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IMPRESSIONS FROM GOETHE.

IN THREE PARTS.

Third:—Meister and Faust.

BY W. F. MUNRO.

Goethe is probably best known to English readers by two of his works, which are, by far, the most characteristic of his writings, I mean "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," and "Faust;" the former has been translated by Carlyle, the latter by about a dozen German Scholars; of these, Hayward has given us a prose translation, which is said to be distinguished for faithfulness to the original. There are translations in verse, by Swanwick and Blackie, and a recent one by Theodore Martin, which probably reads better than any of them. I believe we are also soon to have an American translation by Bayard Taylor, who has spent a great part of his life in bringing it to perfection.

My original intention was to confine myself entirely to the views of life presented in these remarkable productions of the poet, but the extraordinary prominence given in late days, to all things German, determined the adoption of a plan, embracing a wider field, and therefore affording less time to be devoted to the original design.

Goethe had long been the ruling spirit in Weimar, had loved and flirted, travelled in Italy and Switzerland, written plays, studied Kant and Spinoza, botany, anatomy and optics, before he wrote the Wilhelm Meister. The Werther period was to him, a kind of poetical and metaphysical slough of despond, from which he arose to a certain newness of life, very different indeed from that divine illumination attained by the typical pilgrim, in his wonderful progress from the city of destruction to the gates of the New Jerusalem, but at the same time highly curious and suggestive, withal.

The Wilhelm Meister is a novel or fiction, consisting of two parts, the *Lehrjahre*, or apprenticeship, and the *Wanderjahre*, or travels. Artisans in Germany have to spend so many years in acquiring a knowledge of their trade, but, before they are admitted to mastership, they are obliged to spend a year in travelling. In many Guilds this custom is as old as their existence, and is said to have originated in the frequent journeys of the German Emperors to Italy, and the consequent improvement observed in such workmen among their menials, as had attended them thither.

Under the idea of a craftsman learning his trade, therefore, Wilhelm sets out to acquire in the world, not so much a knowledge of its ways, as the accomplishment within him of a deep and varied

mental and spiritual culture. He is a youth in the middle rank of life, of splendid ability, but of an undecided turn of mind, susceptible of love, but not to say fond of adventure merely for its own sake. He desires to study mankind, not that it will be useful to him, but because it will enlighten him. He joins himself to a company of strolling players, and for a while, seeks in the cultivation and representation of dramatic art, the means of acquiring the culture which he appears to consider the *summum bonum* of his existence. In a considerable part of the story, the other actors with whom he is associated, are prominent *dramatis personae*, and never fail to keep alive the objective interest of the tale. A wonderful group, too, they are, Philina, Laertes, Mignon, the old Harper, Aurelia and her brother—painted with Shakspearian distinctness. The apprentice, after much varied experience of life, which is chiefly interesting to the reader from a subjective point of view, accomplishes the end of his term, marked by his marriage with *Natalie*. He now commences his *Wanderjahre*, or travels, which are to perfect his culture. From this moment, however, our interest in the hero flags. His individuality sinks out of view, and we have to put up with generalities, including a large amount of allegory, which is not at all captivating. To the majority of readers, Meister, especially the second part, would be a dull book. It is an attempt to delineate life without its conventionalities. As if a Greek had written it, there is a complete absence of all moral verdict on the part of the author; no one seems to praise the good or anathematize the bad; and this has given rise to the criticism which, however much the admirers of Goethe may resent, is no less the fact, that he looked on life only as an artist.

Meister is an interesting book; in this sense, it furnishes a key to the author's conception of the higher truths of religion,—it embodies indirectly that *sui generis* creed, of which Carlyle, evidently one of its adherents, augurs, in the future, a world wide acceptance; but alas for the worlds when men have nothing else to look to for comfort and salvation. Who,

think you is to be the high priest of this church of the ages to come? We are told that it is the poet. "Look at men," says Meister, "how they struggle after happiness and satisfaction!" After that which the poet has received from nature—the right enjoyment of the world—the feeling of himself in others—the harmonious conjunction of many things that will seldom go together. Who, but the poet, first formed gods for us, exalted us to them, and brought them down to us? Well understood, the whole secret of Goethe's creed is contained in this last sentence. The religion founded upon this strange confession of faith is elsewhere expounded. Cleared of the alegorical stuff with which it is surrounded, we find it to consist of a threefold reverence, explained by an alegorical personage in conversation with Meister, thus:—"The religion which depends on reverence for what is above us, we denominate the Ethnic; it is the religion of the nations, and the first happy deliverance from a degrading fear; all heathen religions, as we call them, are of this sort, whatsoever names they may bear. The second religion which finds itself on reverence for what is around us, we denominate the philosophical, for the philosopher stands in the middle, and must draw down to him all that is higher, and up to him all that is lower; and only in this medium condition does he merit the title of wise. But now we have to speak of the third religion, grounded on reverence for what is under us; this we name the Christian; as, in the Christian religion, such a temper is the most distinctly manifested, it is a last step to which mankind were fitted and destined to attain. But what a task was it, not only to be patient with the earth, and let it lie beneath us, we appealing to a higher birth-place; but also to recognise humility and poverty, mockery and despite, disgrace and wretchedness, suffering and death; to recognize these things as divine, nay, even on sin and crime to look not as hinderances, but to honour and love them as furtherances of what is holy. Of this, indeed, we find some traces in all ages, but the trace is not the goal, and this being now attained, the human

species cannot retrograde, and we may say that the christian religion, having once appeared, cannot again vanish, having once assumed its divine shape, can be subject to no dissolution. "To which of these religions do you especially adhere" inquired Wilhelm. "To all three," was the reply; for in their union they produce what may properly be called the true religion.

There is a passage in Faust, wherein a simple girl questions the Philosopher about his belief in God. The answer embodies the poet's conception of the God of this strange religion, and is worth while quoting—the best translation I have seen of it is that of the writer's biographer, Lewis:—

Margaret.—How is it with religion in your mind?

You are, 'tis true, a good, kind-hearted man,

But I'm afraid not piously inclined.

Faust.—Forbear! I love you, darling, you alone,

For those I love, my life I would lay down,

And none would of their faith or church bereave.

Margaret.—That's not enough, we must, ourselves, believe,

Faust.—Must we?

Margaret.—Ah could I but your soul inspire.

You honor not the sacraments, alas!

Faust.—I honor them.

Margaret.—But yet without desire, 'Tis long since you have been to shrift or mass.

Do you believe in God?

Faust.—My love, forbear.

Who dares acknowledge, I, in God believe,

Ask priest or sage, the answer you receive

Seems but a mockery of the questioner.

Margaret.—Then you do not believe?

(Here comes the famous confession of faith—)

Misunderstand me not, thou lovely one.

Who dare name him?

Or who confess "I believe in Him,"

Who can feel, and force himself to say

"I believe not in Him?"

The all encompasser—the all sustainer!

Encompasses, sustains he not thee, me, Himself?

Does not the heaven arch itself above,

Lies not the earth firm here below,

And rise not the eternal stars,

Looking downwards friendly?

Gaze not our eyes into each other,

And is not all thronging to thy head and heart,

Weaving in eternal mystery, invisibly, visibly about thee?

Till up thy heart therewith, in all its greatness,

And when thou'rt wholly blest in this emotion,

Then call it what thou wilt—call it joy, Heart, Love, God!

I have no name for it—feeling is all-in-all.

Name is sound and smoke,

Clouding the glow of heaven.

Poor Margaret confessed this all to be very beautiful, but her simple heart does not grasp it, there is no humanity in it—there is no God in it—it is pantheism pure and simple. Goethe's theosophy was that of Spinoza, modified by his own poetical tendencies; it was not a geometrical, but a poetical pantheism. "A fool is he (says Care personified in the second part of Faust) who directs his blinking eyes that way, and imagines creatures like himself above the clouds. Let him stand firm, and look around him here, the world is not dumb to the man of real sense. What need is there for him to sweep eternity, all he can know lies within his grasp.

How closely connected all this is with modern application of the much talked of *philosophy of the unconditioned*, will be apparent to any one acquainted with the writings of John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer or Sir William Hamilton; and to those who may have felt the beleaguering influence of such a philosophy, I would presume to name a little book, which, in an unassuming way, has ventured to grapple with it. It is written by Dr. Young, of Edinburgh, author of the "Christ of History," and entitled the "Province of Reason," being a criticism

of Mansel's Bampton lecture, on the limits of religious thought.

The dark creed of Germany—the creed of Kant, Spinoza and Goethe, might well make Richter dream. "I went through the worlds, I mounted into the suns, and flew into the galaxies through the wastes of heaven, but there is no God. I descended as far as being casts its shadow, and looked down into the abyss, and cried, 'Father where art thou?' But I heard only the everlasting storm, which no one guides, and the gleaming rainbow of creation hung, without a sun that made it, over the abyss, and trickled down. And when I looked up to the immeasurable world for the divine eye, it glared on me with an empty black bottomless *eyesocket*, and eternity lay upon chaos, eating it, and ruminating it."

Who would wander in such a sahara of despair, who would force himself from the only light, in which our destiny is revealed? The Christian may have his dark questionings, but the answer of faith, which satisfies the heart, if it does not expound the riddle, is at hand.

Dim Child of Earth!
With eye uprais'd to Heaven,
No record of thy birth
To thee is given:
The rockings of thy cradle are but known
To ONE alone.

Thou seek'st to fathom for that hidden past;
To reach the shore thine infant being bound-
ing:
In vain thy plummet toward the abyss is cast;
The line's too short for such a Deep-Sea
sounding.

But the eternal Future lies before thee:
Whence thou dost come 'tis plain we cannot
know;
But thro' the cloud thou spreads its shadows
o'er thee,
Say,—whither dost thou go?

What realm, unknown, thro' all the bright
creation,
Shall be thy dwelling-place,
Where, rapt in joy and holy aspiration,
Thou shalt behold His face?

We point our telescope to search the Ages:
We find no star!
Thou ponderest over Revelation's pages,
What read'st thou there?

Upon that page one written line I see;

The hand I know:—
"Where I am, there my servant, too, shall be,"
To HIM I go.

The last word on the German philosophy I read the other day, from a lecture on the tendencies of modern thought, delivered at Boston, to the members of the theological seminary there, by the Rev. Dr. James McCosh, president of Princeton College, a deep thinker, as well as a powerful and eloquent speaker.

"There was an expectation long entertained by many that something better than the old Christianity of the Bible, literally interpreted, might come out of the great German philosophic systems of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and Schleiermacher. But these hopes have been doomed to acknowledged disappointment. The idea was fondly entertained that such men as Carlyle, Coleridge, and Goethe, who had caught more or less of the spirit of the German metaphysics, must have something new and profound to satisfy the soul in its deeper cravings if they only could be induced to utter it, but I rather think that the last hope of deriving anything soul-satisfying from these quarters has vanished from the minds of those who have been most impressed with their genius. The spirit is still lingering in Boston, and it clothes itself at times in such beautiful forms that I am inclined to admire it as I do the clouds of heaven, in the evening, convinced though I be all the while that they are mere vapors, soon to fade out into dulness and gloom. The stratum is becoming thin and is ready to crop out to the surface, and terminate its existence, at last, or at least the hopes which men entertain regarding it. Men of a devout spirit in the party of progress are becoming alarmed. The piety which Theodore Parker did not find in the old Unitarian body has not appeared, I fear, in the new body. No doubt there has been more of feeling, more of struggle among us; there have been paroxysms. Some have been under the cloud and passed through the sea, but, wandering in the desert, they have not reached the land of rest. There are fathers shuddering at the thought of bringing up their sons to such a creed, or negation of creed. They fear that its gossamer threads will

not restrain the youth, when flesh and blood are strong, and temptations are in the way. Mothers are not sure that it will stay their daughters and keep them from rushing into and running round the giddy whirls of pleasure. It writes beautiful papers with noble thoughts and noble sentiments, which I much admire, but with little logic and little consistency, constructing a rational theology, as Lessing says, which is a very irrational philosophy. It has a literature and it has lectures, and there go to hear men who have no faith and who do not wish to have any, and who would relieve the dulness of a Sabbath in a city where Puritanism still has influence by listening to fine sentiments which are more pleasing to them than preaching about those weary subjects, sin and salvation. But, with all its literary ability, it has been able to secure no church organization, no church fellowship; it has not even a rope of sand; it has only a rope of cloud to bind its members. It has discourses, but no united prayers; to what would it pray? It has certainly no God who will or can hear prayer. It is the last of its race, and, like certain doomed Indian tribes, it feels itself to be so. But it must go, for the winter is coming. Its doom is to be eaten up by a spectral figure, which you may see approaching with firm and steady step, but with lean and haggard form, spreading, like death, a shivering feeling wherever it goes. I am sorry to be obliged to show to these fair forms which move so gayly to the grave which is waiting to receive you, after you have danced a little time longer.

"An immense solitary spectre waits;
It has no shape, it has no sound; it has
No place, it has no time; it is and was
And will be; it is never more nor less,
Nor glad nor sad. Its name is nothingness.
Power walketh high; and misery doth crawl
And the clepsydon drips, and the sands fall
Down in the hour-glass, and the shadows sweep
Around the dial; and men wake and sleep,
Live, strive, regret, forget, and love, and hate,
And know it. This spectre saith I wait,
And at the last it beckons and they pass,
And still the red sands fall within the glass,
And still the shades around the dial sweep,
And still the water-clock doth drip and weep,
And this is all."

We must now take a look at Goethe's great master-piece, Faust. The old Catholic Faust-fable is well known. For more than 30 years, it had been coursing through the poet's mind, and, whatever we may think of its philosophy, he has woven out of it

"An orphic tale indeed,
"A tale divine of high and passionate thoughts,
"To their own music chanted.

"The story of Faust" says Carlyle, "forms one of the most remarkable productions of the middle ages, or rather, it is the most striking embodiment of a highly remarkable belief, which originated or prevailed in those ages. Considered strictly, it may take the rank of a Christian mythus, in the same sense as the story of Prometheus, of Titan, and the like, are pagan ones; and to our keener inspection, it will disclose a no less impressive or characteristic aspect of the same human nature—here bright, joyful, self-confident, smiling, even in its sternness—there deep, meditative, awe-struck, austere—in which both they and it took its rise."

Goethe, early in life, conceived the idea of fusing his personal experience into the mould of the legend, as he evidently did in the fiction of Wilhelm Meister. He could put off the execution of his plan for years, and still be certain that his love for it would return. Through the depth of conception he preserves fresh to the end his original purpose. Meister is the picture of a talented but fickle man, who, in want of culture, attaches himself to this person then to that, in order to become spiritually independent. This carries him into the breadth of life, into manifold relations whose spirit he longs to seize and appropriate. Faust is the picture of an absolutely independent personality, who has cultivated his lordly power in solitary loftiness, and aspires boldly to subject the world to himself. He is introduced to us in his dim narrow Gothic cell, surrounded by books, parchments, and instruments of alchemic art. With ardent labor, he has devoted himself for ten years to the study of philosophy, medicine, jurisprudence and theology, and now he stands with all his lore No wiser than he was before.

He breaks forth into a soliloquy of despair,

"No faith in knowledge to my soul is left,
"No longer doth the hope delude my mind
"By truth to better and convert mankind.

At length he resolves to die, but as he raises the poison cup to his lips, the bells of Easter morn, with choirs chanting the risen Christ—arrest him.

The women sing.

"With clothes of fine linen—all cleanly we swathed him,

"With spices and balsams—all sweetly we bathed him,

"In the tomb of the rock where his body was lain,

"We come and we seek him but seek him in vain."

Another choir sings—

"Christ is risen, praised be his name,
"His love shares our prison—of sorrow and shame.

"He has borne the hard trial of self-denial,
"And victorious ascends to the skies whence he came.

But these gently powerful tones, can only "min ls of weaker mould relieve." Poor, self-blinded Faust finds in them no more than pleasant memories of his youth; but as such, they have power to warn from death. He gives up the idea of suicide, and applying himself to magic, Mephistopheles appears on the scene.

Emerson says that Mephisto, is the first organic figure that has been added to literature for some ages, and which will remain as long as the Prometheus. This writer's idea of the character is that it is pure intellect, applied to the service of the senses. His element is necessarily that of magic, in order to preserve the veri-semblance of the legend, and to give dramatic effect to the play; but he comes before us, to quote Carlyle once more, "not arrayed in the terrors of Coeytus and Phlegethon, but in the natural indelible deformity of wickedness. He is the Devil, not of superstition, but of knowledge. Such a combination of perfect understanding, with perfect selfishness; of logical life, with moral death; so universal a denier, both in heart and head, is undoubtedly a child of darkness, an emissary of the primeval nothing; and coming forward, as he does, like a person of breeding, and without any

flavor of brimstone, may stand here, in his merely spiritual deformity, at once potent, dangerous, and contemptible, as the best, and only genuine Devil of these latter times."

The terms of the compact between Faust and this being of superhuman power, are expressed in these words

I'll pledge myself (says Mephisto) to be your servant HERE,

Near at your call to slumber or be still,

But when together YONDER we appear

You shall submissively obey my will.

The bargain is completed and Faust with the aid of supernatural power, proceeds to repeat his error on a higher scale. It is not mere vulgar pleasure however, that he craves.

"The end I am at is not joy,
I crave excitement, agonizing bliss,
Enamoured hatred, quickening vexation—
Purged from the love of knowledge my vocation,
The scope of all my powers henceforth, be this,
To bear my breast to every pang—to know,
In my heart's core, all human weal and woe,
To grasp in thought, the lofty and the deep,
Men's various fortunes on my breast to heap,
To therein dilate my individual mind,
And share at length the shipwreck of mankind."

A great deal might here be said of this characteristic aim of Faust, so different in conception from that of all other poets who have handled the subject. Goethe seeks to delineate the conflicting union of the soul, with the lower elements of human life—of Faust, the sun of light and free-will with the influences of doubt and obstruction. How all this is managed and the poem so curiously fashioned, its heterogeneous element, blended with such fine harmony, and the dark world of spirit, as mere metaphysical entities, playing like shadows among the palpable objects of material life, can only be learned from study of the work itself.

Mephistopheles has kept his promise well, he has led his victim through the bustling inanity of life; its pleasures have tempted, but not satisfied him; food has hovered before his eager lips, but he has begged for nourishment in vain. After a brief season of marred and uncertain joy, he finds himself sunk into deeper wretchedness than before. Margaret, the innocent girl whom he loved and has betrayed, is doomed to die;

he would fain persuade her to escape with the aid of Mephistopheles from prison, but though crazed in mind, the instinct of her heart shows itself in an invincible aversion to the fiend; and she chooses death and ignominy, rather than life and love at his giving. After her final refusal, Mephistopheles proclaims that she is judged—a voice from above proclaims that she is saved. With this, Faust and the fiend vanish from our sight. The play is over, and we are completely in the dark. A very different *denouement* is expected from the words of the Lord in the prologue, which is a kind of profane parody on the first chapter of Job. The Lord says to Mephistopheles respecting his servant, Faust, of whom he is speaking,

“Though now he serve me with imperfect sight,
“I will ere long conduct him to the light.

But he has disappeared in the very middle of the enigma. So long as there existed only a first part, there were two views taken of it. One was that in its incompleteness it was to be regarded as a sort of wonderful Torso, that only as a fragment could it reflect the world, and indicate that man is able to grasp the universe in a one-sided, incomplete manner only. That, as the poet touched the mysteries of life, but did not give a complete solution, so, was it thought that the enigmatical and prophetic, is that which is alone charming and poetic. This view was considered genial, as it invited the imagination to fill up the outlines. But it could not be defended from a philosophic, nor from an artistic standpoint. Another view supposed a second part possible. But, here, again, two opposite opinions showed themselves. According to one, Faust must perish; reconciliation with God would be unbecoming the northern Prometheus; the teeth gnashing defiance; the insatiate restlessness; the crushing doubt; the heaven-deriding fierceness, must send him to hell. In this spirit the old legend was expressed at the time of the reformation, and so has it been dramatized by Marlowe. But all this was not applicable to the Faust of Goethe, for the poet had in his mind an alteration of the fable, and

so another party maintained that Faust must be saved; that since his despair resulted originally from science, which did not yield him what it had at first promised, and since his childish faith had been destroyed by scepticism, he must be saved through the scientific comprehension of truth, and through the christian religion. Several sought to complete the work, but all with indifferent success.

In what manner the poet himself would add a second part—what stand-point he himself would take, remained a secret. At length, in his old age, the poet submitted to the world of letters, this crowning effort of his genius, as some would have it. The world of letters was then, especially in Germany, very much given to what is called *philosophical criticism*, the object of which seemed to be, to translate art into philosophy, and then to call it the philosophy of art. This school has many adherents at the present day, not only in the country where it originated, but in England. It was founded by Fichte, Schelling, Hegel and Schleiermacher.—Set a philosophical German critic to give you his idea of a celebrated production, Hamlet, for instance, and instead of looking at the work before him, he will endeavor to get behind and beneath it, into the very depths of the soul that produced it. He will discover the most recondite meaning in the most trivial form, and nothing will horrify him so much as to be thought superficial. From this school of criticism, sprang the dilettante passion for mediaeval art, which sought in Roman Catholicism, and national legends, meanings profounder than those that were generally accepted, or were current in the literature of the day. Some of the devotees went so far as to join the Catholic church, from nothing but pure sentiment. Speaking of one of the Schlegels, who was led in this spirit to embrace the old faith; Carlyle says, that it suggests the idea of a child vainly endeavoring to extract nourishment from the cold bosom of its dead mother—or words to that effect.

To the philosophical critics, the second part of Faust was, and still is, a magazine of profound and mystic meaning, as well as a miracle of execution; but to al

common readers it is a riddle from beginning to end; and I doubt very much if it dwells in the clear comprehension of any living mortal. It has the very same fault as we find in another of his minor productions, *Das Marchen*, the tale, heralded by Carlyle with loud flourish of trumpets, wherein we have such characters as the *snake*, the fair lily, the giant, the old woman, and the will-o'-the-wisps—mere symbols for which no key is provided, and which have no intrinsic beauty. It is only in proportion to your ingenuity in guessing the riddle, that you are at all interested in the means. Just as in the case of Wilhelm Meister, after his marriage with Natalie, he loses in a great measure his individuality, and the personal is merged in the universal; so with Faust, after the death of Margaret, he becomes in the second part, a mere generality, without a pulse of emotion; and Mephistopheles, formerly so marvellous a creation, becomes a mere mouthpiece.

Emerson makes metrical mention of a hero who attempts

“To rive the dark with private ray.”

We sit down to the study of the completed Faust, with high hopes that such a great master-mind will *rive the dark* for us. It is hinted that he will be conducted to the light, and with eager anticipation we seek to know how. Here, if at all, are to be found the germs of that new dispensation, of which so many mysterious hints have been given. Alas, for simple men, who are not philosophical critics or priests of Isis, you must abandon all such high hopes, and either do with what you have or apply elsewhere.

If there is a meaning at all in the second part of Faust it may be enunciated in the form of a problem thus “To bring a soul out of mental and spiritual bondage by a way not usually travelled.” Such is the enunciation. The solution may be expressed in these terms. “By renouncing a vain pursuit after the mystery of life, and after the enjoyment of life, by ripening to the acknowledgment, that man lives for man, and that only so far as he is working for humanity, can his efforts bring permanent happiness. I confess that these sentiments have the

appearance of good, sound, christian sentiments, and may possibly have deluded some into the belief, that being obviously of christian parentage, they were the sentiments of one, who was almost, if not altogether, a christian. But there is more in them than meets the ear—far more than we could at present attempt to show.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

CHANGING.

BY DR. NORMAN SMITH, (FRELIGSBURG, QBC.)

I have stood beside the streamlet,
Sparkling in the light of day,
Watching how the little wavelets,
Floated one by one away.
I have listened to its music,
Echoing sweetly o'er the plain;
Till it changed to notes of sadness,
Ending in a mournful strain.

I have seen the rosy sunbeams,
Softly o'er the meadows play,
Till the gloomy shades of evening,
Blotted out each golden ray.
I have loved a tender flower,
Sweetly blooming by my side;
But, alas! unwisely cherished,
For it faded, drooped and died.

I have seen the form of manhood,
Growing up from childhood's hour;
Full of vigor, strength and action,
Full of life and mental power.
I have seen it bowed and trembling,
Like a reed before the blast;
And I've seen it cold and lifeless,
Mingling with the dust at last.

Thus we're changing, ever changing,
On the shifting sands of time;
Scarce we catch the morning echoes,
Ere we hear the evening's chime.
Passing onward, swiftly onward,
Through our life's eventful day;
Till the silver chord is broken,
And we pass from earth away.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

UNDER A CALIFORNIA TREE.

BY PRINCETONIUS.

In 1851, I started for a tramp through one of the most unfrequented parts in California, on an exploring expedition. My kit consisted of a few lbs. of flour, a piece of pork, a short-handled frying-pan, a revolver, a rifle, and a pick, shovel, and hatchet. On all sides, throughout the weary

miles, were grey rocks, beautiful waterfalls, myriads of flowers strewn thickly around, as if nature had sown profusely the seeds of the flowers of all colours, and all climes. This was in January, when we have Jack Frost binding everything in Limbo, with his icy hand. As the sun set in glory, behind the Pacific range of mountains, I thought it time to look out for a camping place. A cosy nook, beside a purling brook, caught my eye, and my fancy. I gathered a few dry pine branches, and was about to apply a match to them, when I heard the bark of a dog. This excited my curiosity, and surprise in that lonely place, and joyful at the prospect of meeting white faces, and finding a comfortable resting place, I threw down my ignited match, and started for the top of the hill. By the time I reached it, the night had become quite dark, and as I looked down into a deep valley, I saw a large Indian camp. In the centre of it was a large fire, round which about fifty warriors were dancing a war dance. I could see the faces of those turned towards me, and observed them covered, in strips, with war paint. They had been for several months previously troublesome to the miners who had penetrated the farthest into the mountains in search of gold, and many of them were known never to return to their comrades. Here I was, a lone man peering into the very nest of savages on the war-path. I feared that the dogs, which were now barking furiously, might scent an intruder, and thought it would be a sort of discretionary valour to beat a retreat. I crept back to my prospective camp, and shouldered my "traps," making tracks backward as fast as the gulches, precipices, and darkness would permit, imagining that every rock might hide a dusky scout, and every bush might cover a sanguinary savage. At last, tired out, and feeling that I had put many miles between me and the redskins, I threw my pack down, and cutting and eating a piece of raw pork for supper, for I feared to light fire, I stretched out my weary limbs for a rest, determined not to sleep; but "the first thing I knew, I didn't know anything," and fell into the arms of the drowsy god. Sometime in the night, I

was awakened by a tugging at my hair. In a moment, I was on my feet, and my situation coming vividly to my recollection I felt my scalp move on the top of my head, as if it had an intelligent presentiment of its fall. With pistol in hand, I examined carefully every rock, clump of bushes, and tree in my neighbourhood, for the moon was shining brightly at the time, but I found no enemy. Pshaw! said I to myself, it is only imagination, and with feelings of half satisfaction and half annoyance, I lay down, determined to keep awake until morning; but poor, weak, tired, human nature got the mastery, and I was soon asleep. It might be I slept ten minutes, or one hour, or two hours, for sleep has no hour glass, ere I awoke, and relieved myself from the horrors of a dream, in which was mingled in one phantasmagoria, Indians, whoops, yells, gory scalps, gleaming tomahawks, blood-shot eyes, and vain efforts to escape a terrible doom, but my ease of mind was of momentary duration, for with my right hand, I grasped a human hand, cold as death. I need say I clung to it with a death grip, and jumped savagely at my foe, determined to keep one arm from mischief at any rate. I was in that peculiar state of part terror, part desperation, and part *savageness*, which men often feel when conscious of being in a dangerous position, and only partially awakened to a true sense of it. As I stumbled forward, I fell down into a crevice about five feet in depth, and lost my hold of the unknown hand. I was sure the enemy was about to spring upon me in my defenceless condition, and in my desperation, I made one bound to the surface, which I no sooner reached than I received a severe blow in the chest, which almost felled me. I, however, sprang forward, and was struck again; I threw my arms in front of me to grapple with my opponent, but felt nought but air, and, strange to say, I was incapable of moving a step in advance. I had never been a believer in ghosts, since the boyish days I had heard the wierd stories, from the mouth of a grandfather, beside the roaring fire of a highland home, but a strange feeling came over me that, after all, the supernatural visitations might be

true, and I was about to be immolated in a lonely spot, at wizard hours, for a lifetime of infidelity. In this state, I sat down, exhausted, and "came to myself." In doing so, I solved the enigma, removed my doubts, and allayed my fears, by finding out that in sleeping under a pine tree, which was full of pitch, and surrounded by lumps of it, my hair became entangled in it, for the legs of my boots were my pillow, and, when I turned my head, it pulled my locks. Proof: there was an ounce of it sticking in my hair. I found the cold hand again in my lap, for I had rested my head on my arm, in my sleep, and thus stopped the circulation of the blood, and consequently sensation. In my furious exit from the pit, I had struck my breast against a sapling stump, about four feet high, and feeling beyond it, in my excitement, it barred my advance, and yet I encountered no tangible opposition, as I threw my arms in the air beyond the barricade. I need scarcely say that I patiently waited with open eyes for daylight, giving the Indians a wide berth, and chuckling intermittently over the night's adventures. Many a "spook" story, originates from such terrors unexplained, and such imaginary fears, never rationally accounted for, and thus a morbid nourishment is provided for young, tender and susceptible *brainhood*.

(WRITTEN FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

ANTIPODEAN REMINISCENCES.

BY "GRAPH."

We prepare to start for the Diggings.

It was on a cold, drizzly morning, that we were discharged, as so much freight, upon the muddy banks of the Yarra Yarra, immediately in front of the city of Melbourne: each one to chose his own destination, when we all proceeded at once to hunt up such temporary accomodation as would be absolutely necessary until we could make the requisite arrangements to start for the "diggings," toward which our united mental vision was most anxiously directed.

Melbourne at that time was but a small

city, utterly incapable of accommodating the sudden and enormous influx of strangers, drawn thither by the almost incredible reports of the rich, golden deposits, daily found in the interior; consequently, it was with great difficulty, and at considerable expense, that we obtained even the limited accomodation, we all were prepared to put up with, during our short stay in the city. Many of our number had to be contented with just sufficient space upon the floor, on which to spread their blankets for a bed, at the rate of half-a-crown, or about sixty cents a night, paying the same price for every square meal they were foolish enough to indulge in. For myself, being supplied with several letters of introduction, I was more fortunate, and as a great personal favour, obtained the luxury of a sofa-bed, with very ordinary board, indeed, in the little cottage of a "Knight of the goose," at the unprecedentedly low figure of twelve dollars per week. As the majority had landed in the country with sadly depleted exchequers, it was, at this rate, obvious to us all that we must get out of the city as soon as possible. Indeed, I, myself, who was far from being the poorest of our number, could not by any possibility have paid my own board for a whole month, and therefore, the next day, we met together to decide which of us would go to the "diggings," and which would remain in Melbourne, at the risk of obtaining such employment as might possibly be got in the already overcrowded city.

At the time we arrived, all the line of travel leading to and from the mines, were literally blockaded by a class of men bearing the significant and world-renowned name of "Bush-rangers," Australian Ishmaelites, whose hands are emphatically against every man's purse, and who, in the earnest pursuit of their peculiar profession, displayed but scant courtesy. The very air we breathed seemed to bear, almost hourly, some fresh and more startling report of the fiendish outrages committed on unwary travellers by these fierce and unscrupulous outcasts. So bold and daring had they become, that parties of even five and six were not able to protect themselves, and so perfect was their system of conveying information to

each other, that they always knew beforehand what persons would pass, either alone or in parties; thus enabling them to arrange their ambuscade in readiness for the doomed travellers.

Under these circumstances, and more especially taking into consideration our own ignorance of the country, it was absolutely necessary for us to travel together in such force and under such organization, as would reduce the risk from these freebooters, to the lowest possible minimum. And, here, a slight circumstance may very properly be mentioned, as having had rather an important bearing upon our journey and subsequent residence at the "diggings." Previous to leaving Canada, many of us had supplied ourselves with red flannel over-shirts, (an article of dress then unknown out of our own country, but since made historical by Garibaldi and his followers,) which, those who had decided to go to the mines at once put on, bound round the waist by a broad, leathern belt, supporting a revolver and strong knife—the latter being intended more for purposes of general utility than as a weapon of defence. Now this style of dress was not particularly elegant, but it had a startling effect upon the colonial mind in those early days, especially that portion composed of men who, having been of no good to their own country, were "sent out for their Country's good;" and full particulars of our appearance with the name of the country we came from—called in general terms, America—were duly transmitted to the various "Dick Turpins" in the interior, who with singular unanimity came to the conclusion that we would prove a most dangerous set to attempt to deal with in their usual manner, and therefore it would be better to give us a clear passage.

Of course, at the time, we were not aware of all this, but some months later circumstances brought me into rather intimate acquaintance with one of these gentlemen—very fortunately for me, no doubt, quite in a friendly way—who assured me that all the fraternity had full and authentic information as to our number and the armament we carried, which caused them to conclude it would not be safe to attack us, unless we could be

caught at some great disadvantage; under such circumstances a notable attempt having been made, as will appear hereafter.

Having now definitely settled which of our number were going to the "diggings," it was concluded to meet the next morning for the purpose of commencing to make final preparations for the adventure, and adventure it most truly was, in those days. The mines nearest to Melbourne were at Mount Alexander,—a series of broken ranges rising one above the other to the higher elevation, bearing the name—which was situated seventy-two miles from the city. The distance was not far, but the great personal insecurity from the Bushrangers infecting all the approaches to the mines, gave the trip anything but an exhilarating aspect. Upon mustering the next morning, we found our total number of would-be-diggers amounted to forty-five, and so well armed that we could count, between revolvers, rifles and ordinary pistols, one hundred and twenty one-shots without reloading—certainly a formidable battery, and not to be lightly faced. Our next step was to divide ourselves into small parties, for the purpose of working together upon arriving at the mines, and for the convenience of our several commissariat arrangements on the way up; the whole forty-five merely keeping together, in the meantime, for mutual protection.

When the smaller parties were finally divided, we purchased the requisite canvas, and each party made for themselves a tent, sufficiently large to afford protection from the weather. Now, up to this time, we were under the impression that we could obtain a dray for the purpose of transporting all the *impedimenta* belonging to the whole of our number, such as tents, tools, cooking utensils, bedding, and the various *et cetera* we then, in our ignorance supposed could not possibly be done without; and if one dray would not suffice for the purpose, why, we should only require to get another one at a small additional expense. Imagine our consternation, our horror, when negotiating with the draymen to find that the lowest terms on which our luggage could be conveyed by dray to Mount Alexander

was at the rate of £150. sterling, or, in round figures, seven hundred dollars per ton. Previous to this we had been inclined to take credit to ourselves for great self-denial in deciding to walk the whole distance, having our luggage carried; so that I can well recall to mind the strong revulsion of feeling consequent upon realizing the enormity of this demand, and the miserably reduced and unresponsive condition of our united exchequer. Why, the thing was simply impossible, for we could no more have raised seven hundred dollars than paid our passage back home again, which many would have done that day, had they but been able. Here was a difficulty we had not calculated upon, for though the distance was not really great, yet in consequence of the heavy and incessant spring rains, all the line of travel from Melbourne to the "diggings" (at that time there were no distinctly defined and properly made roads) was in such a state, that ordinary drays took from six weeks to two months in making the trip; in fact, on our way up, we passed many of them hopelessly sunk to the axles in the soft and spongy surface, with the draymen permanently camped alongside, daily consuming the very freight they were carrying, at so much expense, to the stores in the interior.

A good night's rest somewhat restored the mental and physical capacities of the more hopeful of our number to meet this tax upon their energies, and we resolved, that having come so far, nothing of an ordinary nature should prevent our going the remainder of the distance, even though we should be obliged to carry every thing required upon our backs. After considerable persuasion, we succeeded in imparting a portion of the same spirit to the more despondent ones, and at once proceeded to change all our plans, in order to carry out this resolve, the luggage of each party being divided as equally as possible amongst its several members. Now, in Australian phraseology, this mode of travelling, and carrying your own luggage—that is, making a mule of yourself—is termed "Swagging" as the luggage so carried is called the "Swag," which is usually bound into two bundles

connected together by two straps, about nine or ten inches apart, with rather a larger interval between the bundles. When ready to make a start the "Swag" or double bundle is lifted up, and the head passed through between the bundles, allowing the straps to rest upon the shoulders, one bundle being supported on the back of the shoulders, and the other, which should always be the lighter, resting upon the chest. Arranged in this manner, it is really astonishing the weight a man can carry, day after day, for quite a long distance, without any extraordinary fatigue.

Consequent upon having "to Swag" everything, we were compelled to leave many things behind, that under other circumstances, would have been considered indispensable, but had now become luxuries, and so we had to content ourselves with the barest of bare necessaries, leaving the remainder of our luggage in store at a cost of one shilling per week, for each separate trunk or box. The party of which I was a member comprised six persons, representing as many distinct localities in Canada, and, when our "Swags" were apportioned to each individual member, the utter despair with which I contemplated my share, came back upon my memory almost as fresh as on that wretched day. However, being committed too far to draw back at that late date, I made a virtue of the necessity, and at once tested my power by placing the load upon my shoulders, to see if it were possible to bear it over the long and dreary road before me.

The trial was moderately satisfactory, and as many of my readers would no doubt like to hear what a digger's "Swag" was composed of in those early days of the Australian diggings, I will give, from recollection, as exact an inventory as possible of my own particular load; promising by saying, that, as the tent of each party was as much as one person could carry, the tent carrier's individual "Swag" had to be divided equally between the other members of the party. My load then consisted of one pair of blankets, one woollen rug, one overcoat, one spare red shirt, an extra set of woollen underclothing, an extra pair of don't-mention

them's, a square of oil cloth on which to make my bed at night, a pair of heavy water-tight boots, one shovel, one pick, a tin dish in which to mix the colonial unleavened bread, yclept "damper," or to pan a sample of dirt, when looking for traces of gold, a frying pan, a supply of gunpowder and bullets, with various other smaller articles not worth enumerating. The special duties of the individual members of each party were also exactly defined. Two of them assisted each other in carrying the tent, which they were expected to pitch every night, and pack up every morning—that is, while we were on the road; another two were to collect wood, make the fire, and bring water at each camping place, while to myself fell the duty of cooking for the whole six—no light task I can assure you, the remaining members of our party assisting the others, indifferently, as required by the exigencies of circumstances.

All the details being now settled, we came to the conclusion that it would be wise on our part, to obtain the services of some "old hand," *i. e.*, one who had long resided in the country, to act as guide on the way, and instruct us in Australian bushcraft. On looking round for a person capable and willing to discharge these onerous duties, we were so fortunate as to secure for the post one who had formerly been a member of the mounted police force in the neighboring colony of South Australia, who rendered us invaluable service on that eventful trip, not only teaching the mysteries of Southern forest life, so vastly different to that of our northern hemisphere, but also enlightening us as to the schemes of those Australian Bedouins, the "Bushrangers" whom we were desirous of avoiding if possible, not from actual fear but from the consciousness that any collision with them, would, to say the least of it, be very inconvenient.

The final arrangements being completed we retired early to rest on that Tuesday evening, hoping to rise the next morning with invigorated frames to meet the heavy task before us.

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

EARTHQUAKES.

BY CANADENSIS.

Sitting by my fireside here in Toronto, on the morning of the 20th. of October, 1870, and revelling in the wisdom that sparkles in the columns of the morning papers, I suddenly felt a slight and tremulous motion, suggestive of the noise of a little dog scratching himself with his hind leg while leaning against my chair. I heeded it little, but finding that the little dog was non-existent, I went on revelling in the wisdom aforesaid. So little did I realize at the time, the great event that had happened to the Dominion. For if any proof were needed, which is not, of the immense progress we have attained as a nation, what could be more convincing than the possession of an earthquake? We know how a few years ago, our Southern neighbours were ready to give almost any price for the earthquakes which Denmark owns in the West Indies; and now as if to convince the world of her maturity, Canada, nay, Ontario, has one of her own without a monetary consideration of any kind. Let us then lose no time in turning it to account.

Earthquakes, however, are not as uncommon as many people imagine. It has been estimated by the highest authorities that they occur at least as often, perhaps oftener, as once every day throughout the year; and that three fourths of them are perceptible only at sea. Some persons have even gone so far as to express the probability, that not an hour passes without shocks more or less severe occurring on some part of the earth's surface. If this be true, it must be clear that earthquakes should be taken to be the rule and not an exception in the organism of our sphere. What then is the cause of them? It is not very easy to answer the question, but men of science abhor a plea of ignorance, so when they do not know, they invent a theory based as far as possible on the modicum of knowledge that does exist. In this case, as in most others, several theories have been put forth, but some of these differ from each other only in details. All are founded on the as-

sumptions first, that the interior of the earth is a molten mass, existing at an enormous temperature; and secondly, that the solid crust of the earth is yielding and elastic. I will enumerate here only the two theories which have received the greatest number of adherents. At considerable depth below the surface, there must be vast seas of fluid lava. There they would remain quiescent as long as they are not interfered with; but if, as is quite possible, a considerable quantity of water should obtain access to them, an immense volume of internal heated vapours, would be suddenly generated, with power amply sufficient to upheave the superincumbent earth and even break through into the atmosphere. This theory however does not account for all the phenomena presented by earthquakes, especially for the wave like motion, which, propagated with marvellous rapidity, marks the progress of the shock. We know that under a pressure far lower than that which they would obtain below the earth's surface, the gases which issue most copiously from volcanoes are reduced to a liquid state. That that is the condition then in which they exist beneath us is tolerably certain. Now if these are by any disturbances subjected to an increase of temperature their expansive power is vastly multiplied, so vastly indeed, that no superincumbent mass, such as we believe to constitute the earth's crust, would suffice to resist it, and the surface would not only be shaken and convulsed, but even rent through by the force of the imprisoned gases, which long before they reached the surface would become cooled, or absorbed, and so might not be perceptible in the atmosphere. This latter theory is the more acceptable for reasons which my limited space will not allow me to detail; in fact I am already reminded that if I would enumerate a few of the most remarkable earthquakes which history has recorded, I must begin at once and leave scientific speculations for another occasion.

Mention of earthquakes comes down to us from the earliest times. Strabo and Pliny, have referred to them with particularity, the former writer having described how Ischia and Procida were convulsed. Volcanic eruptions are

constantly attended with earthquakes more or less severe, sometimes amounting to nothing more than a tremulous motion of the adjoining country, and sometimes involving loss of life and destruction of property. But as might be supposed, many of the most serious earthquakes have taken place elsewhere than in the immediate neighbourhood of volcanoes, some localities being more subject to them than others.

The end of the 17th century was especially prolific in earthquakes. In 1692, the Island of Jamaica, was visited by one of great violence, whole towns were swallowed up, and Port Royal itself was nearly destroyed: a large portion of the town being submerged beneath the sea. The earth opened, and many people disappeared down enormous chasms, which immediately afterwards closed over them, while in other places the dead bodies were cast up again through new rents, together with enormous quantities of water and sulphurous gases. In the following year, the entire island of Sicily was convulsed, and several thousand persons were suddenly entombed in the caverns of Sortina and Vecchio, the courses of rivers were changed; and not less than fifty towns, utterly destroyed. It is estimated that the earthquake caused the loss of not less than 100,000 souls.

In 1699, an earthquake occurred at Java, during which no less than 208 distinct shocks are said to have been counted. In 1746, a terrible earthquake also happened in Peru, when 200 shocks were noted in the space of 24 hours, and several thousand persons perished; Lima was destroyed, the coast line changed, a whole fleet of ships submerged, and some, including a large frigate, were carried far inland, and left aground upon the hills. Five years later, the town of Conception, in Chili, was sunk beneath the sea, and several times since a like catastrophe has taken place in the same locality.

But nothing more fearful has occurred within recent times than the earthquake which destroyed Lisbon, in 1755. The whole country for miles around, was shaken, the sea rose fifty feet above its ordinary level—flames issued from the mountains, the earth split and rent in all

directions, enormous structures sank below the ground never to be seen again; the greater part of the city fell to ruins; and in five or six minutes, not less than 60,000 persons perished. This shock was felt as far north as the coast of Sweden. In Africa, several villages were swallowed up; the Alps tottered from their base to their summits; the great lakes of Canada, boiled and lashed themselves with fury; and even in the West Indies, the ground trembled, and the sea rose twenty feet above its level.

In 1770, a great part of S. Domingo, was destroyed, and two years later, a lofty mountain in Java, together with 40 villages and some 3,000 persons was swallowed up in a like catastrophe. But to geologists the earthquakes of Calabria, which began in 1783, are the most instructive. The shocks continued at short intervals, for nearly four years, entirely altering the face of the country, and producing some remarkable changes. Many towns and villages were destroyed, even the City of Messina, on the opposite shore, did not escape, and probably 80,000 persons perished.

The estuary of the St. Lawrence, has been frequently visited by earthquakes, and it was once a tradition in Quebec, that one might be looked for every 25 years, but this has been hardly borne out, except very trifling commotions be taken into consideration. The valley of the Mississippi has also undergone many changes by earthquakes, even within the present century. In 1811, South Carolina, and Missouri, were frequently shaken and in the following year the cities La Guayaa and Caraccas, were destroyed.

In 1815 the whole Indian Archipeligo was subjected to a convulsion, inferior only to that which destroyed Lisbon. The explosion at the volcano of Tombooro, was heard in Sumatra, a distance of nearly 1000 miles; and all the inhabitants except 24, of the little island on which it stands, to the number of 12,000 lost their lives. In 1822, Chili was again visited and a district nearly 15,000 miles in length suffered severely. Again in 1835 and 1837, and indeed repeatedly at short intervals since, the western coast of South America has been the scene of earth-

quakes of much severity, involving not only loss of life and property but vast changes in the outline of the coast and physical appearance of the country.

Nor is the history of our Indian Empire free from the record of dangerous and destructive convulsions, one which occurred in 1819, in the Bengal presidency, being specially remarkable. We might here briefly mention the great earthquake which occurred a couple of years ago in South America, attended with great uprisings of the sea, during which time many vessels and one British man of war, were carried far inland. But I must stay my pen, fruitful though my theme may be. The history of earthquakes, is in fact the physical history of the earth, and without entering upon so grand a subject as that, my purpose for the present is served.

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS.

BY G. V. LE VAUX, F. C. T.

Some years ago, while residing in one of our frontier settlements, in the North-West, we were informed that the ruins of a large French "fort" or trading post, situated in the immediate vicinity, would well repay a visit. We accordingly resolved to see, and if possible to explore, this relic of "early Colonial days," ere we should leave the locality. This was no easy matter, although "the fort" was not many miles distant, for the ground was covered with snow, and the ice on the intervening rivers, in consequence of a recent thaw, was not considered sufficiently strong to enable us to cross it in safety. On the morning of Christmas Eve, the weather being propitious, we resolved to put our design in execution. Leaving the village, we entered the forest, accompanied by a friend, who flattered himself with the idea that he knew the "mazes of the woods." We arrived at the "deserted fort," about 11 a.m., and having satisfied our curiosity, commenced our "homeward journey," intending to return by another "road" than that by which we came. We walked on for some hours, hoping to emerge on the shores of

a river, which would guide us to a village we wished to visit. Now and then something seemed to whisper to us that we were "lost in the woods," and the anxiety which was reflected from our companion's face convinced us, notwithstanding his silence, that he had lost his "reckoning." As the evening set in, the skies gradually became covered with snow clouds, and the winds began to blow furiously through the forest, and its melancholy wailings increased the cheerless gloom. Our friend now confessed that he had lost his latitude and longitude, and, in fact, did not know whether we were advancing to, or retreating from the lines of civilization. Having forgotten our compass, and now lost our way, we halted to consider our position. The prospect of being benighted in such a place, under such circumstances, and on such a festive day, was anything but cheerful, more especially, as we had reason to believe that the locality was infested by wolves. We seated ourselves on a log on the leeward side of the hugh trunk of a lordly pine, and discussed the situation. The increasing gloom of the heavens attracted our attention, and while gazing on the skies, through the narrow openings between the tops of the forest trees, we observed that the trunks and branches were encrusted with ice, the frozen rain and snow water of the preceding days; looking closely, we noticed that on all the surrounding trees this crust had melted off on one particular side. This appearance we ascribed to the influence of the warm mid-day sun; and by its means ascertained not only the "Cardinal points," but also the direction we should take, in order to strike the river. Steering our course by this natural compass, we soon emerged from the forest, on a road or "trail," which, in less than an hour, took us to the river we so anxiously sought. As we travelled along the road, we observed some squaws "ahead" of us, and endeavoured to overtake them, that we might make enquiries concerning the village we wished to reach. But the more we endeavoured to "gain on them," the more inclined they seemed to increase the distance. At last, we commenced to run, and when they observed this,

they also ran. When they chanced to look behind, we beckoned, and made signs that we wished to speak to them; but this only increased the rapidity of their pace. We then felt that they were anxiously desirous of avoiding us, and halted immediately, so as to allow them to escape. After some time, they turned suddenly, climbed a zig-zag fence, and retreated into the woods, leaving a parcel which they were carrying behind them on the road. We then pursued our way; and after some time we overtook a "huge Indian," who called himself "Iron Horn." We asked him some questions about the road to the "white man's village of wigwams;" but he shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, saying, "Iron Horn, no English," implying that he did not understand English. Our friend produced his brandy flask, and offered it to the Indian. Iron Horn then smiled with delight. He tasted the contents several times, affirming each time that "Skittewaboo very good." He then took a bottle out of his own pocket, exclaiming, "Skittewaboo, Denney." (i. e. Denney's whiskey.) This he offered to us, after which he seemed to suddenly acquire the art of speaking English. He then expressed his delight at having met with us, and offered to guide us to the "white men's wigwams." In reply to our queries, he stated that "his sisters (the squaws) fled on our approach, because his white brothers were in the habit of treating them with too much courtesy." What a delicate criticism on the reckless conduct of our western pioneers! As we travelled along we passed a "clearing" where there was a solitary grave marked by a headstone. This stone, as our white friend asserted, contained this singular inscription:—"Here lies M. Thomas Vizere, of Paris, who was shot as a mark of esteem, by his friends." We now saw smoke curling up amongst the trees, and were informed by our friend that it was "smoke from the wigwams of the chief village of the Chipewas, that he lived close by, and would share his wigwam with us; we thankfully declined his hospitality, expressing our desire to press onward to the wigwam of the "whites," four miles from those of

our "red brothers." As we entered the village, the chapel bell tolled forth its merry chimes, calling, we thought, the children of the forest to "the house of prayer." Ere our dusky friend took his departure, we enquired whether there were to be prayers in the church. "A big meeting of the water drinkers," he replied. We had never seen the sons of the forest bow the knee to Manitou (God), nor had our white friend, although he had twice crossed the continent, from Canada to the gold fields of Cariboo. We therefore resolved to "make good use of the present opportunity." We accordingly advanced towards the church. Our Indian friend declined to come, pointing significantly to his bottle of "Skittawaboo Denny," as he called it, and then shrugged his shoulders and shook his head, exclaiming, "water men in the church, church water men." We did not comprehend his meaning at the time.

As we passed through the village, the warriors came to the doors of their wigwams to look at us, and the squaws pointed us out to their papooses or children. Many of the latter fled in terror from the doors, as they gazed at our "white faces." We felt desirous of knowing why we were the objects of such unusual curiosity, but had no means of ascertaining. We were rather surprised to see several young men come up to us, and then turn away suddenly and run towards the church. It was evident that the folks in the church expected our arrival, or that they mistook us for some other parties. On our arrival at the church, we asked one of the warriors, who "stood guard at the door," whether prayers had yet commenced. He replied, in good English, "Not yet, Sir, the big chief is in the village, and all the delegates have not yet arrived." We entered, and to our surprise found that tables laden with the choicest delicacies of the season, had usurped the "place of the pews," the bell had called the Chippewas to the feast, not to prayer. Having discovered our mistake, and feeling that "we were very much sold," we commenced to retreat from the Hall; but, as we did so, a young man of the Mohawk tribe, approached us, and said, "Tickets 30 cents, gentlemen."

We invested the requisite funds, and entered the church, intending, of course to be passive spectators of the "barbarous proceeding," greatly enjoying the novelty of our situation amongst the "wild sons of the forest." We were courteously received at the inner door, by the Rev. Chaplain (Mr. Crosse), of the band, a very amiable, active and zealous Wesleyan Minister.

This gentleman, seconded by the chief, urgently requested us to take seats on the platform, and we reluctantly complied, being desirous of remaining "obscure spectators," knowing that the "patricians" on such occasions are expected to do all the speaking."

Many of the Chippewas are still heathens, but the majority are the Methodist persuasion. Wesleyan Missionaries, seconded in most instances by the worthy Chief, have established Temperance Societies amongst the different tribes. The lodges, we are happy to state, are growing in strength and number, from year to year. They have tended to reform the evil habits of the children of the forest, and are valuable auxiliaries to the local and itinerant preachers. One of the chiefs, in answer to our enquiries stated that "he felt sad to have to admit that the majority of his people, were too fond of "Skittewaboo," (whiskey,) but rejoiced to be able to say, that the best and most useful members of his tribe were "water men," (Teetotallers.)

On the occasion alluded to, we were pleased that "accident" had put us in the way of being present at an "Indian Temperance Soiree," and that we would have an opportunity of gaining some insight as to the progress of "Temperance" amongst a people for whom we entertained much sympathy. The Church in which the soiree was held, was gaily decorated with evergreens, comprising small pine, fir, and cedar trees, &c. From the branches of each tree hung flowers of every form, size, and hue, artificial flowers worked by the industrious hands of the "fair" daughters of the forest. Two tables, parallel to each other, occupied the body of the church, another table, (for the accomodation of the officers of the Lodge and chiefs of the tribe,) was placed

on the platform at the north end of the Church. The tables were all tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers. We were favoured with a seat at the latter table, to the immediate left of the chairman, and an "Indian lady," of herculean proportions, was confided to our care. Opposite to us sat the chief, Wekamekong, and his "squaw." The seats farther down were occupied by "Indian ladies," supported, according to English etiquette, by "gentlemen" of the tribe. Having "done justice" to the good and rare things provided, thanks were returned, and the cloth removed. The warblers of the forest, both "ladies and gentlemen," then gathered around the melodian, and discoursed some excellent selections of sacred music, the programme of the evening being arranged so that "orations" and musical performances succeeded each other in alternate order. At the conclusion of the first of these selections the chairman of the evening, read the report of the progress of the Society during the preceding year; and having explained the objects of the "meeting" or "council," he introduced the head chief "Edwin Wabusee Minoma." The chief arose, and was received with every demonstration of respect. He seemed to be the most "Ancient Patriarch" of his tribe; and certainly a more venerable, and a more amiable looking old gentleman never stood on a platform. Having assumed a solemn, graceful and dignified attitude, for a minute or two, he silently, gravely, almost sadly, gazed on the assembly, as if he were listening to the songs of his fathers in the "happy hunting grounds." Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he bowed to the audience, and commenced his speech in a low tone, his utterance being, at first, slow, grave, almost "mournful," but gradually becoming more vigorous, emphatic, and lively. Having thanked the Great Spirit for past kindnesses, he invoked the continuance of such mercies, and in the most appropriate terms, gave expression to the feelings of attachment and sympathy, which should bind men to each other, irrespective of color, creed, class or condition, and at all times and seasons, but more especially during the holy season of Christmas,

when even Heaven itself became united to earth, through the medium of our divine Chief, "the Captain of our Salvation." He then spoke of the dissensions and sins which followed in the wake of drunkenness, and invoked his people to be steadfast "water men," and to be an example in all things to their weaker brethren. He then, much to our satisfaction, related the history of the temperance movement amongst the Indians, pointing out the evils that had overtaken many braves of his own tribe, in consequence of their insatiable love for the "deadly fire water" introduced by evil-minded "pale faces." He even quoted statistics showing the evils which the sale of liquor was daily entailing on the natives of the old world. By a skilful use of beautiful metaphors, and a lucid narration of appalling facts connected with the liquor traffic, he gradually drew tears from every eye in the vast assembly. He then proved the drunkard to be insane, and showed him to be a "persistent suicide, the deliberate murderer, by prolonged torture, of his own family." "The drunkard's name and place," said the Chief, "are sure to disappear from off the face of the earth. He can only be compared, (continued he,) with a foolish warrior mentioned in Indian story, who from an inordinate love of adventure, persisted in building his wigwam on an ice field in shelter of a small island in the great lakes. Spring came, and one stormy night while the Indian slept, the ice moved out from the shore, under the influence of the wind. The action of the water soon broke up the icefield, the wigwam of the brave, still remained firm on the "berg," but in a day or two, the ice became so thin, that the hut and its contents fell through it. After clinging for a short time to the "wreck," the hunter and his family sank to rise no more." "This man, (said the chief,) persisted in indulging in his folly, and his folly brought about his destruction. So shall it be with those who drink "fashionable poison."

After this chief had finished his "oration," there was a musical performance, then another speech and so on, alternately, to the end. It has been our good fortune to hear many of the best living

speakers, during our travels in different lands, but, so far as our judgment goes, we are inclined to believe that few white men can rival, in oratory, the Nestors of the Western forests. Moreover, the star of our best musicians would grow pale before the performances of the daughters of the woods. The Indians excel as vocalists, they sing like birds. Some of the missionaries informed us that, being naturally diffident, they sing much better in their native wilds than in a church, especially when "white critics" are present. Never, in all our travels through Christian lands, did we see a church so tastefully decorated for Christmas, nor one so thickly interspersed with appropriate scriptural mottoes, as was that of these people whom "white folks" imagine to be so far inferior to themselves. Never were we present at any meeting which was carried on in a more orderly and fraternally Christian manner. It was certainly a re-union of brothers. Every one seemed to be intent on promoting the happiness of his fellows, each and all were true to their order and to the "regalia they wore." The scene strongly reminded us of what the house of the Jewish Patriarch must have been, after the return and repentance of his "prodigal son."

The speeches were delivered (with one or two exceptions), in the Indian tongue, and then translated by the interpreter, for the benefit of the English visitors; and the speeches of the white men were translated into Indian by the same personage. A white man cannot fail to admire the power of language the Indians possess, when speaking in their own language. On this occasion, a gentleman from Cariboo (Mr. James Jock), gave a short account of the Chippewas of the Plains, and of the Sioux and Blackfeet of the Saskatchewan and Rocky Mountains, and related many interesting anecdotes of his adventures in those regions. Amongst others was the following:—"While living up at William Creek (said Mr. Jock), an Irishman named Gahan, who was judge of the district, sent me, by a Cree Indian, a present of a small bottle of "Mountain dew," (whiskey), telling the bearer to present his compliments with

the bottle. Curiosity prompted the Indian to draw the cork, when he either spilled or drank the contents. At all events he duly arrived at my hut, and spoke as follows:—"Friend and brother, the judge sent you a muzzled bottle, with compliments—here is the vessel, but I have lost the compliments."

Another white visitor then addressed the audience, exhorting them to strictly observe the laws of their order, and to endeavor to induce their brethern to prefer "empty bottles to dangerous compliments," and in support of his views, related several anecdotes, amongst which were the following:—

"A lecturer on temperance once stated at a meeting, that all those who once acquired the habit of "tippling" would, in ten years, be either total abstainers or confirmed drunkards. There is no such thing, in this indulgence, as moderation; a man will either advance upwards or retrograde downwards." He then affirmed that if the experience of any man present could contradict the fact, he would account for such a phenomena or desert the teetotal cause. Immediately, a tall man arose, and folding his arms across his breast, said,—“Sir, my experience contradicts your statement. I have been a moderate drinker for ten years—nay, more, forty years—but have never yet been intoxicated.” “Well,” (said the lecturer, scanning the man from head to foot), “yours is truly a singular case, but I think I can account for it. Permit me to state a story which may possibly throw some light on the subject:—“A negro, named Tom, was once sent on an errand by his master to a village called Cross-beg. Having a dollar to spare, he bought a loaf of bread and a bottle of “Stedman’s whiskey,” wherewith to enjoy himself on his way home. While returning, he came, by accident, on a camp meeting in the woods. A preacher was speaking on temperance, Tom listened, he heard the words of life. “A drunkard can never enter the kingdom of Heaven.” He became convinced of the sin and folly of intemperance, and at last resolved to drink no more “fire water.” After leaving the camp, he sat down beside a small creek to eat some bread. While doing

so, he threw some crumbs into the water and observed that they were eagerly seized and eaten by fish. The darkey, recollecting the bottle in his pocket, took it out, and felt half inclined to break the vow he had taken. When about to throw it away, he resolved to make an experiment on the fish in the stream. He accordingly poured some whiskey on the bread, and then breaking it into small pieces cast it into the water. The fish having eaten them, became "drunk," and floated helplessly on the surface—back downwards. Tom caught them all but one, which was much larger than the rest. This strange fish eat ravenously of the "poisoned" bread, with no perceptible effect. The darkey, resolving to catch it, procured a net, and by its means added this fish to the number already taken. He then carried it to a coloured friend, named Joe, whose "learned" opinion he requested concerning this strange matter. After gazing on the "wonder" for some time, Joe clapped his hands and exclaimed,—"Friend Tom, I understands dis case. Dis fish is a mullet head: it ain't got any brains." "In other words, (added the lecturer) whiskey effects only the brain, and of course those who have no brains may drink without injury." Then the "big moderate man" looked at the door, feeling desirous of making his exit; but being surrounded by a dense audience, he sat down discomfited, amidst the laughter of the whole assembly.

*Another gentleman, named Mr. Michael Stedmond, then addressed the audience, and related many anecdotes quite *apropos*. We select the following:—When the great American Father, President Lincoln, was sending his son to follow the war-path, he said—"My son, I may see you no more until we meet in the happy hunting ground of our Fathers, (Heaven.) If you love your fellow-citizens and revere me, always remember my last words on this occasion,—*never swear, never smoke, never drink.*" "At another time, (continued Mr. Stedmond), this great American Chief was in Chicago. A friend asked him to drink some fire water (whiskey).—"No," said Mr. Lincoln, "I'll never drink poison, if I know it; water is my only beverage." Then his

friend offered him a cigar, but he declined to accept it, saying *he never indulged in such vices*, and always endeavored to follow nature.' 'If the Great Spirit, (said he), intended that I should smoke, then I would have been born with a little chimney on the top of my head."

The Chaplain then addressed the audience, and the proceedings terminated soon after. On the whole, it has seldom been our good fortune to spend Christmas eve so interesting, and, at the same time, so instructive as that which we spent amongst the Chippewa Indians on the north shore of Lake Huron. Go stranger and tell that—

"White men learn their duties well, but lo!
The red men practice what white men know."

CHANGES.—(Original.)

I.

Change hovers over all;
The eventide succeeds the morning's birth,
And darkness, brooding over all the earth,
Drops down her murky pall.

II.

Spring's smiling charms soon fade,
The summer days apast us quickly glide;
In haste, the autumn all its glories hide,
And winter makes his raid.

III.

Earth's thousand beauties droop;
The dreary winds of winter seem to blast
Their life. Ah! why will peace not last?
Why dies so soon our hope?

IV.

Friends, one by one, depart;
The kindred mind, the sparkling, loving eye,
The ringing, laughing voice,—alas, all die,—
How keen the smart!

V.

Grief hides our joy,
And muffles up the heart-springs of our bliss.
Earth's fairest promises are phantasies,
That live but to annoy.

VI.

Change hovers over all;
Our paradise seems very far away;
Grief veils from sight the light of perfect day;
Dim shadows round us fall.

VII.

Come, sweet enlivening Faith,
With thy twin sister, Hope, and raise us higher;
Teach us to tune to heavenly strains our lyre,
O'er earthly change and death.

VIII.

Teach us with wisdom deep,—
Uplift our hearts to brighter, purer light,
Where knowledge throned in grandeur fair
and bright,
Her constant vigils keep.

IX.

Teach us with wisdom pure,
That beauties, once enjoyed, can never die ;
That Love immortal is, and gloriously
Will evermore endure.

X.

Let change now wildly reign,
And scatter in our hearts dread, doubt and
fears ;
Bathe every sacred scene with blinding tears,
And smile when hopes are slain.

XI.

Let darkness hide our day,
And thorns and briars rise up in our path ;
Let hallowed charms and joys be turned to
wrath,
And grief bedim our way :—

XII.

Yet—heaven be praised—past all
Those blighting sorrows, ills, and bitter strife,
These varied changes of our earthly life—
Time will uplift the pall,

XIII.

And we shall o'er them rise
To nobler life ;—for change will then have past ;
And love, and truth, and peace, and joy, at last
Will be our prize.

XIV.

Then, longing soul, be still,
Suffer and wait a little longer here ;
Thine eyes now blinded, will be opened there,
To fully know his will.

XV.

Change HERE exerts its power,
THERE rest and love divine will take its place,
And nought will then our Eden charms deface,
For heav... will BE OURS.
Toronto, 1870.

BOOK NOTICES.

Outline of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, a text-book for students, by the Rev. J. Clark Murray, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Queen's College, Kingston, with an introduction by the Rev. James McCosh, L.L.D., President of Princeton College, New Jersey ; Price \$1.50. Boston: Gould and Lincoln, 59 Washington Street ; New York : Sheldon and Company ; Cincinnati: G. S. Blan-

chard & Co.; Toronto, Ont.: Adam, Stevenson, & Co. 1870.

Every metaphysical student is familiar with the name and writings of Sir William Hamilton. No man holds a higher place among the splendid array of original thinkers, that shed lustre on the present century, than the famous Edinburgh professor. His system of philosophy is studied whenever mental science forms a subject of investigation, and his genius admired wherever intellectual greatness commands respect. Even those who differ from him on fundamental points, admit the gigantic powers of his mind, and the general soundness of his views. John Stuart Mill, while combating Hamilton's doctrine regarding REASON and BELIEF, does not claim that his own arguments are unanswerable, remarking that there is a vast difference between confuting the statements found in a book, and meeting the arguments that a catechetical discussion might elicit from its author.

Regarding man as the proper study of mankind, and mind as the only thing really great in man, mental philosophy must be considered as amongst the most elevated and elevating subjects of study in which the human mind can engage. Mental science lies at the foundation of all other sciences, just as a knowledge of the capacity and mode of operation of a machine is necessary, in order correctly to understand the nature of the work it is capable of performing. It may be argued that men who knew nothing of metaphysics, have studied the natural sciences successfully. This is undoubtedly true ; but it is likewise true, that it is possible to reason correctly, without a knowledge of logic, and to play well on an instrument without studying the theory of music. But nobody would attempt to maintain that logical and musical rules, based on scientific principles, are therefore unnecessary. This study is not adapted to the mere theorist alone, but may be successfully pursued by persons engaged in the active duties of life. Hence, it has engaged the attention of the most famous public men in all ages. In ancient Greece, we find the Athenian Governor, Pericles, studying under Anaxagoras ; Epaminondas, a disciple of Pythagoras, and Alexander the Great, a pupil of Aristotle. Cato would read philosophy in the senate-house, while the senate was assembling, and the best of the Roman Emperors, although absorbed in

other business most of his life, yet found time to devote to philosophy. In later times, Sir Thomas Moore, Philip Sydney, and Sir Walter Raleigh, as well as the most eminent British statesmen of our own day, have occupied their leisure in a similar manner. We're it only to serve as a species of intellectual gymnastics, the study of metaphysics is of the highest utility.

In preparing the work before us, Professor Murray has enjoyed no ordinary advantages. Having studied under the great master himself, and having subsequently had many years' experience in teaching, he has not only become a thorough master of Hamilton's system himself, but has also acquired a readiness and facility in communicating his knowledge to others. We know no better means of acquiring an intricate knowledge of a subject in all its details, and becoming competent to write a good text-book upon it, than the practice of teaching affords.

Heretofore, in order to obtain a thorough acquaintance with Hamilton's system of philosophy, it has been necessary to peruse a large number of books, magazines, reviews, &c., containing a vast amount of non-essential matter. Here we find everything really necessary to a comprehensive knowledge of his doctrines, within the compass of two hundred and fifty pages. Our Canadian Professor has successfully eliminated all irrelevant matter, and furnished us with the concentrated essence, so to speak, of the great philosopher's theories.

Dr. McCosh, no mean authority, in his prefatory note, remarks as follows:—"I have carefully read the work in proof, and I am able to say that it furnishes an admirable summary—clear, correct, and readily intelligible, of the leading doctrines and connections of Hamilton's Philosophy. The account is rendered mainly in Hamilton's own language, by one who understands, his philosophy, and who has the higher merit of entering thoroughly into the spirit of his great teacher. I have observed that in points, in regard to which, there have been disputes as to Hamilton's meaning, Professor Murray, seems to me to give the proper version."

An instructive paper entitled, "Relics of civilization in America," from the pen of Dr. W. E. Beszy, late of Montreal, is before us. It displays much research and scientific knowledge; the Eector's presence in Guelph will certainly be an acquisition to the LITERATI of that place.

THE DOMINION ACCOUNTANT.

BY WILLIAM R. ORR, PRINCIPAL OF THE MERCANTILE ACADEMY, TORONTO.

Toronto: published by M. Shewan.

A subject of so much importance as book-keeping in the educational institutes of this and every country, is a matter of great moment; and the Author who would succeed in producing a meritorious volume, must needs be one of practical experience and deep judgment. The necessity of a knowledge of book-keeping is daily becoming more apparent; hence, in receiving any new treatise upon the subject, we naturally look for a work of superior merit to any before written. With the class of authors who thoroughly understand their subject, and who are capable of producing a real, commendable, practical book, we unhesitatingly place Mr. Orr; and "the Dominion Accountant" is indeed an excellent addition to the literature of Canada. During a period of nearly thirty years, the author has had a varied experience, both as practical book-keeper in Great Britain and Canada, and lately as principal of a Mercantile Academy, and this experience he has couched very worthily in the volume before us.

A book becomes practically valuable only in the ratio of the clearness and conciseness in which the subject dealt with is placed before the readers; and in no branch of educational literature is there so obviously a need of clearness, brevity and care as in the subject of book-keeping. In the greater number of treatises upon this important study, we find a very large amount of useless matter, which, while adding nothing to the merit of the book, entails upon the student a great deal of unnecessary work. In carefully examining "The Dominion Accountant," we are pleased to note the brevity and careful arrangement of the sets. Opening with a number of excellent rules (many of which we have seen in the work of no other author), the student is introduced to the simplest forms of accounts. Following these, in apt order, he gradually finds himself dealing in all forms of business transactions,—from the plainest to the most intricate. The whole course comprises nine sets. Supplementary to these, is a collection of very valuable business and arithmetical rules, which both student and merchant will find useful. Mr. Orr has

received the highest commendations upon his book from the most eminently practical book-keepers throughout the Dominion.

We have also from the same publisher, MR. ORR, LADIES' AND COMMERCIAL PENMANSHIP, which for elegance of style, and practical utility, are unsurpassed by any other publication of the kind. In speaking of them we cannot do better than quote the words of the late Bishop Strachan:—He says, "I am much pleased with your system of writing, it is so simple, as to encourage the most timid beginners to give it a fair trial. This, with the unexpected facility with which they feel themselves making progress can seldom fail to induce perseverance, and such increased exertion as MUST COMMAND SUCCESS."

CASE, AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES, OR
THE CANADIAN ITINERANT'S
MEMORIAL, &c.

The second volume of this work has now been before the Canadian public for several months. It is what it purports to be, a continuation of a biographical history of Methodism in Canada, from its introduction in the province till the death of the Rev. William Case. To the large body of Methodists spread over Canada, this work cannot but be extremely interesting; while for the more general public it certainly possesses a vast amount of valuable information upon early Canadian history—information that cannot be obtained elsewhere.

The Rev. Mr. Carroll has placed his pen upon a subject with which he is well informed, and has arranged his matter in a thoroughly practical manner. Gifted with the power of penetration, a mind enriched by reading and close observation, and with a degree of industry that claims admiration, the author has produced a work characterized by great perspicuity, accuracy, and valuable historic lore. And, moreover, there is pervading every page a true spirit of christianity—a love of the pure and good. He writes in a spirit of Catholicity, while he takes pains to do justice to the former heroes of Wesleyan Methodism, and there is no approach to bigotry or narrow sectarianism.

The author's style of writing is a pleasing one; without the semblance of an effort, he presents in a way often highly artistic and always attractive the facts which come under his notice. We trust the much esteemed and tolerated writer, whose energies are yet in active operation, has received such encouragement as will induce him to still continue his labours as a Canadian Methodist Historian.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

BY J. G. MANLY, JR.

See yon mighty river pouring
All its waters down the hill;
See it, as if duty bound it
Some high mission to fulfil.

Silent o'er its shining crystal,
Or at times its tawny flow,
Has't thou never seen the flashings
Of the dreams of long ago?

Hath there fancy never borne thee
Like a spirit thro' the air,
With her, to the scenes departed,
At her beckon to repair?

Strong flows on the chainless river,
Strong in its unmeasured flow—
Thus the stream of man's existence
Travels thro' the vale of woe.

Swiftly flows the winding river,
Dancing thro' the vales and dells;
So the stream of life flows onward,
And thus destiny impels.

Lost within the depths of ocean,
To the weary river's store;
So our life's unnumbered burdens
Lose themselves in evermore.

So, all like the ancient river,
Life's strong current bears us on;
And, as oft we glance around us,
Here and there a barque is gone.

PHONOGRAPHY.

Any of our readers who might wish to avail themselves of a good opportunity of acquiring, in a short time, a knowledge of phonography, we would recommend to attend the class of Messrs. Humphrey & Son, at the Mechanic's Institute in this city. Another course of ten lessons begins on the 9th of December.

CONTEMPORARY PERIODICALS.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE:—T. S. Arthurs & Son, Philadelphia.

The December No. of this very favourite magazine is now before us, and we have no hesitancy in pronouncing it a journal of much merit. Especially adapted for the Ladies, it will commend itself most favourably to them. The illustrations are profuse, and the literary department is replete with interesting and instructive matter.

From the same firm, we are in receipt of the December No. of "The Children's Hour," an excellent periodical for the young folks. This Journal is especially conducted by T. S. Arthur, whose fame as a popular and interesting writer is too widely known to demand comment here.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:—Geo. E. Desbarats, Montreal.

We are pleased to note the progress of this excellent paper, and our best wishes are that laudable success will crown the efforts of the publisher in endeavouring to establish a first-class Canadian Illustrated paper. Marked improvement characterizes the illustrations from week to week, and we only trust that sufficient encouragement will be extended to this Canadian enterprise, to insure its complete success, Subscription, per annum, \$4.00.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST:—Orange, Judd & Co., New York.

The December No. of the above Journal, is on our table. We consider this publication foremost among the Agricultural periodicals of America, and it should be in the hands of every agriculturist. The Illustrations are excellent and numerous, while the articles are reliable and good.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL:—S. R. Wells, New York.

The last No. of this favourite Magazine is before us. Lately enlarged by the addition of Putnam's Magazine, it now presents an excellent appearance. This Journal specially commends itself to the general reader, as the articles are varied, instructive, and interesting.

Apology.—To some of our subscribers west of Toronto, whose names were sent in during last month, we were unable to forward the November number, on account of the rapid increase of our circulation. These will therefore date their term of subscription from December instead of from November, as informed by our agents.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Correspondents will bear in mind that M.S.S. requires only ONE CENT per ounce postage, but must not be sealed or contain letters of business; if otherwise, contributors will please ALWAYS accompany their M.S.S. with their full name and when they desire articles to be remitted, enclose sufficient postage for the same. All letters to the editorial department, to be addressed to Flint & Van Norman, box 1472, Toronto, Ont.

"Changing," Dr. N. Smith, accepted.

"Unrequited affection," Paul Cromarty, accepted.

"Beautiful home," J. E. B., declined with thanks.

"The little stranger," accepted.

"How we came to Canada," W. F. M., accepted.

"The British Empire," J. E. Wetherall, declined with thanks, will be glad to hear from you with something shorter,

"Man: whence is he?" Accepted.

"A dyspeptic dream," S. S., declined.

"Under a California tree," accepted with thanks.

"The ghost in the kitchen." A Christmas story of friends at home and abroad. Accepted with thanks.

"Changes," accepted.

Several notices are unavoidably crowded out until next month.

Notice.—Those subscribers who have not as yet paid their subscription, will greatly oblige by remitting the amount, 75 cents and 6 cents postage, in all 81 cents, at once.

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