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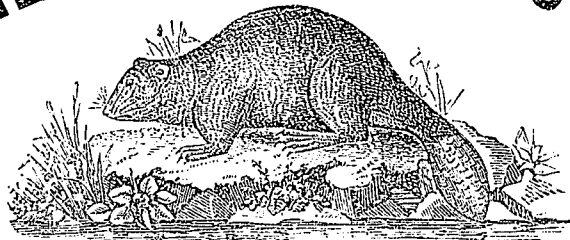
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# THE CANADIAN PATRIOT,



A MONTHLY FAMILY MAGAZINE  
Of Literature and Social Science,  
IN ITS ETHICAL, POLITICAL AND AMELIORATIVE ASPECTS.

VOL. I.]

MAY, 1864.

[No. 5.

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*"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."*

*"Speak thy truth if thou believest it,  
Let it jostle whom it may,  
E'en though the foolish scorn it,  
Or the obstinate gainsay;  
Every seed that grows to-morrow  
Lies beneath a clod to-day."*

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Policies now in course of being issued by this Company, in which the ages of the Assured are admitted, are guaranteed by the conditions to be held Indisputable, on any ground whatever, after they shall have been five years in force, provided only that the Ordinary Premiums be regularly paid, with such extra premiums as may be considered adequate for Sea Risk, Foreign Residence, or Naval or Military occupation.

By the Company's conditions it is also declared that Policies held *bona fide* on the lives of others shall not be forfeited in consequence of extra risks being incurred, if the facts be communicated to the Office as soon as they are known to the holders of the Policies, and the additional Premiums exigible be paid.

### Surrender of Policies.

It too frequently happens that persons are deterred from assuring from a fear that in the event of unforeseen circumstances rendering them unable to continue their Policies, they will forfeit the Premiums paid. The Directors have resolved that **FOUR PER CENT.** of the ordinary Premiums received upon policies for the term of Life, effected by even rates, and which have been Three Years in existence, will be returned for surrender of such Policies.

The Surrender value may either be received in Cash, on a new Policy, for an equivalent sum, not subject to any further payment of Premium will be issued.

### Loans on Policies.

Loans are granted on security of the Company's Policies, when their surrender value is not less than £20.

A. DAVIDSON PARKER,  
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The Canadian Board in Montreal have full power to accept risks and to dispose of all business transactions without reference to Head Office in Scotland. They have also invested in Canada large sums of money, amounting to Five Hundred Thousand Dollars, consisting not only of the amounts received from the business in Canada, but also of the funds sent out for that purpose by the Head Office. They therefore can offer to the Public the advantages of a Canadian as well as a British Company.

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THE

# Canadian Patriot.

MONTREAL, MAY 2, 1864

PLAIN SPEAKING.—I hope to utter nothing in the course of these lectures inconsistent with the courtesy of a gentleman, the patience of a scholar, and the candour and charity of a Christian. Any other line of conduct would disagree with the seriousness of my purpose, my consciousness of responsibility, my compassion for those whom I believe to be wrong, my reverence for the truth which I have to defend, my confidence in its power, and my persuasion that its effects would be weakened if my spirit were to misrepresent it. But on the other hand it would be repugnant to my nature, and unaccordant with my moral convictions, to search for gentle words when the strongest expressions are imperatively demanded. If we must sometimes have it so, *give us veracily before blindness*. I would rather perish in the iron grince of an unpalatable truth, than be dandled and caressed by the velvet paw of deception and falsity. Be not offended with me if I call what I feel compelled to believe is inconsistency—*inconsistency*; falsehood—*falsehood*; hatred—*hatred*; nonsense *nonsense*; stuff—*stuff*.—*The Logic of Atheism*. Lect. I. Pp. 3, 4. By the Rev. HENRY BATHURST.

NOT AT HOME, vs. "AT HOME."

H. B. SMALL.

"The Cottage Homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand!"

Is there not something peculiarly remarkable in the fact, that all social institutions covering absolute necessities of life, are far more difficult to obtain than those of luxury? As a striking instance, let us cite boarding-houses.

The seekers for board generally look for that degree of style which they think demanded by their station in life, and by their ability to pay for; but certainly they wish with it decency and cleanliness, and beyond either or all of these, they want liberty—that freedom which while it makes all of their existence, will not offend the sovereignty of those with whom they are brought in contact. They want immunity from watching. They object to having their appetites and actions commented upon, and the sanctity of their apartments invaded. Whether these very natural requirements are attained, we leave to every boarder to answer.

We believe the most painfully ludicrous sight under the sun, is that of a homeless man or woman in search of a boarding-house. They start, if without experience, with a fanciful, perhaps fairy-like idea of the article required; they go from one dreary, tomb-like house to another; they leave one smell to inhale the second; they pass from one stereotyped landlady to an-

other—women that utter the same *stubbled* with the same solemn air, and look upon them with the same suspicious gaze. They wonder that every house having about the least look of invitation is always full, forgetting that others, like themselves, have gone the same route, and have eagerly taken the vacancies.

Generally speaking, the relations between the boarder and the landlady are all wrong. To make money, the latter must keep her house full at fair prices. She must not allow it to appear that she wishes to make money; for as long as persons imagine he or she are not getting the value of their money, they will seek to get it, even though it is by waste and recklessness. She must disabuse her mind of the belief that she is autocrat in her own house. Those who pay her a weekly sum must have with her that prerogative.

The boarders in return must not affect to regard their 'home' as an instrument of torture and swindle. They must not think because they are paying for what they do not receive, that the fact gives them any privilege to be disagreeable and lack promptness in their payments. The evil is capable of abatement by other means apparent at once to any men of common sense.

The evils of the boarding-house system

are evils of the first magnitude, and anything tending to their reform will be an act very gracious in the eyes of society. The very endearments of home, those accompaniments which carry with them associations through life, endearing certain times and seasons and even things, are unknown, or uncared for; the emulation to be better in appearance than your right or left hand neighbor is a continual wear upon the mind; a wife, however straitened the husband may be—and there are times when all are more or less straitened—must, having once assumed a certain station, never deviate from it, or else lose caste by so doing, and the indispensable accompaniments, unrequired in a private home, must be flaunted forth in public, or remarks will be elicited which upset at once domestic happiness. It is summed up thus, as Wilkins Micawber remarks, "Income £5. 3s. 6d., expenditure £5. 3s. 0d.; balance perfect felicity.—Income £5. 3s. 6d., expenditure £5. 4s. 0d.; balance intolerable misery."

In all the large capitals of Europe, people have long since found out a way by which families of moderate means can be accommodated under one roof without the slightest intermixture with each other. Now we have yet to introduce this mode amongst us; for the absence of it, is submitting hosts of respectable families to inconveniences and annoyances quite inconceivable to those who are not similarly situated. We are very certain that a boarding-house is by no means the place in which to cultivate domestic virtues; nor is the ordinary tenement house the appropriate residence for a gentleman of education and refinement, we care not how slender his purse may be; but beyond these there is often no choice for the would-be-householder of small income. The book-keeper, the Government official, the merchant's clerk, sees his family increasing, or his wants increasing in the course of years, without a commensurate increase in his means to meet those wants; he seeks in vain for a house with conveniences adequate to those wants, at a rent within bounds, and failing to find it, becomes a compulsory occupant of what, formerly a comfortable home, is now a contracted abode, beset with inconveniences; hampered with the continual presence of youthful voices or youthful pursuits, he becomes sour, crabbed, morose, and snappish; looks on his home with aversion; is glad to get away from it; seeks society outside, with its luring attractions, or careless of his person, settles down into a churlish old man; dreaded by his

children, disliked by society at large. But give him room to expand in, room where he can at times enjoy the privacy advancing years require, room where an occasional coterie of friends may meet him without the hubbub of undoing everything to-day, to be again replaced to-morrow, and his life, his very nature expands with it. We do not mean reception rooms and dainty chambers, with rich upholstery, and sets of porcelain, shut up seven-twelfths of the year;—those gorgeous solitudes into which the feet of the owners seldom intrude, except on "state occasions," and after each of which, their sumptuary splendors are consigned to solitary confinement in the dark, (the sofas, ottomans, &c., having been previously put into straight jackets of brown holland, like so many lunatics.) The Pater-familias of such a home may experience the same sort of pride that swells the bosom of the proprietor of a wax-work exhibition as he points out his emperors, kings, and queens, clothed in tinsel robes; but whole-souled hospitality in a cottage, is infinitely preferable to such ostentatious magnificence.

Wise men and women have no hankering after homes of this kind, for they know there is no comfort in them. *They* would not care to live where they are merely janitors,—holding the keys of *salons*, and yet passing their lives in an attic and back-parlor. For *them* the modest abode of domestic happiness and genuine hospitality is the home aimed at; a cottage, the solid attractions of which are all summed up in the simple phrase: "a comfortable home." That is the secret of the success attendant on many a man's career.

It is not our intention to touch on matters which cause jars and unpleasantness; men do not like to grieve the hearts and cloud the brows of the gentle ones at home with the history of outside troubles; but of this fact, the wives of all engaged in active pursuits may feel assured, that whether revealed or kept secret, certain annoyances must be the excuse for occasional irritability of temper, and give a claim to all the kindness, consideration, and solace associated with the idea of a comfortable home. He who knows that a quick car is listening for his well-known step, that loving eyes are watching for him, and will look brighter when he appears; that the arm-chair and slippers are ready for him in the accustomed corner; that the meal to which he hastens has been made dainty under wisely superintendence; that he is going out of the "work-day world" into a

paradise of love and comfort; that man will fight the battle of life with infinitely more energy, and as a consequence, with more success than he who lacks such incentives to exertion, such sweet rewards of anxiety and toil.

In fine, to the young, home is a seminary of infinite importance: the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all can be graduates of a home. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection, its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory, but the simple lessons of love, enameled upon the heart of childhood defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days. So deep, so lasting are the impres-

sions of early life, that we often see a man in the imbecility of age, holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between it and the present hour, is a blasted and forgotten waste. An old and half obliterated picture, in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored, often seems to fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture painted beneath is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvass, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after-design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such is Home, a "comfortable Home," the great Institution furnished by Providence for the education of man.

## CHANGE ON THE OTTAWA.

BY G. MARTIN.

## I.

To the brave Lumberman what praise is due!  
No isolated, petty power, is he;  
His strength is normal—circulating through  
The Body Politic, and long shall be,  
As it hath been since sailed Champlain's canoe,  
Acknowledged great from Huron to the sea;  
The Farmer's Pioneer, he boldly leads,  
And hungry Commerce on his bounty feeds.

## II.

Whether in Winter glooms, with sounding stroke,  
Far above Alumet he fells the pine,  
Or hews at Mattawan the giant oak;  
Or near the Turtle Lakes, his utmost line,  
Shakes the tall elm till in her ermine cloak  
She thunders down in snow-smoke, sparkling  
fine;  
In every place he cheers the houseless wood,  
Sublime in hardship! lord of solitude!

## III.

His heart is fearless as his arm is strong;  
Upon the river's bank I oft have stood,  
Where Chaudiere Rapid shouts his martial song,  
And watched him fighting with the angry flood,  
Steeping his *crib* with skilful art along,  
Till down the slide its journey it pursued,  
Or wrecked amid the whirl of torturing shocks,  
Crowned the bald foreheads of imperial rocks.

## IV.

Onward the Saxon treads. Few years ago  
A chief of the Algonquins passed at dawn,  
With knife, and tomahawk, and painted bow,  
Down the wild Ottawa, and climbed upon  
A rocky pinnacle, where in the glow  
Of boyhood he had loved to chase the fawn;  
Proudly he stood there, listening to the roar  
Of Rapids sounding, sounding evermore.

## V.

All else was silence, save the muffled sound  
Of partridge drumming on the fallen tree,  
Or dry brush crackling from the sudden bound  
Of startled deer, that snorts, and halts to see,  
Then onward o'er the leaf-ensumbered ground,  
Through his green world of beauty, ever free;  
Such was the scene—no white man's chimney  
nigh,  
And joy sat, plumed, in the young warrior's eye.

## VI.

No white man's axe his hunting ground had  
marred,  
The primal grandeur of the solemn woods,  
When Summer all her golden gates unbarred,  
And hung voluptuous o'er the shouting floods,  
Or when stern Winter gave the rich reward,  
All suited with his uncorrupted moods,  
For all was built, voiced, roofed with sun and  
cloud,  
By the Great Spirit unto whom he bowed.

## VII.

The gray of morn was edging into white,  
When down the rugged rock the Indian passed,  
Like a thin shadow; soon the rosy light,  
Lay on the maple leaf, and dew-drops cast  
A lustrous charm on many a mossy height;  
And squirrels broke out in chatter, as the blast  
Swayed the tall pine tops where they leaped, and  
made  
Grand-organ-music in the green-wood shade.

## VIII.

Again the Indian comes—some years have rolled,  
Down the wild Ottawa, and stands upon  
His boyhood haunt, and with an eye still bold  
Looks round, and sighs for glories that are  
gone;  
For all is changed, except the fall that told,  
And tells its Maker still, and Bird-rock lone;  
Sadly he leans against an evening sky  
Transfigured in its ebb of rosy dye.



## IX.

He sees a City there :—the blazing forge,  
The mason's hammer on the shaping stone,  
Great wheels along the stream revolving large,  
And swift machinery's whirr, and clank, and  
groan,  
And the fair bridge that spans the yawning gorge,  
Which drinks the spray of Chaudiere, leaping  
prone,  
And spires of silver hue, and belfry's toll,  
All strike, like fifty knives, the red man's soul !

## XI.

Wide the arena of the naked space  
Where broods the City like a mighty bird,  
And the Red Spectre from his rock can trace  
Her flock of villages, where lately stirred  
The bear and wolf, tenacious of their place,  
And where the wild cat with her kittens purred ;  
Now, while the shades of eve invest the land,  
What myriad lights flash out on every hand !

## XI.

The dead day's crimson, interwove with brown,  
Has wrapped the watcher upon OUSEAU ROCK,  
And o'er him hangs bright Hesper, like a crown,  
As if the hand of Destiny would mock  
His soul's eclipse and sorrow-sculptured frown ;  
Thick as wild pigeons, dusky memories flock  
O'er the wide wind-fall of his fated race,  
And thus he murmurs to his native place :—

## XII.

"Our words are gone, slain by the white man's  
hand,  
And piled in heaps to glut his fiend of fire ;  
The coward ox has bowed to his command  
And bore the slavish yoke through snow and  
mire,  
And far away—I scarce can understand—  
Rush fiery buffaloes as if in ire ;  
Dragging strange wigwams o'er an iron path,  
Which soundeth like a far-off tempest's wrath.

\* Wa-wa.—*The Wild Goose.*

Some of the above stanzas were published in Ottawa in 1858.

## C A S T L E .

'How'er it be—it seems to me—  
'Tis only noble to be good ;  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.'

TENNYSON.

IF you search through the whole south of Eng-  
land, or indeed a much wider range, it would be  
very difficult to find a more pretty, compact, little,  
ancient city than C—, with its venerable  
market-cross in the centre, and diverging avenues,  
named so rightly after the points of the compass,  
and its four quadrangles made by the intersection  
of the streets. Its cathedral, where beauty  
atones for the absence of vastness, and the fine  
remains of old ramparts, planted with rows of  
trees seemingly as old, throw a look of verdant  
freshness on the time-stained buildings and quiet  
thoroughfares. Indeed, the fault strangers find  
with C— is its quietude. Once a week, on  
market-days, the tradespeople seem to wake up  
to the propriety of airing their shops by setting  
open the doors, and slightly renovating the  
windows ; and the young traders put on their  
smartest clothes and smiles, and talk of being  
busy. When the short-lived excitement of that  
time is over, they all seem to doze away until, in

XIII.  
Here dwell within the compass of my gaze,  
All whom I ever loved, and none remain  
To cheer the languour of my wintry days,  
Or tread with me across the misty plain,  
A solitary tree, the bleak wind strays  
Among my boughs, which moaningly com-  
plain ;  
Familiar voices whisper round and say,  
*Seek not to find our graves ! away ! away !*

## XIV.

The sire who taught my hands to hold the bow,  
The mother who was proud of my renown,  
On them no more the surly tempests blow,—  
How little do they heed or smile, or frown,  
The Summer's blossoms or the Winter's snow !  
With them, at last, I thought to lay me down,  
Where birds should sing and wild deer safely play,  
And endless woods fence out the glare of day.

## XV.

Friend of my youth, my Wa-wa\* Height, adieu !  
No more shall I revisit thee, no more  
Gaze from thy summit on the upper blue,  
And listen to the Rapid's pleasing roar ;  
I go, my elder brother, to pursue  
The Elk's great shadow on a distant shore,  
Where Nature, still unwounded, wears her  
charms,  
And calls me, like a mother, to her arms."

## XVI.

He ceased and strode away ; no tears he shed,  
A weakness which the Indian holds in scorn,  
But sorrow's moonless midnight bowed his head,  
And once he looked around—Oh ! so forlorn !  
I hated for his sake the rockless tread  
Of human Progress,—on his race no morn,  
No noon of happiness shall ever beam ;  
They fade, as from our waking fades a dream.

MONTREAL.

due order, market-day comes round again. The  
cathedral chimes echo musically through the  
tranquil streets, and even the little urchin, going  
to or from school, are far more staid than in other  
places : they hear their own voices so plainly,  
that in the shadow of the cathedral, and amid  
the cloistered arches, a sort of hush falls on them,  
and keeps them in check until they are past the  
old lime-tree avenue and in the breezy fields, and  
then it is noticeable that most of them look back  
with an air of defiance, and shout so lustily that  
many maiden ladies of our city, startled by the  
distant noise, are wont to speak most gloomily  
of the rising generation, and wonder what the  
world is coming to. There is, however, one  
characteristic of C—, even more marked than  
its quietude, and on which its inhabitants greatly  
pride themselves. It is a most select, exclusive  
city—none of your upsetting modern notions  
about 'universal brotherhood,' and 'nature's  
gentlemen,' and the 'nobility of worth or talent !'

all these phrases and their signification are tabooed among the more ancient gentry of C—: and as to the newer residents of their class, they most likely have taken up their abode within its venerable walls because they like 'the tone of society' in the place, and the strictness with which social distinctions are preserved.

The three Misses Fitzlam were for years among the most energetic sticklers for a rigid exclusiveness, and in furtherance of this object they had constituted themselves the wardens of the gentility of their native city. They watched over Miss Megrim's school, and ferreted out the pedigree of every new scholar who arrived there, jealously guarding against the introduction of such a contamination as a tradesman's daughter among the pupils; by which *surveillance* Miss Megrim was kept in trepidation and poverty, with the empty consolation of teaching only gentlemen's daughters, and the prospect of an almshouse or governess' retreat as the abode of her old age. The seven tall daughters of Dr. Rawney, the chief medical man in the town, would on no account associate with or meet the five Misses Tiffany, the merry group who surrounded the parlour fire of the rich retired draper. The Rawneys resented as did the whole troop of half-pay officers and their families (C— is rich in this class), the presumption of Tiffany in making a fortune, and then living in a handsome private house in the best street, under their very noses—the upstart! Even the religion—and very religious, indeed, the old city claimed to be—is tainted with this feeling. The congregation at St. Blazy Church diminished rapidly when a new curate came with the vulgar name of 'Stubbs,' and was discovered to be the very studious and deserving son of a Southampton tailor. As to the dissenters, they were, one and all, either ignored as schismatics that had no right to intrude themselves into a cathedral city, or scorned as levellers and vulgarians.

But on one fine autumn morning, nearly a year ago, the whole city was alive with bustle and excitement. There was to be a public meeting on Indian affairs. In no part of the British dominions was there greater interest taken in, or sympathy felt for the sufferers in the fearful oriental tragedy than in C—. Many of the resident gentry were widows and maiden ladies, deriving support from, or connected by relationship with India; and they were all hastening to the morning meeting, which was the genteel aristocratic gathering. In the evening, of course, plebeians would assemble, 'and indeed,' said Miss Penelope Fitzlam, with a condescending air, 'I hope they will gather in great force, poor things! only there's no need exactly, my dear, for our mixing with them; and she drew up the skirts of her dress with a dainty air, stepped into her reserved seat, and soon after, with a flush of angry crimson rushing over her face, and kindling into a bright illumination on the tips of her cheek-bones and at the end of her nose, she pointed, quivering with rage, to 'those odious Tiffany girls! What assurance to come in the morning, and to the reserved seats, too! It was past bearing.'

Yes, there they were looking so modest and neat that foolish Mrs. Major St. Leger said, to the horror of the Fitzlams, 'What a pity they're a tradesman's daughters! they really look like us.'

'It's a very long day, my dear,' replied her gouty husband, drily, 'Since you looked like them.'

One of the main topics of the meeting was the 'Caste,' prejudices of India. There was a missionary present who told of the absurd distinctions, and all the senseless and cruel details preserved by prejudice and folly in the East, under the name of religion. Nothing could exceed the interest with which these statements were listened to. The ladies, especially, were all ear, and testified, by gestures of surprise, indignation or contempt, their detestation of this 'vile Hindoo nonsense of *Caste*.' 'It must no longer be fostered or pandered to.' 'No, no! Away with such assumptions and arrogance!' was the thought in every mind, and the word on many lips. As the company retired, no one was more eloquent on the subject of this odious heathen prejudice than the Misses Fitzlam, as they contrived to surround themselves with their friends and to stop the main entrance when the 'Tiffany girls' were coming up, and by a successful manœuvre compelled them, and a quiet-looking lady they had with them, to leave by the side entrance.

'I'll tell you what,' growled Major St. Leger, as he waited in the lobby for the carriage, 'there's as much "Caste" in England as in India, only the difference lies in this: the Hindoo religion enjoins it, and the people are faithful to their creed; the Christian religion forbids it, and the people are faithless!'

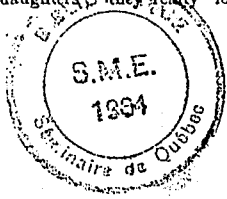
'Dear me, what strange opinions!' said many voices, while a little titter went round, and a well-bred whisper circulated that 'the major's gout had made him testy.' Yet somehow the words struck home, and even the Misses Fitzlam felt uncomfortable, and resolved mentally not to oppose—as they had intended to do—the admission of the Misses Tiffany to a monthly working party for making winter clothing for the poor.

Among the gifts bestowed that day, with enthusiastic generosity, to aid the sufferers, was one most munificent in amount; the initials of the donor's name alone were given; F. L. S. Who could it be? Here was something for the gossips to sift out—a delightful little mystery, to employ and perplex the idlers of our quiet city. After a long round of morning calls, and many discussions and conjectures as to the modest donor of this munificent gift, the three Misses Fitzlam spent the evening with the St. Legers. The major was amusing for his very waywardness, and, stiff-starched as two out of the three sisters were, they had sense enough to like the flavor of the racy speeches they professed to be amazed at. So it happened that, as they drew around the cheerful fire, their host sitting in his easy chair, Mrs. St. Leger and her guests, for want of other topics, fell to canvassing their neighbors, as is the wont, 'tis said, of ladies in provincial towns. The morning wonderment was renewed, and the mysterious initials were again scanned.

'Oh, it was Frederick Lord Sandown,' said one.

'No, it was surely Felicia Louisa Suffington,' said another.

'Stuff!' said Major St. Leger; 'he's over head and ears in debt; and the widow Felicia will give to sufferers, all and sundry, what she can



very well spare—her words; and will keep what she very much loves—her money!

'Oh, dear!' gasped Penelope Fitzflam, as if a shower-bath had descended upon her. 'You're so severe! so very severe, major! but who can it be, then, who gives away hundreds in our city and puts only initials? Let me see,' she continued, in a musing tone. 'P. L. S. There's the Devereux, and De Gange's and—'

'Spare your guesses, Miss Pen,—I have it,' said the major; 'it's Frances Lucy Staples, you may depend. I saw her full name to a cheque the other day, and made some other discoveries. Yes, yes; the little quiet body that you did not call upon because she was intimate with the Tiffanys, and who has never been invited to any of your fussy—pardon me—charity gatherings I mean.'

'But, nevertheless, one would not be rude you know, major,' said Miss Arrabella Fitzflam, the youngest sister, with a wintry smile wandering over her hard face, and making it look yet more cold and worldly, 'if this lady is rich, and unfortunately has no acquaintance but these Tiffanys—who no doubt, have fastened themselves on her—we must cultivate her. I shall call upon her to-morrow. But what makes you think she has given this sum of money to the Indian Fund?'

'Oh, because I know she is generous, if not rich. There's no one else among us—poor, proud puppets that we are—could or would afford a quarter the sum.'

'But,' persisted Mrs. St. Leger, with true wifely curiosity, 'tell us how it is she is so rich. Who is she?'

'A lady, my dear, who condescended to live usefully. She may not be exactly rich, but she has money, and she made it. A retired shop-keeper.'

'Oh, horrid! A tradesman is bad enough—that is, except as a tradesman—but a tradeswoman! Really, major, your "lady" soared at first like a balloon in your description, but your conclusion is quite a collapse.' A little, dry crackling sound, meant to be a laugh, followed this bit of Miss Penelope's oratory.

The major knit his brows, grasped his crutch-stick tight in his hands, and leaning forward on it, as he sat in his easy chair, answered:

'I repeat my words. Mrs. Staples, whose identity with a well-remembered friend of days long past I never discovered until I recently saw her Christian name, is, I repeat it, a lady who has lived usefully, I may add nobly—a great distinction—for one who has not had the joy or sorrow of near ties. Properly speaking she is still Miss Staples, though her age sanctions the more matronly title usually given her. It may be, ladies that, amid your studies in musty family records, and your careful adjustment, of etiquette and conventionalism—the CASTE prejudices of the West, are as arbitrary, and far more inconsistent, than those of the East—it may be that you have lost heart as well as head. If so, I keep my story to myself, if not—'

'Oh! pray, major,' exclaimed the usually quiet Mary Fitzflam, the second sister, 'tell us about her. If we are really so very wrong, set us right.'

'Ah! my dear major, do leave fault-finding, and tell us this story,' echoed Mrs. St. Leger.

'Well it's soon told ladies. Thirty years ago, or more, there was a rich old fool of a knight in Devonshire'—

The audience all laughed at this beginning, and Miss Penelope, who was not wanting in shrewdness, said, 'Happy Devonshire, if it is thirty years since they have had such a commodity as a rich old fool!'

'Oh! madam, spare your criticisms. The breed is not extinct in Devon, or elsewhere. This Sir John Polixphene's folly showed itself thus: being left a widower, he commenced a search after a second wife, and sought among ladies who were about the age of his first wife when he had married her forty years before. A rich young girl to whom he proposed laughed out so honestly at his preposterous offer, that for some time his folly was kept in check; but it broke forth again as he was visiting at the house of a medical gentleman in Exeter, whom I will call Dr. Hale. Now the doctor had a numerous young family—a little hundred, as we say—and he complained, as if his burden was not sufficiently great, an orphan sister of his wife's lived with them, who certainly did not add to the pressure. Poor thing! she had not an easy life, for she was a *gag* to the children, doing more than any nursemaid or governess, without wages, and yet was expected to keep up an appearance as a young lady, and not disgrace the family by appearing shabby, or libel it by looking melancholy. I don't say they were unkind. They were straitened in means, and had to make a smooth surface to the world, and very hard work that was for all, but most for the sister, who was overworked, underfed, and yet regarded as a favoured dependent. An elder sister years before had lived with Mrs. Hale, but being well-educated and high-spirited, she took flight to India, meaning to be a governess, or something of that kind; but the disgrace, as Dr. Hale called it, of such a step was prevented by her marrying a poor gentleman in the civil service there. Meanwhile the younger sister had grown up in bondage, and had no means, it seemed, of escape. She was finally taught, as girls were mostly then and so a genteel drudge she was, and knew pretty well the meaning of the word torture.'

'But imagine the sensation that was caused when old Sir John Polixphene looked in the face of this poor thing, and saw that it was very fair amid its pensiveness, and that her being grown out of her vamped-up frock was by no means a way to hide the graces of her form. But I'm not going to dwell on this greivous love. The young girl shrank from him as a pure nature, revolted by hoary imbecility and folly, would and should. But the family, when they saw this monstrous infatuation of the old man's, were in ecstasies. Their little *gag* was instantly elevated into a person of consequence in the household, and "Don't tease darling Aunty so" was the new strange command to the children, who had always considered "Little Aunty" as their lawful property, as much as the nursery kitten that they pulled and pinched—only Aunty had no talons.'

'Shame, perhaps, kept Mrs. Hale from any explanation with her sister. She thought that the prospect of leaving a scene of toil, having a rich home, and being called "My lady" would overcome any natural repugnance the young girl might have to the man who could offer these advantages. So there came a day when, by the

connivance of the doctor and his wife, Sir John found himself alone with the object of his monstrous passion. She had so carefully avoided him that he eagerly seized the opportunity, and made his offer to the shocked and startled girl. Calmly and most decidedly she refused him, to the amazement of the suitor, who was by no means ignorant of the worldly value of his social status, and attributed the failure he had before met with to the fact of the lady having a fortune of her own. "Had she been poor," he argued, "she would have given a different reply." But here was an incomprehensible young girl, the bond-slave in a family of tyrants young and old, who refused to escape to rank and freedom, and who kept saying nervously "Sir! respect for you, as well as myself, prevents my for an instant listening to your offer." In an evil moment the infatuated old sinner alluded to her dependence, and then the young girl's timidity vanished, and she asked him—"Is it because I am poor, and alas! friendless, that you have made this proposal? Do you force me to consider it not a folly but an insult?" He saw in a moment, ladies, that it was no pretty, mealy-mouthed "No," that meant—"Yes," such as conventionalism, I am told, requires from female lips. He, Sir John Polixphene, with his houses and lands, his gifts and graces, was refused by this poor dependant, who dared to stigmatise the marriage he proposed as "a violation of the sanctities of nature." In a terrible rage—for nothing is so provoking as truth—the aged suitor hobbled away.

If there was rage on his part, who shall describe the tempest that burst on the poor girl? Dr. Hale and his wife, disappointed, mortified beyond endurance, sent forth bitter, arrowy words that wounded their victim at every pore. Ah, ladies! the martyrdom of St. Sebastian is but a type of what society often inflicts. In vain the poor girl pleaded, "she could not love the man, and that marriage without love was deadly sin." They affected to be horrified at such sentiments, bold, unfeminine, immoral, indecent; but the long and short of it was, Dr. Hale would maintain such a rebellious, ungrateful creature no longer.

Roused by the very imminence of her destitution, the young girl said, "Let me try to get my living; I want to be a burden to no one."

"Yes, and degrade us! You know, you mean-spirited creature, that a woman loses caste when she descends from her station to business pursuits, for as to a profession, you can't even be a governess! What do you know properly pray?"

To punish her, rather than to part with her altogether, the Hales dismissed her from their house to the dwelling of an old servant, who lived in a village some miles distant; and hoped that they might propitiate Sir John, and bring down the spirit of their relative: but they signally failed, for in the quiet of the poor cottage, the persecuted girl recruited both mind and body. She took a calm view of her position; and feeling herself released from her sister's care by being sent from her dwelling, she resolved, as the old story-book say, to go forth and seek her fortune. She was a good needlewoman, and though then, as now, there were plenty of distressed seamstresses, still she resolved to try her skill; and hearing that the old servant with whom she was now living had a sister in Plymouth who kept an outfitting shop, she wrote to her, and

asked to be allowed to make a trial as an assistant in her business. The plan was soon arranged; and just as Dr. and Mrs. Hale were intending to command her return (for she was sorely missed in their household), she had established herself at a little worktable in a garret under the friendly roof of her new acquaintance at Plymouth.

It was a hard struggle for life for many a weary month: but she had tasted the sweets of the crust earned by honest, independent toil, and she persevered. One letter passed on each side between her and her relatives—a peremptory order to return or to consider herself no longer a relation of theirs. A quiet refusal to comply with the first request, and a hope that she should never be unworthy of her name, comprised the whole correspondence. The Hales caused it to be believed in Exeter that their sister had gone to reside with a relative at a distance, and she was no longer spoken of among them. Henceforth they were dead to each other.

Two years passed. At the expiration of that time the poor seamstress found herself able to remove her residence to a thriving country town some distance from Plymouth, where she hoped to have better health than had up to that time been her portion. She lived a very secluded life known to very few; and, by toiling on, was just able to maintain herself, but yet happy in her lot.

On reaching the town to which she removed a change awaited her that developed her unselfish character, and led to better days. She had scarcely been settled in her lodgings three weeks, when an epidemic disorder broke out in the town, and carried sickness and death into many dwellings. Its progress was so rapid and fatal, that all who could left the place panic-stricken. Opposite to the young seamstress' lodgings was the handsome shop of the principal bookseller and printer of the town. A father and son were the proprietors of the business; and the family, besides these, consisted of the son's wife and child, a young sister, two apprentices, and a servant. Into this abode the fever entered with fearful power: the servant and eldest apprentice died two days after the first attack; and then the other apprentice ran away; and the neighbours, in their dread, refused to enter the dwelling where both the partners in the business, father and son, were seized with the malady in its most malignant form. From her window the lonely needlewoman watched the pallid delicate wife waiting on her husband and father-in-law, and saw that the child and the shop were left to the young sister Bertha, a girl of some fourteen years of age. Her resolution was taken to go over and offer assistance. When she named her determination to her landlady, she was told she must not return to those lodgings if she went to the fever-stricken house. However she went, and was hailed as an angel of light by the poor worn-out young wife. A wonderful energy supported the visitor to that house of affliction. She it was who cut off all intercourse between the shop and the house, and restricted Bertha and the child to the front premises day and night. She it was who watched and waited on the sufferers, and on the dismal night that deprived the poor wife both of husband and father-in-law, she was the helper and the comforter, the nurse and friend.

With these the fever departed; but scarcely

had the grave closed over them when the child, who had been well through all the troubles, sickened and died of some infantine disease; and the poor widow, heartbroken at her sorrows, had but little strength for an expected trial that was to give a fatherless infant to her arms. In two months' time a new life came into that house of death; and through all these varied scenes of calamity, the young seamstress was a ministering angel, ever active, ready, cheerful. Her health returned as these demands were made on her energies. When not in the sickroom, she studied the details of the business; and the neighbours, when their fright was over, feeling ashamed of their desertion of the widow in her time of need, now vied with each other in promoting the business which at first, had been threatened with ruin. The widow as soon as she partially recovered, instructed her willing helper, who aided by the young sister, contrived to take all severe toil from the bereaved; and if health and comfort could have come to the widow, the house of sorrow would have lost its gloom. But Mrs. Postonleigh never rallied. The second summer after the death of her husband she also departed, leaving her little girl Alice, the posthumous child, her sister Bertha, and the business in trust for them, to the friend who had come to her in her hour of need. So you see our seamstress had now her hands full—a family and a shop bequeathed to her. She was equal to it. She farmed off the printing business, taking a moderate profit from it, but not parting with it; and, having both taste and judgement, so increased the book and library department, that soon it was the best shop in town. She fulfilled her trust; gave Alice a good education; and offered, when she came of age, to resign the business to her. But Alice had other prospects. She became the wife of a captain of a merchant ship, and would only take a very moderate dowry from one whom she rightly regarded as a mother. Bertha, delicate from childhood, had died years before. And so there was no impediment to the prosperity of the subject of my narrative. Simple in her mode of living, regular in her business pursuits, she grew gradually but surely rich. All the investments of her savings were wisely made; but money, for its own sake, she did not value. There was not a charitable institution in the town, or at length in the county, that she did not benefit; and it came to pass that her Exeter relatives found her out. They were somewhat scandalized at having a shopkeeping sister; but as she manifested no intention of visiting them, they had not the disgrace brought home to them; and in proportion to her firm refusals to come to them, were their entreaties that she would gratify their affectionate hearts by her presence. She did not comply; but there were other requests she was less resolute in refusing. Loans of money for the education of her nephews, or to replenish the wardrobes of her nieces, were often craved, and as often sent: as to whether they were ever repaid, I know not.

'To her sister who had married in India, and who came home a widow with a slender income and a broken constitution—to that dear sister she was a true friend. She took a charming cottage for her in a sheltered situation on the banks of the Tavey, and smoothed her declining years with the tenderest love.

'A cottage on the banks of the Tavey' Major

St. Leger, 'why, are you speaking of any relation of your brother's wife all this time?' said Mrs. St. Leger, with surprise.

'Of course I am, my dear. Her sister Fanny, who so kindly paid for the education of our nephew George, and did a thousand acts of generosity during my brother's troubles. For we know, he added, looking at his wife, 'that Indian life is not all splendor and prosperity. There, as elsewhere, those who do the most work are the worst paid.'

'Well! but how was it you did not know of her residence here?'

'Why, I have not so long been here, you know, and when I came from Rome, I purposed going down to the west; and then I heard from one of the young Hales that his aunt Fanny had retired from business, and was travelling for a time: and I find she took a young girl, who had been a schoolfellow of her ward Alice, with her to Germany—the eldest sister of the Tiffanys—that began the friendship with them; and so for a time she has made her abode here, and tested the courtesy and hospitality of our venerable city.'

'Dear, goodness! It's very strange, I must say, for a gentleman's daughter to go into trade.'

'Oh! as to that, ladies, spare your wonder; some of our best nobility have had no higher origin. Here's a book,' he added tapping a volume, with *Mudie's* label, that lay on the table, which says 'Cornwallis and Coventry the Earls of Radnor, Essex, Dartmouth, Craven, Harwich, Tankerville, Pomfret, Darnley, Cowper, and Romney, are respectively descended from a city merchant, a London mercer, a silk manufacturer, a city alderman, a member of the skinners' Company, a merchant tailor, a mercer, a Calais merchant: and good London citizens where the ancestors of the other noble families;\* and very good ancestors too, better to my mind, than the pretty Mistress Nelly, or the crafty Duchess of Portsmouth, or the imperious Castlemaine, and other ill-omened birds of that feather.'

'Well, Major, but what became of the old lover with whom your story commenced?' said Mary Fitzlam.

'Oh! he went home and married his housemaid, a buxom lass of twenty and a pretty piece of business he made of it.'

'But my dear major,' interposed Miss Penelope Fitzlam, her eyes kindling with triumph, 'according to your theory, in thus acting he was only showing his superiority to "caste prejudices."'

'Pardon me, Miss Pen. I'm no leveller, and I have no sympathy with all the wild talk about equality that some people delight in.

'This miserable old man might have found companionship for his declining years among his many relatives, or he might have chosen suitably as to age and education, and married well and wisely. But early youth naturally sprang from him; and when he chose a wife without education, or principle, I say he disgraced his family and stained his name. You ladies often quote Scripture; I do not. I abstain reverently from doing that which you as reverently, perhaps, feel constrained to do. But there's pithy little sentence of four words—"Be

\* See *The History and Antiquities of North Allerton, in the county of York,* by C. T. Davison Inglewood, Esq. See also *'Athenæum,* August 14th, p. 195.

not unequally yoked"—which I suppose is a divine command, is it not? Now youth and age, refinement and rudeness, education and ignorance, these are inequalities—they are not contrasts merely. Contrasts may harmonise, as discords in music. I have seen a few such marriages in my time, though hardly so outrageous as old Sir John Polixphene's, and they all turned out much the same. A low woman, unable to comprehend her position, intention, showing off the finery for which she has sold herself, among her former companions—feeling a loathing and impatience towards the man who has bought her—what but misery and shame can, or ought to come, from such nuptials? I believe Sir John's lady was true to her early training and pursuits, and flourished her besom famously after she ceased to be accredited housemaid. None dared dispute her rule, least of all her husband. She embittered his life, shortened his days, spent his money, and ended by marrying an old flame—the coachman—who, it was said—I hope with truth—paid off Sir John's debts. No, no, ladies; to honor worth wherever it is found, to admire the paltry house of antiquity, and to recognize the truth—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gold for 't."

that would do good in many a little pent-up circle—where there can be no wroth for the vir-

tues hemmed in by barriers that shut out both the light of reason and air of freedom.'

The old major's eyes flashed as he spoke; and Mary Fitzlam—who was better than her name—shook his hand as he ceased, and said, 'Thank you sir, for your narrative and your comments. I, for one, shall not forget your words. I hope the time may soon come when these caste prejudices among us may pass away, and Christian principles be as manifest in our social institutions as they are vaunted in our professions.'

Whether Miss Mary's hopes are yet realized in O—, the writer can scarcely say, but a better state of things prevails; and when a good action is done, the doer of it is not snubbed if he or she happen to belong to the class of workers; and the idlers are less assured of their gentility than they once were. Poor Miss Megrim ventures to introduce into her schoolroom now and then a particularly well-behaved daughter of the trading class, and is evidently not so much in awe of aristocratic peeping and prying, and thinks less dolefully of the almshouse that seems fading rather than looming in the distance.

Even in a cathedral city, ventilation of opinion is possible in this age of marvels.

## JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.S.A.

### THE DEAF TRAVELLER.

"The brother, whose praise is in the gospel throughout all the churches; and not that only but who was also chosen of the church to travel."—2 Cor. viii. 18, 19.

"An inward prompting \* \* \* grew daily upon me that by labour and intent study, which I take to be my portion in this life, joined to the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps have something so written to after times as they should not willingly let it die. These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other, that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downwards, there ought no regard be sooner had than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my country."—MILTON.

THE "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" has been the experience of some of the most gifted minds that have adorned both letters and mechanics, and contributed to the proud and beneficent position which our country holds amongst the nations of the world. Instances are ever occurring to show that, notwithstanding the advantages of learning, which are more generally enjoyed now than ever, it is not always from the privileged class,—the highest for professional ability,—that the most useful services to society are obtained. The humblest have effected some of the most radical reforms, and aided the extension of the arts and learning into spheres where the more cultivated failed to enter. Canal navigation owed more to Brindley, who could scarcely write his own name, than to the skilled engineers of his time. Railways are more indebted to George Stephenson, who could not read until his eighteenth year, and was a working man, than to all the institutions of civil engineers. Manufacture owed more to Hargreave, Smeaton, Arkwright, and Watt, than to those from whom such improvements were more likely to issue. In like manner, the natural history of the Bible, and its elucidation by Oriental manners and customs, is more in-

debted to John Kitto, the deaf pauper boy of Plymouth, than to the great host of commentators whose works have filled the shelves of clerical libraries during eighteen centuries. The memoirs of this extraordinary man reveal a story of deepest interest, and merit the attention of all youthful readers. They relate the history of trials and struggles, of adventures and labours of Christian life and usefulness, that will teach the most unfortunate never to despair, and rebuke the privileged for their paltry services to God, in the world. It is one of many instances afforded, that a talent well laid out, amidst many difficulties and discouragements, will never fail to yield its increase; and that a life dedicated to the Lord will find a sphere for its exercise large enough to employ its powers, and a blessing according to the "work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope."

JOHN KITTO was born at Plymouth, December 4, 1804. His parentage was humble, and his father a dissipated mason. Before he had reached his fourth year he was transferred to the garret of his grandmother, as his father could not support him. This aged relative soon conceived an ardent fondness for her grandchild; and from her he received that family training which was so sadly neglected at home. In his early years he evinced a liking for solitary walks; and would often wander about the shore, to the great discomfort of his venerable guardian. To divert his attention, she began telling him exciting stories, which, fostered by a neighboring shoemaker, created that appetite for knowledge which afterwards distinguished him. Discovering that tales could be found in books, and books for a penny, the youth was as fond of

getting a little story from the book-stall as most are of sweetmeats. When he could master the art, reading was his delight. He soon exhausted his grandmother's library, which consisted of those rare works for moulding the minds of youth,—*The Family Bible*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver's Travels*. The stock of literature in the neighbourhood was as greedily devoured; and before Kitto had reached his twelfth year, he had perused most of the books within his reach. This habit compensated for the small amount of school education which he received. These days of comparative liberty soon passed. His grandmother became a paralytic, and, along with her little charge, had to be removed to the wretched dwelling of her son-in-law, whose intemperance had rendered him unfit to provide much for her comfort in old age. John had now to go to work as assistant or *hodman*, to his father. This occurred in 1814. In 1817 the event which gave a character to his future life occurred. He was carrying a load of slates, and was about to step upon the roof of a house, when he fell *thirty-five feet* to the ground. He was taken up unconscious, and continued so during a fortnight. His first sensation on recovery was most agonizing. People seemed to talk, but he could not hear; they wrote, and did not speak to him, which increased his anxious suspense; and, to complete his sufferings, those letters were put before him—"You are deaf."

The sense of hearing was never regained; and its loss was very heavy to the son of a drunken mason. He could do little for his bread. His first employment was gathering bits of ropes and iron in the mire of the harbour at low tide; but his gains were only fourpence a-week. Changing this for drawing rude pictures, his average earnings were twopence-halfpenny a-week, and eightpence at a fair. Improving, he endeavoured to write tickets for signs: and hoped, by strict attention to spelling and correct writing, to displace such as "*Logins for singel men*," "*Rooms to leet, enquir wilking*," and obtain an honest livelihood. But "great as were Kitto's difficulties in earning an honest penny, he found it more difficult to expend that penny in a satisfactory manner." His love of reading well-nigh wrecked his purse, when he ventured to invest threepence, and once a *shilling*, in a book.

It was not easy, however, to get bread for the poor deaf boy. As a last and only resource, the poor's-house was thought of, and an asylum was provided among the boys in the "*Hospital of the Poor's Portion*," in the town of Plymouth. He entered there in 1819, when he was fifteen years of age. By the kindness of the governor, his restraint was made less painful than he would otherwise have felt it, after enjoying the wild liberty of going where he liked. He was put to employment, and acquired the art of making list shoes. During his first year he made seventy-eight pair, besides mending others. He kept a journal at the same time, and was encouraged to write exercises, which gratified him greatly.

Amidst this shoemaking he saw in vision his future authorship.—*The Journal of a Man with Four Senses*, by John Kitto, Shoemaker, Pauper, &c. There seemed little in real life to brighten his hopes; for he was in 1821 apprenticed to a shoemaker, and released from the work-house. Though the commencement of a trade is an enlargement to a boy in humble life, Kitto felt re-

gret at leaving the hospital. He wrote in his journal the following on the occasion: "I am no longer a work-house boy! I am an apprentice. \* \* \* So I went to take a farewell look of the bed on which I used to sleep, the tripod on which I had sat so many hours, and the prayer-room. I shook hands, in idea, with the pump, the conduit at which I washed, the tree against which I leaned,—nay, the very stones on which I walked. I felt something like regret at leaving it. Man is an accommodating animal. I had so accommodated, or accustomed myself to the work-house, that I left it with some regret. I have read of a man who had grown old in prison; when he was liberated, on the accession of a new king, he petitioned to be put in prison again. Is not this a case in point, to show that man soon accommodates himself to misery?" *Appropos* of the place of prayer referred to in this extract, it is worth record, that Kitto, who could not hear the devotional exercises in which others engaged, prepared a prayer of singular excellence, considering his years and advantages, which he was in the constant habit of using at the time of worship.

The apprenticeship to a shoemaker proved to the unfortunate youth a degrading cruelty. His master was a heartless and passionate man, who vented his indignation on his poor apprentice in the most savage manner. Kitto wished he were again in the work-house, and wrote to Mr. Burnard, the governor, who had been his friend. The case was at once inquired into; and, on a written statement being sent to the bench of magistrates by the ill-used boy, his indenture was broken, and he was received again into the work-house, until some better provision could be secured. The letter produced also another effect. Its literary excellence interested several gentlemen in his behalf; and, hearing of his avidity for knowledge, they obtained for him the privilege of reading in the Public Library. Soon after he was appointed sub-librarian, when he had advantages for study, of which he largely availed himself. Kitto never entered into the amusements of youth. He early awoke to thought, and found in it abundant joy. "The customs of the country," he wrote, "have decreed that man is not competent to his own direction until he has attained the age of twenty-one, not so I! *I never was a lad*. From the time of my fall, deprived of many external sources of occupation, I had been accustomed to *think*, to think deeply,—think as I read, as I worked, or as I walked. While other boys found amusement in their tops, balls, kites, I amused myself with my book, pen, or pencil. While other lads were employed with trifles, I thought as a man, felt as a man, acted as a man." Of course, play is of advantage to youth, and aids the development of his powers, makes him stronger in frame and more sociable in spirits; yet too many arrive at manhood in years without manly thoughts and feelings. In those years Kitto was preparing for the manhood which he spent so usefully. Young man! employ your season of learning; gain principles, information, and good habits, which mould the future life.

In 1824, Mr. Groves of Exeter, took Kitto into his house as an assistant in dental surgery. This excellent gentleman, whose biography has been lately published, was pious and benevolent, deeply interested in Kitto, and did much for his welfare. Under him he received serious im-

pressions, which gave decision and evangelical tone to his mind. While here, his volume of essays and letters was published. His literary ambition had now, however, received a tone which consecrated all his powers. At this time he recorded the following sentiment, worthy of being placed on every author's desk: "If I were asked how the happiness of mankind can be most effectually promoted, I would answer, by Christianity! I mean not nominal, but real and vital Christianity. Be *this* in future, then, my object as a literary character: and if this object should be in any degree attained by anything I may be enabled to write, say, or do, I shall esteem my honour and my reward greater than any which scientific or literary distinction could confer." This good principle left him not even in the zenith of his fame. He then added, "I am not emulous of fame or honours, nor desirous of any other distinction than that of being useful to my fellow-creatures, so far as the talents which God has given me, and commanded me to improve, admit." Let the reader take a note of this hallowed purpose, and shape his life accordingly. Whatever be your circumstances, the blessing of God will accompany an honest and prayerful resolution, and make you an instrument of doing good.

Mr. Kitto remained in Exeter only a year. Mr. Groves gave up his profession, which was then yielding him £1200 a-year, in order that he might become a missionary,—an instance of devotedness, fully carried out until his death, rarely equalled in the church. A situation was provided for Kitto in the Church Missionary Institution at Islington, to qualify himself as a printer, in order to go out to Malta, to assist the mission there. He removed accordingly to London in 1825, and to Malta in 1827. His work was scarcely congenial to his taste; and as his love of reading led him to indulge after the labours of the day, difference arose, which necessitated his return to England in 1829.

Though Mr. Groves and other friends disapproved of this step, they wished to promote the welfare of their protégé. Again, unexpectedly, a way was opened up, which prepared him for the work on which his fame and usefulness must rest. Mr. Groves asked him to join the mission to Bagdad, and at once his assent was given. The party left in June 1829, and travelled by St. Petersburg, through Russia, to the "city of a hundred mosques," where they arrived in December, having been six months on the journey. Copious journals were kept by our traveller, which read with ease, and afford much useful information.

Their residence in Bagdad was soon a bitter trial. Early in 1831 the plague visited the city, and made awful ravages. In the first fortnight, seven thousand died. Out of a population of 80,000, three-fourths were computed to have perished. During the continuance of this calamity, the water inundated the city, and destroyed seven thousand houses, and buried fifteen thousand persons—most of them sick with the plague—in the ruins. Mrs. Groves died, and several of their assistants. But the souls of the strangers rested in God, and were sustained in the terrible ordeal.

No sooner was the plague stayed than an army of 12,000 men besieged the city for several months, and finally occupied it. Trial followed trial, until the inhabitants were reduced to the

greatest extremities. It was peculiarly severe for the missionary band to pass through such an ordeal in the outset of their work. But affliction was blessed to their souls. They learned to live by faith, and to feel that they were strangers and sojourners here. The scenes they beheld made a deep impression on their minds; and on account of their inability to speak to the perishing thousands of the way of salvation, their feelings must have been strongly moved.

In September 1832 Kitto left Bagdad, as his deafness prevented his usefulness to the mission. He returned to England, by Teheran, Tabreez, Erzeroum, Trebizond, and Constantinople. Nine months were occupied on the journey, and the large opportunities for observation of Eastern life and customs were fully employed by Mr. Kitto. His letters and journals and works bear ample evidence of this.

"Hitherto," says a reviewer, "He has been a gatherer of knowledge; now, to the end of life, the deaf Plymouth work-house boy is to become one of England's teachers: he comes like the laden bee, which has sipped its stores from a thousand flowers in a thousand fields,—so replenished with the fruits of reading, reflection, and observation, that to write is to be relieved."

Resettled in England, Kitto became a contributor to the *Penny Magazine*, and wrote valuable papers on Oriental subjects, under the signature of the "Deaf Traveller."

In 1833 Mr. Kitto was married to "one who happily for him, appreciated his talents and his worth, and, by her assiduous and self-denying devotedness, contributed largely to the successful prosecution, of his literary exertions." They walked together daily to the British Museum, and made useful acquisitions from that great store-house of knowledge and illustration for his works. But when he began those works which have so much enriched Biblical science, he had to remain: at his desk, while Mrs. Kitto went to consult authorities and collect information. She says: "I day by day went forth to collect, from all the various authorities pointed out by him, such materials as he needed. Thus through me he managed to supply the deficiencies of his own library as it was then. For many years this was my employment; for although his stock of books increased largely, there were always many not in his possession from which he wished to cull; and ever afterwards my services were in active requisition, and he used jocularly to designate me his *had-man*." His wife thus became in a new sense essential to him, and he felt and owned it. She was all the world to him, and happily he was all to her. Thus she could attest that "during the twenty-one years of our married life, I may say in perfect truth that ten hours have not been spent separate from him in visits." It is not easy to estimate fully the usefulness of such a wife as Mrs. Kitto; but now that the record of her valuable service to Biblical study has been given in the biography of her husband, the readers of Dr. Kitto's works should not fail to remember the debt of gratitude they owe to his excellent wife. Besides maternal cares and domestic trials, that required much prudence and economy and time, this devoted lady became a help-meet to her husband's labour and a model to Christian wives.

From 1833 to 1853 Mr. Kitto was constantly employed with his pen, elucidating divine truth



in a mode hitherto unattempted on so great or in so correct a style. The works which he prepared during those twenty years have made an "era" in Biblical literature." The chief of these is *The Pictorial Bible*. It is not a doctrinal, but an illustrative commentary on the Scriptures, and presents to students of the Sacred Volume means of understanding all the manners and customs, geography and history, peculiarly Oriental, that are so thickly strewn over the pages of Holy Writ. To the letterpress descriptions were added woodcuts taken from the scenery, customs, and monuments of the East. The result was a work of standard value, and of great popularity. It was one of the few kept by Dr. Chalmers in his closet, while preparing his *Daily Scripture Readings*. It ought to be in every clerical library, and familiar to teachers. Another great work suggested and edited by Mr. Kitto was *The Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, which contain a vast amount of learning contributed by eminent divines of Germany and England, and intended to elucidate Scripture. It won for the editor, though a layman and a member of no university, the degree of D. D., from the university of Giessen.

In his last years Dr. Kitto wrote eight volumes of *Daily Bible Illustrations*, a morning and evening series, which contained short papers for each day of the year on some illustrative point in the different books of Scripture. They were dedicated to the Queen, and obtained a good circulation. They present in a popular form the best of the valuable notes in the *Pictorial Bible*, and serve greatly to diffuse correct views of Scripture interpretation. Besides these Dr. Kitto was the author of *Uncle Oliver's Travels in Persia*, in two volumes; and of the *Pictorial History of the Holy Land*, in two volumes; of a *History of Palestine, Thoughts among Flowers, Gallery of Scripture Engravings, The Pictorial Sunday-book, The Lost Senses*, a most interesting work on deafness and blindness: *Scripture Lands*, &c; and for a season he edited *The Journal of Sacred Literature*.

The Literary work he performed was great and regularly occupied him sixteen hours a-day. But an iron frame could scarcely stand such tear and wear, so in 1851 Dr. Kitto's health failed. From that period until his death he had many trials. His family being large,—for he had nine children,—and his income small, financial difficulties oppressed him; and this occurred at the time when ill-health seized him, his trial was very severe. An effort was made which obtained £100 a-year for him from the civil list of Her Majesty, and afterwards £1600 were raised by voluntary subscription.

In 1852, he had a severe attack; in 1853, besides the bereavement of a child, he was seized with paralysis. In 1854, he went to Constatd, Germany, for his health; but there his affliction increased. Two of his family died within three months; and on November 22nd of the same year his own conflict with life was ended.

Over his grave in a foreign land, his publishers, Messrs. Oliphant of Edinburgh, have erected a befitting monument, which "will enable strangers to identify the resting-place of him who will be honorably known to future ages as the author of *'The Pictorial Bible.'*"

It is no small loss to be deprived of any sense; but the loss of hearing is more affecting than of any other. "It is," says Dr. George Wilson, "a

sorer affliction to be cut off from the tongues of our fellow-men than it is to be blinded to the sights on which they gaze. Those who are born, or early become deaf, are far more isolated all their lives from their hearing neighbours than the blind are from those who see. The blind as a class are lively and cheerful; the deaf are shy and melancholy, often morose and suspicious; and naturally so, for an interest in each other far exceeds, and ought to exceed, an interest in the world, and from all this human sympathy the deaf are almost totally cut off; whilst the blind, excused from many duties which the seeing only can discharge are peculiarly free to indulge in gossip with their more favoured neighbours, and can largely exchange opinions with them." Dr. Kitto felt this most acutely, for *to his family he was very affectionate*, and he had much delight in his intercourse with them. This had all to be done by the fingers. "I never," said he, in his *Lost Senses*, "*I never heard the voices of any of my children.*" The reader, of course, knows this, but the fact, as stated in plain words, is almost shocking. Is there anything so engaging to a parent as to catch the first lisplings of his infant's tongue? or so interesting as to listen to his dear prattle, and trace its gradual mastery of speech? If there be any one thing arising out of my condition which more than another fills my heart with grief, it is *thus*: it is to see their blessed lips in motion, and to hear them not, and to witness others moved to smiles and kisses by the sweet peculiarities of infantile speech, which are incommunicable to me, and which pass by me like the idle wind."

The grace of God can aid to console those who mourn so great a loss. Dr. Kitto realized this fully. *His was a real and happy piety.*

"Thirty years ago," he wrote, "before the Lord caused me to wander from my Father's house, I put my mark on his passage in Isaiah, 'I am the Lord; they shall not be ashamed that wait for me.' Of the many books which I now possess, the Bible that bears this mark is the only one that belonged to me at that time. It now lies before me; and I find that, although the hair, which was then dark as night, has meanwhile become 'a sable silvered,' the ink which marked this text has grown into intensity of blackness as the time advanced; corresponding with, and in fact recording, the growing intensity of the conviction, that 'they shall not be ashamed that wait for Thee.' I believed it then, and know it now, and I can write *probatum est* with my whole heart over against the symbol, which that mark is to me, of my ancient faith."

He passed through peculiarly trying afflictions in his last days; but the Lord vouchsafed grace to his servant according to his need. In the last letter he penned are these words: "But though heart-smitten, I have not been allowed to sorrow as having no hope; and I begin to perceive that, by these variously afflictive dispensations, my Lord is calling me 'up hither' to the higher room in which he sits, that I may see more of his grace, and that I may more clearly understand the inner mysteries of his kingdom."

Dr. Kitto's *catholicity* was very rare. Sir John McNeill, K.O.B., who knew him at Bagdad, thus spoke of him at a public meeting in Edinburgh: "In more than twenty years of occasional intercourse, often quite unreserved, nothing had occurred to indicate distinctly to what body of Christians Kitto belonged,—the truth being, that

he was the common property of them all, for he had done them all valuable service." He was a member of the Church of England, and though precluded by his deafness from enjoying the worship, he regularly attended the communion.

Altogether Dr. Kitto was a gift, for whom we ought to be thankful. His life is a lesson, and his labours a blessing, and may incite many to "go and do likewise."

In a way peculiar, and which will bear fruit to all generations, did this humble, persevering, and pious Christian make his life useful. His name is enshrined in the records of the church's benefactors.

"Repine not, O my soul!" the old man replied.  
 "That heaven hath chasten'd thee. Behold this vine;  
 I found it a wild tree, whose wanton strength  
 Had swoon into irregular twigs  
 And bold excrescences,  
 And spent itself in leaves and little rings,  
 So in the flourish of its outwardness  
 Wasting the sap and strength  
 'Till it should have given forth fruit:  
 But when I pruned the tree,  
 Then it grew temperate in its vain expense  
 Of useless leaves, and knotted as thou seest,  
 Into the full clear clusters, to repay  
 The hand that wisely wounded it.  
 Repine not O my soul!  
 In wisdom and in mercy Heaven inflicteth,  
 'Like a wise leech, its painful remedies."

SOUTHEY.

## Natural History Department.

### THE ANIMALS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT.

BY H. B. SMALL, S. C. L.

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#### CHAP. III

*The Raccoon and its characteristics,—The Badger, and the Wolverine, or Glutton—The Martin family—The Skunk, Fisher, Mink, Sable, Weasel, &c., description of a "Sable-line." The Otter, its habits, and an amusement peculiar to it.*

There are few parts of North America, in which the Raccoon, (*Procyon lotor*) has not been found. It has been quaintly described as having the limbs of a bear, the body of a badger, the head of a fox, the nose of a dog, the tail of a cat, and sharp claws by means of which it climbs trees like a monkey. This combination may have given rise to the expression "a queer 'coon." The circumstance which has procured for it the name *lotor* is very remarkable; it is the habit it possesses, of plunging its food into water, as if for the purpose of soaking or cleansing it. Some naturalists have supposed it to be not so liberally supplied with salivary glands as most animals, but there is no conclusive proof of this. From its fondness for water it is usually found in low wooded swamps, making its lair in some hollow tree. It is nocturnal, restless, and mischievous in its habits, feeding on wild and domesticated fowls, frogs, lizards, fish and insects.—The tail of the raccoon is never affected by even the coldest weather; hence, it never gnaws it, as other animals of its species are known to do, especially the *Coati* of South America, of which the most marvellous accounts have been given, that it devours its own tail. This however has doubtless arisen from the extreme length of that appendage, in which the blood circulates feebly, thus exposing it to the slightest influence of cold or frost;

the irritation thereby produced leading the animal to gnaw and scratch its extremity to allay the irritation, till it not unfrequently falls a victim to spinal disease produced by this expedient. The Raccoon is easily susceptible of domestication, one formerly in possession of the writer being as tame as a cat, and sitting up on its haunches to receive its food in its forepaws before devouring it, and being remarkably cleanly in its habits. Occasionally it commits great depredations among the fields of Indian corn while in the milky state; and this together with its occasional descents upon the barnyard, scarcely compensates the farmer for its zeal in digging up and devouring grubs or the larvae of injurious insects.

THE AMERICAN BADGER, (*Meles*.) has only recently been ascertained to be a distinct species from the European; it was formerly looked upon as a new variety till the publication of Sabine's Appendix to Long's Expedition. The old stories of the life of the badger being gloomy and wretched from its underground habits, are ridiculous, for Nature evidently destined it for a subterranean and solitary life. It is entirely inoffensive, and being like the Raccoon nocturnal, little is accurately known respecting it. The American species has a short tail and long claws which are of a light horn color: the European on the contrary has a longish tail, and short claws, nearly black. It is found, in the greatest abundance, in the plains adjacent to the Missouri and Columbia rivers, and in Oregon, but individuals are met with here and there all over the continent.

THE WOLVERENE OR GLUTTON, (*Gulo*), is common to both the Old World and the New. It is however frequently confounded with the Bay Lynx, (*Felis rufus*) whose habits conform much more to the stories in existence attributed to our Wolverene. The statement that it ascends trees for the purpose of leaping down upon the necks of passing animals, and that it takes up with it certain moss of which deer are fond, and drops it immediately under the tree to entice them, has been so frequently repeated that it is generally looked upon as a fact, though the authorities originating these accounts, give nothing as proof more satisfactory than hearsay. A well known American Naturalist remarks under this heading "the necessity of skepticism becomes obvious." It inhabits the Northern part of America generally, but is everywhere a rare species. Professor Emmons states they still exist in the Hoosac Mountains of Massachusetts. Very little however is known accurately respecting it or its habits.

Few if any, among the small quadrupeds of this continent, equal in beauty the family of *Mustelae* or Martins, of which the Skunk, the Mink, and the Ermine are best known. One peculiarity of this species is, that when pursuing their prey, they resemble hounds running on a trail, with tail erect and following by scent. The Skunk (*Mephitis Americana*) is well-known and detested everywhere throughout the country. Its peculiar organs of self-defence render it, however, highly interesting to the Naturalist: these are, a most fetid discharge, sickening in the extreme, and most difficult to get rid of,—not proceeding from the bladder as it is usually thought, nor distributed by its tail over its enemies, as has been supposed, but which is ejected at will by muscular exertion from two glands at the root of that organ, which it at the same time elevates, in order to prevent it coming in contact with the detestable matter, which must be as injurious to itself as to its enemies. Godman says, that these discharges, at night are luminous. It is a curious circumstance that it never makes use of this provision of nature unless attacked by a larger animal than itself. It list altogether nocturnal, being most active just after evening closes in, or immediately before day-break. It generally makes its own burrow, feeds on birds and their eggs, frogs, field-mice and other small quadrupeds. Its fur is coarse and of no value.

THE FISHER, (*Mustela Canadensis*), although twenty years ago numerous, is now

becoming scarce. It is known and described also under the title of "Pennant's Martin:" but among the many inaccuracies common to ordinary works on Natural History is its name "the Fisher;" for this would lead one to infer that its habits are aquatic; Hearne however, states that it manifests as much repugnance to water as a cat. It is said to have received this appellation from its fondness for the fish used to bait traps with. The early hunters about Lake Oneida were in the habit of soaking their fish over night, and leaving it to drain preparatory to using it; this was frequently carried off by the gentleman in question whose tracks were plainly seen around, and it has like the wolverene been known to follow a "sable-line," destroying twelve out of thirteen traps in one night in a trail fourteen miles long. It climbs trees easily, living in their hollow trunks, and prefers marshy, woody swamps near watercourses and lakes. It is not unlike the European Polecat.

THE SABLE (*Mustela Martis*) is a very active, pretty little animal, inhabiting the elevated woody districts of the North: it is very scarce wherever civilization extends, but was seen abundantly in Oregon, by Lewis and Clarke. It has never been known to have been rendered docile. It takes up its quarters in trees, and is very carnivorous, living principally upon squirrels. Hunters state that the further North it is met with, the darker is its fur; they also affirm that in the beech-nut season it will never touch bait, carefully avoiding their traps, and that it becomes excessively fat at this time; we may however conclude that it does not use the beech or other nuts as food, but probably fattens itself on the number of small quadrupeds which are congregated together more thickly than usual to feed on the mast. In the Hudson's Bay territory a line of traps will be set for it called a "sable line," sometimes sixty or seventy miles in length, at the rate of from six to ten a mile, visited by the trappers perhaps once in a fortnight. These traps are very simple, being generally made of long chips cut from the nearest tree, which driven into the ground form three sides of a square about six inches across; the bait is then placed on a stick laid crossways between the main support and prop of a heavy log or rough board which falls the moment the bait is touched, crushing all under it; the top is then covered with some boughs of spruce or hemlock thrown lightly over it, and left to do its

silent work. Fishers and Wolverenes will follow one of these sable-lines, breaking into the traps from behind, and destroy the bait as well as the captive if any is there. The American Sable has been often confounded with, but is quite distinct from, the Pine Martin of Europe.

THE SMALL WEASEL, (*Mustela Pusilla*) is supposed by some to be, and on the authority of Buonaparte is, the Ermine in its summer coat, but this is very doubtful. It is very voracious and very tenacious of life. It is common about old walls, farm buildings, thickets near lonely houses, &c. It must not be confounded with the

ERMINE. (*Putorius*) This weasel is very destructive to poultry but its injuries are perhaps counterbalanced by the numbers of mice and rats it destroys in barns, stacks, and about the farm buildings. It is very active, nocturnal in its habits, and frequents wood-piles; in its white winter coat, with tail tipped with black, it is sometimes called the Catamingo, or White Weasel.

The last of the Weasel family we shall describe is the MINK. (*Putorius Vison.*) Its name is corrupted from the word *Mienk*, given by the early Swedish settlers in the United States. It is well known, and is met with in all parts of the country, frequenting the banks of streams and swampy ground. In the West there is scarcely a stream on the banks of which its footprints are not visible; it feeds on fish, fresh-water shell-fish, and is closely allied to the otter in many of its habits; it can remain a long time under water, either when pursued or when searching for food. An odor is said to be emitted by it when attacked, somewhat between that of a cat and a skunk; when closely pressed it sets its pursuer at bay, arching its back like a cat, snarling and turning with the greatest rapidity, and makes a desperate resistance before it is captured.

To a casual observer, the *Mustelidae* would seem very scarce; but as night is the season for their operations, they seldom or never show themselves by day; their habitat may be frequently passed by unwittingly, except when winter reveals it by their trail in the snow. In the woods and rocky regions of the West and of Hudson's Bay they are most numerous; but enough are left everywhere, for them not to be classed among the rarer animals.

THE OTTER (*Lutra Canadensis*) was long confounded with its European congener, till proved by Sabine to be distinct. It is found throughout the whole continent,

but is becoming scarce as the country is being cleared up; it is, like the Indian, compelled to give way before the approach of man, retiring further westward and northward yearly. In places where it used to be most abundant, no trace of it is now found except in the names of streams or localities, such as Otter Creek, Otterville, &c. It is very sagacious and wary; its fur ranks next in quality to that of the beaver, and is greatly used in the manufacture of hats. The otter is too wary to touch baited traps, they are accordingly placed in the water at the foot of their slides, for which they have a curious fondness. These slides are thus formed: a number of them, (for they live frequently in families like the beaver) will select a spot where the river bank is clayey, and having rendered it smooth by removing sticks, stones, &c., they start from the top, one after another, with a velocity that brings them plump into the water. Major Long thus jocosely alludes to them: "These slides are sometimes borrowed by boys bathing; who, however, not recollecting that the Otter is protected by a thick fur against friction, find that notwithstanding the apparent smoothness, the fine sand in the clay has robbed them of a broad surface of cuticle, and that an otter slide is not altogether suited for human recreation." The Otter can be domesticated like the Beaver, and become very docile.

There is another species, (*Lutra destructor*), so called from its destroying the beaver dams and houses, probably in search of their young. It is met with in the Hudson's Bay territory, but together with the third species, *Californica*, of the Pacific coast, little is accurately known of them. The Ojibbeways, however, knew long ago of their existence, from the two names used for the two species in their language. The Sea-otter is exclusively resident within the 49th and 60th degrees north latitude.

#### ON MILTON'S BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent,  
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent, which is death to bide,  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he returning chide;  
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?  
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need  
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best  
Bears his mild yoke, they serve him best; his  
Is kingly, thousands at his bidding speed,  
And pass o'er land and ocean without rest  
They also serve who only stand and wait.

MILTON.

## WHAT NEXT! AND NEXT!! AND NEXT!!!

A recommendation to legalize, regulate and License Houses of Infamy, by the Chief of Police for the City of Montreal.

Monsieur Guillaume Lamothe, Chief of Police has perpetrated the writing of a book. Who was it that said, "Oh that mine enemy would write a book"?

"Tis nice to see one's name in print, A book's a book although there's nothing in't." This said book has for its title, "The Annual Report of the Chief of Police, January 16th 1864." On questions of fact no doubt the book is pretty reliable authority. Some of these facts present a dark picture of Montreal. For instance, it states the number of offences committed during the last year to be 12,132. Estimating the population within the city limits at 100,000 this would give one offence for every 8½ inhabitants including men women and children. We know not where to look for a parallel.

We are further informed that there are 100 houses of ill-fame, and 563 fallen women known to the police, and that these houses of infamy are frequented by about 6,800 persons per week. This would amount to a number of weekly visits equal to every fourth adult male in the city.

It is not with these revelations of crime that we are about to find fault. On the contrary, had the Chief of Police contented himself with removing the veil and exposing these "chambers of imagery" to the public gaze, he would have deserved well of the citizens of Montreal. But he has unfortunately stepped out of his path to recommend the adoption of certain laws for the regulation—not the suppression of these evils, and herein he has exposed himself to the most unqualified public censure.

Yes! the Chief of Police for the city of Montreal, in his official capacity has had the boldness to vehemently urge this community of the British Empire to adopt the infamous laws of some of the continental nations of Europe which sanction, license and supervise that outrage upon society, the trade of public prostitution.

As British citizens we rejoice to know that our statute books have never yet been disgraced with the record of laws which have provided for the common prostitution of a portion of the female subjects of our Gracious Queen, in any portion of her wide dominions. Whatever the short comings of the subjects of these realms may be, or however (by reason of the demoralization either of the authorities or the people) our

statutes may occasionally become inoperative and virtually suspended, the law itself has always been good, for it has ever denounced the existence of a brothel as a public infamy, and when put in force, has dealt with it as a foul blot upon the place where it existed.

The Chief of Police charges the whole blame of the alarming and increasing prostitution of the city of Montreal upon society. He says:—"Society closes its virtuous eyes upon one of the most terrible sores of the social state, utters some fine philosophical phrases whose true meaning it utterly ignores, or else expresses a disgust, generally more pretended than real, of vice and its consequences."

This is a heavy indictment preferred by the Chief of Police. He has arraigned Society at the bar of justice and it is now placed upon its trial.

The indictment contains two counts:—

1st. Wilful blindness to the social evil.

2nd. Scandalous hypocrisy in its expressions of a disgust which are "generally more pretended than real."

Monsieur Lamothe, since you have openly preferred these charges, the Court is now waiting for you to proceed with your evidence.

Chief of Police.—"Sad to say it is that no supervision whatever is exercised over these houses of infamy—that therein vice runs riot and utterly uncontrolled" and society says "let vice act as it pleases. So much the better if it punishes itself" I may add "the eyes of power, of society, of its rulers and legislators, are deliberately and obstinately closed to the numerous and deplorable debaucheries of the young, of young girls especially, and thereby allows serious blows to be struck at the public health."

This being the case for plaintiff, the counsel for the defence, will now proceed with his cross-examination of the witness.

Counsel:—Monsieur Lamothe, will you be good enough to inform the Court who are your employers?

Chief of Police:—Society, I should say.

Counsel:—And pray Sir, what are the particular duties of your office?

Chief of Police:—To enforce the laws for the protection of the person and property of my employers—society.

Counsel:—Do not these laws provide for

the entire suppression of these houses of infamy of which you speak?

*Chief of Police*:—Certainly; the suppression of vice in general, and these houses in particular are amongst the fundamental principles of our laws.

*Counsel*:—Do any of these houses of vice exist in Montreal, and if so, how many?

*Chief of Police*:—“The total number of houses of prostitution, actually known to be such by the police is exactly one hundred, twenty of which are kept by men, and eighty by women.”

*Counsel*:—Can you give the number of inmates?

*Chief of Police*:—“The number of women who reside, &c., therein, are four hundred and forty-eight. To this number must also be added one hundred and fifteen unfortunates, who mostly live in a very degraded and abject state, having no actual residence, and sleeping at night in the streets or yards and porches.”

*Counsel*:—Can you inform the Court as to the number of the frequenters of these houses?

*Chief of Police*:—“From the most precise information which I have been able to obtain, the most approximate statement of the people who frequent these houses, places their number at about six thousand eight hundred per week. Two thirds, however of this number frequent houses where the unlicensed sale of liquor is also carried on.”

*Counsel*:—And all this notwithstanding that the laws provide for the total prohibition of these houses?

*Chief of Police*:—Most certainly they do.

*Counsel*:—And yet you charge society with closing its virtuous eyes to this terrible sore in the social state. Pray Sir, would you not speak much more correctly if you were to substitute the words “THE POLICE” for that of “SOCIETY” in your indictment?

*Chief of Police*:—On this question of suppression I am prepared to join issue with my employers—Society. As stated in the indictment, I believe that all the talk about the entire suppression of these houses, is the mere utterance of “Some fine philosophical phrases whose true meaning society utterly ignores, or else expresses a disgust, generally more pretended than real, of vice and its consequences.”

*Counsel*:—Then is the Court to understand, that proceeding on the assumption that your employers—society—are insincere, hypocritical, and acting under false pre-

tenses, you have therefore been lax in the discharge of your duties, and have allowed one hundred houses of infamy to remain in this city spreading their moral contagion to the extent of six thousand eight hundred weekly visitors?

*Chief of Police*:—I have already told you that I join issue with society on this question. Instead of the law instructing me to prohibit these houses. “I believe that every house of prostitution should be registered in the books of the Police, with a statement of the inmates they severally contain, and that each of these houses should be taxed, not for the purpose of increasing the revenues of the city, but for the object of establishing a fund, the product of which would be available for the indispensable expenses of such young women as desired to return to their parents or lead a new life.”

*Counsel*:—And is this the ultimatum to which you would lead society to aspire when you say in your report that “*true virtue charitably points out the salvation of the unfortunate and to the organization of a system which will place the means of salvation within their reach*”; or in other words, does your remedial system consist in legalizing prostitution, and taxing unfortunate women for the benefit of those of their class who may wish to reform or retire from their public life of infamy thereby making the wages of that infamy “the means of salvation” to the returning penitent?

*Chief of Police*:—That is precisely the step I was urging society to take, and in support of my views I would “compare the uncontrolled prostitution of London and New York with the regulated prostitution of Paris and the continental towns, and we immediately become convinced that the former system is far more prolific in evil and crime than the latter.”

*Counsel*:—But is not the uncontrolled prostitution of London and New York to be accounted for from the fact that the police authorities there, as here, “close their virtuous eyes upon this terrible sore of the social state,” and neglect to enforce the prohibitory law which society has provided for its protection.

*Chief of Police*:—That may be, nevertheless the fact exists, that while the Police authorities and society are at issue with each other, the results in practice are far more prolific of evil in those places where prostitution from whatever cause is uncon-

trolled, than in Paris where it is regulated by law.

*Counsel*:—While fully admitting the deplorable evils arising out of the open prostitution of London and New York, I will at the same time ask you to furnish some date for your assertion that the "former system is far more prolific in evil and crime than the latter."

*Chief of Police*:—I would refer to the acknowledged fact as witnessed by all those who have compared notes in these cities.

*Counsel*:—Do you mean to say that the number of common prostitutes is less in Paris than London or New York as compared with population?

*Chief of Police*:—I know of no correct data on which I could venture such an assertion.

*Counsel*:—In reference to those unfortunate women, are you not aware that the direct result of the licensing system on the continent is like the severance of the last frail link between them and society, and with its rupture the last hold on the individual is gone. Abandoned to despair, publicly known and declared, registered, entered, avowed, their recovery is not to be looked for, and consequently the reformation of the poor outcast in those countries is a rare circumstance indeed. On the other hand, in England especially, are not hundreds of these victims of vice annually restored to society and to virtue?

*Chief of Police*:—I am not prepared to dispute that point.

*Counsel*:—Does not the continental system of sanction by law, license, and medical regulations, tend to cast a veil over the inherent infamy of these establishments, to reconcile and familiarize the minds of youth to them as places of legalized resort and is not their frequency almost universal by the youth of the male sex of some of those continental cities?

*Chief of Police*:—I am not sufficiently well informed to be able to give a reply.

*Counsel*:—Are you not aware, that wherever this legal sanction is given to prostitution its direct tendency on the female portion of the community is most demoralizing?

*Chief of Police*:—I always supposed that the contrary was the case.

*Counsel*:—Has it not come to your knowledge, that in Paris, where the registration system is carried out, the whole tone of society is demoralized in an almost unparalleled degree—that both in its literature and on the stage seduction and private

prostitution is extolled and glorified, that its existence everywhere, and amongst all classes of society, is an admitted and recognized fact, that the whole rage of Paris is going out after the newest drama or the latest novel, where these criminal intercourses are set forth in the most romantic and bewitching forms.

*Chief of Police*:—I am free to admit that your statement of these evils as the result of attempts to regulate crime has taken me by surprise.

*Counsel*:—Mr. Chief of Police, before retiring from the witness box let me proffer you a few words of advice. You have but recently immersed from the conflicts and the all engrossing pursuits of commercial life, and have been suddenly placed in a situation of fearful responsibility, for which you have had no previous education or training. Viewing your antecedents it was not to be expected that you would be able to grapple with these intricate questions of Social Science, questions which have engrossed the attention of philosophers and philanthropists of every age. As for the recommendations contained in your report, they are the simple repetition of threadbare theories which have been a thousand times exploded. When law assumes to itself the protection or even recognition of vice and infamy, its name should at once be substituted for the more appropriate term of semi-barbarism. A law which authorizes a multitude of lewd women publicly to play the Harlot in the midst of a community is nothing more nor less than a fiendish device to overturn the very foundations of the social fabric, and to let hell loose upon earth.

In future it will be well for you faithfully to carry out the righteous laws of our own country, instead of lusting after those of nations that have yet to learn some of the first elementary principles of civil and religious liberty. You ought to take shame to yourself when you state that there are 100 houses of infamy in Montreal. If the law is not sufficient to restrain those dens, then make your appeal to Society for further powers to suppress, and when you do so you will find that its "virtuous eyes" are not altogether closed to the subject. It has confided this business to you, and having done so it expects you to take action, and that without respect of persons.

There are brothels in Montreal frequented by men moving in high stations. Why should these enjoy an immunity from the visit of the police? An occasional descent upon these hot-beds of crime, and an arrest

of both inmates and frequenters, would produce a very wholesome influence on the public manners of some of those so-called gentlemen.

It is only fair that they should be treated to a night's lodgings gratis in your establishment, and that they should be placed at the bar of the Recorder's Court on the following morning, to answer the charge of frequenting brothels, as well as Dick, Tom, and Harry.

Herein the police lack moral courage, and this after all is the secret of the desire of the police in large cities to get these houses legalized.

"It will never do to offend so and so Esquire, the Lawyer, or Merchant, &c., &c.," as the case may be. Thus reason the police, and for this cause these Houses of Infamy, are tolerated and sought to be legalized.

## THE COFFIN MAKERS.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

At the entrance of a small town in Germany, at no very remote period, there stood a pillar, having on it a carved escutcheon, surmounted by a baron's helmet, and also charged with the effigy of a hideous dwarf, employed in making a coffin, who, with malicious joy, is holding up a nail and pointing to a scroll above him, on which the words were inscribed:—

"ONLY SEVEN ARE WANTING."

The traditional history of this singular armorial bearing is the subject of our tale.

Many hundred years ago, in the village of Eisenach, there lived an idle young fellow, whom we may call Abel Stark. Abel was a hard drinker, and this habit had brought him two things which invariably attend drunkenness—poverty and a bad name. Accordingly, Abel Stark was always in rags, and obtained the cognomen of "Abel, the vagabond." It happened one evening, in the midst of winter, that a party of toppers had assembled in Drainpurse's, the village publican, to shorten their own days by drinking towards the long life of others; and, as usual, they had invited Abel Stark. It was no unusual thing after several hours' hard drinking, and laughing at Abel's lying stories—for he was also known by the sobriquet of the "Ragged Story-teller"—that one by one landlord and customers fell on the floor in a state of drunken insensibility, except ragged Abel, who had been kept so engaged in story-telling, that an equal share of the liquor had not been given him. It was at this moment, on the night in question, that Abel, perceiving his listeners had all tumbled from their seats, was proceeding to help himself to a draught of the remaining liquor, when an extraordinary knocking was heard at the outer door; and as no effort could waken up the drunken landlord, Abel took a light and proceeded to admit the new comer. As his light fell upon the objects without he beheld a short, thick-set, wild looking human being holding the bridle of a huge black horse. In a surly and ferocious tone, the dwarf said, "how now, mine host, is your drink always so potent; or do you usually sleep in this death-like fashion?" pointing to the drunken revellers lying on the floor. "I called loud enough to have aroused your churchyard, methinks." "In good truth," replied Abel, "I know not what ails them; I scarcely think the number of cans emptied could have so stupefied them all.

I'll try and waken up Drainpurse, the landlord; here he lies as heavy as a full hoghead."

"No, no," said the stranger, kicking the sleeping toppers out of his way like broken bottles, "they won't wake at present, I warrant you;" adding with a sardonic grin, "they have been driving more nails into their coffins." Abel Stark stared in terror at the traveller. But the little man made him quake still more, when he said sternly, "Abel Stark, you have been amusing these sots to-night with strange stories about fairyland; I think, lad, you might have been better employed, for the tale and the wine do but drive another nail into your coffin, and you speak foolish things, Abel, about this fairyland. I can promise you there be some things there that would astonish you; ay, and things toppers little dream of." "So I should guess," said Abel, "since nobody knows where it is." "Be it where it may," said the stranger, "I came from there not an hour past; and as I have taken a liking for you, Abel, I will give you a better tale to tell of fairyland than any other mortal man yet knows."

The dwarf and Abel were *instantaneously* transported into a vast cavern, lighted up by lamps of brass and containing thousands of beings like his companions, all employed in making coffins. Some were sawing out the wood, others were joining them together, and the driving of the nails produced a noise resembling thunder. Abel soon discovered, on looking a little closer, that a name was written upon each coffin, as soon as it was shaped, and whenever the last nail was driven, it disappeared. Many of the names were quite familiar to him, and he felt a cold sweat burst from every pore as upon one almost finished he read the name of Drainpurse the publican; and upon others in a similar state the names of all the toppers he had left sleeping. Abel ejaculated, "Lord help me; will they never awaken again?" He was astonished to see the name of Velten Upright, the old shepherd, written upon a coffin with scarcely a nail in it, and seemingly just commenced. Whilst Abel was musing this matter, one of the ugliest of this fearful assembly of coffinmakers called to him—"Ho, friend, wilt thou buy thyself a coffin? here is a sound one, with thy name, Abel Stark, written upon the lid; it is but a few years since I began hammering at it for thee." "Art thou making that black box for me?" said the trembling Abel. "Ah, lad," said the dwarf, and when I cut it out



for thee it wanted three hundred nails; but every night you caroused in Drainpurse's tavern, I was commissioned to drive one into it; and now, see, my boy," holding up a nail, "only seven are wanting!" Abel heard no more. He fell backwards to the ground, and when he recovered his senses he found himself alone. With the most perfect recollection of the strange sight he had seen, Abel looked upon his rags; and when he thought of the misery into which his idle drinking habits had brought him, the speedy termination of his existence so clearly pointed out to him by the newly finished coffin, he smote upon his breast, and wept bitterly over his follies. In this frame of mind he wandered instinctively in an opposite direction from Drainpurse's house, resolving never more to enter it. In a few hours he arrived at a large iron forge, which belonged to a great German Baron, and as Abel had not a coin in his pocket, and thought he had but a short time to live, he offered himself in desperation to blow at the furnace. Now, in these old fashioned days, the hardy sons of Tubal Cain had no artificial bellows to blow up their great fires; so Abel's new occupation was to blow with all his might through a long crooked iron pipe, which work no doubt idle

folks like Abel Stark would have thought more likely to drive nails into their coffins, than enjoying themselves in the tavern. But a short while's experience taught Abel Stark a different creed; for what with the exercise which daily blowing gave his lungs, and the clear cold water which was now his only drink, he began to get stout and healthy, and as he had good wages, he speedily changed his dirty rags for good clothes, besides scraping together a little money; and as he heard no more of the coffin makers, he gave over thinking of them, though he never forgot his interview with them. Time rolled on, and Abel's temperate habits so sharpened his wits that he was able to invent a pair of bellows, which proved of such immense importance to the Baron his master, that in return for his useful invention, he gave Abel his daughter in marriage, and left him his whole estate. It was Abel Stark who reared the pillar, and adopted the escutcheon. He lived till he was one hundred and thirty-seven years old, told his great-grand-children his wonderful story, always adding "Idleness and strong drink drive the nails into our coffins, but Temperance and labor will build us a palace."

#### THINGS NOTABLE IN THE CITY OF MONTREAL AS THEY STRIKE THE EYE OF THE PASSING STRANGER.

(Continued.)

"Whom the Gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

The Montreal Corporation Tavern Licensing Committee, have in their "*wisdom*" excluded the public from listening to their deliberations, and that in opposition to a honorable minority, the Chairman included. The curtain is no longer to be drawn aside; for the future every deed is to be perpetrated in darkness, and the Committee room is to be surrounded by an incrustation so impenetrable, as to hide from the gaze of the citizens the unholy movements of the powers for evil which rule from within.

The only certificate of admission shall henceforth be an application for a tavern license. No matter how vile the hands, or how infamous the character of the man who may present such a document, it is a safe passport to that hidden chamber of mystery, where the Licensing Committee on the one hand, and the applicants on the other, are the sole contracting parties to 346 several covenants of death, each of which give the power, as the venerated John Wesley stated it, to "*Murder Her Majesties subjects by wholesale.*"

"*Like begets like,*" and "*birds of a feather flock together.*" Such is the natural order of things, and verily this Licensing Committee is true to nature. Some

of its members were carried into power on the backs of Tavern and Brothel keepers, aided by their fiendish herd of associates, whose very appearance served as a warning to good citizens to keep a respectful distance from the polling booth.

With few exceptions, the servants of the Tavern-keepers they are, and most faithfully to them do they render their services. They treat the public as the lawful property of the Saloon and Rum Hole Landlords. They use up the citizens of Montreal as though they only existed for the special benefit of the Liquor Traffickers. Everything which is inconsistent with the interests of the Traders in Strong Drinks is withheld from the public. If it is conducive to the interests of the Traffic to increase the number of Taverns, they are accordingly increased. If, on the other hand, it will best serve the purpose of "*The Trade*" to withhold the granting of additional licenses, they are of necessity refused.

In England, the applications for, and the granting of licenses takes place in open Court, and every ratepayer has the power to oppose one and all of the applications if they see fit. Here the farce is in the future to be played out within closed

doors, where no voice of remonstrance can reach the ear of this secret tribunal.

In the meanwhile, and as the necessary result, misery, crime and premature death stalk abroad and strike terror everywhere except in the consciences of the majority of the members of this committee and their licensed traders in ruination.

Who so competent to form an unbiased opinion, and to come to a correct conclusion as the judges of the land, who are ever called upon to deal with the crime and outrages produced by this traffic? What class of men so likely to take an unbiased view of the terrible evils resulting from the existence of these Taverns and Saloons, as the several Grand Juries, who year after year sit inquisition on the moral condition of the City?

What then is the united verdict of Judges and Juries on the results of this indiscriminate Liquor Licensing system? With one loud and united voice, from year to year they pronounce the Corporation of Montreal through the action of its Licensing Committee, as planting, fostering and nourishing a crowd of "Upper Hells" in every part of the City from whence proceeds every form of demoralization and evil.

All honor to the undaunted Judge Mondelet, who from term to term, has from his seat in the High Court of Queen's Bench denounced the iniquity of the men who throw the protection of law around the vilest hot-beds of crime and nurseries of infamy. His burning words of denunciation and warning ought to be written in letters of gold, and emblazoned on the walls of our Law Courts, hung in our Halls, our Mansions and our Cottages, and rung like peals of terrific thunder in the ears of some of the members of our Corporation. Whether the latter will hear, or whether they will forbear, these words will live on the pages of the history of Montreal.

If confirmation of the truth and the necessity of the Hon. Judge Mondelet's charges were wanting, it is abundantly supplied in the following statistics:

In 1861 there were 77 arrests for selling on Sunday.

In 1862	"	125	"
In 1863	"	213	"

But nevertheless the licenses are renewed! and renewed!! and renewed!!!

But look again!

Cases of drunkenness which came under the knowledge of the Police.

In 1861	.	.	.	.	3,655
In 1862	.	.	.	.	4,140

In 1863	.	.	.	.	5,111
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And again!!

Number of persons arrested					
In 1861	.	.	.	.	7,802
In 1862	.	.	.	.	9,140
In 1863	.	.	.	.	11,582

And again!!!

Arrests of persons charged with crimes which come under the jurisdiction of the Courts of Queen's Bench and Quarter Sessions and the Police Magistrate.

In 1861	.	.	.	.	107
In 1862	.	.	.	.	538
In 1863	.	.	.	.	707

Or  $7\frac{1}{2}$  fold increase in 3 years. Last year there were 12,132 offences tried in our Police, Recorder's and other Courts; out of these we find the following:

For Drunkenness	3656
"    and disorderly conduct	836
Lying drunk	619

Well may the Chief of Police remark, "This increase of drunkenness is also a key to the grave proportion of other offences. " And well may he add:—

"The peaceable and industrious citizen has no idea of the misery which drunkenness causes amongst our midst. If they could see children dying of hunger and cold by reason of the unfortunate habits of their parents, or the terrible cases of destitution and distress which almost daily come under the cognizance of the Police, they would soon convince themselves that we cannot too heartily apply the most energetic remedies to the social malady which throws so many families into destitution and despair. And the more we retard their application the greater will the evil become. A decision will still have to be arrived at, and means adopted, to battle the evil in a practical manner. It would be better therefore to commence immediately rather than to wait indefinitely and see the evil gain strength and grow greater day by day."

In reference to the number and character of some of these taverns, what says the Chief of Police? Let him again speak!

"In respect to licensed taverns, their number could, without inconvenience to the public, and with immense advantage to its morality, be considerably diminished. No one should be allowed to take out a license until he has satisfied the authorities that his house is sufficiently large and furnished to comply with the provisions of the law, and above all laid out as therein required. At present, nevertheless, a number of houses are occupied as taverns, and do not pretend to furnish the accommodation demanded by the law, being neither more nor less than mere bars for the sale of liquors by the glass—that is to say, one of the most demoralizing of all occupations."

Take a walk around the City, and you will find that these "mere bars for the sale of liquors by the glass—that is to say (these) most demoralizing of all occupations," by

the authority of the Licensing Committee, abound every where.

In the very face of this report, the Committee have recommended a large increase in the number of Tavern licenses, and have gone so far as to allow the names of irresponsible agents to be substituted for those of principals, it being no doubt very convenient to withhold the latter from the light of day. In reference to these "agents" Councillor Devlin gave utterance to the opinion of a sound lawyer as well as a wise City Father, when he said, "*they were not the responsible parties at all, and in the event of a legal process against them such would be found to be the case.*"

There is one thing in which we heartily rejoice, and that is because the License Committee is divided against itself. The very best of it is, the Chairman of that Committee, Councillor Stevenson, has washed his hands of the report, and has had the manliness to move an amendment, referring it back again to the Committee for reduction in the number of Licenses to be granted.

For this bold enunciation of principle Councillor Stevenson deserves well of every good citizen of Montreal, as does also Alderman Bulmer, who moved that great and essential addition to the amendment "that they be instructed to strike out the names of all applicants keeping Free Music Saloons."

We more especially place these two names in bold relief, because we have been at issue with these gentlemen elsewhere. For their own sakes, for the sake of the public morals of this great City, from every righteous consideration, we are glad to find that these gentlemen are not what their former speeches as reported, or rather mis-reported represented them to be. For our own part we would willingly step out of the way, and keep out of the way forever, rather than retard the onward progress of the principles so nobly advocated by Messrs. Stevenson and Bulmer at the last Council meeting. If we have spoken out, it was because we were impressed that they were wrong. On their part they have at once adopted the most practical as well as honorable method of giving utterance to their real sentiments.

For the reasons indicated, and also because these gentlemen have taken the initiative in this movement, we have given this prominence to their names. But we must not forget that if they led the way, they were nobly supported by the majority

of the Council. Alderman Grenier and Rodden, and Councillors McGauvran and Devlin deserve honorable mention as standing in the foreground.

We were especially pleased to find that Mr. Devlin seized the opportunity to administer a stern rebuke to Mr. Labelle. The two last named gentlemen received the special support of the Temperance Election Committee, and were recognized as candidates presenting themselves to the voters on the Temperance ticket. Mr. Devlin did not go so far as Mr. Labelle in the pledge he gave to that Committee, but while the former has been true to his promises and shown that he was acting on principle, the latter has played the part of a traitor to those to whom he owes his seat in that Council, and the brand of a traitor to the cause of Temperance and good morals in this city is indelibly stamped upon him. In the fore-front of the location which he occupies, in the Council Chamber should be inscribed in bold black character, "*this is the seat of the betrayer.*" The Corporation of Montreal are evidently waking up to a sense of their responsibilities. This action may be likened unto a life from the dead. Ten against seven opposed to an increase of Tavern Licences! Let there be no bickering as to whom the credit of all this may be supposed to be due, as is too frequently the case, but rather let the public show their high appreciation of this action by sustaining this honorable majority of the ten against seven, who have taken a lofty stand, and stood forth with a bold front, for the purpose of stemming the onward progress of a demoralization which is sweeping over the city like a mighty flood.

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BIOGRAPIICAL NOTICE OF JOSEPH-OCTAVE PLESSIS, BISHOP OF QUEBEC. Translated by J. B. French from the Original by L'Abbé Ferland, published in the *Payer Canadien*. Quebec, G. & G. E. Desbarats, 1864.

The above forms the very unpretending title page of a book of considerable merit. As indicated, it gives an outline of the life of a Roman Catholic Bishop of this Province.

Bishop Plessis was no ordinary prelate. He lived in troublous times for the Roman Catholic Church of Canada. Want of space prevent us from giving such a notice of this book as its importance deserves, but we may revert to it again on some future occasion.

Suffice it to say, this Biographical Notice is intimately connected with the history of Canada. The book is written with remarkable moderation, and will no doubt become a standard work in every Canadian Library.

## THE SHAKESPEARE TER-CENTENARY.

BY G. MARTIN, MONTREAL.

I have just emerged from the round of celebrations given in this city, in honor of the immortal bard of Avon. Montreal has acted her part nobly, has shown that in the midst of her busy life, in her feverish struggle for material prosperity, she can pause to render due homage to the achievements of intellect. It would scarcely be consistent with the character of a literary periodical, such as the "Canadian Patriot," to allow this day to pass by without placing on its pages some recognition of the "pomp and circumstance" of the all-pervading excitement. This then is my humble offering to its readers.

The earth-shaking march of armies, the crowning of a king, or a royal marriage, are but the glittering pageants of an hour;—they dazzle and captivate our senses for an instant, and are then swallowed up by the black jaws of oblivion, never to reappear. But the triumphal march of mind continues always, and the over-joyed world never tires in twining new wreaths to crown the kings of thought, and the marriage of our souls with their souls is an eternal rapture.

But while we bow in humble reverence before the genius of the distant past, let us be careful that we do not despise the aspirations that breathe around and upon us from the living genius of the present.

All that can be said or written to any purpose on everything relating to Skakespeare has been said and written a thousand times over. We cannot add another inch to the stature of his fame. Its height is already beyond our utmost reach; and the more superscriptions we add to that colossal monument the more do we hide and deface its magnificent proportions. Let us turn, at times, to gaze upon its wondrous magnitude and enduring splendor. But we must not stand forever with inverted look. There is an endless path before us, and as we journey onward new and startling objects will surprise our view, and prove worthy of our fervent regard. I will not attempt to chronicle the festive scenes which our city has exhibited in token of its love for Shakespeare. This task has been already faithfully performed by the newspaper press. But there is one feature, at least, of this celebration which, from its permanent character, deserves special notice. I allude to the endowment of three Shakesperian gold medals, pre-

sent to the McGill College. One of these honors was purchased by citizens, a second is the gift of Mrs. Anna Molson, and the third that of Sir Wm. Logan.

These Medals are to be competed for annually by students of the College. The first named is founded to promote the study of English literature from the time of Shakespeare to that of Addison; the next, to encourage the study of mathematics; and the third for the highest proficiency in geology and natural history. We admire the liberality shown in these donations to the McGill College. But we could wish that they had been more impartially distributed, and rendered accessible to youthful aspirants for *poetic* honors, especially, outside the College walls, as well as inside. A little reflection will, we think, justify this view of the matter. Had similar honors existed in similar institutions in Shakespeare's school days, he would have stood no chance of ever reaching them; for, so far as we know, the Stratford Grammar school was his highest and only seat of book-knowledge.

We may well be permitted, therefore, to indulge the fancy that the ghost of Shakespeare is by no means flattered by this aristocratic method of paying him a compliment. It is of little consequence, however, where and what formal prizes are held up to stimulate intellectual effort. Genius will always choose to coin its own medals, medals which no mintage can imitate or destroy; conscious of its own irrepressible energy it scorns the bribes and baubles of schools, and springing independent, to its Alpine height, rings out its victor-laugh, while Dulness staggers below, oppressed with his heavy load of books.

Such was the character of Shakespeare, of Byron, of Burns—of nearly all men who have left the surface of the earth bright and beautiful with the shining foot prints of their mortal race. But we are in no mood for complaining. We pen these remarks for the encouragement of all classes, high and low, and not in the least to detract from the full-souled generosity that crowns this galaday in Montreal with distinction. I rejoice that in this land of utilitarian proclivities, in this western extremity of the British Empire, the nobler instincts of our nature are kept alive and fanned into frequent bursts of enthusiasm

by the renovating breezes of thought and feeling, which sweep over more genial portions of the globe. The great pulsations of humanity awaken cordial responses on the banks of the St Lawrence, and on the shores of our sea-like lakes, and away back in the solemn shadows of our grand old forests. In concluding this hasty notice I appeal to Canada on behalf of her own poets: Hitherto they have received but little patriotic attention. Some of them are even better known in Europe and in the United States than in the land of their sojourn. This is a melancholy truth. We are too much disposed to strain our vision and stare continually at some distant glory, while exquisite flowers and palpitating sunbeams breathe and burn unheeded beneath our feet. Australia and California are not the only regions fraught with golden treasure.

Our own Chaudiere, perhaps, is quite as worthy of attention. Let us then atone for past ingratitude by aiding the development of the gold mines of native Poesy. Let us escape from the charge of being a community of mere fashion followers; ever

taking our cue from a foreign press, and falling into line of march like raw recruits, at the command of foreign voices. We have in this city a man who has been recognised abroad as entitled to a niche by the side of him whose three hundredth anniversary we are all proud to honor. How far throughout Canada is he known? Who among us have made haste to place the laurel crown upon his brow? It is the old experience still. But let him bide his time, Posterity will requite the wrongs of the passing hour:—

When the cold hearts that chill the hopeful visions of struggling merit with their proximity, as ice-bergs chill the mariner, lie still colder in the dusky silence that broods over all perishable things, eternal Justice will assert her supremacy, and the author of "Saul" will have his reward:

"Seven cities now contend for Homer dead  
Through which the living Homer beg'd his bread.

And thereby hangs a tale; and so we conclude our humble tribute to the memory of William Shakespeare.

MITCHELL'S CANADA GAZETTEER AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY FOR 1864 and 1865. W. C. Chewett & Co., Printers and Publishers, King Street, Toronto.

The above is the title of the most unreliable book of the kind that ever came under our notice. As far as our own experience goes, and that over a period of some two months, during which time, as may be supposed, our references to a Directory have been pretty considerable, we have found that for all practical purposes this book is worse than useless. Numbers of persons who have long since changed their residences from one end of the Province to the other, are still described as the inhabitants of their former locations. Individuals whose names are household words in their respective districts, and almost throughout Canada are entirely ignored, and that while some of the lowest tavern-keepers and village rowdies are exalted to men of position and standing.

(The remainder of this article is crowded out, but will appear in our next.)

#### MAY.

ALEXANDER M'LAOHLAN,

O sing and rejoice!  
Give to gladness a voice;  
Shout, a welcome to beautiful May!  
Rejoice with the flowers,  
And the birds 'mong the bowers,  
And away to the green woods, away.

O, blithe as the fawn,  
Let us dance in the dawn.  
Of this life-giving glorious day.  
'Tis bright as the first  
Over Eden that burst;  
O welcome, young joy-giving May.

The cataract's horn  
Has awakened the morn,  
Her treasures are dripping with dew;  
Oh hush thee and hark!  
'Tis her herald the lark  
That is singing afar in the blue;  
Its happy heart's rushing,  
In strains mildly gushing,  
That reach to the revelling earth,  
And sink through the depths  
Of the soul, till it leaps  
Into raptures far deeper than mirth.

All Nature's in keeping,  
The live streams are leaping,  
And laughing in gladness along;  
The great hills are heaving;  
The dark clouds are leaving;  
The valleys have burst into song.  
We'll range through the dells  
Of the bonnie blue-bells,  
And sing with the streams on their way;  
We'll lie in the shades  
Of the flower-covered glades,  
And hear what the primroses say.

O crown me with flowers,  
'Neath the green spreading bowers,  
With the gems and the jewels May brings;  
In the light of her eyes,  
And the depth of her eyes,  
We'll smile at the purple of kings!  
We'll throw off our years,  
With their sorrows and tears,  
And time will not number the hours  
We'll spend in the woods,  
Where no sorrow intrudes,  
With the streams and the birds, and the flowers.

# The Royal Insurance Company, FIRE AND LIFE OF ENGLAND.

Royal Insurance Building, Montreal,

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- 3rd. Every description of Property Insured at moderate rates.
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- 5th. A liberal reduction made for Insurances effected for a term of years.

**FIRE PREMIUM, 1862, EXCEEDED \$1,500,000.**

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- 2nd. Moderate Premiums.
- 3rd. Small Charge for Management.
- 4th. Prompt Settlement of Claims.
- 5th. Days of Grace allowed with the most liberal interpretation.
- 6th. Large Participation of Profits by the Assured, amounting to **TWO-THIRDS** of their net amount, every five years, to Policies then two entire years in existence.

The "ROYAL" INSURANCE COMPANY is advancing more rapidly in the confidence of the public than any other Company in existence.

H. L. ROUTH,

AGENT, MONTREAL.

December 29.



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"We prefer the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines for family use. Ultimately nearly every comfortable household will

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"Wheeler & Wilson's Machines are the favorites for families, being especially adapted to that purpose. They work more rapidly with less friction, and with a greater economy of thread than most, if not all, others."—*N. Y. Times.*

"Wheeler & Wilson Machines are the best ever offered to public patronage. They are simple and durable; easily kept in repair; work without noise; sew with great rapidity; make an even and firm stitch on both sides, that will not rip; economize thread, and are applicable to every purpose and material common to the art in question."—*Christian Inquirer.*



The following is from the graceful pen of Mrs. Mary Howitt, a name familiar to lovers of humanity and truth wherever the English language is read.

GENTLEMEN,—

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I have very great pleasure in bearing my testimony to the value of your Sewing Machine, which I can do conscientiously. To say that it is a wonderful invention is saying little, for there are many wonderful inventions now-a-days; but this I can aver, that it is the realization of all our imaginings of household fairies and good hard-working brownies that ask for no payment. It is an ever ready, ever capable friend in need; one who never wearies, never loses its eye-sight over the most delicate work, nor ever, in fact, can be over worked.

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Being in constant receipt of inquiries from our brethren respecting Sewing Machines, with requests to recommend and purchase, we have, in conjunction with some lady friends, carefully and thoroughly examined the various machines of practical value for family sewing, and find those made by the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company, 505 Broadway, New York, to fully combine the essentials of a good instrument, and such as we can confidently recommend.

Having seen so favorable results from their use, in our own and the households of our friends, we are desirous that their benefits should be shared by all our brethren, and hence have interested ourselves in their behalf.

ABEL STEVENS,  
JAMES FLOY,  
DANIEL WISE,  
DAVID TERRY,

THOMAS CARLTON,  
J. PORTER,  
J. BENJ. EDWARDS,  
WM. A. COX.

# Names of some of the Nobility and Gentry

WHO HAVE PURCHASED THE

## WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE

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Prof. Aronstein,  
Marchioness of Ailsa,  
Lady Emma Anderton,  
Col. Armstrong,  
Mrs. John Arkwright,  
Sir Benj. Armitage,  
Lieut. Col. Armitage,  
Lord Bolton,  
Lady Broughton,  
Lady Bateman,  
Viscountess Bangor,  
Lady Proctor Beauchamp,  
Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck,  
Countess of Besborough,  
Lady Bright,  
Admiral Barnard,  
Col. G. Briggs,  
Hon. Mrs. Brand,  
Grand Count de Bobadelo,  
Hon. Mrs. Yorke Buller,  
Lady E. Bryan,  
Lady C. Berkeley,  
Hon. Jas. Byng,  
Lady Boxer,  
Lady Eliza Bulted,  
Lady Harriet Bentinck,  
Marquis of Camden,  
Lady Adelaide Cadogan,  
Admiral Cutor,  
Lady Blanche Craven,  
Gen. F. Cotton,  
Lady Mary Craven,  
Lady Chamberlain,  
La Marquise Calabritti,  
Lady E. Cust,  
Lord Bishop of Carlisle,  
Baroness De Clifford,  
His Excellency Earl Cowley,  
Marchioness of Drogheda,  
Viscountess Mountmorris,  
Lady Louisa Cotes,  
Hon. Mrs. F. Chichester,  
Lady Dyke,  
Hon. Mrs. Damer,  
Venerable Archdeacon Deltry,  
His Excellency Col. D'Arcy,  
Hon. Lady Dering,  
Lady Digby,  
Hon. Mrs. B. Dickman,  
Viscount Duplin,  
Lady Donaldson,  
Rear Admiral Chas. Eden,  
Rear Admiral Elliott,  
Hon. Bentrice Egerton,  
Hon. Mr. Edwards,  
Count M. Evizzo,

Earl Fitzwilliams,  
Lady Louisa Fielding,  
Lady Foley,  
Lady Feversham,  
Countess Grauard,  
Lady Payne Gallway,  
Hon. Mrs. Gordon,  
Lady Augusta Gordon,  
Lady Goring,  
Lord Grey de Wilton,  
Hon. Rear Admiral Grey,  
Hon. Mrs. O'Grady,  
Viscountess Gormanston,  
Countess Grey,  
Hon. Mrs. Hamilton,  
Lady L. Howard,  
Col. Hill,  
Rev. Lord Chas. Hervey,  
Lady Harriet Harvey,  
Lady Edwin Hill,  
Hon. Mr. Henly,  
Sir Thos. Hepburn,  
Lady Herschell,  
Marquis of Hastings,  
Lady Juda,  
Countess of Durham,  
Sir Matthew White Ridley,  
Hon. Col. Cathcart,  
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Lady Frederick Kerr,  
Lady Kenyon,  
Sir Arnold Knight,  
Hon. Arthur Kinnaird,  
Hon. Judge Longfield,  
Lady Theresa Lewis,  
Lady Lindsay,  
Lady Lovell,  
Lady Hester Locke,  
Lady Francis Lloyd,  
Sir Baldwin Leighton,  
Countess of Macclesfield,  
Countess of Malton,  
Countess of Mount Charles,  
Hon. Geo. Lacelles,  
Sir Henry Montgomery,  
Harriet Martineau,  
Lady Matherson,  
Lady Maelen,  
Sir John Michel,  
Hon. Mrs. Morse,  
Lady Caroline Masse,  
Countess Minnwalki,  
Duchess of Norfolk,  
Lady Dorothy Neville,  
Hon. Mr. Nilde,  
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Mrs. O'Callaghan,  
Hon. S. O'Grady,  
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Lady Pigot,  
Lady Prescott,  
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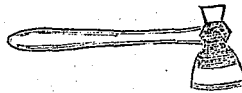


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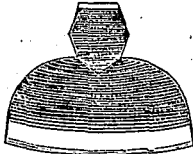
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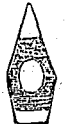
Ship Carpenters'



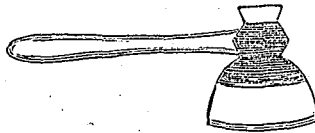
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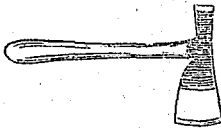


Sledges.

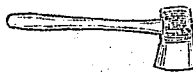


Adze.

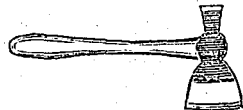
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Nos. 1 and 2.

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Annual Income of the Company, (1863)	- -	£133,775 Sterling.
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