egotist is well known everywhere, he who tells so much of what *I* did, what *I* saw, what *I* felt, what *I* would have done, felt, thought, &c., but there are Egotists who do not wear this pronominal uniform in their talk. They go about in undress, and it is only intimacy and keen observation that can tell that they belong to the *I* battalion, I should rather say *legion*, for they are many,—and it would take a whole Magazine to classify them—so we must leave them to *themselves*. Then there are the vituperative in conversation, as though the tongue were to man what horns are to a bull, or hoofs to a horse, weapons of offence; of

these, as I write, my memory suggests a goodly number, and I am sure as you read you will think of some.

There is a class of talkers who affect "bon ton." They would be thought to know everything about the "beau monde." Everything with them is valued as it is fashionable or unfashionable; all their moral philosophy is bounded by these two words: "fashionable, *ergo*, right; unfashionable, *ergo*, wrong." Books, dresses, places, people, are lauded or proscribed with the most unreasoning pertinacity, according as they are in or out of the fashion. What is fashion? There is a "*widdle*" for Lord Dundreary or "his bwother Tham." His Lordship suggests another class, closely in league with the last, although sometimes independent of it, that of those who converse merely "pour passer le temps." Mere dilettanti, without earnestness, without purpose; all subjects with them are trifles, and they are only serious when they are "ennuyés." but after all the weapons which the subtile enemy of war has used to man's destruction, his own tongue is the deadliest, when it is made to hiss and insinuate itself around the fair character of his neighbour. All that I could write, all that ever was written, would be as nothing to the dark pages that might be filled, if the calendar of slander had been faithfully kept. And is it not kept? Has one vile word, maliciously uttered against the fair fame of man or woman, since the wily serpent whispered in the ear of Eve, escaped its doom of registering in that book, that shall one day be opened? *Then*, woe a thousand fold to the slanderer!

I might go on enumerating, *ad infinitum*, but as I shall have occasion to speak, by and bye, of many sorts of conversers, I will rest contented at present with the few classes I have mentioned. Let us, my reader, you and me, recall the faces and the voices of many that we have met, and we shall be at no loss for varieties of conversation and of conversers. Let us recall the pleasantest, the most profitable hours of our lives, and we shall find, by the retrospect, that they were not the noisiest, the gayest, the most exciting, but those that we spent in quiet, easy, instructive conversation, with dear, wise, loving friends. How much we value their memory now, if they are no more among the talkers of earth! Think of the days wasted in frivolous or vicious gossip, and now compare, in sad recollection, all the former with all of the latter, and I need not ask for the verdict of the comparison. Skeletons of a delusive joy, the conversations of the giddy and the thoughtless rise before us to torment us; precious and hallowed, living for ever, fresh and beautiful, shedding a light in the darkness of solitude, cheering by their remembered accents the ear that is dull with sorrow, come back through long, long years, the conversations of the good, the holy and the loving.

I said before that there was generally a want of conversational ability

among educated men; among those who, in arts and sciences, in the pulpit, at the bar, in the professor's chair, in the halls of legislature, are listened to with respect, or even applause. I repeat it here for more immediate consideration. In the case of the most distinguished men of the class I have mentioned, the deficiency is not greatly to be wondered at. Men, after they have devoted the energies of their minds to any branch of science or art, to the making of laws, or to the imparting of instruction, as preachers or teachers, for a considerable time, must submit, *nolentes volentes* to a certain tyranny. At first, they are masters of their professions, at last, their professions are masters of them; and the livery of their masters they must wear in their conversation—I said this was not to be wondered at—neither it is, as long as conversation holds its present auxiliary rank, as long as education is conducted without any regard to its importance. Perhaps, some one who reads this may smile, as he calls to mind some orator of the pulpit or the bar, whose words, uttered by the fire-side, winged their way, gentle as the dove or strong as the eagle to the listener's heart. I can join in his smile, for, of those, thus doubly blest in the potency of speech, I can recall a few myself—I ignore not these,—far from it—but I would like to see their number increased.

Of all professional men, none require the *sermo copiosus et varius*, the rich and varied supply of words, the delicacy, the tact, the power, that form at once the charm and usefulness of conversation, as he, who is the teacher of all teachers—the clergyman. Let him be eloquent, bright, winning, learned, commanding, irresistible, in the pulpit, and unless he be something more, unless his life is a sermon; this glittering thing that the crowd applauds will be but a poor substitute for the gold the individual needs. I wish not to be misunderstood here—I do not presume to say that a minister should always be preaching sermons. (A wiser than I spoke once of sermons in stones.) I mean that the daily walk and conversation of a clergyman, should be a sermon—a lesson,—a truth. That he should know, at least as much about human nature and how to deal with it as about Greek; that he should study the character of those whose eternal welfare he has at heart, as much at least, as he studies the arguments of patristic sages; that, if he delights to wander through the lovely fields of Hebrew poetry, he should not neglect the wild, impassioned poetry, that lives in the heart of every man, woman and child that comes to hear his voice, the "song of life," the music of the soul. Happy, skilful are the musicians that can draw forth all its sweetness and soothe away its harshness. Can Greek or Latin or Hebrew, can learning and eloquence, bring comfort to the widow or the orphan? raise up those that are cast down, heal the broken heart, comfort the mourner, speak peace when there is "tempest without and tempest within?" No!

and the clergyman, above all others, should know, (as far as man can know) how to do this; his speech should distil, as the dew, the sacred comforts, that his Master left for those that mourn. I know that all faithful clergymen (and they are many) seek to do all this; but my experience tells me that some at least succeed but indifferently, for want of the tact, the indescribable niceness of feeling, the power of adaptation to all circumstances—and the invaluable power of saying the right word at the right time—ah! for want of this many an hour's toil and talk are wasted—I could put on record here, if I chose, cases that have come under my own notice of unintentional rudeness, of useless pain inflicted (for sometimes pain is necessary) of want of taste and want of sense, that had their origin in nothing else than the ignorance of the fact that all men's minds are not constituted alike. It would be foolish to put such remembrances on paper in any other than the spirit of charity. I remember on the other hand noble self-forgetting toil, kind words spoken fitly and seasonably, that woke the pulses of a right heart that may have slept, of the orphan and the widow and the desolate visited in the dark hour of their suffering and sorrow,—whose prayers have not been unheard in Heaven—I hope I have not been misunderstood. I would not have a clergyman illiterate, I would not depreciate the importance of sound theology and pulpit power; but I would say that there is a quiet, unshowy, but penetrating, persuasive eloquence, which may be used and be a blessing, by the way-side, in the fields around the fire—even the conversation of a good, earnest, sensible christian minister.

If then the clergyman whose office it is to attend to the healing of the soul, requires so much the profitable and seasonable use of words, his brother, whose time is devoted to the healing of the body, needs it almost as much. For, is not conversation an art of healing? How many have stood up beneath the magic of gentle, hope-inspiring words, whom the costliest drug has failed to rouse from the lethargy of disease? Oh! physician, add this to thy sanitary lore; write it in thy *materia medica*; enter not the sick-room without it, using it warily,—heaven's gracious boon; have it ever ready, prepared in all the ways of thy best pharmacopeia, ready in all doses, ready for all tastes. I can call to mind this moment, two men, who practised medicine not very far apart. One was a master of his science, a man of liberal education, of gentleness of feeling and tender conscience, who spoke and looked exactly as he felt—a thorough christian gentleman—but of taciturn habits and serious, sombre manner. The other was his inferior in knowledge, in feeling, in conscientiousness, in every respect but one—he was a ready speaker and a cheerful, pleasant companion. The one at the sick-bed was the kind, unwilling bearer of a mournful message, who brought "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth;" who felt that

he owed the truth to God, to science, to his patient, to himself. The other, a friendly sympathizer, who charmed you away with all the power of words, from the scene of sickness to the bright world without, where he hoped soon to see you again, and where on the strength of *his* hope, you felt you soon would be again. Had the better of these men only cultivated the cheerful, happy renovating power, that was the whole *forte* of the other, how much more successful he might have been! *Ex his disce omnes.*

ON FROGS AND THEIR KIN.

BY CHARLES MAIR.

Since the days when Bacchus was disconcerted by the croaking of the Frogs in the infernal lake, comparatively little attention has been paid to the social peculiarities of those singular and interesting creatures. They have been cut up and dissected a thousand times; their veins, muscles and nerves have been fully described, yet of their social habits and customs but little has been written. How this has come about it is not impossible to say. Notwithstanding their perfect harmlessness it is a general impression that there is something noxious about them, and intelligent men will frequently hesitate to lay hold of them until re-assured by a little timely reasoning. When this instinctive feeling is analyzed it proves to be an indirect fearfulness, not deducible from any known effect of contact, but rather a morbid dread of some remote, indefinable yet malign influence which it is supposed the frog would exert in the event of a too close intimacy. Much of the indifference with which they are regarded arises from this impression, and a portion may be traced to another source which will be referred to immediately. To Aristophanes they must have afforded many curious analogies, and we accordingly find him not above entitling one of his comedies "The Frogs," wherein the relative merits of two famous poets are determined with marvellous acrimony. But what poet now-a-days would dream of inditing a Sonnet to a Frog, or allow his poetic fire to waste away in an ode. And yet within the domain of its habits and associations are to be found the materials of real poetry; not the maudlin, washed-out stuff of the boarding-schools, but the genuine poetry of nature, which, when written, is

part of nature's self, plus artistic expression, and, like her, is imperishable. It is to be hoped that some poet will yet arise with a mind not too loftily poised to sing of the frogs. Meanwhile we must be content with ordinary prose, and I wish it to be understood at the outset that the following article is not intended as a scientific treatise of Frogs and their Kin. It mainly consists of a few observations, with occasional digressions and irrelevant matter, and is the more intended to draw attention to than to exhaust the subject. The reader will then pardon me if, while touching upon the more salient points of the characters under consideration, I omit other and more minute peculiarities which properly lie within the domain of the natural historian.

I much suspect that a portion of the indifference, nay even disgust, with which the frog is regarded arises from a latent sympathy which we cherish for that ancient and most obstinate of nations, the Egyptian. It is easy to imagine the abhorrence with which that ingenious people—who grew their gods in their kitchen gardens—must have beheld an untold multitude of frogs sprawling through the streets, tooting about the market-places, waylaying in the bed-chambers and even hopping into the ovens and kneading-troughs. Through these, and other circumstances, the good character of the frog has been sadly rubbed down and frayed away, and it was, possibly, with a view to the Egyptian antecedents of its distant relative that St. Patrick, who, judging from the fact, must have been a somewhat austere and unkindly man, banished the toad from the "tight little isle" and forced him from his native bog to seek a more hospitable shore. All this has a melancholy, even painful historical interest for the real lover of the species, and, in a manner reminds him of the ostracism of the Acadians or the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. To the ladies I must merely make the general statement, that they are mistaken in their estimate of the frog. By the usual feminine induction they have confounded it with the toad, with whom it has really nothing more to do than the native of Gaboon has to do with the Parisian. The spruce, lively *habitant* of the marsh or river side, who bobs up his nose among the water lilies and looks at you curiously from a pair of great lamping eyes, is quite a different fellow from the carbuncled dolt who hops away clumsily before your path in the grey dusk. Nevertheless the toad is not altogether the insensate wretch which common report gladly makes him; and, saving a few ugly and unpardonable habits of his, such as champing up whatever harmless flies the increase of summer may have brought within his ken—and more particularly that abominable custom of squatting immediately beneath the bee-hives, with slimy mouth agape into which of course falls many a hard-worked and overladen bee—saving these he is harmless enough. Even then, however, my friend *Crapeau* is not so much to blame. It is his stinted nature and

sheer ignorance of the graces and amenities of life which cause him to err. What does he know of or care for the delicate offices of the humming-bee, its curiously mathematical comb, or its rigid social laws? Literally nothing. There is no flimsy, lackadaisical sentiment about him on this particular. His stand-point is the epicurean one, and, with the eye of a *gourmand*, through the long hours he squats with open mouth, into which fall, one by one, the exquisite *bonnes bouches*, succulent and juicy, and luscious with honey and wax. Hence he has been bitterly traduced by all nations and kindreds and tongues time out of mind. Even Shakespeare cannot forbear a fling at him, and, while speaking of a certain "rich jewel in his head" calls him both "ugly and venomous." Now, whether the jewel in question be the eye or the veritable amygdaloid itself, (I have heard a French Canadian declare that he had seen the toad-stone), I will not pretend to decide. Exception must be taken to part of the preceeding line—"ugly and venomous." "Ugly" he certainly is; but "venomous" is a disputed point.

Scandalous disputations have arisen amongst *savants* and others deeply learned in reptiles touching this same venomousness; and, as for the arguments *pro* and *con*, their name is Legion. The inhabitants of Blefuscu and Lilliput were not more divided as to which end of an egg should be broken into first than were these philosophers, not one of whom would run the risk of falling a martyr to science and dying gloriously by testing the effects of the venomous ichor upon his own person. So far as mere arguments go the 'nays' clearly hold their opponents at a disadvantage, and, it may be that the next mail from Paris will bring us information of the whole matter having been definitely settled over a dish of snails purged in new milk, and a bottle of Epergnay. That it is still a matter of dispute, however, is quite certain; and the writer, no later than a few months ago, alighted upon a paragraph in a weekly journal reviving the old story of spitefulness, malevolence, venom and all.

When we reflect upon the melancholy influence which a mouse exercises upon the ordinary female mind it is hopeless to insist upon a grave demeanour in the presence of a frog. Hence arises much of the sourness of female criticism, the total drift and expression of which may be summed up in one word—"abominable."

Too many things in nature are slurred over and disregarded on account of certain peculiarities and defects of physical structure; and, hence, the fool who wont pluck the hazel-nut clusters for fear of their sharp prickles must ever remain ignorant of the sweet kernel. *Because* the exterior of the frog is somewhat repulsive and forbidding is no reason why our obligations to him should not be gratefully and generously acknowledged; and, it is indeed high time that we should confess what a valuable, though incidental assistant it has been to science. It is curious to reflect,

for instance, that, had the young Franklin held aloof from its companionship, much singularly valuable speculation might have been lost for many years to come. And, whether the famous Balogna frog was embalmed or not, its memory at least should be preserved fresh and green, for it certainly served to dictionary a man into immortality who, otherwise, would have remained the obscure. M. Galvani, with a reputation circumscribed by the purlieus of an university town, the which reputation, name and all, but for a fortunate accident, would doubtless have been, long ere this, utterly snuffed out and forgotten; and at the late meeting of the British Association what more delighted admirers of the wonders revealed by the microscope were there, than those who crowded round the prisoned frog, gazing with astonishment at the blood globules rushing through his delicately webbed foot. But I decline dwelling further upon the services the frogs have rendered to science, of which, as a class, they are probably themselves unconscious. I choose to affect somewhat higher ground and more particularly wish to draw attention to their fine æsthetic tastes—their art and love of art, and their powers of discrimination and comparison. The cautious, plodding and methodical man who has a dim recollection of having read some fable of the frogs in the years of his youth, or the nervous, irritable man who occasionally spends an unsatisfactory and feverish day upon the river in the hopeless pursuit of chub will smile at all this. Nevertheless it is an undoubted fact that not only the frog but the toad is especially fond of music. The great poet tells us that "music and sweet poetry agree, and, wherever we find a taste for the one strongly developed there is strong presumptive evidence that it does not exist alone. So, perchance, it may be with the frogs. Who can tell what Minnesingers may exist amongst them? What *Scalds* chanting the glories of their race and the "green world they live in?" At those wondrous summer evening folkmotes, held by slow winding stream or rushy lake, who can declare what legends of marsh and meadow, or what "moving adventures by flood and field" are recounted in the deep, brazen-throated thunder of the fathers of their race, and, from many a remote dingle and solitary swale, swiftly applauded by the young and inexperienced, in the quick *cow cow*, half mournful in its tone, like the snapping of a lute-string? To the true lover of nature there are *mejudice*, many employments less interesting than to listen to their multitudinous voices at midnight. If he be a sportsman, and him, perchance, the waning summer hath beguiled, with rod and gun and snowy tent, beneath the shadow of hemlock or swarthy pine; when the flags grow sallow, and the fern sunburnt; ere the wild vines have tinged their fruit with purple, or the gorgeous cardinal flowers have shed their crimson tears—let him, I say, in the still dusk, when the last savoury morsel of grouse *à la sauvage* has disappeared, and the lam-

bent flames of the cheerful fire cast their long lines of light across the dusky waters, betake himself with pipe and fragrant "latakia" to the river's brim, and listen to the voices of the night.

With regard to their love of music, however, there can be no question :—

> "Thyrsis, whose artful strains have oft delayed
> The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,"

was not more potent to subdue than is an ordinary trump "in the hands of a master" when the frogs are within ear-shot; and of the toads, which are even more susceptible, it is told that, upon one occasion, some pieces of music were being performed in a garden in the evening, which soon attracted their attention. On they came, crawling leisurely up within hearing of the music, and, ranging themselves in a semicircle, squatted down and listened gravely, their little eyes glistening like coals of fire. A thousand honey-draggled bees might have trailed before their very mouths and they would have passed unheeded. What did they care then for grub and beetle and "yellow-girted" bee, when here was the sweetest food they had ever supped upon—soft music, "moaning like a god in pain," and soothing their cankered natures into very sweetness! It was a touch of that nature which truly "makes the whole world kin," and, for the time, even these swarthy lepers partook of the general joy. After all was over, and they had slunk away to their dingy hiding-place, what converse they must have held. Did they think at all of their slimy progenitor who instilled his insidious poison into the ear of our first mother Eve? Is that tradition still extant amongst them, or is it only a myth, a sheer slander of the poet?

That the frogs and their kin are imbued with a more than ordinary spirit of curiosity is a well-observed fact; and in all that is curious and out of the way, they have a special interest. It is related of Thoreau —that most natural of naturalists, whose kalendar was the fields and the flowers—that he used to sit for whole hours in some favorable spot and by his utter immobility of feature and limb at length attract the attention and stir the curiosity of the frogs or toads who would crawl up within a few feet and sit looking him in the face with a patient solemnity which none but a Thoreau could resist—only the calls of nature could break in upon this long, mesmer-like continuity of stare, during which, as in a book, the great naturalist read the entire toad-nature, and descried the most hidden peculiarities of his strange associates. With him perished all hope of obtaining a knowledge of their tongue. He had mastered their alphabet, if we may so speak, and might have lit the way to other discoveries; but he himself has gone to the great author of nature, and, now, all is darkness and mystery again. To one whom chance or

business hath led by their haunts in slink or pool it is amusing to notice them, one by one, disappear beneath the green slime with a loud *muqugh* as you approach. Occasionally a valorous fellow will resolutely maintain his nose aloft until you lift your arm, when he, too, precipitately sinks. Dante takes note of this peculiarity in the *Inferno;* and, amid other bootless pangs revealed to him in the hope-abandoned caverns of Malebolge we find the following striking figure :—

> "E'en as the frogs, that of a watery moat
> Stand at the brink, with the jaws only out,
> Their feet and of the trunk all else concealed,
> Thus on each part the sinners stood; but soon
> As Barbariccia was at hand, so they
> Drew back under the wave. I saw, and yet
> My heart doth stagger, one, that waited thus,
> As it befalls that oft one frog remains,
> While the next springs away: and Graffiacan,
> Who of the fiends was nearest, grappling seized
> His clotted locks and dragged him sprawling up.—*Inferno* c. xxii.

The huge denizen of our deep waters is not so timorous. He will occasionally suffer you to knock him in the pate with your paddle before making a final plunge. Hence he is the occasion of great delight to little boys and circus-men, who diligently fish for him with line and bait. A nice grass-hopper or bob-worm is an exceedingly tempting affair to my friend, who, after debating with himself for a while, very inconsiderately opens his mouth and takes in the luscious morsel; but alack! all unconscious of a bold accessory in the shape of a stout iron hook which suddenly lifts him from his native stream, and, whirling him aloft casts him sprawling upon the shore, there to await the final outrage preparatory to the frying-pan. Saving to posturers, however, and an occasional engineer, who may be urged to their delicate thighs by lurking desire, I would not violently commend them as an article of diet. Not that they are noxious or excite any inward turbulence or distemper—on the contrary, they are nourishing and generators of pure humours enough—but because, if the taste became general, the universal appetite would be thereby sickened from its legitimate objects and thrown out of the ordinary channel. It is related of some circus men that, upon one occasion, in the pursuit of their calling, they halted and pitched their tents near Richmond, in the immediate vicinity of the River Iok. This little stream at that time appears to have been an especial *rendez-vous* of the genus *rana*, and abounded in prodigious quantities of bull-frogs of the most bloated dimensions. Here was bread cast upon the waters indeed. It was "fair field and no favour," and with a wild *Eureka!* each sinewy Yankee started at top speed, landing-net and scrip and "all appurtenances and

means to boot" waved high aloft. In the pardonable excitement of the moment small attention was paid to conventional rules. A Babel of nasal oaths, huzzas, and a scurrying to and fro, as of men possessed of devils, filled the native beholders with awe and astonishment. Not less astoned were they at the precipitate retreat which ensued, and the instant demand for flesh-pot, pan and gridiron, whence speedily the savoury odors of seething, baking and broiling

"Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes."

Concerning the longevity of the toad many startling and almost incredible assertions have been made even by men of science. They have been taken out of quarries and discovered deep embeded in the solid rock, apparently devoid of air and sustenance whatsoever. They have been unearthed hundreds of feet below the surface upon which men build, and, in many ways, have contrived to imprison themselves in such curious, out of the way holes and natural dungeons utterly bereft of light and atmosphere, that men are forced to singular conjectures and conclusions touching their tenacity of life. Geologists have stumbled upon them far sunken in the pre-adamite rock, and thence naturally enough concluded that they must have existed almost at a time when the very foundations of the world were set. It is a pity that Professor Buckland should step in and attempt to spoil so pretty a story. Imagination lingers over one of these same scabious toads suddenly set free from his almost incredible durance and hopping away once more amongst his kind. What tales he would have to tell them! What stories of the megatherium and gigantic primæval carnivora stalking about as high as our ordinary tree-tops!

Much might be said about the physical proportions and development of frogs and their kin which lack of space forbids. Many of our great North American bull-frogs, when the extremities are fully extended measure two feet, which, though not quite so large as the one which jeopardied Mr. Lemuel Gulliver in Brobdignag, are, all things considered, of a tolerable bigness. The young of the wild duck, just chipped from their shells, and making their first essay in a new element, are quietly drawn under by this prodigious monster, and devoured with infinite gusto, such small craft are only an occasional dish at his table, and, consequently, he enjoys them all the more when in season. He has an especial fondness for certain sorts of minnows, amongst which he is a very Triton. But of all the sweet relishes in the world recommend him to the gnat. Indeed, if he can be said to have a weakness at all it is for the gnat.

But he has other and more useful offices to perform. He is the great scavenger of our waters, and consumes such quantities of garbage as would, if left untouched, pollute each clear and beautiful stream from

mouth to source. Endowed by nature with an inordinate and insatiable appetite, there is no offal or refuse so rank and fulsome that he will not consume; and thus, a vast amount of decaying matter is made away with, which, otherwise, would be sweltered by Summer into an abominable putrescence, emitting a foul and horrible effluvium, and innoculating the very air with death. For all this he deserves our gratitude; and, we may well pardon him any occasional *diletanteism*, dietetic or otherwise, when we know that, but for his unwearied energies, these pleasant Summer months might be a very purgatory of disease and suffering.

Wondrous stories are told of animated nature in South America; many of them of that speculative and entertaining type which our Yankee neighbours yclept tall, and many of them unworthy of repetition.—Quickened by torrid heat, that famous clime, however, does abound in many strange and unwonted forms and proportions of animal life, to us unknown. Don Ramon Paez, a son of the distinguished general, in a recent work upon South America, relates a story of a friend, who, in the dusk of evening, stumbled over something in the street, which appeared to be a boy stooping. Judge of his surprise, when, upon kicking it aside he beheld the supposed boy "moving off in the shape of a huge toad!" Happily we are in no danger here of mistaking our toads for boys; but such as they are, they are scandalously abused and vilified, although they also play their part, and contribute their share of good deeds upon land, as their congenors do in water.

I had some notion before closing of repeating a story once told me by a friend, now, alas! no more, touching the experiences of a certain musical German, who, many years ago, immigrated to Canada, bringing with him his fine ear and exquisite musical taste. The narrator told how he settled down by the margin of a beautiful lake swarming with frogs, and horrible with hoarse dissonance, and recounted the musician's sufferings, agony, and final despair, and how, in the very crisis of his fate, a strange Frenchman opportunely happened to alight in the neighbourhood. The national taste of this individual soon led him to the haunts of the croaking brotherhood; and, so enamoured did he become of their delicate juices that he built a small lodge in the woods, and actually settled down within easy distance of the shore. In due course he became a harrassing mystery to the natives of the place. He was curiously reserved in his demeanour, and took counsel from nobody; and, as he possessed, among other physical adornments, an exceedingly opaque and lack-lustre complexion, a long and expansive nose and a singularly black and sinister looking moustache, the nascent suspicions of the neighbours settled down into a satisfying conviction that he had been in all likelihood, a great murderer in his day, or perhaps, some conscience striken Parisian Jacques Ketch, who had fled the Nemesis of his own terrifying instruments. He

was utterly indifferent, however, to public opinion or report, and never cast off his reserve or went out of his way to contradict or impugn. It may have been, indeed, that he never heard any of those dark rumours and insinuations; or, if they came to his ears, they had any effect other than usual, for he only applied himself to his avocation with increasing sedulity. One by one the frogs disappeared under his friendly manipulations, until, through course of time, scattered about the margin of the lake lay myriads of their whitened skeletons *minus* the thigh bones.

I stated, if I mistake not, towards the beginning, that this would not be a scientific article, and, upon the whole, it will be confessed that I have amply redeemed my promise. If it attracts any attention, however, to the subject the writer is content. On the other hand, should there be any who feel inclined to cavil at my method, I can only say with Montaigne—"I know very well that few will quarrel with the liberty of my writings who have not more to quarrel with in the license of their own thoughts." As has been already said, many things in nature are passed by unheeded, oftentimes from their lowliness, sometimes from their familiarity; and there be those who gaze so continuously at the stars as to forget that they are stumbling over many an object equally interesting upon earth, and possessing the additional merit of lying near at hand.—To such the words of the mighty poet, who found

> "Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks,
> And good in everything."

are comparatively inapplicable.

After all, the greater number of our cravings are "of the baser sort," inasmuch as our natures are debased, and it is truly a difficult, however noble a thing to kick the scale against a familiar spirit. Yet indeed that man is to be pitied who, from the countless wonderful objects strewn about his path, can extract no food for thoughts which outlaw appetite and extend beyond decay.

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears."

Wordsworth said this, and he was right. He had lived much in the hearing of the "still, sad music of humanity," which is ever the uplifted moaning of decay, and knew how men were yet continually forgetting that earthly existence is not eternal. In fine, there is no object in nature with which we have not something in common, for it is travelling to a common doom—the doom of death; and, hence, by the meanest flower that blows man may be taught a lesson, and even from the ugly and venomous toad, learn some lispings of divine philosophy.

THE ELEMENTS AT STRIFE.

BY THE REV. T. H. DARNELL, M.A.

I.

The Elements once met,
The Earth, and Sky, and Sea;
And needs must try,
With human littleness,
For mastery.

II.

Each pleaded well her cause,
Fair Earth, and sounding Sea,
And lofty Sky;
But neither one would bow
Her spirit high.

III.

Earth moved in shaded green;
In foam-flecked blue the Sea;
The gorgeous Sky
Stood wrapt in mystic folds
Of drapery.

IV.

"Sweet flowers have I," said Earth;
"And I fair shells," the Sea;
"And I," the Sky,
"Have light and fleecy clouds
Of every dye."

V.

"Rich gems have I," said Earth;
"And I rare pearls," the Sea;
"And I," the Sky,
"Have myriad stars which gleam
Eternally."

VI.

"Mountains have I," said Earth;
"I giant waves," the Sea;
"And I," the Sky,
"Look down on mount and wave
Triumphantly."

VII.

"Christ moved on me," said Earth;
"And trod my waves," the Sea;
"And I," the Sky,
"Rang on His natal day
With minstrelsy."

VIII.

"I bore His Cross," said Earth;
"I waft His Word," the Sea;
"And I," the Sky,
"Raised Him, on joyous wing,
To bliss on high."

IX.

"He fashioned me," said Earth;
"And me," echoed the Sea;
"And me," the Sky;—
"In Him we all unite
To Glorify."

X.

Ever *His* praises sing,
Fair Earth, and sounding Sea,
And starry Sky;
To Him alone ascribe
All majesty!

THE SUPERNATURAL.

"There are more things in heaven and earth
Horatio, than are dreamt of in your Philosophy."

"For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently."

SHAKESPEARE.

Mrs. Alfred Gatty in her charming volume entitled "A holiday in Ireland in 1861," gives the following specimen of the credulity or superstition of the Irish people at the present day:

A young lady of the present generation of young ladies, went to visit a married friend in county Limerick. Soon after her arrival the lady of the house confided to her that she was very uneasy about her baby. Some malignant sprite, she said, seemed to have taken a dislike to it, and was always haunting the nursery whenever there was an opportunity, *i. e.*, whenever by any accident the poor little thing was left alone, even though only for a few seconds, which would happen now and then, when it was laid down for its midday nap, *and* the nurse was about her business. Instantly on such occasions, the child's screams would ring through the house, and when the nurse returned she would find him thrown out of his cot on the floor! The mother was miserable, and said she did not know what to do. The young lady had no faith, and could hardly help laughing.

A few days afterwards, as she was sitting in the drawing-room, with the door open, she heard some unusual disturbance going on in the kitchen, but did not pay much attention to it, till, all at once, a strange, unearthly wailing cry struck her ear. This seemed to run from the kitchen along the hall, up the stairs, and die away in the passage above; and was followed in another second, by a piercing scream from the baby, who a short time before had been taken to the nursery, fast asleep. Assistance was soon at hand, of course, and the poor infant soothed; and then out came the following *facts*.

The cook had set a pot on the kitchen fire to boil; after a reasonable time it began to simmer; but with the simmering began, and with the simmering increased, a queer, unnatural sound, a whimper of pain, as the water grew hot; growing more distressed as the water grew hotter, mingled with tiny cries of "Let me out," "Let me out?" The servants grew wild with terror, and the whole set of them gathered round the pot; the cook pot-hook in hand.

"Wisha faix!" says O'Shea, the butler "I'd lave him in it, and let bile the hard heart out av him. I'll never be blest if it isn't he that *termints* the child above."

"And then, if it is, Mrs. Malony, heavens love ye, and circumvint him—he's nothin good! And by St. Patrick, that cleared Ireland of everythin vinimous, lave the pot an! cries nurse Rourke.

But the soft heart of Nelly, kitchen maid, puts up another plea.

"Wisha! the crathur cries like a christhen; and sure we're all sinners for that matther. Heavens be your bed, Mrs. Malony, lift the pot av, or lave it to me!—d' ye hear the crathur?" "Och mavrone! an' what'll I do?" (Poor Mrs. Malony, responsibilities of sovereignty press hard.)

"Sorra a step I'll take in the matther! what's bothering me is, how the thing got in!"

"Did ye look into the pot afore ye filled it wid the wather Nelly alanna? asked O'Shea.

"An to be sure I did! and didn't I scour it out and out with the sop of hay, undher the pump—no less."

"Thin one o' ye left the lid off, and my gentleman tuk a likin for a warm bath in the manetime."

"Didn't I clap the lid on, the very onstant I put on the wather, and sure nothin could escape me, and my hand on the pot all the while, excupt it become thear unnatheral?"

"Mrs. Malony, is the bacon down?"

"Tis, to be sure!"

"Ye riz the lid, then, to put it in?"

"Od then, how else would I do it? but lave off, Timothy O'Shea; you're as bad as a cunstable. A fly couldn't clane his wing while I whipped the bit av bacon off the hook and into the pot—for it was the lavins o' yesterday, and ready cut."

"Wisha, whist now! Mrs. Malony, the murther's out. He was stuck above in the bacon, taking his male on it raw—the haythen! and never felt anythin, till he was clane in the pot along wid his dinner; and now he doesn't like the smell of the boiled mate, or he consates the sauce is too hot, or somethin offends his appetite. Ha, thin! sorra a bit o' me would let him off, till he's sarved for his deserts,—the unchristian thief."

"Och, Nelly m'asthora—take a run round, and see if you'd see the masther, and call him hether!" moans Mrs. Malony. "It cries like a livin sowl, and the heart is meltin out o' me with fright!"

At this moment happily (or unhappily) in comes the master himself, and the cluster of affrighted faces gives way from the fire.

The cook explains the matter—the cries growing more and more piteous within the pot as the water comes to a boil. The master orders

the pot off, and tender hearted Nelley, slipping the pot-hook from the passive hands of Mrs. Malony, effects that part of the business.

The pot is on the floor—the wailing cry continues—the master's desire for investigation is too strong for prudential delay; he himself lifts the lid, and out leaps——

SOMETHING!

No one could describe its shape or appearance; but "sumthin," as nurse Bourke averred, "jumped out and sumthin run along the flags cryin and wailin'; and up the steps, and along the hall, and never tuk breath till it reached the nursery, and pitched the *bouchallean bawn* (beautiful little boy) out and on to the flure—and he asleep—asthora machree, and, added she, "iv I was the masther, I'd lave the house, for 'twill never stop now till it takes the childs life. The saints between us and harm!"

And they did leave the house, and went to live in the County Clare? . Isn't it droll? Another young lady who read this story before Miss F——sent it to me, remarked she had heard it before, and knew the family, and that it was *quite true.*"

Such is Mrs. Alfred Gatty's account of circumstances which she denominates "whimsically incredible." This account was published in London in 1862, fell into my hands early in 1863 in Quebec, and caused me at once to refer to a lecture on witchcraft, which I delivered before the Shakespeare Club in Montreal on the 12th of December 1848, which contained the sequel of this "strange eventful history."

In the year 1834 I was resident in the county of Clare, when the family above alluded to came to live there—for the present we shall call them Darcy, but I am quite ready to give the real name, and to support every statement in the following narrative, by the strongest documentary evidence, now in my possession.

My wife having been acquainted with Mrs. Darcy before her marriage, we resolved to pay them a visit, and accordingly drove out to their pretty cottage, which was about three miles from the town in which we resided. Mrs. Darcy was at home, and received us in a cheerful lightsome room, with two windows, one looking towards the approach to the front of the house, the other into a small flower garden, which was separated from the lawn—which was a sheep walk,—by a wire fence; beyond all gleamed the estuary of————

"The silver sheenan shining like a sea." We had not been many minutes in conversation with our hostess when an acute scream, as of a child in great and sudden pain, attracted our attention, and at the same moment a large Newfoundland Dog, which had been lying lazily asleep in the sun, at the front of the house, started up suddenly, his hair bristling, and with a dismal howl of terror, rushed—though the hall door was wide

open—through the front window, smashing both the sash and the glass, and cowered under the sofa, as if for protection.

"There it is again," said Mrs. Darcy, with a look of sorrowful helplessness. Scarcely had she spoken, when a flock of sheep, which had been quietly browsing on the lawn, became alarmed, rushed blindly at the wire fence which protected the flower garden, throwing it completely down, and trampling the neat little parterre into a mixed mass of mud and broken blossoms.

"There my dear friend," said poor Mrs. Darcy to my wife. "There is more of it," We begged for an explanation, when she informed us that shortly after her baby was born—in the county of Limerick—her sister-in-law, Miss Darcy, was fondling it in the front of the house, when a wretched looking old crone came towards them and solicited charity—and was refused—she again more importunately urged her petition, which was again more firmly rejected, when she turned round, and with a malignant look, and in a bitter tone of voice exclaimed, "You and your darlin' then shall never know comfort together any more," and disappeared. "Since that time," said Mrs. Darcy, "we never had peace or rest, when the child and his aunt are in the house at the same time." She then proceeded to narrate several instances similar to those we had just witnessed, and one something like the story told by Mrs. Gatty. Telling us that the child constantly shrieked out and was convulsed, that he and his aunt were frequently cast out of their bed upon the floor, and the whole household alarmed by the most fearful and unaccountable noises, "And this," she added, "was our reason for removing and coming to reside in the County of Clare." She then very anxiously asked my advice upon the subject, when, having ascertained from her conversation, that the noises and annoyances occurred only when the aunt and the child occupied the house together, I recommended that they should be separated. My advice was followed. Miss Darcy left that part of Ireland, and, with her departure all the annoyances ceased. The child from being puny and delicate, grew fat and strong, and the whole matter was nearly forgotten. However, in 1837, it became imperatively necessary, for family reasons that Miss Darcy should return to her brothers house. A fearful foreboding of evil to come, pervaded the whole family, and Mr. Darcy waited upon me, upon Dr. B——, an elderly and enlightened physician, and upon the very Rev., the Roman Catholic Dean of the Diocese, a clever, well educated and intelligent gentleman, and entreated us to spend the evening and night of her arrival in his house.

We consented, and met there early in the afternoon. And having made a careful examination of the premises, we sat down to dinner, determined to laugh at all ghosts and goblins, and to pass a pleasant evening. The shades of night began to fall before Miss Darcy arrived.

No sooner had she done so, than we all witnessed what alarmed and perplexed us beyond measure. The whole house seemed possessed. The table at which we sat was apparently struck with heavy blows, which made the glasses and decanters which stood upon it ring. The ceiling of the room cracked, and we were convinced the plaster was falling from it, the chairs and tables seemed to be pulled violently along the floor, but above all these noises were heard the cries and screams of the convulsed child.

Occasionally during the night, these sounds ceased, and for an hour or more, though perplexed and amazed, we enjoyed comparative peace and tranquility. At length, after having passed a most wretched night, the beams of the morning sun lighted up the beautiful landscape without, and brought some degree of cheerfulness to our saddened feelings. Again the Dean, the Physician, and I consulted together, and had to acknowledge that collectively and individually we were unable to solve these mysteries; but resolved, that as every account of them stated that they took place only when the aunt and the child were present in the house at the same time, we would advise the parents that they should be again separated; a course which was very painful to us, for we knew that the separation would cause much grief, inconvenience and expense to Miss Darcy, who was a most kind hearted, intelligent and amiable young lady. It was nevertheless our duty to advise to the best of our ability, and we did not shrink from it. The separation accordingly took place, and continued for several months, during which period everything went on quietly and comfortably, the child continuing to grow in health and stature, and the dwelling house to remain undisturbed by tumults or noises. Circumstances, however, rendered it imperatively necessary that Miss Darcy should return, for at least a short time. Upon her arrival, to the surprise and joy of the family, there was no renewal of the convulsions which formerly attacked the child, nor of the noises and mysterious annoyances which perplexed the family. But, in one fortnight exactly after she had again taken up her residence with them, having retired to rest on the previous night, in her usual health and spirits, she was found, on the following morning, dead in her bed!

"Called not away, when time had loosed each hold
On the fond heart, and each desire grew cold;
But when, to all that knit us to our kind,
She felt fast-bound, as charity can bind—
Not when the ills of age, its pain, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare;
And each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loosed from life's charm, and willing to depart;
But all her ties the strong invader broke,
In all their strength, by one tremendous stroke!"

Never shall I forget that bright and lovely Spring morning, when her funeral took place, nor the solemn awe which pervaded the immense multitude who assembled at the house and followed in long procession to the romantic rural burial place, where her remains were deposited.

"Slowly they bore, with solemn step, the dead;
When grief grew loud, and bitter tears were shed,
My part begun; a crowd drew near the place,
Awe in each eye, alarm in every face:
So swift the ill, and of so fierce a kind,
That fear with pity mingled in each mind."

The vault in which the body was deposited was a substantial building of cut stone and brick, with double iron doors, and otherwise well secured.

On the following morning a messenger from Mr. Darcy came to my house with a request that I would immediately call upon him. I hastened to do so, and, on my arrival, was informed by him, that some horrible and inexplicable violation of his sister's tomb had taken place. On proceeding with him to the burial ground, we found the stones and bricks of which the vault had been built, scattered about in the long grass—the iron doors rent in fragments, as if by lightning, and the body of the unfortunate lady lying arcross one of the flat tomb stones, sadly mutilated, the heart having been plucked from her bosom, and torn in two as if by the claws of a vulture or some other powerful bird of prey.

I offer no explanation of these events. I propound no theory on the subject, I merely narrate *facts* which came within my knowledge.

THE POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE OF THE FISHERIES OF THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE, LABRADOR, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

The commercial and political importance of the North American fisheries has been recognised for more than 300 years. They have attracted, at different periods, the earnest attention of the Spanish, Portuguese,

French, English, and American governments, and have been made the subject of special articles in treaties after the termination of long, expensive, and sanguinary wars.

The navy of France was sustained during the first half of the eighteenth century by the fisheries of North America; and without this admirable nursery for sailors, France would not have been able to man the tithe of her fleet at that time. We have only to glance at Louisburg, and the gold lavished on that splendid harbour and once splendid fortress on the Island of Cape Breton, to feel sensible of the vast importance with which the North American fisheries were invested by France at an early period; and in the grasping policy of Louis Napoleon during the last five or six years, with respect to fishing rights on the coast of Newfoundland, we have a proof that the anxiety to retain and improve them as a nursery for seamen still exists. The fortifications of Louisburg cost the French 30,000,000 livres, and when taken by the British forces from New England, under Sir William Peperall, for the first time, in 1745, the annual value of the fisheries to the French were nearly 1,000,000 sterling, independently of their being the best nursery for seamen that the world ever saw.

It is very remarkable, says McGregor,* that in all our treaties with France the fisheries of North America were made a stipulation of extraordinary importance. The ministers of that power, at all times able negotiators, well knew the value of the fisheries, not merely in a commercial view, but because they were necessary to provide their navy with that physical strength which would enable them to cope with other nations.

The policy of the French, from their first planting colonies in America, insists particularly on raising seamen for their navy by means of the fisheries. The nature of the French fishery was always such, that one-third, or at least one-fourth, of the men employed in it were 'green men,' or men who were never before at sea; and by this trade they bred up from 4,000 to 6,000 seamen annually.

Those who negociated on the part of Great Britain, could not possibly have understood the eminent political and commercial value of the boons thus unnecessarily conceded to France and America.

With France the case was widely different. Every Frenchman acquainted with the history of his country knew well that the sun of their naval splendour set on the day that Louisburg, the emporium of their fisheries, was taken. Neither were the Americans so ignorant of the rich treasures which abounded on the coasts of British America as to allow the favourable moment for obtaining a share in the fisheries to escape.

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* McGregor's British America.

Louisburg was built to a great extent of bricks brought from France. Its walls were defended by more than 200 pieces of artillery. During the siege 9,000 cannon balls and 600 bombs were discharged by the assailants, and the city was taken on the forty-ninth day after investment. The conquest of the city was regarded by Smollett as the most important achievement of the war of 1744; and the First Lord of the Admiralty at the time declared that, 'if France was master of Portsmouth, he would hang the men who would give Cape Breton in exchange.'

Louisburg was restored to the French at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748; but in the succeeding war it was again invested in 1759, and Louisburg fell a second time before a force which consisted of twenty-nine ships of the line, eighteen frigates, a large fleet of smaller vessels, and an army of 14,000 men.

Louisburg may yet rise again; the site of the ancient fortress and capacious harbour is 200 miles nearer to Europe than Halifax. The island of Cape Breton is separated from the mainland by the Gut of Canso, not more than 900 yards broad in its narrowest part; across this strait a steam railway ferry could always keep up communication with the mainland, and yet leave free this valuable entrance to the Gulf.*

The political importance of the North American fisheries to France and the United States has been the cause of the extraordinary efforts which have been made (on all occasions of the renewal of treaties by those powers), not only to maintain the position formerly won by them, but to take every conceivable advantage of this great nursery for their seamen.

The government of the United States have paid not less than £12,944,998 for bounties to vessels engaged in the fisheries since the commencement of the Republic;† and the average amount now paid annually

* The Gut of Canso, separating Breton Island from Nova Scotia, is frequented by a great number of vessels, amounting to several thousands annually, which pass through it from the Atlantic to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Admiral Bayfield considers it by far the most preferable route for homeward-bound vessels trading between the southern ports of the Gulf and Great Britain, as it affords a safe anchorage until an opportunity offers for sailing with the first fair wind. The length of the passage of the Gut is 14½ miles, and its least breadth 900 yards. The depth of water is seldom less than 15 fathoms. Cape Porcupine, on the western shore, rises 640 feet above the sea, and is a very remarkable object. The rocks on each side belong to the lower carboniferous series.

† The bounty, according to the laws of 1855, is as follows:—

A vessel between 35 tons receives $3 50 per ton
A vessel more than 30 tons " 4 00 "

The small state of Massachusetts has received, since the declaration of independence, bounties to the amount of $7,926,273; and Maine, contiguous to New Brunswick and Canada, the sum of $4,157,050.

by the government is very nearly £340,000. So great is the impetus which this system of bounties has given to the American fishermen, that while in 1795 only 37,000 tons of shipping were employed in the cod fishery, at present there are upwards of 110,000 tons engaged in this lucrative business.

The following tables show the great value of the American fisheries, the greater part of this extraordinary annual income being derived from the inexhaustible supplies of British American waters. The chief returns are from a recent annual report of the Secretary of State, United States;—

UNITED STATES FISHERIES.

WHALE FISHERY.

Vessels employed	661
Tonnage	203,062
Capital invested	$23,436,226
Persons employed	16, 370
Annual value	$12,040,804

COD AND MACKEREL FISHERY, &C.

Vessels employed	2,280
Tonnage	175,306
Capital invested	$7,280,000
Persons employed	19,150
Annual value	$8,730,000

The convention between Her Majesty and the Emperor of the French relative to the rights of fishery on the coast of Newfoundland and the neighbouring coasts, signed at London, January 14, 1857, created alarm in Newfoundland, and much excitement and anxiety in the other British American provinces interested in the fisheries. In March 1857, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, Newfoundland, addressed an urgent letter to the Speaker of the House of Assembly, Canada, relative to this convention, expressing the opinion that the ultimate effects of the operation of this measure would be the depopulation of that colony of its British inhabitants, and the consequent possession of Newfoundland by a foreign power.

A select committee of the House of Assembly of Newfoundland reported on February 26, 1857, and submitted resolutions strongly condemnatory of the convention, as ruinous to the British American interests. An address to the Secretary for the Colonies was framed and adopted, and all constitutional steps taken to arrest the calamity with which this convention threatened them.

The 'taking of bait,' which consists of herring, capelin, and lance, on the coast of the gulf, is perhaps the most material and important question with regard to the fisheries, for without bait the cod fisheries on the

banks and elsewhere in deep water would be comparatively valueless. The French were most anxious to obtain the right to purchase and fish for herrings and capelin to be used as bait on the south coast of Newfoundland, the traffic in bait being expressly forbidden by law. The value of bait sold in 1856 to the French was estimated by competent authority at no less than 58,000l.* The price which the French give for bait operates as a very seductive temptation towards illicit traffic. In 1856 an average of 26s. to 27s. sterling a barrel was paid by them for herrings sold for bait, while the actual legitimate value of herrings for exportation was at the same time only 6s. 1d. sterling. Hence the premium on the illicit traffic amounted to one pound sterling per barrel of 200 lbs. A reduced supply of bait to the French fishermen is equivalent not merely to a corresponding diminution in their catch of fish, but to a much larger supply on the British American coast, which, after feeding for a certain period on the Great Banks, resort to the coasts in pursuit of the herring, capelin, and launce. If the French have an abundant supply of bait, the fish linger on the banks as a feeding ground. The tonnage fitted out yearly for the French bank fishery slightly exceeds 18,000.

The right to dry and cure fish on shore is of the greatest importance, as not only are fish so cured of much superior quality, and consequently command a market where indifferent samples are unsaleable, but facilities for doubling or trebling the ordinary catch are greatly augmented.

The bounties paid by France during the nine years from 1841 to 1850 inclusive, for the cod fishery only, had amounted to the annual average of 3,900,000 francs. The number of men employed annually in their fishery, amounting to 11,500, the bounties therefore would be at the rate of 338 francs per annum for each man. France thus trains up hardy and able seamen for her navy.

This notice, already perhaps too much prolonged, of the importance of the cod fisheries of Newfoundland and the Great Banks may be appropriately brought to a close by a quotation from a French officer's document of great interest and weight:—

Nevertheless, the loss of her most magnificent colonies has occasioned irreparable injury to the commercial marine, which is an essential element of naval power. Treaties, which become inevitable in the course of time, have successively robbed her of the most valuable objects of freight. Cotton belongs to the Americans, coal to the English: and at the present moment, the shipment of sugars, our last resource for distant navigation, seems to be daily growing less and less.

The Great Fisheries still remain to us; and in order to preserve them we must continue the encouragement they have received, even at periods when a commercial and colonial prosperity, infinitely superior to that now existing, multiplied our shipping, and created abundance of seamen. In fact, the fisheries give employment

* Governor Darling.

to a great number of men, whom a laborious navigation, under climates of extreme rigour, speedily forms to the profession of the sea. *No other school can compare* with this in preparing them so well, and in numbers so important, for the service of the navy.*

The Americans are fully alive to the importance of the fisheries in British American waters. They have not only given the utmost publicity to their views but they have proved their sincerity by the Reciprocity Treaty, which permits Americans to enjoy the same rights as the colonists on the coasts of British America. A recent document emanating from the House of Representatives, states that—

> The chief wealth of Newfoundland and of the Labrador coast is to be found in their extensive and inexhaustible fisheries, in which the other Provinces also partake. The future products of these, when properly developed by human ingenuity and industry, defy human calculation. The Gulf Stream is met near the shores of Newfoundland by a current from the Polar basin, vast deposits are formed by the meeting of the opposing waters, the great submarine islands known as 'The Banks' are formed, and the rich pastures created in Ireland by the warm and humid influence of the Gulf Stream are compensated by the 'rich sea-pastures of Newfoundland.' The fishes of the warm or tropical waters, inferior in quality and scarcely capable of preservation, cannot form an article of commerce like those produced in inexhaustible quantities in these cold and shallow seas. The abundance of these marine resources is unequalled in any portion of the globe.†

The fisheries of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the coast of Labrador may be divided into two classes, the sea fisheries and the river fisheries.

The fish which form the most lucrative article of commerce are the herring, the cod, the mackerel, the salmon, the whale, the seal, and different species of shell-fish.

It is very difficult to obtain even an approximation to the actual annual aggregate value of the fisheries of the gulf and the coast of Labrador. It would be necessary to obtain accurate returns from France, the United States, Great Britain, and the British provinces. But both French and American fishermen leave the Great Banks, if the season be not successful, and go to the Labrador, or into the gulf, so that the distinction cannot be made with an approach to accuracy as regards the French and the Americans. The British American fisheries, however, do not now include the Great Banks, so that a close approximation to the value of

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* Report rendered in the name of the Commission for the Inquiry into the Law relating to the Great Sea Fisheries, by M. Ancet, 1851. M. Coste, of the Institute of France, submitted a report to the Emperor during the year 1861, whose title shows the interest taken in this prolific subject, 'On the Organisation of Fisheries as regards the Increase of the Naval Force of France.'

† Report on the Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain, Feb. 5, 1862.

the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Labrador to the provinces may be determined. The following table shows the value of the exports of fish, fish oil, and seal skins from British America during the years 1855, 1856, and 1857:—

	1855	1856	1857
	£	£	£
New Brunswick	47,193	64,311	71,190
Canada	79,842	82,900	98,271
Nova Scotia	568,086	564,342	387,422*
Prince Edward Island	..	..	17,545
Newfoundland	1,028,388	1,254,737	1,529,607
	1,723,509	1,966,350	2,104,035

The exports of Nova Scotia being given for nine months only of 1857, the addition of one-fourth would not bring them up to the exports of the two previous years. But assuming that they were equal to those of 1856, the total value of British American fisheries in 1857, with respect to exportations alone, amounted to 2,280,955l. sterling, or about eleven million dollars.

The value of the exports of fish from Nova Scotia reached, in 1860, the large sum of $2,956,788, or within 44,000 of three million dollars. This colony employed, in that year, 3,258 vessels, with a gross tonnage of 248,061 tons, or a ton for each inhabitant.

When the fish and fish oil consumed by the inhabitants of the provinces are taken into account, there can be no doubt that the present annual value of the fisheries to British America exceeds $15,000,000. That part of the catch on the Labrador coast which goes directly to Great Britain or the Island of New Jersey, is not included in this estimate. The value of the Labrador fisheries alone has been estimated by a very competent person at one million sterling per annum.

The total value of the fisheries of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the coast of Labrador, as prosecuted under the enjoyment of 'concurrent rights' by the Americans, the French, the British, and the Provincials, cannot fall short of four millions sterling per annum, or about twenty millions of dollars.

The Canadian fisheries are yet in their infancy. It is only within the past half-dozen years that any attention has been given to this important subject by the government. In a recent Report of the Commissioner of Crown Lands, under whose supervision the fisheries are now placed, the

* For nine months only.

following encouraging statement is made:—'The aggregate production of this source of wealth during the past year (1860) adds another to the many existing proofs that, however severe may be exceptional and merely local failures, and however fluctuating individual success, the inexhaustible fisheries of Canada yield every returning season an increasing amount of wealth to reward the industry and enterprise engaged in them.'

Table showing the value of the produce of Canadian fisheries from 1857 to 1861, inclusive:—

1857	540,113	dollars
1858	718,296	"
1859	817,423	"
1860	832,646	"
1861	663,700	"

The protection afforded is utterly insufficient to secure the Canadian fisheries against unlawful usurpation. Complaints without number are made on the coast of the audacity and insolence of many American fishermen. It is quite reasonable to suppose that when so many thousand men visit our waters, hundreds among them will be inclined to take advantage of their numbers, and, in the absence of any controlling power, encroach beyond the bounds assigned to them by treaty. But their usurpations do not stop here. Too many instances have recently occurred of injuries and cruelties committed by them, which are permitted to pass unredressed, because no means of bringing the offenders to justice are within reach of the unfortunate and oppressed Canadian fishermen.

An attempt is now being made to establish oyster-beds in different parts of the gulf. As far as the experiment has been tried, it has proved successful. The consumption of oysters in Ameriea is immense. The annual value of the oyster trade of Virginia alone, before the outbreak of the civil war, was £20,000,000, and the oyster trade of Baltimore exceeds the whole wheat trade of Maryland. The total value of the oyster and shell-fish fisheries of the United States is returned at £25,000,000 per annum, or more than all the other fisheries put together. The extraordinary rapidity with which the oyster trade may become developed, may be inferred from the report by M. Coste, to the Emperor of the French, on 'the Organisation of the Fisheries,' wherein it is stated that the production of oysters recommended by M. Coste has taken such a prodigious development, that in the Isle de Rè alone, more than 3,000 men who had come from the interior have already established 1,500 parks, which produce annually about 387,000,000 oysters of the value of 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 francs.

There can be no doubt that of late years the government of Canada

has exerted itself to improve the fisheries belonging to the Province, but not in a degree commensurate with their importance. The great fishing interests have been grievously sacrificed to others of less moment, and far more able to expand and grow indefinitely without legislative assistance. The Reciprocity Treaty shows how completely the British American fisheries have been placed at the mercy of the energetic and industrious New Englanders. The fact cannot be concealed, however, that the French Canadians—who ought, from the remarkable facilities they possess, to hold the Gulf fisheries (in common with their fellow-colonists of Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia) almost exclusively in their grasp—are elbowed here and there by their more active Yankee competitors, and see the rich treasures of their seas snatched from the threshhold of their homes, with scarcely an effort to seize a tithe of the prize which might be their own.

The bounties paid by the Canadian Government for the development and encouragement of fisheries, are as follows:

1. Three dollars per ton for three months' consecutive fishing.
2. Three dollars and a half per ton for three months and a half consecutive fishing.
3. Four dollars a ton for four months' consecutive fishing.

Vessels from 20 to 40 tons to carry 8 men; from 40 to 60 tons to carry 10 men; and vessels from 60 to 80 tons to carry 12 men. The crew are to be three-fourths of Canadian origin, and one-third of the bounty is to be distributed between the crew in equal proportions, and the remaining two-thirds to the owner; or the bounty may be distributed as agreed upon by the parties engaged in the venture.

Enough has been said to show that the fisheries of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and of Labrador are of immense political and commercial importance. It will be readily seen that great advantage would accrue to this most valuable interest if—

1st. Permanent settlements were fostered on the north shore of the Gulf and the Island of Anticosti.

2nd. Schools established, where the elements of navigation could be taught to the children of fishermen.

3rd. A rapid communication with salmon rivers and coast stations kept up throughout the fishing season.

4th. Two armed steamers maintained for the protection of the fisheries from the encroachments of foreigners.

5th. United action on the part of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, in preserving, protecting, and developing the fisheries of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

6th. A strict enforcement of the fishery laws.

OUR COUNTRY HOMES—THEIR RURAL ASPECTS.

BY A CANADIAN FARMER.

From earliest days, citizens have raved, and Poets sung of rural felicity —the charms of a rural life. Perhaps it would be difficult to define in what this felicity consists. And were you to ask the country man, he would tell you the delight existed mainly in the imagination of the admirer. "Distance lends enchantment to the view." We can, however, none of us deny, that in nature, as seen and enjoyed in the country, there is much pleasure, however it may be lessened by disagreeable accompaniments.

The term Rural strictly appertains to the country, and it may be distinguished from Rustic, a term of somewhat similar import, by stating that the latter takes hold of the country in its ruder shape. Both recognize the influence of man. Rural gives you an impression of something more cultivated, yet retaining a country spirit; and is usually applied to something pleasurable, rural scenery, rural pleasures, rural homes; we never associate it in the mind with ugliness, though we may admit an absence of high cultivation. A rustic cottage, on the other hand, must be an unpretending habitation, and the rustic who inhabits it may be even more unrefined.

The desideratum in improvement, then, seems to be to turn the rustic progressively into the rural, still retaining amid our cultivation, the pleasurable country aspect, which seems by the longing aspirations after it, to have shone with such a soul grasping radiance, on all ages of the world.

Rustic, however, is scarcely an American word, hardly even is rural.— There is nothing of either in the blackened stumps, and mud chinked shanty, of the home just redeemed from the dominion of the forest.— Little of rural pleasure, and as little of rural leisure to enjoy it, has the settler struggling with nature for the dominion of the acres, which have to yield him his daily bread. Nature must first be conquered and tamed before she will allow her beauties to be used to garnish man's handiwork. Her mood must be changed. The solemn altars which she has reared to her maker in the silent depths of the forest, must be thrown down, and a softer, perhaps a less grand, but a more cheerful, social tone, must fit her for association with the works of man. It is not in the gloomy recesses of the primeval forests, that "the little hills rejoice on every side, that the valleys are covered with corn, they shout for joy, they also sing." The forest with its untrodden gloom, the mountain with its

snow topped cliffs, the ocean in its boundless expanse, these in their mighty solitude show forth their grandeur and power of an Almighty Creator ; but these are not the homes of man. He must have something different from overwhelming effects, he must have the more social aspect of little details, which can mix with the details of his every day life and labour. The settler carves out a home, encircled by bare perpendicular repellent walls, of huge stems of forest trees, and as he labours on, imperceptibly a more friendly, a more social, though a humbler growth of luxuriant foliage arises around. The black, stern, unsocial stumps decay away, or become softened and rounded by a coat of grey lichens, the dark burnt leaf-soil, which never showed verdure before, assumes a coat of richest turf ; while the house, whitewashed and plastered, gradually forms the most insignificant feature of the landscape, the rude kennel for a night's shelter, becomes the centre round which the whole movement hinges, the abode of the lord of all he surveys. Our squatter now begins to come home at even with some degree of pleasure, and thinks of little luxuries and conveniences, though he has yet time for few ornaments to adorn his hut. These little fixings, however, accumulate, and we have perhaps here an inkling of the foundation of our English rural It is not country territory, expanse of grounds, woodland, but it is country as contrasted with town, and you cannot have country truly country in this sense, "man's country," without people to inhabit it, and enjoy its homes. Rural, then, is pertaining to a country with homes to be enjoyed, and the more we convenience and adorn and really beautify those homes the more are they to be enjoyed as a home :—

> "Between the rugged forest and the shore,
> Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
> A rural, sheltered, solitary scene, where ruddy fire and
> Flaming tapers join, to cheer the gloom."

We in Canada, have now entered on the stage when the first homes, of necessity are becoming the leading feature among their surroundings ; and methinks the help of taste and beauty and art are needed to make these homes as homely as possible, to cause them to afford as much pleasure, and to be as attractive as can be reached, for on our home ties are built the character of the man, the stability of the nation, the progress of the world ; shall we not even say much of the prospect of a hereafter. As thus mighty events from feeble causes flow, it seems our duty to study, and cultivate, and train this little stream, which is flowing on to join the river of such little currents, all combining to form our future nationality. Perhaps our reader looks back with pleasurable remembrances to the time when the clay chinking of his shanty gave way to lining and a coat of whitewash relieved the smoke-dyed interior ; to the old oven

and towering well-pole at the door, each hurriedly adjusted to the necessities of the hour, but each for years forming conspicuous land-marks of home. Perchance he often reverts to these humble appliances, as marking happier times to his imaginings, than the comfortable brick mansion now presents. Look around, however, it is only in imagination, and as associated with the days of earlier years, the friends of our earlier homes.—We cannot boast much of the rural aspect of our log house homes. The hurry of life is so much upon the log house denizen, together with the hopeful prospect of better times ahead, that he seldom thinks of home adornment, to any appreciable extent; and the constantly putting off these pleasures to a future, gradually incapacitates the mind for their enjoyment. The English cottier, or small farmer, looks not very anticipatively to the change of his humble abode; he therefore nourishes his wall flowers and roses, his rude porch is clad with verdure, his wicket is hinged and latched, his fruit trees and flowers are planted and tended, and each rustic home assumes an odour and beauty of its own.

In America, on the other hand, each rough beginning looks forward, with rapid anticipation, to large and formal improvements, in fact, to a succession of total renewal—the log house for the frame, the frame for the brick. The little pleasing surroundings, made not of money, but of labor and care, are neglected, until the taste for them is lost, and when the long anticipated, lengthy leap is made, it is to a home as bare and formal in its way, as was the previous more humble one. The bareness, then, of our country, the want of the rich little details which form a rural character, arise from the bottom, from the first beginnings; and under our present social system, while the hurried struggler is always looking forward to sweeping changes, we can scarcely expect to begin our rural improvements at the shanty, but must look for a reflex influence, from those who have reached the more advanced point, which affords more social leisure, while it retains a practical knowledge of, and power over the every day character of the country.

I well remember my first glimpse of human habitations through the hazy sleet of a May day on the pine-clad banks of the lower St. Lawrence. The square, angular roofed barns, with their hard straight eve line, the stiff, hardly defined wooden houses, with the serried crests of the pine-clad ridges, were in utter contrast with the rural aspect of the homes we had left behind. Cold and undemonstrative were these Canadian homes, extending not the faintest impression of welcome to the sea wearied traveller, and as we voyaged upward among the green islands, hardly more homely seemed the white cottages with green blinds, prettily buried among the green trees. The one seemed too rigidly formal, the other too coldly refined, to welcome the man who comes with hard hands for labor.

The American white clap-boards, green blinds and verandah, partake too little of the rustic, to consort with hard handed toil. The stranger passing expects to see on the verandah some refined female engaged in lady like occupation, when lo! a pair of up elevated cow hide boots, and dirty shirt sleeves burst on his view. But perhaps looking to our subject, adaptation is one of the leading features of beauty, especially of rural beauty, and here lies the danger of an improvement, which advances by sudden starts. The man and the home are not finely fitted together, the joint is rude, open, and easily rent asunder.

To our homes then. The first glance along any old cleared district of agricultural country in Canada, commonly shows you the best houses, conformed to one type of architecture; generally a square block, with kitchens behind, hipped roof, round-about verandah, green blinds, occasionally a little peak or gable stuck up in the front as a relief, and ornamental work *ad libitum*, that is to say agreeable to the fancy of some brighter genius, who has struck out the style of the neighbourhood.—These houses almost invariably face, at no great distance, the road, be the aspect North or South matters not; and a few trees are planted round a square garden, enclosed by stiff picket fence. Each habitation carries you back by its formality to the time when a sweeping deluge carried away all the older home associations, and the inhabitant became suddenly elevated in rank by the possession of a big house, to which his family were often so little fitted, that they knew not how to enjoy it. A glance round now recals to us many such, huge expensive abodes, trim and showily finished outside, and large surroundings; within, the kitchen only inhabited. The man is not assimilated to his mansion, he wanted a home, but didn't know how to make it. All the little trimmings which gradually gathered about him by his own fancy, would have, however rough, contributed an accumulated mass of pleasure, and have individualized the abode to the man, are swept away, sacrificed to the attempt to look fine, and please the taste of a public, with which the man, perhaps, never sympathized. We have often been struck with the fact, that even the rudest men appreciate a beautiful situation, a fine prospect, a truly rural home, when presented at once to their view; the difficulty is, for a man of uncultivated taste who cannot mark each of the little items in detail, composing it, to design for himself what is pleasing. Uncultivated tastes generally seek in uniformity what is really only to be found in adaptation, each window, each summer-house, each tree must face its brother. The square house, with square fence, must squarely face the road, so as to present a uniform appearance to the passer by, to the sacrifice of all privacy in the front and better parts of the house, unless buried in a smothering shade of trees. We, ourselves, should, other things being suitable, when a farm house must be near the road, prefer to turn

its end, with some degree of ornamentation, to the public gaze ; you don't then read the whole history of the family on its forehead ; you can of an evening sit round the front door, and enjoy yourselves without submitting to the gaze of every casual traveller. You can screen yourself from the dusty road by pleasing shrubs and foliage, while the front view can be kept open and free, cool and private. A great evil arises almost imperceptibly in the attempt to shade our road side houses in front, people in planting don't calculate on the size these trees will attain in a few years, but plant only for present effect ; thus, in a very brief period, the front is gloomily shaded, and the view from the windows obstructed.— Very often a house, where a good prospect is to be had, may be agreeably placed with its back to the road ; shading a yard by suitable outbuildings or trees, and making a sweeping road to the front, which can thus be left perfectly clear and free, enhancing its freshness and beauty by contrast with the dusty gloomy rear which first presents itself. In short the house should always be adapted to the inhabitant and his occupation.— The necessary outbuildings and surroundings should enter into the detail, to some extent. These on a farm are necessarily of a roughish and irregular character, and they prepare you for inmates not of high city culture, but of the more rural character of a farmer's family, and when you enter you are not disappointed. We used often to pass a white farm house in our vicinity, in an exposed situation, tall, thin, and without chimneys. Every one used to remark what a starved looking house, and ask who lived in it, this arose mainly from the lack of chimneys. Set a showy square house, with trim surroundings, alone on the road side, so that no barns could be seen, would a passer by think it a farm house, and be prepared to meet a farmer within. What is thus deceptive is always disappointing, and in this way, if no other, want of adaptation must lessen the pleasing character of any object. The village spire only just peeping through the trees, the line of poplars marking man's culture in the distant valley, the blue smoke curling from the nook in the forest, come with a gush of home feeling and delight to the traveller wearied with wandering through the savage wilderness, however beautiful. With these views then, a country home in Canada must have around it the feeling of shelter and protection from winter's blasts, and shade from summer's heat. It should show you the farmer in connection with his cattle and grain fields. It should take you into the recesses of the family fireside, the remembrances of days of toil, and those who have toiled with you. It should give you the comfort earned by this toil, and not seldom it should whisper of that far off land ; the plan which none of us who have crossed the ocean ever forget, and which we, in Canada, refer to as *par excellence* home. We can't, we don't wish, if we could, to reproduce the rude white-washed village cottages, sweet briar and wall-flower

surrounded, of our early recollections, their Sabbath morning's quiet savors not of the go-a-head of the New World. Neither would we imitate the rose and clamatis-clad bijou, which adorns the home grounds of our English country gentleman; but we wish to urge on our laboriously prosperous yeomanry, the cultivation of a taste which will assimilate their homes to their positions, and gather that feeling of comfort and those associations about those homes, which will attract their families to them, and make them really homes. To accomplish this, sweeping changes are not necessary. The ugly mansion need not be razed to its foundation, for it, too, has its remembrances and associations, and scarcely conceivable changes may be effected by attention to the features of which we have spoken, and always bearing in mind the hint that each home should bear the impress of its inmates. A variety will be achieved as endless as the varying characters of men.

SUMMER EVENINGS ON THE GALLERY.

BY ALFRED BAILEY.

NO. 1.—IN WHICH THE READER IS TREATED TO A DISQUISITION ON TALKING, AND A DESCRIPTION OF THE TALKERS.

"Not a bad idea," said the Rev. George Highley.

"Charming," said Miss Annie.

"Difficult!" murmured Aunt Sarah.

"Rather a bore!" ejaculated Major Ritchie.

"Impossible!" growled Dr. Blanchard.

"Too much for the i—maginative faculty," suggested Mr. Rufus J. Jackson, with a strong emphasis on the first vowel syllable of his adjective.

"Let us try it," said Charles Blanchard.

Now the cause of these seven exclamations was a suggestion made by M. Charles Benard, the eighth occupant of the gallery, which amounted simply to this. That every Saturday evening during the summer, these eight friends managed somewhat instinctively to meet on Mr. Highley's gallery. That, in spite of their different nationalities, sexes and temperaments, they all had one common characteristic, a love of talking. The

neighbours declared that on Saturday evenings, their several eight voices were generally heard talking all at once, and that if one was, by sheer exhaustion, hushed for a few minutes, it soon resumed its wonted place in the general discord. "Therefore," added the young French Canadian, "would it not be well for us to do the talking in turns, and to let each member of the circle have an evening to him or herself? Each individual might on these occasions either tell a tale or discourse on any given subject while the others listened."

"And are we not to talk at all?" inquired Annie.

"Impossible!" repeated the Doctor.

But it is time to give the readers a general idea of this somewhat singular assemblage. The first remarkable fact was that the persons which composed it were all either bachelors, spinsters, or widowers, not a husband or wife was to be found among them. This probably had something to do with their loquacious propensities. Another peculiarity was that they all held in very high estimation, both themselves and their own opinions, a characteristic which by no means tended to lower the tones of their voices Eccentric as it was, their talk was entertaining to each other, and it was this that drew them together every Saturday.

Of all things that make talk entertaining, one thing has always seemed to me prëeminent, and I give it as a fundamental rule for good conversation. Talk as little as possible about *yourself*—of all bores in the dominions of boredom; commend me to the first person singular, and the frequent user thereof.

"My dear Mrs. Muggles, I know that that rheumatism of yours must be very painful during the present changeable weather. I would do my utmost to alleviate it if possible; I will myself hurry to your kitchen, and with my own hands compound the mustard cataplasm, and give proper directions to Jenny to apply it between the shoulder blades, or I will walk two miles to fetch Dr. Blanchard, or to return laden with the requisite Colchicum, Chloroform, Holloway's Pills, Radway's Relief, or any other nauseous compound in which your soul delights; but do not again, I pray you, at this season of the year, invite me to meet a small circle of friends at tea, and inflict your malady on us as well as yourself.

And oh, my dear Jones, suffer me to remonstrate with you on the way you bored me the other evening with the account of that little visit to Cacouna. How *you* caught the big fish, how *you* shot the large brace of birds, how *you* swam the farthest, sang the sweetest, and danced the lightest of the party. How Emily Tomkins said *you* were the *nicest* young man there. I do not say that it was not all true, at least in your own opinion; but I cannot help thinking that if you had described the fish and the birds instead of the sportsman—the river in which you swam, instead of the swimmer—the songs *they* sang, and not the effect

of your own "Death of Nelson"—and last, not least, the graces of Emily instead of your own—your narrative would have been much more agreeable.

What is the great charm in witty, wicked scandal? I firmly believe the almost entire absence of the egotistical personal pronoun. There is Abraham Drygoods, Esq., wealthy and obese, in his evening arm chair, talking of himself and his store for three mortal hours. Is it to be wondered that Isaac Drygoods, aged twenty-two, should be fond of the company of a circle of young gentlemen of his own age, in a certain room, with a circular table on which are to be seen pipes, tobacco and beer, where the pronoun I is seldom heard, but where the misdeeds of young Hardware and the flirtations of Emily Tompkins form much more lively topics of conversation.

And little Effie Maybud, who looks the very picture of simplicity and innocence, is getting rather tired of her Aunt Mrs. Muggles and her rheumatism. She is weary of those perpetual admonitions commencing: "My dear, when *I* was your age *I* used to, &c." Does she not sigh for the society of Emily Tompkins, who tells her that Mrs. A—— has bought a new glass chandelier which she will never be able to pay for, that Lavinia C—— had bought one of the most frightful hats that were ever seen, or that Isabella B—— is going on shamefully with that young subaltern of the —th, when you know, she is engaged to young Mr. D—— who is absent in British Columbia?

Shades of great men gone by! We know what ye did, how ye worked, how ye fought! What would we not give to know a little more of how ye talked? We know what Cæsar said to the Roman legions, or Hannibal to his army, or Pericles to the Athenian populace, or at least those set speeches reported by Thucydides and Livy, and which always smack more of the author than the orator. But how we should like to know what Socrates said when Zantippe curtain lectured him, or some of the conversation at that memorable dinner party at Cicero's villa, which the great orator describes in one of those delicious little familiar epistles to Atticus, that banquet at which Julius Cæsar ate a great deal too much dinner and felt so much better when he had taken an emetic after the repast. What did they talk about? Was it about themselves? I fancy not. Did Cicero speak in rich sonorous, round sentences, full of adjectives and Greek, about the new oration he was preparing, which was to make somebody tremble; and did Cæsar fight his battles again, and rather bore his hearers with accounts of himself and his legions? Perhaps so; but I fancy not. I think it not unlikely that he acted very much as modern generals do when they dine with eminent lawyers. It is not improbable that he complimented Cicero on the excellence of his Sabine mutton and the flavor of his venison, or expressed a little anxiety about

one Marcus Antonius, who had lately been rather misbehaving himself. Or, horrible to think of, but such things *did* occur even in those days, is it not barely possible that the great conqueror did not confine his intemperance entirely to eatables? Might not the amphora of Falernian have circulated once too often or even twice? Was the mighty Cæsar laid low in a well aired cubiculum? Or was he placed in a hired curriculum and so driven back to Rome? Did he attempt to have a row with the sentinels at the gate, or did he hoarsely declare his intention to remain "sub Jove frigido" until the dawn of day?

Among Shakespeare's greatest creations I have always remarked the conversation on board Pompey's galley, where he exhibits the three Lords of the world, brought down to the level of three common drunkards. Let us pass on to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; what a world would we not give to spend an evening with Sir Thomas More in his bower at Chelsea; or one with Sir Walter Raleigh on board a vessel bound "Westward Ho." I do not think that that company of divines, literary men, poets, and artists, who assembled every morning at Louis the Fourteenth's levée, while the great monarch donned his breeches, talked quite so insipidly as courtiers are generally supposed to do. And if we may judge from "Grammont's memoirs" even the conversation at Charles the Second's soirées, witty, wicked and often licentious, was anything but dull and prosy. And then those days of Will's and White's, of square cut coats, rolled stockings and rapiers worn almost horizontally.

> "In tea-cup times of hood and hoop,
> Or when the patch was worn."

What a world of conversation must have been heard in those coffee houses, where "glorious John" sat in the corner of the bay window, where "the little crooked thing that asked questions" snubbed all new comers, and Joseph Addison smoked very long clay pipes, and sometimes became a little the worse for port wine.

And then come those dull, stupid days of the eighteenth century, during which, if Lord Hervey's memoirs are to be credited, the court was just as wicked, but not nearly so lively as in the days of Charles the Second, "stand out like an old Greek alto relief on a dingy ground, old square built frame, old brown wig set awry, old snuff brown garb and grey stockings, herculean shoes with gigantic buckles. He sits at the head of the table, the lion of the party. Hear him roar!—great queer old Sam Johnson!—we know his talk. It has been preserved to us and we love it better than all his imitations of Juvenal, or than all the long Latinized sentences of the Rambler, over which we so yawned when at school.

To return to our old subject—Johnson, though by no means destitute of personal vanity, never talked of himself except in answer to a question; while poor Goldsmith, who so dearly loved the contrary practice, was always put down by the whole circle.

This is a digression and is meant to be one, I cannot help it. These papers will be full of digressions. The pen that writes has a bad habit of wandering off the high road, down any green lane that seems to lead to something, but which often terminates in a *cul de sac*.

The Rev. George Highley, or Parson Highley as he liked to be called, was a Church of England clergyman of the old School; of that school which impertinent young oxonians term "high and dry." He was never known to startle his flock with candles on the altar, nor was he addicted to those periodical and vehement denunciations of Popery, which some congregations consider necessary as a sort of moral fumigation of the ecclesiastical atmosphere. I doubt if he had ever read Bishop Colenso, at any rate he had no tendencies that way. He was a quaint, genial, society loving man, who did his duty to his flock earnestly and conscientiously; a hater of wrangling and lover of peace; he loved the poor and the poor knew it well. His great hobbies were gardening, argument, and a queer old book; all were agreed as to the lusciousness of his melons, a few as to the justice of his arguments, and fewer still as to the value of his Elzevir editions. He lived in a small house near Montreal mountain, placed in a large garden and backed by a gallery almost smothered in Virginia creeper—in fact, *our* gallery.

His only daughter, Annie, was a beauty; that kind of beauty of golden hair, blue eyes, and even muscular proportions, which is so brim-full of loveliness that it has run over in places. Though not more than twenty-three, Annie was fat; impartiality compels me to add—very fat. Reader, whether male or female, did you ever know a fat girl that was not a nice girl? I mean no disrespect to the slimmer of the sex, or insinuate that the contrary figure implies anything disagreeable. Be that as it may, Annie was a lively, large-hearted girl, not addicted to scandal, nor above crab-apple preserves, but with a tongue that rattled at an almost alarming rate. Those who have met her on windy days inform me that she wears hose of a most delicate shade of blue, and certainly the same azure tint may sometimes be detected in her conversation.

Aunt Sarah, the third member of the group, was the only sister of Parson Highley—an old maid, a delightful old maid, a funny old maid with odd whims and fancies of her own—she had a great penchant for old-fashioned brown or olive green silk, heavy watered silk dupes, but eschewed crinoline with a holy horror. Her vanity lay in her caps which were always adorned with the finest of lace, beneath which peeped too little pieces of silver hair, a pair of thread grey eyes, and a nose of con-

siderable elevation. One thing Aunt Sarah would never consent to wear, a bonnet was her detestation; she always wore hats, and such hats! from the smallest mushroom to the most gigantic sombrero; her winter fur cap was a mountain of mink enveloped in a cloud. Aunt Sarah's hat was known everywhere, in street, market, and church; by the bedside of the dying, in ladies committees for feminine charities, in fact in all those situations where good womanly sense, cheerfulness, consolation, and advice were wanted, there was Aunt Sarah—and her hat.

Make way for a huge pair of moustachios and an immense Crimean beard, which adorn the otherwise handsome features of Major Ritchie, late of her Majesty's —th foot; all like the Major and his winning ways, he is about fifty years of age, was disabled by three Russian bullets at Alma, and even now walks lame; he has that peculiar look and tone which in one minute betokens the well educated Briton. He won the parson's heart by asking an introduction to his library; he has been in many lands and can talk pleasantly thereof; anything but rich, he has wherewithal to live; with nothing to do, he leads a life of what he calls literary ease, but which is rather like indolence, and to which French novels and a large meerschaum pipe greatly contribute. The old bachelor lives in a little band-box of a cottage close by, taken immense care of by an old military servant (also disabled at Alma), and a very active old female servant under the almost daily superintendence of Aunt Sarah.

All know Dr. Blanchard, a medical bear, with a rough skin and a gentle hug, a hooked nose, bald head, and a grin meant to be intensely sarcastic, but which *will* somehow be most amiably comic. He is evidently high in his profession; that can be seen at a glance, Do you know why? *He wears grey trowsers.* In the medical profession of Canada there are four distinct grades most distinctly recognizable. There is the student whom nobody can mistake; I hardly know why. Pass on: Do you see that gentleman of about five-and-twenty walking along King street? He is dressed in a most unexceptionable suit of glossy black, with a stove pipe hat more glossy still, which he takes off to almost every third lady he meets. He is anxious to know everybody and is continually getting entangled into little groups of talkers at the corners of the streets. He always talks on safe subjects; such as "When the parliament is coming to Toronto again? Whether next winter will be a cold one, and "oh! I almost forgot—I must go and see after Mrs. X.'s baby. (Exit into the nearest house where he can find an excuse for a morning call.) This is a young medical practitioner striving for practice and *not succeeding.*

There he comes! Same black suit, but not so fashionable, and rather brown at the seams; same black hat but more dingy. He is walking

fast; salutes the passers by rapidly but still courteously; his face looks haggard—it speaks of nights spent by the bedside of suffering humanity—of anxious cases of doubtful cure—of reputation depending on the success of an operation, and perhaps, more than all, of an extreme anxiety as to when Mrs. Nervous will think proper to pay her bill. This is a young doctor striving for practice and *succeeding*.

See him once again, driving a handsome sleigh, with handsome buffalo robes and a fast horse. No beaver hat; but a little jaunty modern invention—like half a melon stuck on a cheese-plate. Plenty of watch-chain, and a solid heavy finger-ring. This is the grey trouser stage—the stage of eminence. Why do great physicians wear grey trousers? I have been told that such was the habit of Abernethy. I am inclined to believe it. I have observed that some of our doctors, with the garments, are apt also to assume the *manners* of that late eminent physician. Such was the case with our rough, clever, good friend, Dr. Blanchard.

The next member of the group was the doctor's son. He was a junior bank-clerk. I beg his pardon!—I mean a young gentleman connected with a bank.

Reader! in your perambulations in Canada, have you ever met a peculiar class of young men that are to be found at every evening party? Modest, retiring, almost shy till you know them—but always gentlemanly; and then when you know them more, full of fun. The idols of children, who adore them. By no means unappreciated by young ladies, who find them decidedly agreeable. Liked by the aged, because they never forget to treat age with proper respect and deference. As far as my experience goes, I never knew a banker's clerk who was addicted to low dissipation, to low conversation, or to unpaid debts. Let me qualify this statement. I once knew one, and he was *cut* by his whole fraternity. The banker's clerk generally plays some instrument, and usually most atrociously. This is his sole vanity. His conversation is always pleasant. He never talks shop, because his very business forbids it. Such was young Charles Blanchard. He had one other characteristic. In all these gallery assemblages, he always contrived to occupy a chair next to Annie Highley.

And now for an old Yankee of seventy summers,—not at all like Sam Slick, and still less like Asa Trenchard; but an honest, energetic, simple-hearted native of Connecticut—Rufus J. Jackson. So he always signed himself, and I do not think his most intimate friend ever knew what his second name was. Among his acquaintance he is commonly known as "Old Rufus J." He came to Canada when very young, with, it is said, hardly a dollar in his pocket. He is now one of the wealthiest merchants in Montreal. Not highly educated in infancy, he has read deeply

in the book of life, and has never used the knowledge so gained to create a god in the image of a dollar, nor to degrade mercantile integrity to the level of "smartness." He steadily refuses to believe in the bare possibility of a dissolution of the Union; but, at the same time, should a Southerner enter at one door, he does not think himself bound to go out at another.

Charles Bénard, the young lawyer, belongs to a type of the *jeunesse Canadienne*, which is steadily on the increase. Montreal possesses many, but I believe Quebec to be the great cradle of the species. It is a class which, I humbly prophesy, is destined to work out much solid good to Canada. He speaks beautiful English—fine terse grammatical English—almost pedantic in its correctness. His French is as grammatical, and more elegant; but he sticks with pertinacity to certain peculiarities of Canadian pronunciation with a national affection. He speaks of the language of Paris as "*ce patois Parisien.*" He adores the memory of Napoleon I. Wherefore, he is not exactly able to say. His opinion of the English has passed through three distinct stages of development. When seventeen years of age, he was afflicted with a violent Anglophobia. With him, the English were the tyrants of the soil—the source of all Canadian misfortune. At this tender age he edited a satirical weekly journal, *Le Serpent*, which was intended to annihilate the English—but which *did'nt*. The journal burst up, and left him considerably in debt. At this time he fell in with Major Ritchie, whose purse furnished him with the means of paying his creditors. His gratitude knew no bounds; and being of an enthusiastic temperament, at one jump his Anglophobia developed into an Anglomania. He affected the Englishman in every possible way. He never spoke French if he could help it. He courted English society. He dressed as much like an English officer as he could. Here again the Major's kindly common sense came to his aid, and toned his nature down to what it is. Generous, impulsive, honourable, well read, and impractical, he is delightful society. He will never make a sound lawyer, but has already attained considerable reputation as an eloquent advocate.

Such are my *dramatis personæ*. Next month they shall appear on the stage.

THE SETTLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. HOLIWELL,

Authoress of "The Old World and the New," "The Earles in Canada," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCLUSION.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF HEMSLEY CLARIDGE.

"Dec. 25th: Christmas day has come and gone! What a merry time we have had! My godfather insisted on us all dining at the Manor-house, so after morning service we walked there together. Alethea looked beautiful in her new furs and blue bonnet, blue suits her divinely, I carried her book, and we chatted pleasantly till we reached the door. We had a glorious dinner and a splendid dessert, all the children were present and we had plenty of music; as we were going to the drawing-room I ventured to kiss Alethea under the misletoe, though she chided me and drew up her stately head, I believe she was not displeased, for she permitted me to assist her at tea, (which duty her mother resigns to her) and was as graceful as usual during the evening. This is the last good time we shall have for a while. To-morrow the Pattons come, and the Hemsley's cousin, Wallace Sherbrooke, hateful people. What possesses them to intrude on our quiet pleasures.

Jan. 1st: My mother and sisters have been busy all day helping Everett, as we are to have a party to-night. I have had enough to do going their messages, bringing in holly and misletoe, and decorating the house. The girls are highly pleased with their new dresses, mamma's Christmas gift, but they will look nothing beside I know who.

Jan. 2nd: The party went off beautifully, we dined at 6 o'clock, twelve covers and everything good. Mamma is so clever. The squire was as jolly as possible, the only drawback was that horrid Sherbrooke who sat by Alethea and talked eternally. I know she was tired to death although she tried to look amused. After dinner I left the gentlemen over their port and their politics, and joined the ladies who were making sweet music in the drawing-room. Alethea sang a duet with me before Sherbrooke came in, he looked cross enough, but he does not know "God Save the Queen" from the "Old Hundreth," so could not pretend to join us at the Piano. He expected to walk home with her, but I was in waiting at the hall door, and when she stepped out after her father, I offered my arm ere any one else had a chance.

"You are not coming surely!" she said archly; well she knew why the walk had charms for me. It was pleasant to feel her little soft hand resting on my arm, and to know Sherbrooke was plodding along with the boys.

"We have had a charming New Year's Day," she said, as I bade her good-night.

"Can I ever forget it?" I replied. I had a delightful walk home, the night was glorious, the snow scene still and beautiful, and Ulton sleeping silently in the moonlight. Is Alethea gazing from her window at the sky? Does a thought cross her mind of me?

Jan. 5th: A very dull dark day, the girls cross, no company, and Pa gouty; saw Alethea and Sherbrooke cross the folly on horseback, she should not wear that green habit, it does not fit her, she looks like old Miss Ogle in it.

Jan 7th: Sunday, only the Squire and his wife at church, Alethea and her sister Maria are gone home with Sherbrooke to spend a few days with their aunt, I am surprised at their mother allowing them to go about the country in that manner. I have not seen Mrs. Sherbrooke these many months, I think I shall drive Emily over and call to-morrow.

Jan. 8th: A charming day though cold, at least Emily said so, we lunched with the Sherbrookes. Alethea wrote a note to her mother and trusted it with me to deliver, she told me she would return by the end of the week if she could get any one to fetch her. Any one! of course she meant me. I will take care she does not stay a moment longer than she wishes, for want of a conveyance or an escort. Emily can be spiteful sometimes, she said as we were coming home, that Alethea's sudden fancy for returning arose from Sherbrooke leaving for College on Wednesday, that as she had no other admirer to dangle after her she was willing to put up with my attentions, particularly when she desired to get home, and the Sherbrookes kept no horses. As if self-interest could dwell in Alethea's breast!

Feb. 1st: Alethea's birthday! I gave her a little hair ring, and when I put it on her finger made her promise she would never remove it till I could replace it with a gold one. "A rich lover will bear me off before then," she said, laughing. She was only in jest, but it was a painful one to me, and seeing she had wounded me she looked up with her lovely dark eyes full of feeling, and whispered softly, "Perhaps you will be the rich lover, Hemsley, the Gypsy told you you would make your fortune easily and early, dont you remember?"

"And you will share it with me Alethea?"

She smiled assent, gracious queen of beauty as she is.

Feb. 4th: I have had some conversation with my father about my

future, I can not remain here idle and useless any longer, he tells me I have no prospects, he does not know what will become of me. I gained no honours at College, I have no mathematical talents, in fact I begin to think I am a dolt; yet, Alethea condescends to regard me as her future husband. Oh! could I but achieve something! the world is wide, I will not despair.

March 3rd: My father has seen an advertisement about a farm in Canada, a horrible barbarous place I fancy, but perhaps I could soon realize a thousand or two and come back. I must consult with Alethea before Mr. Swinton is written to; it will be hard to leave her behind. Emily says I shall forget her in a week; "my preference," as she calls it, just originates in having nothing to do, and Alethea is always needing my services. I wonder how a good girl like Emily can be so unamiable; I know if I asked Alethea to share my uncertain fortune, she would cheerfully, but how could I be so selfish!

March 4th: I have seen Alethea, I suppose she was distressed at the prospect of separation, and I know she is too proud to show her feelings. She laughed at the idea of my returning. "You will become a backwood's farmer and marry an emigrant girl," she said. Perhaps the emigrant girl would love me as faithfully as the proud Miss Hemsley. I am so wretched I cannot write, I shall try to walk off my low spirits.

March 7th: My father has written to Mr. Swinton, I hope it will turn out well. I like the idea of travelling, which Emily very unkindly says is incompatible with love for Alethea. Alethea will never marry a poor man, so I had better get rich as fast as I can. She promises to wait for me, but I am to write soon to Emily and speak truly of my prospects. I wish I could emulate Alethea's superiority to little worries; while I am tormented with anxiety, and almost sleepless, she looks as blooming as May.

April 15th: The governor has heard from Mr. Swinton, it is all settled, I am to go early in June; the separation is almost forgotten in the business of preparation. Mamma and sisters are working for me, but I see in spite of themselves the tears in the dear girls' eyes, they have not as much character as Alethea, she scorns to weep, though doubtless she suffers all the more.

April 17th: I have had a long day in York, the old folks have come down handsomely, and I have as good an outfit as I could desire. Alethea wished to have a day's shopping, so I drove her and Emily in the Squire's Chaise. We had a glorious time only Emily was a little cross, she said if Alethea wasted so long in matching a ribbon or bargaining for six pence, I should not get through my business by daylight, as if my affairs were of any consequence compared with hers. Alethea treats these petty remarks in such a dignified manner one can hardly tell if she notices them.

May 1st: I have been away from home bidding my friends good-bye, every body is so kind; if good wishes will speed my ship I shall have a fine voyage.

June 1st: A month's blank—I have been so dull with the prospect of parting I have not had the heart to write. I have done up all the gardening for the girls and Alethea, planted out their pot seedlings, trimmed their rose bushes, trained their creepers, and endless other little things that no one else can do, at least they say so. I am to keep a diary and mail it once a month, I am supplied with thin paper for the purpose. Now the time is so near I wish I was fairly off, mamma drops a tear in my trunk along with my woollen socks and cough lozenges, and the girls have regularly spoiled their eyes. The dear old governor has told me fifty times of when he first left home, and blows his nose when he breaks off with "but it was not 3000 miles away."

June 2nd: I have had my last walk with Alethea, we wandered round the old places until quite late, the morn succeeded the glories of sunset before we could make up our minds to say good-bye. It is a sad word at any time, but most of all to a girl one loves and for an indefinite period. She is a noble creature, never cast down like other people; she encouraged me and was quite gay. "I have heard of many," she said, "who went to Canada as poor as you who made a great fortune and became members of parliament, when you have achieved this," she added sweetly, "think of Alethea." I plucked her a bouquet of lovely blossoms, when shall I give her another? How beautiful the honey suckle arbour looked in the moonlight, where we have so often sat. Well, I have turned my back on them all for ever, I suppose; so now for a good heart and a strong arm! Alethea set me an example of self control, not an emotion disturbed her calm dignity, she bade me farewell with as much self possession as if we were to meet tomorrow. I have seen her fair face for the last time for years, I go early in the morning too early to hope to see her, she never rises soon. Good-bye beautiful Alethea! I must have learned some of your heroism for I do not give up as I expected.

June 3rd: My father travelled with me to London, we arrived here quite late, we are to spend a week together and see all the sights. I have been so excited and amused that I have not had time to dwell on the parting. Shall I ever see those dear faces again? What a dreary waste of waters the Atlantic appears to my imagination when I think of those I leave behind.

Here ended the boyish revelation of young Hemsley's early sentiments. Life, with its realities, its stern duties, toils and pleasures, soon occupied his time and thoughts to the exclusion of diaries or regrets. Ulton and its residents faded into a dreamy recollection,

with nothing real but the love he bore his parents and the natural affection he felt for the home of his childhood. Then followed the short correspondence that took place between him and Alethea, previous to his engagement with Lawrence. A copy of the letter he addressed to his sister, for whose answer Lawrence had ignorantly waited, impatient to tell her father of her love, she remembered it all as she read.

"To Miss Emily Claridge:

Dear Emily,—I look to you, as the only real friend I ever had at home, to stand by me now that I am in great perplexity and trouble. We were always inseparable as children, you crying over my misfortunes, and I fighting your battles, now, Emily, the case must be reversed. I want you to fight a battle for me, one that I could not manage myself, for it requires all the delicacy of handling, and ingenuity of manoeuvring that only a woman can exercise. I have suffered more lately from a struggle between what is commonly called *honour* and a genuine affection, than you would believe your brother capable of. Emily I love—passionately with heart and soul, and it is not Alethea Hemsley. I have found here, in this out of the way Mapleton, one of the loveliest and best of women, scarcely a woman in years, but perfect in feminine graces of person, mind, and manners. More than all her beauty, I love her, every pulse of my body beats true to her, I must be her husband or no one else's. My love is returned, deeply, fondly, frankly reciprocated; now sister what am I to do with regard to my ill-omened engagement to Miss Hemsley? You always said there was no true feeling between us, a mere matter of association and necessity, still that does not alter the fact that the engagement, though a secret one, exists, and I am wretched, thinking of what I have presumed to do by Lawrence Mapleton. Alethea knew it would be years before I could marry, and I have always felt she would never wait for me, if a better opportunity offered. That will not palliate my falsehood, you will say, which is true enough; but surely there are extenuating circumstances to excuse me. It is but a graceless task to point them out, I feel humiliated, in dwelling on Alethea's short comings and my own justification. There is one view of the case I cannot resist showing you. Alethea never loved me sufficiently to share my poverty, I never loved her enough to remain near her, a dependent on my father, I felt independence without her, was preferable to the life I was leading, blest as I was in her constant companionship. The fact is that, boy and girl of nineteen, we were mistaken in imagining the first fancy we experienced was the golden ore of true love; knowing it now, I can detect the counterfeit from the real. I am indispensable to Lawrence's happiness, she to mine; the

chief drawback is her wealth, she is guileless enough to ignore its existence, and shall I permit that obstacle to blight a life's felicity? Alethea will be angry and disdainful, but her heart will not feel; while, in filling my engagement with her, I should be the destroyer of Miss Mapleton's peace and make my own misery. Help me kind, good Emily in my dilemma; put my affairs before Alethea in the most diplomatic and favorable light you can. I look to her generosity to set me free. I hope Lucy is happy in her married state, give my best love to her; also, to the rest of the girls. I shall write a short note to Mamma. So good-bye dear Emily.

From your affectionate brother,
HEMSLEY CLARIDGE."

Then followed the answer as follows:

TO HEMSLEY CLARIDGE, ESQ., HOGG'S HILL.

Dearest Hemsley,—I have arranged with much difficulty your unfortunate love affair, as well as the circumstances would permit. You must be prepared for some ill effects to follow the disappointment of a proud nature like Alethea's. She has not allowed any one to read her feelings. I am quite ignorant whether the knowledge of your fickleness was a relief or a pain to her. I hope the enclosed note will prove satisfactory to you. With my best wishes and sympathy, believe me to remain, &c., &c."

Lawrence read with eagerness the few lines vouchsafed to the recreant lover. She recognised the handwriting as that of her husband's unknown correspondent,—

"If Mr. Claridge's sense of honour sanctions his unscrupulous breach of faith, he need not apprehend resentment or reproach from Alethea Hemsley. She could not entertain the first to one unworthy of anger, or humiliate herself by expressing the second to one incapable of acknowledging its justice. Miss Hemsley hopes Mr. Claridge will be happy in the high-minded course he has pursued."

The note contained a hair ring, the only imperishable gift that had been offered.

There was also the very letter which a few weeks before had excited her curiosity and eventually her suspicions. It was simply an announcement that as she, Mrs. Marchmont, was travelling through the country with her husband, she would, in memory of old times, pay a visit to her quondam play-fellow, and boy-lover.

Lawrence laid down the papers and gave herself up to reverie. Imagination wafted her to her husband's English home; she saw his domestic life, his transparency of character, his simple tastes. She

saw him walking among his sisters, toiling on the homestead, devoted to Alethea, and in every position he rose in her estimation, and tears of happiness filled her eyes. He was her own good, honest, truthful Hemsley; the cloud was dissipated that momentarily obscured his perfections. It needed no words from him to restore him fully to her affectionate heart, still she must indulge herself in reading his own defence. Slowly she opened the letter that had been written that night while watching beside her bed. The first impulse was to kiss the dear characters with passionate love, so idolatrous is woman in her affections—so hasty to recompense seven-fold for a shadow of injustice or severity.

"To my Wife,—

When you read this you will be made acquainted with my early life, and understand the sentiments I once entertained for Miss Hemsley. I can only wonder at my blindness now. I believe Alethea never misunderstood her own feelings, for she never deceived me as to the affection she bore me. The error I committed, was not speaking plainly to you of my past, I had nothing to fear from your censure my generous Lawrence, for you possessed the whole riches of my love, and would only have smiled at my boyish delusion. But I was foolish enough to dread that a suspicion of the purity of my sentiments should cross your mind, I was vain enough to wish to stand spotless in your esteem, and I deemed a previous engagement, however mistaken, would debar me from your full confidence. The only feeling I experienced when I received Mrs. Marchmont's letter was that the secret I had so carefully guarded, and which had so often trembled on my lips would be betrayed, and in a manner that must arouse your displeasure if nothing more. My journey was undertaken for the purpose of diverting her from her intended visit. Unused to double dealing, I know my conduct was sufficient to condemn me, I avoided you for I could not speak every thought, I left you abruptly for I feared your questions, I could not write for I was miserable. Mrs. Marchmont was not to be changed, she had resolved to see my home, and the only bright light in the picture was that I had a home and family she might envy. Arrived here I scarcely know how the time had gone; I dreaded every word of hers, lest she should reveal the byegones I had concealed. I noted the depression of your face, Lawrence; the dear face whose every shade and line I knew by heart. How often I followed you in spirit when I saw you rise and leave us with brimming eyes. And why not, you will say, the danger would have disappeared at a bold stand. I know it now, I thought otherwise then, perhaps I was not altogether free from the unholy fascinations an artful woman can always cast over the strongest

man. I see her as she is, now; this evening revealed her character in its true light, until then I thought no one was to blame but myself.—Lawrence, I claim your forgiveness as I know your love, I say nothing of my sorrow, there will ever be a sigh in my heart that you have suffered through me. What do I not owe you? And I am proud of the obligation, add to my debt by present pardon, believe me misjudging, believe me cowardly, but oh! believe that never for a moment has my heart swerved from its fond affection for you. I saw you uppermost through all my actions, even when inflicting pain I thought I was saving you from deeper anxiety. Lawrence, my wife, my love, return to your resting place in the arms of

Your ever faithful Husband and Friend,
HEMSLEY CLARIDGE."

Hemsley had not gone out as he at first intended; he dreaded meeting anyone, and retired to his private room, where he often spent hours over maps and ledgers. They were unheeded now, with his brows supported by his hands he was seated at his desk, his eyes and thoughts turned inwardly, retracing the past and condemning himself unsparingly. Lawrence had frequently shown so much spirit in trifling matters, had had such an independent way of thinking and acting, that, as he reflected, he grew hopeless of her forgiveness and returning love. Existence would be unbearable under Lawrence's contempt, and how could he expect her to trust implicitly in his statements when he had deceived her till he could do so no longer. A bitter groan unconsciously burst from his lips, there was a sound of footsteps, a crush of muslin, and a voice, tremulous with feeling, uttered, "Forgive me, Hemsley, forgive my suspicion, my want of faith."

Lawrence seeking him! Lawrence craving pardon, and from him the sinner! Oh! had he but known the joy with which she acknowledged herself in error, and exculpated him he would not have been in such eager haste to clasp her beloved form with tenfold the ardour of the lover, to his manly heart.

"Forgive you, my darling, when I am alone to blame!"

"Not one word, Hemsley; we both erred in lacking confidence in the other, I most, for I should have known by now in whom I placed my trust. Kiss me, my husband, and may that kiss be the monumental stone placed over the forgotten grave of our first and last misunderstanding."

Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont left shortly after, and if Alethea had entertained any delusive opinion concerning her power over the boy, she was not at all deceived as to her influence over the man. Her fascinations, great as they were, fell innocuous before pure connubial affection,

she had to confess mentally that whatever the motive of her own marriage, true love had dictated that of her former admirer.

With their departure was dissipated the only cloud that had ever lowered over the inmates of Mapleton Vale. As the autumn's cool breezes stripped the trees or changed their green foliage to gorgeous tints of scarlet and gold, Mr. Mapleton recovered much of his strength, and the little children grew stout and rosy again. Christmas Eve blessed the young parents with another tender babe, a daughter, to be called Alice, in loving memory of Lawrence's dead mother. While there was rejoicing in Mapleton Vale over the advent of a fresh young soul, there was weeping and wailing in the widow Sheldon's cottage. Ralph —the young, the gay, the profligate—had paid the debt of nature, the common penalty of health wasted, and virtue despised. After a long absence he returned to die under his mother's roof. She believed him penitent and pardoned, let none seek to reprove her trust. She was not alone in her mourning, Ailsie wept with her, and by her fortitude and strength of character supported, while she sympathised with the lonely woman. She will probably remain a contented dependant on the charity of kindly Mapleton. One neighbour furnishes the widow with a load of wood, another with a bag of flour; if a calf or a lamb is killed, Mrs. Sheldon is never forgotten. Mr. Claridge looks after her cottage, and sees that Paddy cultivates her garden, while his wife and Miss Gleg are constant and unvarying in their attentions. Though deprived of a son's duteous affection, she is surrounded with real friends, and her gentle nature will soon cling to those who deserve her regard.

There is but little prospect of change for Mapleton Village save that which is born of time. Having brought our story to the verge of the present, we leave Hemsley and Lawrence in their beautiful home, enjoying all the comforts of refined civilization, and the freedom of a rural life. They will in all human probability survive to a ripe age, yearly increasing in wealth and in the number of their children, blessed in each other's love, and in the friendship and respect of the neighbourhood. At some period not very far remote Canada may have reason to be proud of these her sons and daughters, reared in her own bosom, and born of such a stock; strength, beauty, intellect, and principle are to be expected from the offspring of a marriage, based on as true foundations as that of "THE SETTLER'S DAUGHTER."

REVIEWS.

A Popular History of Ireland from the Earliest Period to the Emancipation of the Catholics. By Thomas D'Arcy McGee, B.C.L. 8vo., Vol. I. and II. New York : D. & J. Sadlier, & Co. Toronto : Rollo & Adam—1863.

VOLUME I.

A great historical subject may be treated in many different ways. An array of dry facts and chronological events may be displayed in due order, and with admirable, yet dreary accuracy ; or they may be coloured with prejudices and sympathies, or with poetic fancies and superstitious crudities ; or a word picture may be drawn, truly preserving every leading incident and harmoniously blending them together, yet wrapping them in a gaudy maze of colour, alluring, yet deceitful to the eye ; or, finally, when dealing with facts and fancies, the historian may invest them with true poetic feeling, without depriving them of their just attributes, and may offer them to the understanding of his readers in such guise as first to invite and then to win their attentive perusal and pleasurable study.

No one who is familiar with the writings or speeches of Mr. D'Arcy McGee, will doubt for one moment to which class his popular History of Ireland belongs. To say that the book which he has offered to the public is well written, would be to err on the side of a too cautious criticism, to say that it is beautifully written would more nearly express the feeling with which every one will peruse and study it.

The history of any living people must necessarily be tinged, in some degree, with the political and religious opinions of the writer, especially if he be the chronicler of the land of his birth ; but when that writer is an ardent adherent of the ecclesiastical system which has ruled Ireland so long ; it would be ridiculous to suppose that the time honoured church of his fathers should not be spoken of with affectionate regard, and an apparent acknowledgement of many religious influences and powers, which those who are not of her communion would coldly pass over or loudly deplore.

Let it not, however, be understood, that in the first volume of Mr. McGee's history, now under review, there is the slightest taint of illiberality, or undue religious bias ; on the contrary it cannot fail to be remarked, that in many particulars where one would have looked for severer criticism and pehaps merited condemnation, events and characters are described with a freedom from any approach to bitterness, partizanship, or bias, and always with the good points and redeeming features placed side by side with qualities or distinctions of doubtful character to many minds. Virtue, too, is always gracefully applauded, and vice always condemned, not ruthlessly but tempered with the spirit which appears to have pervaded the historian throughout. The early history of Ireland must necessarily have been, in the main, drawn from ecclesiastical records, hence it will partake to a large extent

of the history of the Roman Catholic church in those far distant times, when men were ruled by ecclesiastics and the laity were unlettered and ignorant.

Well does Mr. McGee say that the conversion of a Pagan people to Christianity must always be a primary fact in their history. The Mission of St. Patrick commenced in Ireland in the year 432, and was prolonged till his death. Of him, says Mr. McGee, "Since the first Apostle of the Gentiles had confounded the subtle Paganism of Athens, on the hill of Mars, none of those who walked in his steps ever stood out in more glorious relief than Patrick, surrounded by Pagan Princes and a Pagan Priesthood, on the hill of Tara."

Columba was the next great missionary who shaped from Iona the doctrines, spiritual and temporal, of many tribes and kingdoms. Mr. McGee describes the power exercised by Columba as he describes that of St. Patrick. His miracles were those which any Missionary at the present day might perform. "A spotless soul, a disciplined body, an indomitable energy, an industry that never wearied, a courage that never blanched, a sweetness and courtesy that won all hearts, a tenderness for others that contrasted strongly with his rigour towards himself; these were the secrets of the success of this eminent Missionary—these were the miracles by which he accomplished the conversion of so many barbarous tribes and Pagan Princes."

The origin and rise of many celebrated Irish families, is described with much vigour and minuteness. The chapters which relate to this attractive subject will be devoured by those who have a family interest in those wide spread Irish patronymics, which are known throughout the world.

The Irish Schools of the first three christian centuries acquired a European reputation, and as teachers of human and divine Science, the Irish Saints exercised great power over their own countrymen, and far beyond their insular home. "The intellectual leadership of western Europe—the glorious ambition of the greatest nations—has been in turn obtained by Italy, France, Britain and Germany. From the middle of the sixth to the middle of the eighth century, it will hardly be disputed that that leadership devolved on Ireland. All the circumstances of the sixth century helped to confer it upon the newly converted Western Isle; the number of her schools, the wisdom, energy, and zeal of her masters, retained for her the proud distinction for two hundred years."

In those good old times men frequently graduated at the age of forty years, "when as yet the discovery was unmade," as our author remarks in a quiet vein of satire which may frequently be found running through his luminous pages: "that all-sufficient wisdom comes with the first trace of down upon the chin of youth."

The Danish and Norwegian invasion of Ireland had a powerful effect on the character and morals of the people. "At the close of the eighth century we cast back a grateful retrospect on the Christian ages of Ireland. Can we do so now, at the close of the eleventh? Alas! far from it. Bravely and, in the main, successfully as the Irish have borne themselves, they came out of that cruel, treacherous, interminable war with many rents and stains in

that vesture of innocence in which we saw them arrayed at the close of their third Christian century. Odin has not conquered, but all the worst vices of warfare—its violence, its impiety, discontent, self-indulgence, and contempt for the sweet paths of peace and mild counsels of religion—these must and did remain, long after Dane and Norwegian have forever disappeared !"

The chapter describing the arms, armour, and tactics of the Normans and Irish is replete with interest, and the entire record of the Norman invasion is more like a well told historical romance than "a popular history." Indomitable bravery is said to have been the only virtue of the Norman spoilers of the Irish race, who, however, unlike the Dane, created, enriched, and improved wherever they conquered, and so far it may be said of them, that their evil deeds were not unmingled with good.

The state of Irish and Anglo-Irish Society, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, are still visible to us at the present day. The love of learning, always strong in this race of men and women, revived in full force with the exemption from the immediate pressure of foreign invasion. The Bards and Ollmans had ample hereditary estates in every principality and lordship. The virtue of hospitality was, of all others, that which the old Irish of every degree of rank and wealth most cheerfully practised. The particularity with which historians recorded the obits and marriages of women, show the high estimation in which they were held, and the fame of virtuous deeds, of generosity, of peace-making, of fidelity, was then as easily attainable by women as by men. Although the Irish, three and four hundred years ago were, as now, firm believers in supernatural influence, working visibly among men, yet they do not appear ever to have been slaves to the terrible delusion of witchcraft. The author notes one instance among the Anglo-Irish, and mentions the Presbyterian witches of Carrickfergus in the early part of the eighteenth century.

About the beginning of the fifteenth century we meet with the first notice of the use of Usquebagh, respecting which knowledge is now wide-spread. The dwellings of the Chiefs and of the wealthy, among the proprietors near the marches, were chiefly situated amid palisaded Islands, or on promontories naturally moted by Lakes. In less exposed districts the Milesian Nobles had castles of stone. The state of the Church was a troubled one ; it was hampered with a two-fold hierarchy, a constant struggle being maintained between Roman and English influence. There were often two sets of bishops elected in border sees. "The spirit of party carried into the Church, can be cherished in the presence of the Altar and Cross, only by doing violence to the teachings of the Cross and the sanctity of the Altar."

The union of the Crowns of England and Ireland inaugurated a new era. The social condition of the people under English authority, is described as very depressed and harassing. The feudal system was rampant with all its cruel exactions and hopelessness of relief.

The inexcusable excesses of the soldiers of the Reformers in desecrating and desolating churches, monasteries, and shrines, in the reign of Edward VI., is thus mildly yet touchingly introduced by the author. "But the most lamentable scene of spoliation, and that which excited the profoundest

emotions of pity and anger in the public mind, was the violation of the churches of St. Kieran—the renowned Clonmacnoise. The city of schools had cast its cross-crowned shade upon the gentle current of the Upper Shannon for a thousand years. Danish fury, civil storm, and Norman hospitality had passed over it, leaving traces of their power in the midst of the evidences of its recuperation. The great Church to which pilgrims flocked from every tribe of Erin, on the 9th of September—St. Kieran's Day; the numerous chapels erected by the chiefs of all the neighbouring clans; the halls, hospitals, book-houses, nunneries, cemeteries, granaries—all still stood, awaiting from Christian hands the last fatal blow."

Let us now see how Mr. McGee deals with those two prominent Sovereigns in English History, Mary and Elizabeth.

Of Mary, he says: "Although the memory of Queen Mary has been held up to execration during three centuries, as a bloody-minded and malignant persecutor of all who differed from her in religion, it is certain that in Ireland, where, if anywhere, the Protestant minority might have been extinguished by such severities as are imputed to her, no persecution for conscience sake took place. Married Bishops were deprived, and married priests were silenced, but beyond this no coercion was employed. It has been said that there was not time to bring the machinery to bear, but surely if there was time to do so in England, within the space of five years, there was time in Ireland also. The consoling truth—honourable to human nature and to Christian charity is, that many families out of England, apprehending danger in their own country, sought and found a refuge from their fears in the Western Island." This is a very mild defence, if defence it can be called, of Queen Mary. It does not deny the justness of the title of "bloody-minded and malignant" as applied to Mary in her dealings with the English, it merely says that there is no evidence that she carried her cruel persecutions among the Irish protestants.

And now what does the historian say with reference to that "bright occidental star of happy memory," Queen Elizabeth.

"The daughter of Anna Boleyn was promptly proclaimed Queen the same day on which Mary died, the 17th of November, 1558. Elizabeth was then in her twenty sixth year, proud of her beauty, and confident of her abilities. Her great capacity had been cultivated by the best masters of the age, and the best of all ages, early adversity. Her vices were hereditary in her blood, but her genius for government so far surpassed any of her immediate predecessors, as to throw her vices into the shade. During the forty four years in which she wielded the English sceptre, many of the most stirring occurrences of our history took place; it could hardly have fallen out otherwise, under a Sovereign of so much vigour, having command of such immense resources."

The reader will be able to judge of the tolerant and impartial spirit of these volumes, as far as they have come under review, from the foregoing quotations. We have purposely selected the descriptions of two of the most striking personages, respecting whom men's opinions have been much divided, when viewed from a Protestant or Roman Catholic stand point.

The most fastidious partisan will scarcely grudge the small meed of implied

praise Mr. McGee accords to the one, or think that he has detracted from the well deserved glory of the other.

In concluding this notice of the first volume of "The Popular History of Ireland," it is fitting to say that the work exhibits great research, much close reading, and a remarkable acquaintance with historic lore of the olden times. Its style, language, and method is that of a fascinating romance, which one closes with a feeling of regret that a pleasant and most instructive recreation, rather than study, has come to an end.

The Second Volume will be reviewed in the next number of the British American.

"*The Life of our Lord upon the Earth, in its Historical, Chronological, and Geographical relations.*" By the Rev. Samuel J. Andrews. London: Alexander Strahan & Co. Toronto: Rollo & Adam. 1863.

The attention which is being directed to the Life of our Lord is among the better signs of the times in which we live, and helps to compensate for the attacks made on the sacred volume. Following the example set by Neander, Ellicott, Fange, and others of a like class, Dr. Andrews has made those who love the truth his debtors, by the selection of the same grand theme as the subject of the volume whose title is given above.

The purpose of his work, as stated by himself, is to "arrange the events of the Lord's Life, as given us by the Evangelists, so far as possible, in chronological order, and to state the grounds of this order; and to consider the difficulties as to matters of fact which the several narratives, when compared together, present—or are supposed by modern criticism to present.

By way of foundation for a chronological arrangement, the dates of the Lord's birth and death, and the duration of his public ministry, are discussed in brief preliminary essays. The geographical descriptions are all limited to the sites of places directly related to the narratives; and only such notice is taken of the general history of the time as is necessary to explain the occasional references of the Evangelists. Questions respecting the authority of the Gospels, the time when written, or their relations to each other; as also their inspiration and historical veracity—which are assumed; the interpretation of the parables and discourses of Christ; and the discussion of matters of mere archæology, or of verbal criticism, are excluded,—such as desire information on these topics being referred for it to other sources. The result of this circumscription of plan is a much fuller and more satisfactory dealing with the topics embraced within it than would have been possible, within any moderate limits, had it included the omitted subjects.

Without venturing to hope for the acceptance, by all who may honour him with a perusal, of the solutions of difficulties which commend themselves to him, the author justly remarks (Preface, p. vii.) "that it is a great point gained, to be able to see just what the amount of the discrepancy or contradiction, if it really exists, is. Those readers who have been accustomed to hear, through sceptical critics, of the numerous errors and mistakes of the

Evangelists, will be surprised to learn how few are the points of real difficulty, and how often these are exaggerated by the misinterpretation of the critic himself. There are not a few commentators who adopt the rigid literalism of Opiander; not, like him, to defend the credibility of the Gospel narrative, but to destroy it."

Special prominence is given, in the work before us, to the great divisions of our Lord's work, "first in Judea, and then in Galilee, and to the character of his last journey to Jerusalem; both as explaining some peculiarities in the Synoptical Gospels, and as shewing that his work was carried on under true historic conditions." "There is no fact, it is remarked," more important to be kept clearly in mind in these studies than this, that Jesus was very man no less than very God. While recognising the supernatural elements in the evangelic narratives, wherever they exist, we are not so to introduce them as to make these narratives the records of a life neither human nor divine. The Lord, in all his words and works, in his conduct toward the Jews, and his repeated efforts to make them hear and receive him, acted as man under those laws which God at the beginning established to guide human action. His life on earth was in the highest sense a human one, and it is this fact that gives us the key to the Gospel as real historic records." (Pref. p. 8.)

The essay on the date of the Lord's birth—the first of the preliminary ones already referred to—closes with these words: "Our inquiries lead us to these general results. We find it most probable that the Lord was born near the end of the year 749 (from the building of the city of Rome). At this period, all the chronological statements of the Evangelists seem most readily to centre and to harmonise. In favour of December, the last month of that year, as much may be said as in favour of any other, and this aside from the testimony of tradition. As to the day, little that is definite can be said. The 25th of this month lies open to the suspicion of being selected on other than historic grounds, yet it is not inconsistent with any data we have, and has the voice of tradition in its favour. Still, in regard to all these conditions, it must be remembered that many elements of uncertainty enter into the computation, and that any positive statements are impossible." (Pages 22, 23.)

Of the second of these essays, the following is the conclusion in reference to the date of Christ's baptism: "The first passover after the Lord's baptism was that of 780, and fell upon the 9th of April. The baptism preceded this passover some two or three months, and so probably fell in the month of January of that year. John's ministry began soon after he was thirty years of age, or about July, 779. Allowing that his labours had continued six months before the Lord was baptized, we reach in this way also the month of January, 780. Tradition has selected the sixth of this month as the day of the baptism, but we have no positive proof that the tradition is well or ill founded. The climatic peculiarities of the country offer no valid objections to this date. Although there is good reason to believe that in December or January Jesus was baptized, yet the day of the month is very uncertain." (Page 36.)

Near the end of the third essay we have the following declaration on the

subject of the Lord's death : "From a survey of the several data respecting the time of the Lord's death, we conclude that none lead us to positive results. If it were certain that the Friday on which he was crucified was the 15th Nisan, there would be strong probability, if not absolute certainty, that the year was that of 783. If, however, it was the 14th Nisan, as many affirm, this datum fails us, and we have to choose between the years 782 and 786. The computation of the length of his ministry from the number of passovers, is an element of uncertainty which forbids a definite judgment; and the computations based upon the darkening of the sun at His crucifixion, upon the loss of power to inflict capital punishments by the Jews, upon the parable of the barren fig-tree, upon the prophetic half-week of Daniel, and upon the traditions, are all inconclusive." (Pages 44, 45.)

The following, Dr. Andrews accepts as "probable conclusions," to wit, that our Lord was born in December, 749, of the year of Rome,—five years earlier than the common date ; baptized, January, 780 ; crucified, April 7th, 783 ; and that the length of his ministry was three years and three months.

The essays whence the above results are derived, occupy forty-six pages, and may, we think, be fairly pointed to as models of clear, careful, and patient discussion.

The body of the work under review is divided into seven parts ; the first of which (pp. 49—108) deals with the period intervening between the annunciation to Zacharias and the baptism of Jesus, or from October, 748, (from the building of Rome), to January, 780,—6 B.C., 27 A.D. ;—discussing the following among other topics, to wit, the parents of John the Baptist ; the mother of our Lord, including her relationship to the house of David ; the two genealogies ; the taxing of Augustus ; the coming of the Magi ; the murder of the innocents ; the Lord's brethren, &c. &c.

Under part second (pp. 109—166), which includes the period from the baptism to the beginning of the ministry in Galilee, or from January, 780, to April, 781—A.D. 27, 28,—the divisions of the Lord's ministry are considered ; Herod Antipas and Herod Philip ; Annas and Caiaphas ; the temptation ; marriage at Cana ; the baptisms of John and Christ ; the second passover of our Lord's ministry ; Pool of Bethesda, and healing of the impotent man, &c. &c.

Part third (pp. 167—858) is devoted to the interval between the imprisonment and the death of John the Baptist ; or from April, 781, to March, 782 —A.D. 28, 29. Among the chief topics passed under review, are, the character of the ministry in Galilee ; the Baptist's imprisonment ; the rejection of Jesus at Nazareth ; his residence at Capernaum, including sites of that city and of Bethesda and Chorazin ; circuits and teaching of Christ in Galilee ; call of the disciples ; man with the withered hand ; sermon on the mount ; healing of the possessed ; the two blind men, &c. &c.

The period from the death of the Baptist to the first departure from Galilee, or from April to October, 782—A.D. 29—forms the subject of Part IV. (pp. 259—295), which discusses, among other matters, the feeding of the five thousand ; the walking on the sea ; Jesus in the land of Gennesaret, and in Tyre and Sidon ; the Transfiguration (time, place, and object) ; con-

fession of Peter; temple-tax; Jesus at the Feast of Tabernacles; thanksgiving in temple; and healing of the blind man.

Part Fifth (pp. 296—345) is occupied with the last journey from Galilee and the arrival at Bethany, November, 782, to April, 783—A.D. 29, 30. Its chief topics being: Primary aim of the Lord's ministry; first departure from Galilee; mission to the seventy; journey from Ephraim to Bethany; messengers to Samaria; murder of Galileans by Pilate; Feast of Dedication, and answers to the Jews; various parables; council of Caiaphas; Jesus on the way to Jerusalem; healing the blind man at Jericho, &c. &c.

Part Sixth (pp. 344—490) reviews the period between the arrival at Bethany and the resurrection; or from March 31st (8th Nisan) to April 9th (17th Nisan), 783—A.D. 30. Its leading points are: Arrival and Supper at Bethany; second anointing of Jesus; Bethphage and Bethany; triumphal entry into Jerusalem; second purification of the temple, and last teaching there; the voice from heaven; meeting of the priests and elders; last passover, with its events; institution of the Lord's Supper; Gethsemane and its agony; betrayal of Jesus; first examination of Jesus; Peter's denial of the Lord; conduct of Pilate; crucifixion of our Lord; physical cause of his death; site of sepulchre, &c. &c.

The time between the resurrection and the ascension, or from Sunday, 9th April (17th Nisan), to Thursday, 18th May, 783—A.D. 30,—is treated of in Part VII. (pp. 491—529; of which the more important topics are: Jesus, the risen One; the women at the sepulchre; appearance of the angel to them; first appearance of Christ; to whom made; character of Luke's narrative; time of visiting the sepulchre; the two disciples at Emmaus; various appearances of Christ; place and time of ascension; Jesus ascends but once, departing to return in glory.

From the above sketch it may be seen how various and interesting the topics are with which Dr. Andrews deals.

We commend to the special attention of the reader the article (pp. 109—119) on the "Divisions of the Lord's ministry," whence a view may be obtained of the author's idea of it. But for its length we would gladly extract it, both on account of its own value and by way of illustration of the style and manner of the writer. All our space will permit is a very compressed representation of its substance.

"In order to understand the scope of the Lord's ministry in its external aspects, as narrated by the Evangelists, it is necessary to keep in mind certain great facts that gave it form and character."

The first of these is, that "the Lord came to a nation in covenant with God—His elect people," whom he had made his special care, and from whom should come the great Deliverer—the seed of the woman—who should reign at Jerusalem, establishing thence justice and judgment throughout the earth.

"To a people thus in covenant with God, and awaiting the Messiah, Christ came. There was a general expectation that he was about to come, and a general desire for his coming. The appearing of the Baptist, and his message gave a new impulse to the common feeling, and doubtless in the minds of many changed what had been but an indefinite expectation into an as-

sured hope. But how should the nation discern the Messiah when he came? Should there be such wonderful signs attending his birth that it should at once be known? Or should his infancy and youth be passed in obscurity? How should his public career begin? What his acts as Messiah? Here was a large field for differences of opinion among the people, according to differences in character and spiritual discernment. But the greater part of the nation, including most of the ecclesiastical rulers and teachers, seems to have had no doubt that He was to appear, not primarily as a religious reformer, but as a leader and warrior, and that one of his first Messianic acts would be to cast off the Roman yoke and set the nation free. This done, he would proceed to restore the Mosaic institutions to their native purity, and fulfil the prediction that "out of Zion should go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

It is apparent that, thus mistaking the character and work of the Messiah, the very intensity of their desire for his coming would but the more certainly ensure his rejection. They had formed conceptions of him which Jesus could not realise. Their idea was that Christ was not the Christ of the Prophets. To be at once received by them, Jesus must act in a manner corresponding to their pre-conceived opinions, and thus fulfil their expectations. But this he could not do, since these expectations were based upon misconceptions of their own moral needs and of God's purpose. They felt deeply their political servitude, but were unconscious of the spiritual bondage into which they had fallen. They knew not how utterly unprepared they were for the coming of their Deliverer. Hence it was that Jesus could not openly assume the name of Messiah, because it had become the exponent of so many false hopes, and would have gathered around him a body of followers, moved more by political than spiritual impulses." (Pages 109—111).

"A second fact to be noted is,—the wish and will of God that the Jews should receive his Son. . . . . But the Jews knew not of this purpose, although, as we now see, it was not dimly intimated in their sacrificial rites. . . . . When, therefore, Jesus presented himself to the nation as the Messiah, it acted without knowledge of the secret counsel of God (as to his death), and with entire freedom. He desired that they should receive Him. All that God had done for them from the days of Abraham was with the intent that they might be a people ready for the Lord at his coming. . . . And Jesus, during his ministry, gave them every possible proof of His divine ministry, and reproved, and warned, and beseeched them, that He might save them from the guilt of His rejection, yet all in vain."

"Still a *third* fact is, that as the covenant of God with the Jews was a national one, so must also Christ's acceptance or rejection be. . . . If those who sat in Moses' seat should discern and receive Him, the way for the further prosecution of His work was at once opened, and under His divine instruction the nation might be purified for the glorious kingdom, so often sung by the Psalmist and foretold by the Prophets. But if, on the other hand, he was rejected by the nation, acting through its lawfully constituted heads, this national erring must be followed by national destruction. A few might be saved amid the general overthrow, but the people, as such, could no more be the holy and elect of God."

"It was under the conditions imposed by these great historic facts that the Lord began his ministry among the Jews." In the light of these, therefore, must the details given of it by the Evangelists be viewed.

Hence the mission of John, with its threefold object:—the announcement, in the first place, of the Messiah's being immediately to appear; the bringing, secondly, of the people to repentance; and the pointing out of the person of the Messiah to the nation on his appearance. Hence, too, the necessity of Christ's presenting himself as he did to the Jews, as their Messiah, in whom the covenants of God with Abraham and David, and the predictions of the Prophets, should find their fulfilment.

To give the nation an opportunity of ascertaining his true character, the Lord remained for a time in Judea, where he began the work of baptizing, under the eyes of the authorities. Though many gathered around Him, and received baptism at the hands of His disciples, none of the more influential classes or of the rulers, were among them. After a summer thus spent, He retires, in consequence of the machinations of his enemies, to Galilee, whence he goes up a second time to Jerusalem. Forced to flee thence, he returns to Galilee, and enters on the second stage of his ministry. His work here appears to have had a twofold object, to wit, the gathering around him as disciples the spiritual of the people, and the preparing of agents for the carrying forward of His work after his death, which he now saw to be approaching. From this time he gave prominence to his Messianic claims, which he had hitherto held in the back-ground, partly that the nation might not in ignorance involve themselves in the crime of his death, and partly in the hope of their yet being induced to believe upon him.

It would be unreasonable to demand that all the conclusions to which a writer dealing with subjects on many of which there have existed such differences of opinions should come, should commend themselves to every reader. Dr. Andrews neither professes nor expects to make every thing he touches so plain that hesitation, or even controversy, in relation to it, must henceforth cease. But he shews conclusively that there is nothing in the accounts of the Evangelists, in relation to the acts of our Saviour, which should constitute, in the case of any candid mind, a difficulty in the way of his acceptance of Him as the sent of God—the Saviour who was to come into the world for the rescue of the guilty and the perishing. He has taken pains to acquaint himself with the views of the most approved writers on the topics of which he treats, and there are few of the many discussions with which his work is filled which might not be quoted as a specimen of what such discussions ought to be. His mode of presenting his thoughts is so clear, that we do not recollect in the whole work, which we have perused at once with much care and pleasure, a single sentence in relation to whose meaning we have felt doubt. We thank him for his loving labour, and commend his volume—both in its original form and in the handsome reprint before us—to all with whom our opinion may have weight.

Sermons preached before his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, during his Tour in the East, in the Spring of 1862, *with notices of some of the Localities visited.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., &c. New York: Charles Scribner. Toronto: Rollo & Adam, pp. 272.

The Prince of Wales was fortunate in having in his Eastern tour such a cicerone as the author of "Sinai and Palestine." Professor Stanley, in that now well-known and admirable work, has done more than any other English writer to illustrate the history and geography of Egypt, Arabia, and Syria, from the point of view in which their history and geography must ever possess a peculiar interest with thoughtful men. He, with an insight similar to that possessed by his master Arnold, discerned with great clearness and described the relation subsisting between the physical features of the regions which he explored and the great events of which they have been the witnesses. The records of the Old and New Testaments thus received through him, elucidations suited to the wants of the age.

Canadian tourists are already not uncommon phenomena in the East; as our communities advance in education, intelligence and wealth, their numbers will increase. Let us recommend to any of our young countrymen who may be meditating such an excursion and who would derive from the undertaking all the mental and moral benefit which it is capable of yielding, to master before their departure from home the Volume referred to; to pack it up with their Murray and use it as a guide. Less fortunate than the Prince in not having at hand a living Stanley to assist in discriminating and identifying, they will have the next best thing.

Without the aid of judicious interpretation, a visit to the scenes of sacred history may be productive of more harm than good. So much that is improbable, nay palpably false, has been made to cluster round what is incontestably true, that the latter is itself in danger of being brought into discredit by the company in which it is found. This has been the fate of historic shew-places from Lebanon to Lundy's Lane. The *Valet-de place* has been in all ages the same kind of character. He has consulted his own interests by increasing to the greatest possible extent the number of his local lions and adapting them to the tastes and notions of his employers. At Rome we know how the historic fact of St. Paul's imprisonment and martyrdom there, has led to a series of pure fabrications in favour of other apostles. The modern pilgrim is no longer to associate the Mamertine dungeon, for example, with the names of Jugurtha and Sejanus, but with St. Peter and his feigned gaolers Processus and Martinianus; the *porta latina* must only remind him of Domitian's futile attempt to boil St. John, &c., &c.

Many of our readers will remember the amusing account in Kinglake's "Eöthen" of the convenient grouping together of localities in Jerusalem. "The Holy Sepulchre" he informs us" is not in a field without the walls, but in the midst, and in the best part of the town under the roof of the great Church which I have been talking about; it is a handsome tomb of oblong form, partly subterranean and partly above ground; and closed in on all sides, except the one by which it is entered. You descend into the interior

oy a few steps, and there find an altar with burning tapers. This is the spot which is held in greater sanctity than any other at Jerusalem. When you have seen enough of it, you feel perhaps weary of the busy crowd, and inclined for a gallop ; you ask your Dragoman whether there will be time before sunset to procure horses and take a ride to mount Calvary. Mount Calvary, Signor ?—Eccolo !—it is *up-stairs on the first floor.* In effect, you ascend, if I remember rightly, just thirteen steps, and then you are shown the now golden sockets in which the crosses of our Lord and the two thieves were fixed."

Thus in the lapse of time, trivial human traditions tend to excite doubts in regard to the certainty of facts and localities which otherwise would be unquestionable. At Hebron, a site requiring, one would suppose, no additional attraction, as being incontestably the place where the bodies of Abraham Isaac and Jacob are deposited, the officiousness of interested show-men have fixed the sepulchre of Adam and Eve ! In travelling through regions abounding with mystifications like these, a work like the one referred to, or a companion as competent as Dr. Stanley, is invaluable. We want a quiet common-sense commentary or commentator to give us, like the chorus in the Greek Drama, an interpretation of the truth and the *morale* of the rather over charged panorama which unrolls itself before us.

The volume which has led us to indulge in these remarks on travel in oriental and other historic lands originated in the following manner. The Prince of Wales and his suite throughout their tour in the East did not, as so many of their fellow-countrymen unpatriotically do when on their travels —relinquish the English observance of Sunday. Whenever it was impossible to have access to an English service on that day, the Reverend Professor officiated, adding at the close of each act of worship a brief discourse appropriate to the day and to the place. The first part of the volume contains these addresses or sermons, as they might be called ; the second part contains notices of some of the localities visited. This second part may be regarded as being in some sort a supplement to the Author's larger work on Sinai and Palestine. We have in it an especial account of the mosque at Hebron, of the singular and unique rites observed at the present day in the celebration of the Passover on Mount Gerizim by the Samaritans,—of the Island of Patmos and other interesting localities. The account of the interior of the mosque at Hebron—once a Christian Church, and previously a Hebrew shrine over the remains of Abraham—and now a most sacred place of the Mohammedans from which European Christians have been hitherto strictly excluded, is an addition to modern knowledge.

On several occasions the appointed Lessons and Psalms afforded convenient opportunities for reference of the localities and scenery through which the tourists were travelling. These occasions were duly and ingeniously improved, to the establishment of a real faith in sacred Scripture and to the building up of the life in Christian practice. The second sermon was preached in the Hall of the Temple of Karnak at Thebes, a building anterior in time to the Temple of Solomon. Sermon vi. was preached on Good Friday in "the encampment by the spring of Nazareth." The scene of sermon ix. was "the encampment under the Temple of Baalbec."

The learned preacher is not a courtier. His discourses are not those of a Bossuet or a Massillon, or even of a Fenelon, before princes. He is honest and homely. He by no means avoids the usual topics of the pulpit; but he overdoes nothing. He is fresh and unhackneyed in matter and phraseology, in which respects, as well as for brevity, point and interest, his example is worthy of praise and imitation. It is pleasant to think that the members of our present royal house are so English in their tastes as to relish orators of this description.

In a sensible address on the benefit of morning and evening prayer, we have a reference to a remark of Sir Walter Scott's. "It has been well said twice over by the most powerful delineator of human character (with one exception) ever produced by our country, that prayer to the Almighty searcher of hearts is the best check to mourners against Providence, or to the inroad of worldly passions, because nothing else brings before us so strongly their inconsistency and unreasonableness." In a note on this passage there is a reference to the *Talisman* (chap. xxii.) and *Quentin Durward* (chap. xvii.)

At the conclusion of the same excellent address we have the well-known religious poet Keble classed with Bishop Ken, from both of whose devotional poetry extracts are given. "I cannot forbear "the preacher says" to recall parts at least of the Morning and the Evening Hymns which have been left to us by two men, one long ago passed away, the other still living; both long to be remembered as among the chief ornaments of the English Church; both of whose hymns are worthy to be recalled to our thoughts, even on the frontier of the Holy Land, even under the shadow of the Cedars of Lebanon." Our space forbids us to multiply extracts. We recommend the reader to procure the really excellent work to which we have directed his attention. In the introduction will be observed a tribute to the memory of the lamented General Bruce who accompanied the Prince in capacity of Governor, and who died just at the close of the tour, of fever contracted in the journey. Many Canadians, who retain pleasant recollections of the urbanity of this officer as Secretary to his brother Lord Elgin in this country some years ago, will peruse with interest and gratification the following remarks. "We may still be permitted, as we recall many a happy and many a serious hour during those four memorable months, to cherish unbroken the constant image of the noble figure of our beloved and gallant Chief, as he rode at our head, or amongst us, through the hills and valleys of Palestine; or the easy pleasantry with which he entered into the playful moods of our mid-day halts and evening encampments; or the grave and reverential attention with which he assisted at our Sunday Services; or the tender consideration with which he cared for every member of our party; or the example, which he has left to all, of an unfailing and lofty sense of duty, and of entire devotion to the charge committed to him. These things we can never forget, whenever we think of the days of that Eastern journey, of which the recollection will endure to the end of our lives. For him, it has been ordered otherwise, it was the famous desire of another of his name and race, that the heart of Robert Bruce should be laid in the Holy Land. His remains now repose, not unworthily, beside

those of that royal ancestor. He, in his journey to the Holy Land, gave up his heart and life in the service of his Queen and of his country. He has passed, we trust, into that Holier Land, where he shall rest under the shadow of the perfect Reign of Righteousness and Peace, which on earth he strove with all his might to advance and to secure."

Voices from the Hearth: A collection of Verses. By Isidore G. Ascher, B.C.L. Advocate, Montreal. John Lovell, Montreal. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1863.

It does not often fall to the lot of the Canadian Critic to review a volume of poems of native production. Among those which have hitherto solicited public favour there are few which have commanded general commendation. In the poems recently published by Mr. Ascher under the title of "Voices from the Hearth," we have an addition to Canadian literature of superior merit. The spirit which pervades the poems contained in this unpretending volume is excellent, and the language in which that spirit is expressed frequently belongs to true poetry. Being altogether free from maudlin sentimentality, the author shows a natural and poetic appreciation of the subjects which form the groundwork of many beautiful little lyrics.

But it must not be supposed that these verses are altogether free from the more common faults in Rhyme and Measure. While we recognize the merits of Mr. Ascher's volume, we cannot close our eyes to its defects. These we are sure time, care, and a larger experience will remedy, or greatly mitigate.

The closing verse of "A search for Spring," is characteristic of the feeling which pervades his book.——

"In the grandeur of soul that makes man divine,
The light of Spring seems ever to shine;
In the beauty of goodness exalting our life
In the perfect faith that is born of strife,
In hopes that are brighter than vernal flowers,
Whose sweetness gladdens life's common hours,
I know the joy of Spring."

Mr. Ascher indulges the true feelings of a poet in most of his addresses to natural beauties; he revels in 'Starlight,' 'Sunlight,' 'A Summer Day,' and in 'Summer Calm,' and he never forgets to infuse encouragement and hope where hope and encouragement are needed, although at the expense of correct measure in his verse, which a little care might have avoided.

"There are forests to clear before you,
There are fields to plough and sow,
And the sunlight is streaming o'er you
That your labours may thrive and grow;

So murmur a song
While your voice is strong
And your heart is ready and true,
And thank your God
On the fruitful sod
That there's work for you to do."

There is much feeling in a beautiful little poem addressed to 'My Darlings,' and one would suppose from the fervent expressions which give true pathos to these verses that the bright and cheering influence of happy children often fills the soul of the writer.

"God has placed you all, my darlings,
On this sin-pressed earth to-day,
That your pure and sweet out-pourings,
Might be music on our way;
For ye are the links that bind us
To the Heaven we cannot see,
Till we find it mirrored, darlings,
In your soul's sweet purity!

Blight may come upon the harvest
Taint may steal amid the air,
But a light of angel brightness
Gleameth where my darlings are!"

* * * * * *

The Stars he truly says are "Eternal beacons in a measureless way" and we who gaze upon those silent sentinels of the night would be all the happier if we could cast off earthly feeling and say with him in his 'Starlight,'——

"Your everlasting light is but a ray
That emanates from God, who sent ye forth
Upon your fixed, illimitable path.
The mystery of your far-off ceaseless light,
Perchance, has been revealed to angel's sight,
Who praise ye in a loud exultant strain.
Your great effulgence man doth dimly see;
And yet, ye do not shine on him in vain,
If in your endless glow he spells eternity,
And reads his being's immortality!"

The imagery of 'Pygmalion,' is frequently very beautiful, we give two or three illustrations, personifying Night, Dawn, and Evening.

—— "And when Night trod the earth,
And with her dusky splendour folded all,
Her sanctity and beauty sent a hush
Within the sculptor's soul."

"And when along the east crept the pale Dawn,
Dim with a wealth of glory unrevealed."——

"And the pale Evening bared her gentle heart,
And mutely sympathized with human thought,
Enfolding deeper calm around his soul."

We shall close our extracts with two or three verses from the melancholy little poem 'Falling Leaves.' It is especially appropriate at this season of the year.

"Gleam, autumn Sun, with mellow light,
Blow, autumn winds, throughout the day;
For everywhere are death and blight,
Where'er I tread my way.
* * * * *
Beautiful as ye lie in death,
The Almighty's hand has sent ye forth,
The sport of every wanton breath,
To strew the paths of earth.

My idle fancies shall have flown,
Wild as the leaves along the road,
While every gust of wind wafts down
To me pure thoughts of God!"

We sincerely hope that such a reception will be given by the friends of Canadian literature to this little volume as to encourage the author soon to let us have more "Voices from the Hearth,' describing other touching home-scenes, and breathing other genial aspirations full of hope and trust, like those which we have just had the pleasure of perusing.

"*The Life of Stonewall Jackson*,"—From Official Papers, Contemporary Narratives, and Personal Acquaintance. By a Virginian. New York: Charles B. Richardson. Toronto: Rollo and Adam.

General 'Stonewall' Jackson was a hero of no common order. He was not merely a military hero; he has left behind him the bright fame of one who possessed to an extraordinary degree that rare and noble quality—moral heroism. Had he been afflicted like Milton, he would have shown the same resignation under extreme personal suffering. Had his lot been cast with those who have spent their lives in the spread of Christianity among the heathen, he would have ranked side by side with Moffat and Williams. Had his duties of life consisted in alleviating the miseries of others, he would have stood on the same pedestal as Howard. If Science had claimed him exclusively as her own, his name would have been written on the same page as

those of Davy, Arkwright, or Linnæus. In whatever sphere of life he might have been placed, he would have done his work well, and died at his post.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson, a Virginian by birth, was born in 1824. Leaving West Point, at the age of twenty-two he joined General Taylor in Mexico in 1846. After leaving Mexico, he resigned his commission, and was appointed Professor at the Virginia Military Institute, where he remained until the Spring of 1861. On him was conferred the first Military Commission of the Southern Army of Virginia; and on the 3rd May, 1861, he proceeded with the rank of Colonel to Harper's Ferry. The origin of his *soubriquet* 'Stonewall,' is as follows: at the close of the battle of Manassas, the confederate troops were in a state of utter exhaustion. General Bee rode up and down the lines cheering on the men, and beseeching them by all they held dear not to give way, when he met Jackson and said "General they are beating us back." Jackson replied, "Sir, we will give them the bayonet." Bee gathered new life from Jackson's mien and courage, and galloping back to the remnant of his command, he exclaimed, pointing to Jackson and his men, "*There is Jackson standing like a stone-wall!*"

Jackson's character is seen in his despatches; after the battle of Port Republic, he writes:—

Near Port Republic, January 9th.
Via Staunton, January, 10th.

"Through God's blessing the enemy near Port Republic was this day routed, with the loss of six pieces of his artillery.

T. J. JACKSON,
Major General, Commanding.

Jackson was a man of very few words, of much earnestness and singleness of purpose. He possessed an extraordinary tenacity of will, and although always prepared for defeat, he never admitted that defeat was possible. He was a very close man, forming all his plans in secret, and never confiding them to any one. He constantly masked his designs, and frequently appeared to be bent on doing what he intended should be the reverse of his actual operations. Personally he was awkward, and in his movements constrained and ungraceful. He was fond of soliloquy, and very absent minded.

Piety is represented to have been the absorbing and controlling sentiment of his life. He had the simplicity of a child, the gentleness and sweet smile of a woman, the nerve and will of a lion, and the gentle, subdued, trusting heart of a christian.

He always prayed on bended knee before going into battle, and whatever was, was best with him. His words, when he was told that he must soon die, "Very good, very good; it is all right!" showed where his faith and hope lay, and in whose strong arm he trusted, and on whose mercy he reposed.

The untimely fate of this truly heroic man, was most unfortunate, he was shot at Chancellorsville by his own men in mistake. He died shortly after the battle, amidst the heart burstings of those brothers in arms with whom he was fighting for his country's freedom and independence.

The writer of this "Life" makes comparisons between Napoleon and

Jackson as military leaders. Such comparisons are simply idle; Jackson was a Confederate officer for little more than two years, Napoleon was a great general during an entire generation of men.

Jackson stands prominent as a military hero, but prëeminent as a moral hero, and it is the combination of these two qualities which will make his name last longer on the bright page of history, than those who have had a far broader field for their genius, and who have won a more widespread renown. Jackson as a military hero belongs to the Confederate people, and the history of a short two years war, but as a moral hero he belongs to the world as an example throughout all time.

Impressions of England; Or Sketches of English Scenery and Society. By A. Cleveland Coxe, Rector of Grace Church, Baltimore. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Toronto: Rollo & Adam. 8vo. pp. 321.—1863.

These sketches are a record of the memorable year 1851, and the volume before us is the fifth edition. The author is a clergyman of the Episcopal church, and belongs to what is termed the high church school. He had evidently prepared himself by much study and reading to accomplish his self imposed task with credit and fidelity. It should be stated that the substance of the work was originally contributed to the New York *Church Journal*, and in order to adapt the sketches to the pages of that paper, as well as to follow the bent of his own inclinations he devotes a large share of his admirable descriptions to ecclesiastical subjects. He writes in a very forcible and pleasing style, and although more than a decade has elapsed since the author witnessed the scenes he so graphically describes, yet the interest of the subject on many points is scarcely lessened by this lapse of time.

We are presented, indeed, with the faithful impressions of a well educated American clergyman on many of the most interesting subjects which dwell so lovingly in the recollections of old countrymen. The cathedrals, the universities, the public schools, the debates in parliament, the crystal palace, the Queen's palaces, the Lord Mayor's feast, the prominent public men of the day, both political and ecclesiastical, are all described with the pen of a ready writer, influenced, of course, by the turn of the writer's mind and sympathies, but still expressed with a rare excellence of spirit, and freedom from partiality.

The Great Stone Book of Nature. By David Thomas Ansted, M.A. Philadelphia: George W. Childs; Toronto: Rollo & Adam. 1863.

Nature is here described as rather a library than a book. In order to comprehend the value and extent of this library, we are permitted to open a few of its books, and to glance with curious and studious eye at their leaves, or admire their exquisite illustrations. Among the many books in this library of nature, the great Stone Book is one of the most attractive, and one too which is beginning to be most studied. It is a great history, in which each day's story is the key and clue to the history of ages long since past.

'The Language of the great Stone Book,' has to be learned by the river-bed and the sea-beach; in the sun, the wind, the rain and the frost.

'The Stones of the great Stone Book' are clays, chalks, limestones and sandstones in vast leaves, traced with characters which all may learn to read.

'The Pictures of the Great Stone Book,' are the denizens of ancient seas and forests; and the remains of huge quadrupeds which roamed over the pre-adamite world.

'The Treasures of the Great Stone Book' are its glittering gems and precious stones, and its mineral wealth.

We must confess to extreme disappointment at this 'Great Stone Book;' its high sounding and most deceptive title, is sadly at discord with a little octavo of 338 pages, although very well printed and quaintly illustrated.

'The Great Stone Book' is in fact a small, incomplete, and very elementary work on geology, written in popular phraseology, and far better adapted for instructive amusement at the fireside than for the young geological student. We were not a little surprised at seeing pages of superstitious nonsense about 'the glittering treasures of the earth' introduced in the 'Great Stone Book.'

"*Eleanor's Victory.*" By M. E. Braddon. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

The well known name of Miss Braddon, the accomplished authoress of "Aurora Floyd," and "John Marchmont's Legacy," will attract numerous readers to "Eleanor's Victory."

Eleanor Vane, the heroine, is the youngest daughter of a ruined man of fashion, (one of the *choice* spirits who followed in the train of George IV., when Prince Regent.) The poor old gentleman, after having squandered three fortunes, is spending his old age in an obscure lodging in Paris. There his youngest daughter, who loves him tenderly, and is idolized by him, joins him. His eldest daughter, a rich widow, sends him the means of placing her half sister at a finishing school. They draw the money, take it to the lady

who keeps the school, and finding her out, are returning home, when they are accosted by two men, who oblige the old man to go with them to a low gambling house; there he loses the money, and poisons himself. His daughter goes to her lodging when he leaves her in the street, and some days after hears of his death, and receives an almost unintelligible note telling the cause of his rash act, and urging her to revenge his death on the man who cheated him, and drove him to it. This now becomes the aim of her existence; she returns to England with some good but humble friends, and resides with them for some time. Then her step-sister procures her a situation as companion to a young lady who boards with a friend of hers, a widow. The step-sister, to gratify her own pride, makes her take a feigned name. For a time she is happy in her new situation, and every one likes her. This widow is the niece of a very old college chum of her father, who he always expected would leave him money. The widow's son, who comes home unexpectedly and falls in love with Ellen, is his heir-at-law; when the mother observes her son's *penchant*, she tells Ellen she must leave her house. To this arrangement she makes no objection. Just before she leaves she discovers the resemblance between the son and the man who led her father away in Paris. Now her plans begin; she is determined to find out if she is right. Mr. Monckton, a rich lawyer, the guardian of the young lady she was companion to, being enamoured of her, follows her, proposes, and they are married. She has every thing she can desire, but she is not satisfied; the ruling passion of her life being revenge on her father's destroyer; after many reverses she succeeds, and could bring him to justice for another crime, but pitying his mother and affianced bride, (her own friend, and her husband's ward), and finding that the guilty man is penitent, she exercises that most severe revenge—forgiveness; and is a truly happy woman when she discovers that the noblest victory is the sacrifice of our own presumptuous desires in humble submission to the will of God.

Live it down. A story of the Light Lands. By J. C. Jeaffreson. Harper & Brothers, New York. Rollo & Adam, Toronto.

In few novels or romances of the present day do we meet with more actors on the stage of life, or greater diversities of character. It pourtrays the wide difference between the customs and opinions both social and religious forty years' ago and now. The story is well told out, its moral set forth on every page yet never disagreeably thrust on the reader. Its moral is its title "Live it down." To those few who have never looked grief in the face, and been taught their weakness by affliction (for a few such the world contains) it says, "Be ye gentle to all men," think of the hidden sorrows of the earth, sorrows that fall alike to gentle and simple, to rich men and servants. If you have a temper, proud, or harsh, or inconsiderate, "Live it Down," and add

not pain to those who are heavily burdened with sadness. To men penitent for evil wrought long since ; to young men who have erred through rashness and inexperience, and are paying the penalty of blunders which the world sometimes punishes too severely ; to men at the same time brave and frank, who are fighting against temptations that ever and anon get the mastery over them, and have to be wrestled with anew ; to despondent men, whose spirits are depressed by thick clouds of gloom ; to men smarting under wounds inflicted upon them by those whom they have loved and trusted it says, "live it down ! live them down !" Pangs of wronged affection, temptations from within and without, gloom, and remorse, blunders, and sins, evils present—ay, and even many of the worst consequences of evils committed, —are all to be lived down. To women sorrowful with exceeding sorrow "live it down !" to those whose moments are embittered by the shame of family story or personal disgrace it says, live it down !—but not in secret !—don't fear the world's eye ; throw aside morbid care for the scorn of the mean and heartless ; begin life again frankly,—and going forth to the generous and good, win their sympathy and love ; and to the very wretched of that strange world in which "people trouble themselves so," to the very wretched who can never receive complete consolation on this side of the grave, it says, "Live it down" patiently, meekly, devoutly—unto the life that is evermore.

British North American Almanac and Repository of General Information, for the year 1864.

This is the title of an Annual Register which Mr. John Lovell of Montreal is about to publish. Its objects are to present to the public, in a concise and accessible form, information relating to British American institutions ; to furnish accurate Statistics of our Commerce, Agriculture and Manufactures ; to pay some attention to our biography, History and Topography ; to impart original information respecting the less known Provinces ; to supply the requisite details concerning the Professions, the Societies and the Law Courts, the Newspapers and Periodicals, the Civil Service, the Volunteers and the Militia of the Colonies. No pains, we are assured, will be spared to render this publication a useful and comprehensive work of reference, and a desirable companion to every British American. The well known energy and ability of Mr. Lovell, is sufficient guarantee that this useful work will be ably edited, and supply a want which has long been felt throughout the British American Provinces.

THE BRITISH MONTHLIES.*

BLACKWOOD.—SEPTEMBER.

The able and versatile author of the "Caxton Family," continues his essays on Life, Literature, and Manners, and favours the readers of *Blackwood* with a second chapter "on some Authors in whose writings knowledge of the world is eminently displayed—Addison and Pope, Dryden and Johnson, Richardson, Fielding and Smollett, Sterne and Goldsmith, Sheridan, Montaigne, Moliere, Voltaire, especially Le Sage, Walter Scott, Byron, and Washington Irving are all included in the list of those who to a greater or less degree have displayed in their writings knowledge of the world.

Jean Paul Richter. A name of some interest and much perplexity to the majority of English readers. Even the coldest and most captious critic of his extraordinary compositions will readily admit that they cannot be overlooked by a student of German literature, anxious to obtain by a study of that literature, some insight into the character of the German people.

The Pyramids: Who Built Them? We may conjecture the oldest pyramid to be of the age of Abraham, say 2100, B. C., any earlier date is worthy of the Arabian Nights. But Sir Cornewall Lewis, in his Astronomy of the Ancients, says that there is no evidence for any building in Egypt—no, not even the pyramids—anterior to Solomon's Temple, B. C. 1012.

The Battle of Gettysburg, and the Campaign in Pennsylvania. This is an extract from the diary of an English Officer present with the Confederate army. He does not think that Lee's army lost any of its prestige at the battle of Gettysburg.

GOOD WORDS.—SEPTEMBER.

The illustrations in this number are particularly good. "The Lost Piece of Silver," is a striking engraving, lights, shadows, and expression are alike remarkable. "The Sheep and the Goat" is also very well drawn, and very suggestive.

Sybil's Ordeal. The heroine of this beautiful story, Sybil, is attached to Harold Forsyth, and he is deeply in love with Sybil. But the mother, a worldly woman, induces Sybil to engage herself to Sir Robert Buckington, after Harold had sailed to New Zealand, whither he went with the double

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

hope of making his fortune, and returning to claim Sybil's love. The vessel conveying Harold to his new home came in contact with another ship, and sank. The news of the disaster in due course arrived in England, and Sybil, thinking that Harold was drowned, retired to her room and fainting, fell against the side of the bed, against which she was found leaning rigid and unconscious. Sybil's life hung in the balance for many weeks; youth, however, conquered, and as soon as she was recovered she broke off the match with the baronet. Harold was not drowned, a life preserver saved him. He returns to Sybil, who follows the dictates of her heart, and marries him.

The Undeveloped Fibres of India. India is rich in every natural product. Her climate and soil are admirably adapted to the growth and cultivation of cotton, and the writer expresses the opinion that when proper stimulants are applied, and a constant market established, India can and will produce five times as much cotton as England requires. The quality of the cotton, too, can be vastly improved, and the best American varieties succeed well, but the natives are utterly ignorant of the wants of the European markets, and consequently take no care to cultivate the most valuable kinds. They never hear one word of the outcry which is raised in England for cotton, they only know that when they can bring their little loads to market, within reach of a sea port, they are getting better prices than formerly, but they do not, as a people understand the cause, or expect that the high prices will continue. It will be a work of time to explain to them the true position in which they stand since the outbreak of the American Civil War, and the splendid future which is in store for India.

The Ocean Overhead—is a popular and well written description of the physical properties of the Atmosphere, and the varied phenomena of which it is the seat. Clouds, fogs, rain, hail, lightning and whirlwinds are described and some curious examples of those aerial wonders enumerated.

The Southern Minister and his Slave Convert. This is a sad picture of slavery and its licentious horrors. It is a dark and gloomy view, without one redeeming feature, and is intended as a reply to the address of the Clergy of the Confederate States to Christians throughout the world, who stated that "the South has done more than any people on earth for the Christianization of the African race."

Reminiscences of a Highland Parish—is continued.

Essays for Sunday Reading.—The 9th Essay is on "The Day of Death is better than the Day of Birth;" by John Caird, D. D.

TEMPLE BAR.—SEPTEMBER.

"*John Marchmont's Legacy.*"—Paul Marchmont establishes himself in Marchmont Towers. He gives a grand breakfast to the country people, but is suddenly shorn of his glory by Edward Arundel, who, in the presence of all the visitors, on the great stone stairs facing the lawn, inflicts an unpardonable insult on Paul Marchmont. The soldier held a heavy hunting whip in his strong right hand, and seizing Paul by the collar he inflicted on him a

shower of blows. "The crowd made a lane for Paul Marchmont as he went back to the house, white and helpless and sick with shame." Edward Arundel went abroad into lonely Breton villages, to try and cure himself of his great grief before he began a new life as a soldier again.

"*The Man with the Tortoise Shell spectacles.*"—A good story of a most successful gamester—showing how he won his ill-gotten spoils—and how his 'little game' was spoiled too.

"*The Trial of the Tredgolds.*"

"*Dining for the Million.*"—It is a fact which cannot be gainsaid, that, as a nation, the English are deplorably ignorant of the art of cooking for the million. Sheer waste of food is the first great fault arising from imperfect cooking, by which much of the nutritious quality of the food is lost. Another waste is the rejection of a great number of edible products which the bountiful hand of nature provides for the children of men. The third source of waste occurs in small families, among the middle classes, and originates in the selection of small joints and portions of meat, and in the manner of cooking them.

"*No Stone Unturned*" might have been entitled "A description of chalk pits," for it chiefly refers to the method of obtaining, preparing, and utilising chalk.

"*Mammoth Hotels.*"—What the world is coming to, on account of the increased facilities for travelling which steam has given us. The writer gives an outline of the mode in which a mammoth hotel should be conducted. He thinks that they ought to be well-paying concerns, and believes that such structures are destined, ere long, materially to modify the national manners and customs of the English people. It is clear that they will have to be much cheaper than they are at present in England, or the million will not patronize them. The American system of paying a certain sum for board and lodging, without extras, is far preferable to the infinity of extras which go to swell the bill of an English Hotel.

LONDON SOCIETY.—AUGUST.

"*The First Time I Saw Her.*"—This very interesting tale begins to develop itself, although the destiny of the charming young person with the strong, determined disposition, is not yet apparent. No one who has thus far perused the description of her well drawn character, can wish anything but a happy termination to her endeavours to sustain the dignity of No. 3.

"*The English in France*" Is the beginning of another very pleasant and well told love story. The reader is carried rapidly through France and a bit of Spain, back to France again, to a Hotel at Luchon, where the lady of the wanderer's love was unexpectedly found, and matters are so far explained that it was understood "he should return at Christmas."

"*Our Picnic Party.*"—The title of this article is enough to ensure its perusal, and the interest is not lessened by the 'Picnic' taking place in Ire-

and, with all the jovial Irish accompanyment of wit, fun, good cheer, and a few escapes.

"*Golf.*"—A Scottish game of ancient date, but now growing again into repute in both Scotland and England. The game consists simply in this: each party strikes his ball in turn towards a hole, and he who reaches and holes his ball in fewest strokes, gains the hole; and as the players walk on and play their own ball by alternate strokes, watching each others play, it makes the match sociable as well as interesting. The first hole is decided either by being divided, or what is called halved, or is won by one of the players having done it in fewer strokes than the other. The winner of the majority of holes in the round, gains the match, and also counts the number of holes by which he has beaten his antagonist.

"*The Guards Ball.*"—Scarcely equal to the subject, which certainly appears to have been the most splendid effort of the kind ever made in England. The illustrations of the Ball are only second-rate, we might say commonplace.

AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—OCTOBER.

The United States Armory.—Ingenuity and excellence in all mechanical contrivances are characteristic of the American people. Division of labour when necessary and the concentration of labour by machinery is their forte. Prominent among their mechanical achievements is the manufacture of small arms. The governments of different nations in Europe have copied the admirable organization and the complicated but most exact machinery employed at Springfield. At this establishment a rifled musket, composed of forty-nine pieces, can be manufactured for nine dollars. Each particular part of the musket from the barrel to the smallest screw or spring is made like its fellow, so that, any one who understands the art of putting a musket together, can pick out at random one and all of the forty-nine parts required to complete the arm, out of ten thousand separate pieces, fix them together without the least trouble, and provide himself with a complete and serviceable weapon.

The Conquest of Cuba, had a most important effect upon the revolutionary war. It is contended that if the English had maintained possession of the Havanna which they took in 1762, it is probable that the French would have been prevented by the Spaniards from assisting the Americans, and without that assistance the issue of the contest would scarcely have been doubtful.

The article is well written but a little tinged with bitterness against the English. In the present aspect of affairs this is pardonable, but we hope that a better spirit will soon prevail, and that the writer of the "Conquest of Cuba" in future contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly* will have reason to show more kindly feeling towards a gallant kindred race he knows how to praise well and reproach well.

A Letter to Thomas Carlyle, is a fierce invective against that eccentric and severe old man.

Other articles in this number are *Charles Lamb's Uncollected Writings.*

The Deacon's Holocaust.

Our Domestic Relations.

Life without Principle.

&c. &c.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.

The political articles in this magazine are especially American in their views and opinions. "God is on the side of our country," says the writer of the Restoration of the Union. Yet there are millions of unprejudiced lookers on, who deeply lament the unhallowed civil war, who hate slavery and who admire the energy, activity and devotion of the North, yet who believe from the bottom of their hearts that the union never will be restored. "America is destined to be the seat of civil liberty," continues the writer; and this in the face of a bridled press, a suspended *habeas corpus*, a threatened military despotism. The article contains many contradictions, and its assumptions and assertions are diametrically opposed by facts of daily occurrence, patent to the world, and familiar now as household words. In "The freedom of the press," the action of the government is vindicated, yet strange to say the writer nullifies his arguments by stating at the close "that the political liberty which they (the press) possess of free thought and *free speech* has imposed on them the moral duty, &c., &c.

How can they possess *free speech* if they dare not give expression to their thoughts in words? and if they do give expression to their opinions in the public prints and render themselves liable to fine, imprisonment, or consfication of property by so doing, how can they be said to possess the "political liberty of free thought and free speech." Both this and the preceding article referred to might we think have been handled much more forcibly. The subjects are of overwhelming importance to the American people and should be discussed with all the gravity and ability which their preponderance as great national questions demand.

Belonging to the domain of light literature there are numerous interesting tales, biographies and diaries. A detective's story is well told in a rapid manner, without loss of words and always to the point. "Thirty days with the seventy-first regiment," is rather disappointing; they arrived in the neighbourhood of Harrisburgh a day after the fair, and returned to New York just in time to find the riots quelled.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.—OCTOBER.

The articles in this number are particularly interesting. Among them we may specify 'Dana's Geology;' 'Tyndall's Lectures on Heat,' in which an excellent *resumé* of the remarkable facts announced by that distinguished man is lucidly put forth; 'The Antiquity of Man;' and 'The Testimony of Christianity concerning itself.'—In addition to the sterling worth and attractive features of the *North American Review*, it is always a pleasure to turn over its pages, well printed on excellent paper, and in clear, large type. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE.—OCTOBER.

I. Mercantile Biography: John Grigg, of Philadelphia. With a portrait. II. Russia and the United States—Future Empires. III. The History and Principles of Money. By Richard Sullivan, of Indiana. IV. Book-keeping—Its Use, Necessity, and Simplest Mode. V. The Telegraph to India. VI. Negotiable Paper; or, Notes of Hand and Bills of Exchange. Commercial Law. No. 7. VII. Considerations concerning the effect and probable consequences to result from the establishment of Banks under the Act to provide a National Currency.—Should such Banks be admitted to the Clearing-House Association? VIII. Commercial Chronicle and Review.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—OCTOBER.

The First Cruise of the monitor "Passaic" (Edgar Holden, M.D.)—Abide in Faith (Ellen A. Hastings.)—Scenes in the War of 1812. IV. The Niagara Frontier (Benson J. Lossing.)—The Fiery Colliery of Fiennes (Harriet E. Prescott.)—The Army Correspondent (L. L. Crounse.)—The Small House at Allington (Anthony Trollope.)—Romola, concluded (Marian C. Evans.)—Anti-Herodism (M. L. Snow).—The Little Heiress (D. R. Castleton.)—October (George Arnold.)—The Religious Life of the Negro Slave, second paper (Charles A. Raymond.)—Agatha and the Exile (Fred. B. Perkins.)—The Battle of Bennington (Alfred B. Street.)—Aroostook and the Madawaska (Charles Hallock.)—Tableaux Vivans (Katharine F. Williams.)—Alice B. Haven: In Memoriam (Caroline H. B. Richards.)—Monthly Record of Current Events.—Editor's Easy Chair.—Editor's Drawer. New York: Harper & Brother.

NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.—SEPTEMBER.

This Review has not yet obtained a large circulation in Canada. It is, however, ably conducted, and contains reviews of subjects interesting to the philanthropist, the man of science, the historian, and the general reader. The articles are well written, and in a liberal spirit. The September number, which closes the seventh volume, contains well-digested papers on the following subjects:—The Insane and their Treatment, Past and Present—The Clubs of London—Cowper and his Writings—Feudalism and Chivalry—Meteors—Spuriousness and Charlatanism of Phrenology—The Public Schools

of New York—Ancient Scandinavia and its Inhabitants—Social Condition of the Working Classes in England—Commencements of Colleges, Seminaries, &c.—Notices and Criticisms—Education and Science—History and Biography—Belles-Lettres—Miscellaneous. New York: E. J. Sears, Editor and Proprietor.

CANADIAN PERIODICALS.

THE CANADIAN NATURALIST AND GEOLOGIST.—AUGUST.

The August number contains Observations on the Geology of St. John's County, New Brunswick; by G. F. Mathew, Esq. On Ailanthine; The silk yielded by the Saturnia or Bombyx Cynthia, with Remarks on the Ailanthus glandulosa or False Varnish Tree of China; by Robert Paterson, M.D. The Air-Breathers of the Coal Period in Nova Scotia; by J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. On the Origin of Eruptive and Primary Rocks; by Thomas Macfarlane. On the Earth's Climate in Paleozoic Times; by T. Sterry Hunt M.A., F.R.S.

The articles which have appeared from time to time under the title of the Air-Breathers of the Coal Period in Nova Scotia, by Dr. Dawson, have been republished in neat pamphlet form of 81 pages, with ten plates. We shall take an early opportunity to notice this valuable addition to Geological Science.

The short article "On the Earth's Climate in Paleozoic Times," by Prof. Hunt, is an unexpected and yet most valuable and interesting deduction from Tyndall's discourses on the relation between gases and radiant heat. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec; New Series. Vol. I.; Part 1st.

It is a subject for congratulation, that this, the oldest literary society now in existence in Canada, should have renewed its youth, and commenced a new series of transactions. Part the first contains the opening address of the President of the Society, John Langton, Esq. It is followed by Papers on 'Weights and Measures', by R. S. M. Bouchette; On a lately discovered M.S.S. of Samuel Champlain, by Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee; Note on some emendations (not hitherto suggested) in the text of Shakespeare, with a new explanation of an old passage, by E. A. Meridith, L.L.D.; The Capabilities of the Harbour of Quebec, by C. McTate; Extract from a paper on The Graphical Delineations of Statistical Facts, by Arthur Harvey; Up the Moisie, by E. Cayley; Danger arising from the substitution of Benzole for Turpentine in Paint, by S. Sturton, Esq.; A few thoughts on the Botanical Geography of Canada, by S. Sturton.

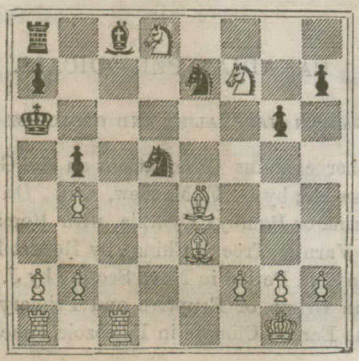
CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** All communications to be addressed to the EDITOR of the *British American Magazine*. Original problems and games solicited, accompanied by the names of the authors—not for publication unless desired by the contributor, who may adopt for that purpose any signature he pleases.

PROBLEM No. 1.—BY W. C. CHEWETT, TORONTO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in five moves.

A CHESS TOURNAMENT.

A correspondent who signs himself 'Schachspiel,' writes to the Chess Editor as follows :—

"Chess Clubs have been so frequently attempted in Toronto, and just as often proved failures, that I think it needless to advocate, meantime, anything of that kind. Indeed the Club last organized, that in connection with the Mechanics' Institute, still exists, though in a very feeble condition. Chess tournaments, however, are always attractive ; and would it not be feasible to get up something of the kind, during the approaching winter, unconnected with any other organization. A small subscription from each player would be amply sufficient to cover all expenses ; and as play would be continued only during the matches, the interest would not flag.

I suppose the proper way to set about the affair would be to call a meeting at some early date, and no doubt the Club room of the Institute could be rented at a moderate rate for that purpose and for play."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. F.,—A short paper on the subject of your letter is promised by a contributor from Montreal, and will appear in the next number of the Magazine. L. M. C.,—In the December number. 'A Chess Player,'—Your suggestions will be attended to. 'Minetti,'—We regret we cannot insert your communication in its present form ; if condensed it might be admissable.