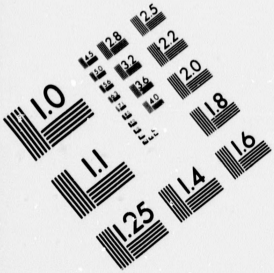

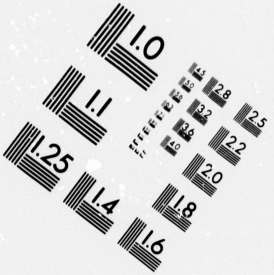

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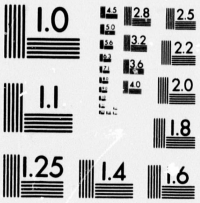

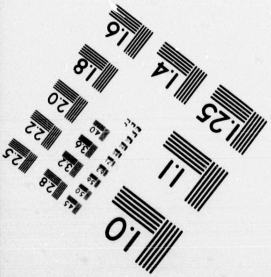

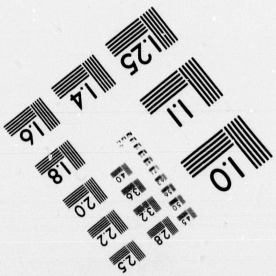

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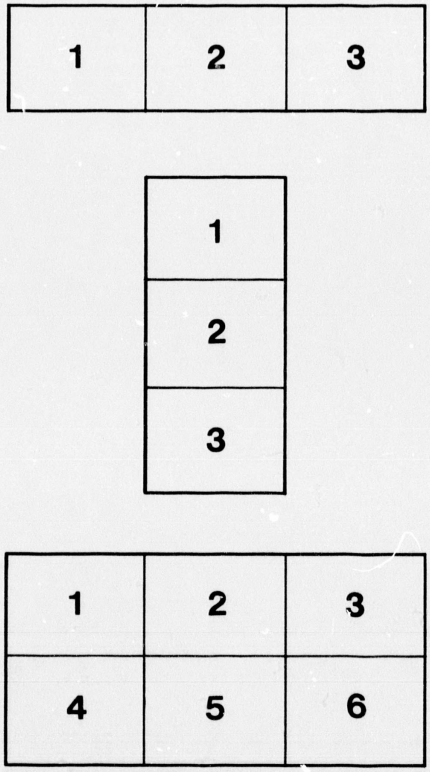


A NEW CANADIAN WORK.

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS

OF

CELEBRATED MEN AND NOTED PLACES,
GHOSTS AND THEIR RELATIONS,

Tales, Sketches, Essays, Etc., Etc.,

BY

DANIEL CLARK, M. D.

MEMBER OF THE MEDICAL COUNCIL ETC., ETC.

"Corde et manu."

TORONTO.
FLINT, MORTON & CO., PUBLISHERS
1873.

"Entered according to act of Parliament of Canada in the year A.D. 1873, by DANIEL CLARK, M.D., in the office of the Minister of Agriculture."

PREFACE.

An author is generally expected to give his reasons for inflicting upon a long-suffering public a new work. His pleadings to be heard in the noisy, restless conventions of the world may be ignored or repudiated. unless the stamp of public approval is upon his credentials. Should his plea for presenting his literary contributions to the common fund be of a financial nature, the well known reticence of the scribe, would make the announcement of such a fact one of great delicacy. If his wishes and hopes are based upon the conceit that his creations are children of immortality, then, are they not presented, and seldom realized. If his presentations, however worthy of acceptance, are prefaced with apologies for coming into existence, and in a sort of abashed, reluctant, " by your leave" attitude, step upon the stage, the reader is at once prejudiced against a work, in which the originator himself has no confidence. The author does not deem it necessary to give reasons, nor offer excuses, to an intelligent people, in asking a persual of these results of hours of recreation enjoyed, free from the anxious, wearing and laborious drudgery of professional life. Maturer years might have left much unwritten of that herein recorded, and added much of more weighty import, but to dissect is to disfigure, and such as these photographs, are, comely or distorted, they are presented to a Canadian public. These sketches were the intermittent pen and ink dashes of several years duration, and contributed from time to time, to magazines and quarterlies of this, and other lands. Several of the characters portrayed have passed away since they were written. The kindly support already tendered to the author, before publication in book form is appreciated by him and he hopes, that a persual of these humble and varied efforts may instruct the reader, and beguile a leisure hour, " requesting him if he should find here and there something to please him, to rest assured that it was written, expressly for intelligent readers like himself, but entreating, should he find anything to dislike, to tolerate it as one of those articles, which the author has been obliged to write for readers of less refined taste."

D. C.

PRINCETON ONT.

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

CAIRD.

IT will be remembered by many that Mr. Caird—once of Errol, Scotland, now of Glasgow—preached before the Royal Family at Craithie, Balmoral, some seventeen years ago, and that his sermon, "The Religion of common life," was published by the request of the late Prince Consort, while at Balmoral in the year 1857, where the writer had the pleasure of hearing him preach the second time before Her Majesty. Since then, he has acquired a world-wide reputation as one of Scotland's most eloquent divines. He was at that time spare in body and of medium height. His hair was coal black and straight. His temperament is what "bumpologists" would term nervobilious. A narrow, long face with high cheek-bones—thin lips and large sunken eyes, was nature's stamp of his Doric Origin. His text was "All are yours, &c." When he rose to read the Psalm he was visibly agitated. His voice trembled a little, but it was sufficiently firm to

give distinctness to his syllabic utterances. His reading was not good; it partook too much of that nasal, dolorous monotony—without emphasis, without vivacity, and *vim*—so orthodox among a certain class of pseudo-pulpit orators. It was plain that he read after the style of some antiquated, defective model, and yet lacked not taste, nor had he any apparent impediment in the vocal organs. He read the chapter more like the semi-chant of a cloistered monk, than like the elastic, and distinct reading models of to-day, and were it not for the mournful cadences of a fine tenor voice, superlatively soft, though somewhat muffled, the soporific effects would have been overpowering. His prayers were full of faithful extracts from the Episcopal prayer book. He stooped somewhat at first, but as he warmed to the work, he unbent himself, and stood straight as an arrow. The nervous, in weakness, was fast disappearing before the nervous in strength. He began to have confidence in himself and in his powers of persuasion. No drawling and negligent accentuation now, but the words came forth sharp, and distinct, as the crack of rifled guns. The choice language—the neat illustrations—the beautiful imagery, yet terse and cogent reasoning of the orator, had a wonderful mesmeric effect upon the congregation. A solemn stillness prevaded the little parish church. The slightest rustle of silk, or satin, or movement of shoe, or elbow, was unbearable, and an outrage on the domain of hearing. To listen, and catch every word, seemed to be a fulness of joy, and to lose one syllable was to drop a link from the chain of ineffable delight. Ever and

anon his fine dark eye flashed fire, and passion, not in affectation, and mere silly sentimentalism, but with genuine earnestness, and evident forgetfulness of congregation, place, and occasion, in the delivery of his Master's message. His voice mellowed into tenderness, as he described the struggle of life—its toils and pains—its losses and gains—its defeats and victories—its hours of despondency, and its hours of exultation, with all the sunshine, and clouds of a chequered life. He carried us far into the regions of the great Unknown. He pointed out to us, panoramic views of the Future—photographs of the sublime—indelibly written on the page of Inspiration. The *camera obscura* was the dark valley. Death, as drawn in profile by Caird, was horrible. The word portraiture, was that of a master mind, which was familiar with the fell-destroyer in all his multifarious manifestations. The peroration was fine, because effective. It was not mere verbal symphony. The soul was there. It was not the lifeless skeleton, beautiful even in *lifelessness*, but the living, breathing and ecstatic joy, or hallowed sadness, of a terrible earnestness. The hearers of Cicero always said, "How pleasantly he speaks!" His classic productions were admired, but they excited no emotions, and stirred up no latent passions. The audience of Demosthenes, when he hurled his fierce phillipics against the Macedonian King, had no thoughts of admiration, as such, the Greeks cried out "Let us go and fight Philip." Caird is a minor Demosthenes. His sermons, dwell not simply upon the ear as sweet and pleasant melodies, but rouse to acts of moral heroism

and Christian daring. Royalty and loyalty, Queen and Princes, lord and subject, felt the Divine afflatus, during that sacred and precious hour. The blanched face, the tearful eye, the eager gaze, and the quivering lips were unequivocal homage, not only to the preacher, but to the day of holy inspirations, and sweet reminiscences. How such invective, satire, pathos, solemnity and cogent reasoning, crush by one fell blow all the sophistries of a well defended infidelity of the Colenso school of sceptics! and how true are the words of Bryant:—

"Truth crushed to death shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshippers."

GUTHRIE.

THOMAS GUTHRIE has all the elements in his composition, of a tragedian, or a comedian. A Kean, a Macready, or a Forrest, with all their training in the school of drama or elocution, could not portray in more forcible delineations, the varied passions of the human mind, by the muscular action of the countenance, than the recent occupant of St. John's Church, Edinburgh. Nature has *blessed* him, with a most ungainly, and uncouth body. He is long in visage, plus long arms reaching down to his knees, with long legs to stand upon and long grey hairs, to adorn a well developed cranium. In short, the contour of the whole man may be summed up in the word—*elongation*. The unwashed *gamins* of Edinburgh called him, in their patois and *sotto voce*, "Lang Tam." We heard him preach the most of the sermons, now contained in a book called the "Saint's Inheritance." His style of delivery is unique. He can have no successful imitator. We cannot compare his preaching, and composition to any one of the writings of the living or the dead. His sermons abound in apt illustrations drawn from nature. The composition is epigrammatic, and classic, with an occasional Doric word thrown in, to give some struggling idea point and unction. He does not wade through long and weary sentences, with relative clauses in such redundancy, as to puzzle a Murray or a Bullion. Short, simple and concise is his motto. We never

heard from his lips such nauseating technicalities, as "Hypostatical Union," the "tertium quid," the "ego and nonego," the "Hypothetical realism," and "Cosmothetic idealism" of philosophers. He eschews such as he would Diabolus. His delight is in hoary ruins—sad relics of the past,—in the sea and in all that is beautiful in the external world. Illustration, after illustration, is drawn from the rolling billows—the roaring breakers—the rugged rocks of the ocean—the proud ships, or the dismantled wrecks—the cry of the wild seamen, or the

> "Solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
> Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

He carries you away among the ivy-covered relics of by-gone glories—where tempests howl on cold hearthstones—where weird snowflakes dance a fairy reel round dismantled towers—through sloping loop-holes, in dark and winding passages, where weeped the solitary prisoner, and where his moans echoed in unison with the booming waves, of his sea-girt prison, or where the banquet was spread for the mailed warrior grim, and stern, or for the gay bridal cortege, gladsome in melody and song. With the master hand, by word picturing he takes you among the most sublime objects of nature—by the roaring cataracts—on the rugged mountains—into the wonders of the great extinct, stratified, and petrified, in the rocks of the primal ages. His magic wand, like Arabian wizard, transports you to celestial scenes, and starry wonders, and through sidereal zones, whose stars have never yet been numer-

ically distinguished. His power lies in pictorial parallel, which teaches truth and entrances at the same time. Guthrie's style of delivery has more of the *fortiter in re* than the *suaviter in modo*. It is true that a current of pathos runs through the subject matter of discourse, but it is the thunderings, as well as the woo-ings, which display the man. When he is roused, he performs actions the most grotesque, awkward and ludicrous of which the beholder is not cognisant until the overpowering effect of the matchless oratory of the "old man eloquent" has been mellowed by the hand of time. I well remember the bending, and bent form becoming erect, as climax after climax was reached,—the long hair smoothly parted on the brow, danced about the eyes—the long arms swung in circles, and semi-circles round the tapering shoulders, like flails thrashing out the stubborn grain. The short truncated swallow tails, of a dress coat, would occasionally burst the barriers of a Geneva gown, and perform strange gyrations in the air. The wide sleeves of the cloak—like bat's wings—would fly in never ceasing voyages, now around the head, and anon around that detestable conventional barrier called a pulpit. But who could even smile? Onward rushed the tumultuous thoughts on the tiptoe of expectation, until the finale brought us back to the world again. Caird drew us after him by a *puissant* intellection, but Guthrie by the cords of awe, or heaven-kindled sympathy and love. He is one of the kindliest and best of men. There is no cabin, lane, or alley, or street too mean or filthy for him to visit. We have met him, times without

number, in the Grass Market, Cowgate, St. Mary's Wynd, Carruber's Close, where he was gathering into his ragged schools, "ones more unfortunate," like a guardian angel. How could the founder of such schools be other than the first of philanthropists! Although now, by reason of ill health, his voice as a preacher is seldom heard, yet, as the author of "The Gospel in Ezekiel," "The City: its Sins and Sorrows," "Seed Time and Harvest," and as the Editor of the "Sunday Magazine," his name will live, and the chaste religious literature, which has flowed, and will flow from his prolific pen can never die, as long as the Anglo-Saxon tongue exists, and, as long as its vigor, and beauty, are justly admired by the present, and will be, by succeeding generations.

SPURGEON.

LONDON is full of good preachers; I speak of them in comparison to the ministers of the provincial, and rural districts. The metropolis gathers into its omnivorous maw, the intellectually great of the nation. Great minds, by a sort of centripetal power, gravitate toward each other. It is in the Capital, where the representative powers meet, and from thence pulsate in a never-ceasing stream the virus of scepticism, the mockery of materialism, the vapid sentimentalism of a depreciated Christianity, or the high-toned spirituality of a living gospel. Yet, in all these phases of modes of thought, the lower stratum of mind was to a great extent overlooked. The pulpit dissertations of the London divines, were generally of a kind not to excite the interest of a degenerate, and ignorant populace; I speak of the lower classes. The beautiful and chaste style of a modern Blair, had no *heart* in it to throb in unison with theirs. The abstractions of Lynch, only delight the giant minds of the mammoth city. The sermonizer who illustrates his dogmas by geology, mineralogy, botany, and astronomy, unless he has the descriptive, and analytical powers of Dick, the philosopher, or good "Old Humphrey," will never impress deeply the lethargic mind of the constant and ever bowed down son of toil, who struggles fiercely day by day for his daily bread.

Spurgeon filled the breach. I had read the first

series of his sermons, and thought them light? but I was anxious to hear him on account of his popularity. I had landed from a Dutch steamer, at the St. Catherine docks, on Sabbath morning, and hastening through rain and fog to Surrey Music Hall, procured a ticket for one shilling sterling, just as we would have done to attend a theatre. It admitted us before the throng, which, at half-past nine o'clock, was literally crammed, before the iron gates of the garden. The ticket admitted us four Sabbaths, and "must be given up on the last date." "Service to commence at a quarter before eleven." The ticket was signed by Thomas Olney. Olney & Son, 139 High Street, Borough, brought Spurgeon out—so to speak. They spared no pains by the press, and their influence, and money, to herald him as a counterpart of Whitfield. Their early estimate of his powers was just, and true. He fell like a living shell among the Londoners and took them by storm. When I entered the fine hall, the seats on the floor were crowded. The first gallery was full, and I thought myself fortunate to find a seat in the front of the second gallery. The platform, or orchestra, was also occupied by hundreds. It is half an hour ere the service begins, and the ticket holders still pour in. Where will the masses, now surging to and fro, in mud, and under a pelting rain, find room? When the gates were opened by the police the rush was as impetuous as the storming of a Bastile, or the taking of a Malakoff. A subdued hum of conversation fills the building. On my right, are two well-dressed young men, discussing the politics of the day. On my

left, sits an old man, with sweat-bedewed bald head, and spectacles on nose, intently reading the "Times." Behind me are two ladies, apparently mother and daughter, in earnest criticism about the relative merits of the performances of Madame Grisi, Piccolomini and Mons. Julien, at the grand concert held in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where had been recently sung, the sublime oratorios of Handel, by 3,000 performers. My heart beats "fast and furious" when memory, ever dear, recalls the "I know that my Redeemer liveth" of the Messiah, the war notes of "Judas Maccabeus," or the soul-stirring variations of the "Creation." The dual behind me were evidently artists in the musical sphere. The murmurs of debate, and conversation, filled the house with discordant notes. The whole audience seemed to be straining propriety, in order that it might cheat "father time." It shocked a stranger, to observe the utter want of reverence, in a professedly devout congregation, on a Sabbath morning. My reflections were suddenly cut short by the mellow, deep bass of *some one* filling to completeness the large hall, with the words of the hymn beginning—

"Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay!"

The slow, distinct pronunciation—clear as a silver bell—struck my ear like a pleasant melody. At first, so completely did the sound fill the house, I was not able to trace the direction from whence it came. Intuitively, I turned my face to the platform, and there on the verge of it—in the midst of a sea of faces—stood Spurgeon. He seemed to spring from the midst of the

crowd, as it by magic. Did you happen to meet him in the country, dressed in *hodden grey*, you would suppose him to be a well-to-do farmer. He is square-built and muscular. Had he been a sparring, sturdy pugilist of the "fancy," instead of being a soldier of the church militant, woe betide the poor wight, who might happen to get his head in "chancery" (under his arm). His features are round, and his forehead medium height, and full; but, overshadowing the eyes greatly, detracting very much from their prominency. The eyes have that undefinable twinkle of *funniness* about them, which is a sure indication of the possessor having a fund of humour, and a keen sense of the ludicrous. The teeth are very large, white, regular, and prominent: even when the lips are shut they cannot be concealed. The head is set down closely upon the shoulders, as if the isthmus of a neck had been contracted by paralysis. His dress is plain, and fits him badly. At first sight he is far from being prepossessing; but when he smiles, or speaks, the antipathy vanishes. When he speaks, the words have no serrated edges, or burr about them; they come forth "fat, full, round and free." It has been said that the secret of his success lies in three things: 1st, voice; 2nd, the sublime; 3rd, the ridiculous. It is not the whole truth, for many preachers in London command these three marks, and yet are not popular. Spurgeon possesses, besides these, also, pungency of expression, cutting irony, and burning satire, and these, too, in a very few words, but they sear like a red hot iron. He was asked to preach against the homœpathic bonnets, then

in fashion; but, said he, "the savage who told me to do so, thought I could change the fashions: but, my dears, I see no bonnets to preach against." They were then worn on the *shoulders*. No man could copy him in the grotesque, without being himself the butt of ridicule; and the solemnity with which he utters the most ridiculous things, gives no encouragement for the time being, to laughter or smiles. Spurgeon is like a bee: he will draw sweet illustrations from the most poisonous sources. He will now and then cull them from the *Billingsgate* of the fish market, from the slang of the fraternity, in the thief's kitchen, from the cabman's *patois*, from the green-grocer in Haymarket, and from the nomenclature of the herbalist, the chemist, and the apothecary. These quaint illustrations are seldom published. Thus he catches the multitude by consummate strategy. He does not hesitate to take for his text Du Chaillu's "Gorrilla," if so be he can lure the people to hear him. He has before him notes of his sermons, which he fills up extempore as he preaches; and a reporter, generally, sits by his side, who writes down the words as they fall from his lips. His gestures are few. Occasionally he will raise his right hand, and will toy with a white pocket handkerchief; but there are no violent contortions of the face or body. On Monday morning following his sermon can be bought printed for two pence. Nearly a million of them have been published, and some of them in the pagan tongues of Asia. Doubtless he will wear well, for there is too much originality in the composition of his mind, to be ever exhausted. No one can tell the

wonderful amount of good, such a man will do, until the sum total is reached; and when the sun of Spurgeon sets in death, London will seldom "see his like again." Human wisdom says, what a pity that thus—

"Star after star declines,
Till all have pass'd away."

do, until
of Spur-
e his like
at thus—

CUMMING.

On a cold Sabbath afternoon, I was sauntering about the skirts of St. James' Park, on my way to Westminster Abbey—the mausoleum of Britain's illustrious dead. I said to myself, "this is my last Sabbath in 'old England;' I will spend this day in meditations among the tombs. It will be ample food for reflection, in after years, when the days that are past, will roll before me, with all their deeds, as I stroll among the primal beauties of Canadian landscapes. A thought strikes me; why not go and hear Dr. Cumming? Yes, let the dead rot, and be forgotten, in the rock-built sepulchres of the old sanctuary: I will go and hear one of the living great. A few minutes sharp walking brought me to Crown Court, Covent Garden. In a street anent an arched gateway stands a row of carriages. On the panels of a few, are emblazoned the emblems of nobility. Postillions and footmen are lounging on the pavement. They had no need of ministrations, for *such, we presume, have no souls* To the wheels, hung bundles of rags, the pith of which were a few anatomical structures called bones. These were covered with wrinkled skin, and were samples of the scum of London, or the *gamins* of Paris. To all appearance these had no souls either, if neglect, obscene language, aptitude for, and proficiency in, every species of wickedness, and no seeming moral sentiment, are evidences of want of responsibility, and Christian charity. Much

is being done by a few devoted Christians for them; but, so far, it is like checking the Atlantic tide with a broom. All honours, however, to the forlorn hope! As the shark follows the bounding ship, so do these shivering atoms of unfortunate humanity cling to the chariot-wheels of nobles. They are watching for prey. I entered a dirty court-yard and found myself *vis-a-vis* with an ugly building, guarded by a stiff elder, with sufficient white linen about his neck to make a shirt for one of the dirty urchins outside. The interior of this square building was comfortably filled with pews, and I may add, with hearers, too. It could lay no claim, within, or without, to architectural beauty or design. Dr. Cumming, when I entered, was "giving out" the psalm with great unction. His accentuation was good, and his voice a mellow falsetto. He is tall and gaunt, with considerable firmness about the lips, and a flash of conscious genius about the eye. He is a clever controversalist, and well acquainted with aught appertaining to Romanism. His debate, of many days' duration with an eminent London lawyer, on Catholicism, at Hammersmith, is well known to the literary and theological worlds. He is a rabid millenarian. I heard him on his favourite subject, and it plainly demonstrated to me, that there is a small spice of the monomaniac, or a good deal of craftiness in seeking popularity in the mental composition of this intellectual giant. He insists on a literal interpretation of the Scriptures, when it suits his pet theories; but he is not a severe hermeneutist when the existence of some creation of his brain is in jeopardy.

His works read well, both on account of the chaste style, beauty of expression, and elegance of diction, and also because of unusual vivacity of thought. His "Great Tribulation" sold well, notwithstanding the pun hurled at it by the "jolly" and obese *Punch* who announced it as follows: "A new work, the Great Tribulation, is *Cumming* upon the earth." In the more recent works which have come from his prolific pen, he has modified and changed his views; still, at the time, he insisted that Scripture pointed to some great change in the moral, physical, and political status of the world. A.D. 1867. That year was a focus towards which all other events centred. *Punch* slyly hinted that he had rented a house for twenty years—that is, he would be a lessee, nearly ten years, after the "final consummation" of all things. Poor Cumming pleads guilty; but with lawyer-like craftiness says, that, by renting the house for twenty years, he obtained it much cheaper than if he had rented it for ten years; thus, the transaction resolved itself into a mere bargain of prudence and economy. When I heard him, he contrived, by a series of comical deductions, to mix up the scenes of the millenium with hoop-skirts and fashionable bonnets. His definition of a lady dressed, *a la mode*, was, that "she was the centre of a grand circumference;" the dandy was "the quintessence of fashionable frivolity." The supreme present, with its novelties, is mixed up in the phantasmagoria of his brain, with the conditional, and absolute, of the future, and the unrecalled past. The last *outre* fashion, or invention, from the infinitesimal bonnet, or the

theory of perpetual motion, to the last patent churn perfectionism, are all "signs of the year of jubilee." He is often so logical, and literal, in all his interpretations of what is, and must remain, in time a mystery, as to set all practical deductions at defiance. Had he the eloquence, earnestness, and devotedness of Edward Irving, I have no doubt we would have a class of fanatical religionists, called Cummingites, as well as Irvingites. He no doubt exercises considerable influence, for moral good, among the Scottish Presbyterian nobility of London. Many of the *elite* of the northern aristocracy, are his ardent admirers. He is intellectually great, but not greatly useful, among the classes that need so much the counsel and advice of his kind. He is a quaint curiosity, whose theses may excite to curious and speculative enquiry as to the future of this world and our race; but when the abstractions of his powerful and erratic mind shall have ploughed their devious furrows over the sea of human thought, the bubbling waves may hiss, and foam, and sparkle, for a moment, from the momentum of the flashing thoughts, but soon oblivion shall bury them in the fathomless abyss of the past. The fleeting meteor is sending out coruscations, which "lead to bewilder and dazzle—to blind;" but which will at last burst into fragments from its own repellent elements, and leave the foolish midnight gazer, blinded wearied, and lost, amid the bogs of faithless uncertainty. We love the bold and fearless thinker, who follows no *ignis fatuus*, but, while the many shrink, from launching into the *magnum mare* of unexplored thought, will not fear obloquy, as he

casts aside the *debris* of worthless investigation, and pushes onward, without fear, and without reproach, into the new sphere of glorious intellection, conscious that there, to all humanity,

> "No pent up Utica contracts his power;
> For the whole boundless continent is ours."

BALMORAL.

WE left Aberdeen far behind, and rushed with railroad speed up the Dee, and past many a cosy farmstead, and elegant country seat, to Aboyne, then by coach through Kincardine O'Neil to Ballater. As we approached Ballater the mountains began to assume respectable proportions to a *habitant*, but to one who had climbed the Rocky mountains, and Andes, and the Swiss Alps, they were not such as would fill the mind of the traveller with awe. They were so bald, and grey, and misty, that no great stretch of the imagination was required, to conjure up the phantoms of Ossian's heroes doing battle in the clouds, or seeking fir-trees, and moons, for spears and shields, under the ghostly leadership of a Fingal. Yet, we were on classic ground, and as we left the dreary Moor of Dinnet behind, and were pressing forward into the mountain gorges near Lochnagar, we had on our left the meandering Dee—very pacific in its voice and in its motions—not thus far, and in warring October "the billows of Dee's rushing tide." On the far right, rose in graceful outlines, the smooth and round. ed hill of Morven. The name will suggest to the reader the graphic lines of Byron:

"When I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,
And climbed thy steep summit, O Morven, of snow
To gaze on the torrent that thundered beneath;
Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below."

Before us opens out the mountain home of the Dee, the river flowing in beautiful cascades, and murmuring

ripples, from its mountain fastness. We gaze into this rugged retreat through the chasm in a rocky spur of the mountain, which cuts a large section of it away, as if a Hercules had in rage cleft it asunder with a huge claymore, shearing the top closely of its "haffets," but bearing round its venerable crown the green and stunted birch and the scraggy freeze bushes. To the south, rear up the bald peaks of Craigendaroch, (Gaelic for the rocky mountain of oaks) and away to the the north-west shoots up Colbleen.

"When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbleen."

Passing through this cleft in the rocks, and leaving the village of Ballater on the left, we follow on the north side of the now "rushing Dee," the stage road, leading to Castleton of Braemar. Abergeldie Castle — once the summer retreat of Kent—can be seen on the south side of the river close to the edge of the water. At this point the river is spanned by a rope, and crossed in a rude cradle, which slides along the rope, on pulleys. The castle is small, but prides itself in towers, turrets and miniature battlements. Passing on about a mile, we come to a clump of trees composed of birch, ash, and fir, and scrubby oaks, embowered in which stands the Craithie parish church and near by is the school-house. The church lays no claim to architectural beauty, being only a plain, square, stone building, with a belfry on the top of the east end, that seems to shelter birds' nests as well as a small bell, whose tones on Sabbath morning were none of the sweetest. In the inside it is equally

plain, with the pulpit on the south side, and octagon in shape; on the sides runs a narrow gallery from which are two passages leading, the one down into the lobby at the main door, and the other leads to a private door in the west side, used only by the Queen and her household. To the left-front of the preacher in the gallery, were the pews of the Royal Family;immediately in front were those of the Duchess of Kent, and those of the Executive that might be in Council with her Majesty. Every part from the precentors's desk upwards, is severely unadorned, old, and dilapidated. In the valley below, is the Manse, surrounded by several fertile fields, and near by a handsome suspension bridge, leading to the village of Craithie, beyond which are dense fir woods, and the Lochnagar distillery, in which is manufactured "Lochnagar whiskey," whose peculiar smoky flavour is obtained by the use of spring water, which percolates through a dense peat moss. About a mile farther on, as I turn a sharp angle of the road, Balmoral bursts upon my view rather suddenly. The royal banner flaunts its silken folds from the tower: the Queen was there. Was it possible that a Canadian back-woodsman was now gazing upon the palace of the mightiest monarch, that ever ruled since "the morning stars sang together," and was it possible, that my eyes were to behold Her whose name, and virtues, were honoured and revered, from "the rising to the setting sun ?' ' I think, and gaze, and then gaze and think, until my soul is full of delight, and until I am sure it is not a dream, and I have not lost my personal identity. The palace

sits in the midsts of a beautiful valley, whose margin, and sides, are covered with luxuriant birch trees; around it are the "everlasting hills,"—the rugged, bare, grey crags of auld Scotia, "stern and wild." This valley is crescentic in shape. The river washes the base of the northern hills. The castle is on the south side of the river, but on the northern and convex side of the valley. Craig-an-gowan, from the south, juts out over the valley, somewhat like Arthur's seat, near Edinburgh. On all sides are mountain tops to be seen, the one rising above the other in irregular succession. The *contour* of the whole is absolutely desolation itself. Rocks and the dark heath everywhere. They looked like thrones for the Titans in the grand amphitheatre of judgment, from which they issued unchanging edicts, or hurled, like Jupiter, thunder-bolts of war. No wonder that mountaineers are brave, bold, and poetic, the world over, for their modes of thought must be a sort of transcript, of unyielding, majestic nature around them. About seven miles away, frowns that "most sublime and picturesque of our Caledonia Alps," dark Lochnagar. It is only a section of a cone, for some convulsion of nature has rent it almost in twain from top to bottom. A perpendicular wall presents itself on one side for many hundreds of feet, and at its base is a dark lake, fit for a syren to sit by, and lure to destruction. It towers high above its fellow, rejoicing in the solitary grandeur.

"Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar!"

The Farquharsons of Inverey, were the feudal pro-

prietors of the Balmoral estate. About the beginning of this century, the late Earl of Fife purchased it. The trustees of the estate leased the lands, and appurtenances, to Sir Robert Gordon, for the term of 38 years. He built a shooting lodge on the present site of his palace. At his death, in 1847, the late Prince Consort purchased a transfer of the lease, and in 1852, bought the lands for $160,000. The lodge was torn down in 1854 and the new palace built. It is unique in style, built in its principal features, after the castellated mode of architecture, perhaps the proper term to use would be "Baronial design." The finish on it is modern. It is as if we had clothed an uncouth, semi-civilized, athletic, and brave Gael, in the drapery of modern civilization. The outline is pleasing, but the critic begins to dissect, and analyze, and compare, one part with another, the incongruity strikes the beholder very forcibly as a *faux pas* in design. Whoever the architect might be, it is evident he was endeavouring to serve two classes of masters; one of the old school, and one of the new; and shared the fate of all such, by pleasing neither. The outline of an ancient fastness, and of the ethereal models of to-day, are so dissimilar that no combination of the two, can loom beautifully on the eye, no such hybird can form a handsome creation. The palace is built in the shape of a quadrangle, minus the noth side, which is bounded by the Dee. The south-west, and south east angles, are composed of two large buildings. These are connected east, and west, by two wings extending from each cor-

ner, in the south-east corner there is a tower 35 feet square and 100 feet in height, surmounted by four smaller towers. On the south side the architecture is of the plainest kind, but on the west, and north sides, the carvings and mouldings are exceedingly rich. The stone was taken from a quarry on the estate, and is grey granite, capable of beautiful polish. It is smoothly dressed in ashler work, presenting no seams, and consequently the whole castle, at a distance, looks like a block of solid stone, unless closely inspected. The riband, rope and corbelling moulding are in keeping, to some extent, with the Baronial style of architecture. The main entrance, at the south-west angle, opens into a large room in which is a fire place, and a mantle-piece, on which stands a fancy clock. Around on the walls, are trophies of the chase, such as the antlers of the roe, and the cornuted heads of the red deer. From the hall runs a corridor at right angles to it, on each side of which are the dining-room, the library, the drawing-room, and the billard room. From this passage, ascends the grand stair-case to the first floor, on which are the private apartments of royalty. The rooms of the Queen fronting the valley of the Dee, towards Braemar. From this point of observation, the scenery is of the wildest description, on all sides are the

"Grisly rocks that guard
The infant rills of Highland Dee."

The bed-room is over the main porch and hall, from which a view south and west can be obtained far over the deer forests of Ballochbowie. To the east of

these rooms are those of the children. Thousands of houses in Canada are furnished far more richly than this pretty retreat. The motto seems to be written on everything, "plain, useful, and substantial." The carpets, the window curtains, and the upholstery of the chairs and sofas, in many of the rooms, are composed of clan tartan. When there are protuberances, or ungainly angles, or salient points, on roof or walls, these are decorated with a carving of the Scottish thistle. The chairs, in the drawing room, are furnished with Victoria tartan of wool and silk. The dining room has drapery of royal Stuart plaid. The wood-work of the furniture is an ash from Africa, being in appearance very much like bird's-eye maple. The curtains of the principal bed-rooms are of Victoria print. The chairs and tables of the dining-room of the Queen's retinue, and also those of the ball-room, are made of highly polished oak. The bed-rooms have furniture of American birch. To the rear of the west side is situated the ball-room, sixty-nine feet by twenty-six feet in area. A dais is erected for the Queen on the side next the main building, and at the opposite end is an elevation for the musicians. The windows and wall are richly festooned by a material very much like damask, composed of wool and silk. Pure water is supplied by pipes from a mountain spring. Surounding the palace are several small though beautiful terraces, and on the lawn are cultivated in irregular groups, flowers, mostly those indigenous to the country, except the cactus, the fuschia, &c., that were growing in large stone jars near the main entrance.

The Queen is adored by the tenantry of Balmoral, and were it not that it would be a species of breach of trust, we might recite many incidents of her Majesty's visits to the cabins of the poor, (never published), as told by themselves, although with true Celtic reticence this people tell of her goodness, and kindness in a confidential way, as if they did not wish to be classified among the gossips of the neighborhood, or to be the media of communication, to the outside world, of aught said or done, within the precincts of this rural retreat—the abode of happiness and peace, far from cankering care, state troubles and political intrigue, for doubtless careworn is the brow, and weary is the head, that wears a crown. We often met Her, in her visits of mercy, and only attended by a single female attendant. It is said that the Aberdonian dialect puzzled Her Majesty not a little at first, but that she is now well read in Highland classics. We have no doubt, but the drilling any human tongue must have to pronounce the German accurately, would be sufficient to enable the Teutonic tongue to pronounce the guttural Gaelic names of some of the mountains, streams, and valleys around Balmoral. There is very little Celtic spoken, on these estates, but in the neighboring Straiths it is the mother tongue.

It is enough to paralyze an English tongue to pronounce such names as Loch Muick, the Linn of Quoich, Ben-muich-dhue, Brae-riach, &c., yet all, like Hebrew words expressive of some local circumstance, or appearance, although it is not to be inferred from this admission, that I wish to insinuate that Gaelic was the language of Eden.

The village of Craithie, when the Prince Consort bought the estate, was only a collection of miserable hamlets : not much better than the wigwams of the Indian. By "Albert, the good," these have been torn down, and neat substantial stone buildings erected in their stead. Here in this sequestered glen resides for weeks, and often months, our beloved Queen, and the remnant of her interesting family. What a retreat from the din of London and all the paraphernalia of Court etiquette ! To feel that she can roam and ride over hill and moor, by foaming cascade, and in sylvan scenes, *sans peur et sans reproche*,

> "Where fairy haunted waters
> In music gush along;
> Where mountain rills are melody
> And heathy hills are song,"

must be the sweetest hours of a chequered life. No costly retinue—no bristling bayonets—no shotted cannon—no dragoon guards—and no consequential officials, are needed at Balmoral. Her trust in the faithful and loyal Highlanders is unbounded, and were one hair of her head touched by recreant assassin, there would be such a gathering of the clans, and such vengeance meted out to the infamous wretch, as was never heard of since the days of branded and murderous Cain. Every Briton feels that come weal, come woe —come victory, come disaster—come prosperity or irretrievable ruin—come revolution, or thrice blessed peace—come the halcyon days of our eventful history, or the fiery trials that test men's souls, this much is

as certain as the fixed laws that guide the universe of God, that the rich and priceless heritage of freedom, which has been bequeathed to us by a noble ancestry, is safe in the custody of Victoria; and her loyal subjects who stand around her throne, as a sure defence, are pledged to hand down to generations yet unborn, the priceless legacy, or leave behind them on the sands of time, such foot-prints, as were left at Thermopylae, where heroes died, not for themselves, but in obedience to the laws of Sparta, for

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won."

WATERLOO.

TREAD lightly, for beneath your feet is the dust of heroes. Take up a handful of the earth, and ask yourself how much of it once formed the body of a veteran; how many hearth-stones were made desolate —how many chairs vacant—how many athletic forms missing—how many cheery voices silent forever—how many dreams of glory and renown were followed by a dreadful awakening that knows no night; and how great was the sum of misery to those who perished on the ensanguined plain, and to the bereaved fathers, mothers, widows, and orphans, of friends and foes! Where are the ciphers of the sum total, and who must bear the dreadful responsibility? How reverently do we approach a battle-field, where human blood has flowed in torrents, where disembodied spirits sped swiftly from the scene, and where "the bosom once heaved and forever was still."

No struggle, in the history of the British nation, has excited such interest in Christendom as the battle of Waterloo. Two of the greatest generals of the age were face to face, for the first and last time, the one to lead a heterogeneous army of half the nationalities of Europe, (somewhat like William, Prince of Orange, at the battle of the Boyne,) to victory, and the other to lead a solid phalanx of "never conquered heroes,"—the victors of a hundred battles—to hopeless defeat and inglorious death. Not to speak of the military

prestige of each, the fate of Continental Europe, and especially of La Belle France, was quivering in the balance on that eventful morn. O, the pageantry of the dawn ! when grey morning displayed "the thin red line" of Albion, the plaided and kilted chieftains, of the north, the German legion, the Brunswickers, Belgians, Hollanders and Hanoverians, on the heights of Mont St. Jean ; and the chivalry of France —the "invincibles" of Napoleon—in battle's magnificent array, on the gentle swellings of the farm of Waterloo. The neighing of ten thousand steeds, the strains of martial music, the waving of regimental banners, the glitter of bristling bayonets, the sharp ringing words of command, as battalion after battalion, and squadron after squadron, fell into line, can never be forgotten by the surviving veterans of this immortal strife. A fine morning on the sixth of June, 1857, I paid a visit to the battle-field. Brussels, at this time, was in political commotion, and I was glad for a time to breathe the fresh country air, and at the same time satisfy our desire to see the spot where one of my kinsmen had fallen. Two young Englishmen ran a very comfortable stage from the city to the field, every morning during the summer months. Sergt. Mundy (since deceased), who fought with the 13th Lancers at the battle, was my guide. On the way young girls, the children of the cottagers, whose humble dwellings stood thickly by the wayside, threw bouquets of wild flowers into the chaise, and in return begged for money. All the inhabitants of this beautiful, and well cultivated country, are particularly dis-

tinguished by the fair hair and blue eyes of the Flemish race. As we approached Waterloo, to the left, still, stood a part of the forest of Soignies. The woods on the right have been cleared up; but a few stumps still remain, reminding one of a Canadian clearing. With what palpitating hearts did gay officers ride along this road before daylight, and debouch upon the field, many of whom were partially dressed in ball-room attire, and fresh from the ball of the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels, where through the long night "there was sound of revelry"; till, in the midst of music and dancing, burst the spurred, and mud-covered courier, whispering to Wellington, with bated breath, "the foe! they come, they come!" Many of those present parted never to meet again, and "few parted where many met." To the front, coming almost, heretofore, resistless as an avalanche, was the hero of Marengo, Lodi and Austerlitz—the victor of Blucher, and expectant conqueror of *that* "Iron Duke," who never lost a gun, and who hurled back from Spain and Portugal the tide of French invasion, before the heights of Torres Vedras. Little did the man of destiny think, on that June morning, that, ere the time of vespers, his marshalled hosts would be fleeing in wild dismay, a disordered rabble, along the Paris road, followed by the once vanquished heroes of Prussia, and in frantic tones crying out *sauve qui peut*. The sun of Napoleon's glory set that day blood, never to rise again. I felt as I drew near the sacred spot—hallowed by a consecrationof blood—that I was about to tread on holy ground. In boyhood I had heard the survivors

of that day sing of "the immortal Wellington" in the wildest ecstasy. I had seen the one armed, or one legged veteran, tremble with excitement, as with flashing eyes, and dilated chest, he told of deeds of valour, of hair-breadth escapes, and of the ebbing, and flowing fortunes of the day. When at school I had read of its glories, and its horrors, and trembled while I read, and now my fondest wish was to be realized, and I was about to view the Golgotha, and the Aceldama of heroes. I enter the field. It is covered with a luxuriant crop of barley, to my left, and, to the right, are oats and wheat. With a solitary exception, there are no hedges, nor stone walls, to obstruct the view. The grassy margins of the fields are covered with red poppies, as if mother earth refused, voluntarily, to bring forth aught but appropriate symbols, from the ashes of the plain. Foot-paths intersect one another, over the country, and through the standing grain, evidently left thus for the accommodation of tourists. The farms of Waterloo, Mont Jean, and La Belle Alliance, are composed of two ridges, of well cultivated land. A small ravine intervenes. When the two armies had taken their respective positions, the allies occupied the south western, and the French the north eastern swell of land. A small rivulet and a gentle depression of about six hundred yards in width, separated the combatants. The first object of interest which we noticed was the chateau de Hougoumont—the extreme right of Wellington's position—which had been taken and retaken several times during the day

It is a sort of castellated farm-house, surrounded by a thick stone wall, about sixteen feet in height. There is a court yard inside, in the centre of which is a deep well, in and around which, the dead, and dying, friends and foes, were piled three and four deep. There was no outlet towards the British position, (a grave oversight,) and the consequence was, that whoever conquered, for the time, put every one of their foes to death, whether Highlanders, Guards, or Chasseurs. Two heavy oak doors, facing the French, guard the entrance. The cannon-ball indentations are still to be seen on the walls; and the gates are patched where these unwelcome visitors tore their way through into the enclosure. The gates were forced open at a critical period of the battle; but a strong Highland officer slew the front opponents, and shut them, in the faces of the astonished French soldiers. There being no ingress to the westward, reinforcements had to be pushed in at these gates, in the face of the enemy. This position had to be held at all hazards. The famous orchard of Hougoumont lies to the north of the farm-house, and contains about four acres of ground. The fruit trees still bear traces of wounds and scars by cannon shot. The brick wall still surrounds the orchard, with loop-holes yet unfilled; and immediately above these embrasures bricks have been taken out, to allow room for the timbers of a temporary scaffolding, upon which were placed sharp-shooters, to fire over the wall, *a la barbette*. Great gaps are still in the walls, through which cannon balls had torn

their way. Near the centre of the British position, on the spot where Wellington stood, and where once a tree grew, has been erected a mound, over a hundred feet in height. It is sugar-loaf in shape, and composed of earth, handsomely sodded over, and having stone steps from the base, to the truncated apex. On the summit, has been built a pedestal of solid masonry, about ten feet in height, which is surmounted by a lion of metal, said to have been made from the cannon of the discomfited foe. The lion overlooks the French position, and his right paw rests upon a globe. The whole is very suggestive of British power, and supremacy. From this elevation a panoramic view of the whole scene of conflict is stretched before the eye. To the north, lies the Paris and Brussels turnpike : to the rear of Wellington's position, runs another road at right angles to the former, along which any weak point could be reinforced. There is a deep cut where these roads intersect, from which the Guards sprang, when the Duke gave the welcome command, " Guards, up, and at them !" and so graphically described by Victor Hugo in " Les Miserables " as the scene of plunder, and murder, by Thenardier on the eve of the battle. Two other monuments are the only ones on the field, both near the Paris road : the one erected by the mother and sister of aide-de-camp Gordon, sent to urge on Blucher, but who was killed on this spot without fulfilling his mission ; and the other was erected by Germany, in memory of the German legion, that was almost annihilated near where this colossal stone memento stands.

The field of conflict extended about two miles; and far beyond it can yet be seen an opening in the forest through which the Duke cast longing eyes. The day was waning, and his troops were fast melting away. All day he had stood on the defensive, waiting for help. Dozens of times had his troops to form squares, to resist cavalry; dozens of times had artillery-men to seek shelter in these phalanges, and leave their guns for a time among the French. Times without number had the Cuirassiers rode up to the serried lines endeavouring to force an entrance, but all in vain. Yet were the lines becoming fearfully thin. The gallant 42nd was almost torn to pieces, and was once entirely surrounded, until the Greys, coming to the rescue, and shouting "Scotland for ever," trampled into the dust the enemy, and saved a remnant of them. The Colonel asked from Wellington a temporary respite, but the characteristic reply was, "I, and you, and every man must stand our ground." The brave Colonel said, "Enough my lord," and rode to the head of his devoted band, who often after this did prodigies of valour. All had wrought wonders, and all had shown Saxon, and Teutonic stubbornness, so as to extort from Bonaparte the remark that "he had beaten the British often that day, but *they did not know it.*" The sun was setting, and Napoleon was wondering what had become of Grouchy, and Wellington was straining his eyes in the hope of seeing the Prussian banners. At last the French reserves are ordered to the front. The Imperial Guard that never surrendered, are formed into two immense

columns for the final attack. They are told that all depends upon them, and with the shouts of *vive l' Empereur*, they are led by Napoleon down the slopes, and are hurled impetuously into the bowels of a volcano.

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd;"

but as frost-work disappears before the April sun, so did those brave men dissolve, from the ranks, in this harvest of death. On all sides they were harassed, yet, often reforming, they returned to the charge led by the gallant Ney, and the dauntless Rielle; but as the ocean waves dash impotently against the giant rocks, so did this magnificent legion storm in hellish rage, in front of those to whom was entrusted the honour of old England. Jerome Bonaparte, who led six thousand men against Hougoumont, and left 1,400 of them in the orchard, was ordered to come to the rescue of the Guards, but before his column was put in motion, the cry was heard from all parts of the field, "The Guards recoil," and simultaneously, with this paralyzing cry, came the news that Blucher was at hand. During this eventful hour the British commander had his heart wrung by the fearful slaughter, and no succour at hand. Night would be a boon to his wearied army. "Would God it were night or Blucher," he said to the remnant of his staff. The words were scarcely uttered ere the booming of cannon reverberated over the forest of Soignies, teli-

ing of succour or defeat. Both embattled hosts heard it. The strife ceased for a moment, for the decisive hour had come. Far to the left could be heard the multitudinous voices of men, and piercing the smoke of battle, came British cheers. Division after division took up the gladsome shout. The Prussians were rushing to the rescue, and Waterloo was won. "It was a famous victory." A fugitive Emperor was terror-stricken on the way to Paris, while behind him, on the gory plain, were the Imperial Guards, with tens of thousands of their companions in arms, stark corpses, or mutilated masses of quivering and living flesh, on the ensanguined plain. As we stood on the tumulus, the whole scene seemed to be enacted over again, and the ghostly legions of armed men came up before our mind's eye as if it were yesterday, and the muffled tread of spectral squadrons could almost still be heard where "the angel of death spread his wings on the blast."

Had Bonaparte conquered, Europe would have been under the heel of a military despot, partitioned, to some extent, it had been already, to his relatives and friends, with himself, the Emperor autocrat of Christendom. This was his day-dream, and the goal of his ambition, until his right arm hung nerveless by his side at Waterloo. England was victorious, and the enthralled nations of Europe were set free. Let panegyrists of the Abbott school exalt the Corsican to the rank of a military demigod; but to us, standing on this battle-field his character stood forth as a heartless, bloody, and

ambitious adventurer, whose inmost nature was filled with the "Napoleonic" idea of vain and empty military glory. He filled France with a mania for conquest. Every victory fed the morbid appetite to Satiety for a time, but, only in a short period, to seek again more bloody sacrifices to fill its omnivorous man. Every defeat like that of Moscow, only wounded the Gallic Pride, and stimulated it to seek other and various fields of conquest, until at last, the elastic heart of even the French people was crushed almost to extinction. The descendants of Poictiers, Cressy, and Agincourt, were styled the sons of "perfidious Albion," and vengeance was on French lips, and rancour in the heart at Waterloo. Napoleon III. in his "Life of Cæsar" styles Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon I, the only three guiding stars of history yet in following the example of this triumverate, he lost his all at Sedan. To fight for freedom is glorious; but how often do nations draw the sword wantonly, through a pure love of conquest; then

"O war what art thou?
After the brightest conquests, what remains,
Of all the glories? For the vanquished chains,
But for the proud victor—what?

THE KNIGHT OF THE AWL.

MRS, Hemans, in the critique on the "Tasso" of Goethe, says truthtully that "some master minds, indeed, winged their way through the tumult of crowded life, like the sea-bird cleaving the storm, from which its pinions come forth unstained ; but there needs a celestial panoply, with which few indeed are gifted, to bear the heirs of genius, not only unwounded but unsoiled, through the battle and too frequently the result of the poet's lingering afar from his better home has been mental and moral degradation and untimely death." This sentiment is applicable to the unfortunate subject of this sketch. William Knight, of Keith was a shoemaker by trade. He was the illegitimate son of a "laird" in Baniffshire. His mother, a servant of his father, was ruthiessly turned away from his father's door, with Willie in her arms, to battle with life, as best she could, for the long gaunt finger of scorn had been pointed at her. Willie had received a good training at the parish school, thanks to his mother's frugality and industry, who had a strong attachment to the son of her shame. His progress, for his age, was very rapid. He greedily devoured every literary and scientific work, which came in his way. He was familiar with such classic works as Virgil, Horace, Xenophon, and Homer. Resolved to still further improve his mind, he trudged on foot—carrying a small bundle, containing his all on his back

—all the way to St. Andrew's University, and attended two winter sessions, in the meantime carrying off several prizes, and the chief bursary for Latin. He then returned to his mother at Aberdeen, hired an attic at the farthest end of Love Lane, and became a copyist in a lawyer's office : still pursuing his studies and writing poetry, for which his love was intense Herein was genius. He could recite from memory, stanza after stanza, in the original, of the Illiad, and the odes of Horace. He was familiar with all the Scottish poets from "Blind Harry" to Burns and Scott ; and all the English poets, from the days of Chaucer to those of Tennyson. But his genial spirit, conversational powers, and conviviality led him into intemperate habits, and so besotted did he become, that as an intermittently drivelling idiot, he was shunned by his boon companions, and driven by starvation to seek employment as an apprentice shoemaker. Necessity forced him to occasional sobriety, and then his feelings of remorse were most poignant. He would shed tears of bitter repentance, and vow reform, but only to sin again, when money came in his way. His experience was that of many unfortunate sons of genius who are caught in the snare of the fell destroyer. His aptitude to learn soon enabled him to earn a living by his trade, but in the meantime his mother died, and from that day, he lost all self-respect, and strayed like a wandering Arab, from place to place, until his constitution gave way, from exposure to the storms of winter and summer. He would beg from door to door,

and be only too glad to seek shelter by the side of a hay-stack, in the leeside of a hedge, or on the hard floor of a friendly "bothy." Nature at last could hold out no longer, and he was conveyed into one of the wards of the Dundee Infirmary, in the month of June 1867. Here in a dark corner he suffered severely, with no tender hand to smooth his pillow, and close his eyes, as he passed into the land of spirits. During the last hours of his earthly existence, he occasionally would utter snatches of poetry, and sometimes give expression to words of penitence, and remorse, so heart-rending as to bring tears to the eyes of his fellow sufferers; but at last incoherent sentences feebly expressed that the sands of life were fast running out, and as the steel grey dawn appeared, as the harbinger of approaching day, he took his everlasting flight away from what had been to him truly "a vale of tears." His poems are in plot, style, and beauty of execution, not inferior to any Scotch poetry, we have had the pleasure to read; not even excepting that of Burns. One of them, "Twa nichts at Yule," will compare favourably with "Tam O'Shanter." Notwithstanding the rugged road he had travelled, and the coldness and ill usage he received from the world, he maintained his geniality to the end, and showed a heart welling over with the sweetness of a soul-flooded kindness, which no acidity could sour. How many of such men have flashed athwart the shining firmament of literature—effulgent and beautiful—but whose brightness has never been photographed, by some kindly pen dipped into the sun-

shine of immortality! What a pity it is that some one competent for the task does not collect and publish in the more durable form of a book, all such waifs of poetry which float on the sea of newspaper, and magazine literature, and which would thus be a precious souvenir of many a true nobleman, whose sterling thoughts are now, or will be, lost in oblivion. Some of Knight's songs should never die, and as very few have ever seen the following, we insert them in this work as specimens of his style. The writer of this sketch hopes that the reader will notice particularly the master touches of tenderness in "Via Vitæ." Does the exquisite and justly popular ballad of "John Anderson my Joe" excel it? It was the last song Willie ever wrote. It has a ring of true metal in its composition. The "more unfortunate" son of genius, in his *journey of life*, often "stauchered into holes' and "lownered deep in glaur," but in charity we hope that he has now "sunny glints" of "mony a gowden scene." These extracts will show how much he knew of the evils of intemperance, and how, in his sober moments, he detested the cause of his ruin, and untold misery:

My cronies, we've sitten owre lang at the yill,
The nicht's weerin' late, and the mune's in the hill,
And our ain folks at hame will be thinkin' fu' lang,
That we're no comin' to them—let's taddle alang.

Yestreen I was dreamin' that Peggy and I
Cam' in by the loanin frae milkin the kye;

I thought that she grat, as she lookit at me,
Wi' a face fu' o' sadness richt wearisome to see—

"Oh! Johnny," said she, and her voice sounded
drear,
Like the wind's hollow moan in the fa' o' the year
"When ye bide frae hame we've a sair lot to dree—
There's a wraith that is killin your bairnies and me.

"It rugs at my heart as 'twad rive it in twa,
It flegs me wi gruesome-like shapes on the wa'—
It tooms oot their parritch, it rives a' their claes
They darna e'en budge for't sic cantrips it plays.

I thought that I grippit my muckle aik rung
To gird at the goblin, and forrit I sprung—
My bluid boilin' thro' me, to win to my hame—
When I waukened and told to my Peggy my dream.

"Its nae dream," said she, "for there's mair
wraiths than ane
That glamp through the house, and rampage but
and ben;
While ye're sittin drinkin', out-bye late and air,
They're no growin' fewer, but aye growin mair."

"Grim hunger glowers 'oot at the edge o' the press,
And nakedness glints, thro' our thread-bare distress;
Dour grief wounds the heart, sair, and fear strangles
sleep,
And Pourtith has threatened the fireside to keep."

Na mair said my Peggy, but drappit a tear,
And I've made her a promise, I'll keep ever dear,
That henceforth I'll hame, and drink na yill ava,
But lounder the wraiths oot, and keep them awa."

SONG.

O weary fa', that waefu' drink,
O'er a' the ills we hae,
It mak's us scarce o' claes and chink,
And steeps the saul in wae;
It dings the elbows oot our coats,
And clours our heids fell sair;
It turns the brightest chiels to sots,
And dottles wit and lear.

But warst ava, out ow'er our een,
It draps its glamour screen—
We dinna see how crined and sma'
We're in the warld's gleg e'en.
The angel face of youth it blurs,
Gaes stalwart manhood shak;
Sends Eild a-hirplin thro, the dubs,
Wi' death upon his back.

It beets the icy norland win',
That drives wi' keenest birr,
Maks holes, and bores to let him in,
And co sy riggins stir.
Puts out the fire upon the hearth,
Ca's wives, and weans a-jee;
Gars lairds, as beggars trudge the earth,
And dings the warld aglee.

VIA VITÆ.

Link ye to me my auld gude man,
And dinna hurrying gang.
Ye're nae doot tired as weel as I,
But we'll win hame ere lang.

The snaws of eild are on our pows,
And hard we find the grun'.
But we are in the lithe, gude man,
And carena, for the wun'.

'Twas morn, gude wife, when we set out,
Baith laughin' brisk and gay ;
Sometimes we ran, sometimes we gaed ;
Whiles dackled on the way.

Our limbs are nae sae souple now,
We e'en maun creep's we may
We've louped mony a burn, gude wife,
And breistit mony a brae.

And strappin' lads I wat, gude man,
And mony a sonsy quean,
We've left upon the road behind,
And never mair hae seen.

For some hae wandered aff the way,
And gane they kentna where ;
And some have stachered into holes,
Or ta'en to bogs to lair.

Like mony mair were we, gude wife,
We didna' hain our strength,
But caed the road from side to side,
Nor countit on its length ;

Fell tired I grew 'gin afternoon,
Wi' yon long dreary howe.
And thankfu' was I when I fand
The sma'est wee bit knowe.

Troth, lang has been the road, gude man,
Sair niddered have we been ;
But we've had sunny glints I wat,—
Viewed mony a gowden scene.

And though we've had out share o' weel,
And lowndered deep in glaur,
We've seen as foul feet as our ain—
And scores a hantle waur.

Aweel, my ain gude wife, this road,
Had it no been for you—
Whase hopefu' word aye eezed my heart—
I ne'er had warstled thro'.

But now we'er near our journey's end,
The nicht begins to fa',
The starns are gatherin' in the lift—
We'se ithly stoit awa'.

Link close to me, my ain gude man ;
I whiles might tak' the gee,
And fash ye wi' my tantrum trips,
But only for a wee,

Now that's a' owre, and we'll jog on
The gither a' the same,
And lang afore the dawn o' day
We'll baith get rest at hame.

DR. DICK, THE PHILOSOPHER.

CHILDHOOD and Credulity go hand in hand. There is no ogre so hideous that children will not believe in as a reality, and no fairy so spectral, whether dancingto sweet music in the moon beams, on some grassy hillock, or playing fantastic tricks on humanity, or gathered in joyous groups around Queen Mab, to plot new raids, and celebrate recent exploits and triumphs—that juveniles will not acknowledge within the sphere of their magic circle. The monstrosites, and extravaganza of the imagination of some kindly intended soul have been given to the youth of all countries to amuse, terrify or to instruct, and to such they are for the time being, positive and tangible entities. Mother Hubbard and her intelligent dog, which canine-like had no objection to pick a bone—Whittington and his precocious Cat—Jack the Giant Killer, and the luxuriant Bean Stalk,—Blue Beard, the worst of Mormons, and the wonderful doings of the heroes of Hans Anderson, are even yet the staple commodities, and material for building up incipient *brainhood*. Too often are put into the hands of youth, fearful accounts of ghosts, hobgoblins, "dead candles," witches, and "banshees," until every hillock, or stump, becomes at the gloaming a supernatural object, and the screech of the night owl, or the wail of the wind, or the grating sound of swaying and rusty hinges of some way-side gate, are supposed to

be the wail of some lost spirit asking for sympathy or seeking relief. At one time or another we were all firm believers in the exploits of those heroes of antiquity, or in the existence of those weird-like beings who haunt persistently the scenes where murder had been committed, or hover reluctantly near the cities of the dead; we have heard them spoken of as realities by those in whose judgment and veracity we had implicit confidence. Our venerable granny, or hoary-headed grand-father, has often gathered us around the roaring winter fire, and in graphic, earnest, and awe-inspiring words, recited experiences, and sights, on land, and by sea, and flood, of those beings, which seemed to have a mission to frighten youngsters, and the subjects of superstition. I remember sitting hour after hour listening to these witch, fairy, and ghost stories, until my hair felt as if growing erect on the top of my head, and the chirp of a cricket, or the squeal of a mouse, or the howl of the wind as it whirled round the house, or the chimney top, would cause a shrinking and creeping sensation more potent than pleasant. As reason begins to open its eyelids, and looks around, it sees much to believe in, but begins to doubt. It is not sufficiently sceptical to reject all, and therefore budding manhood and womanhood greedily devour such works as "The Arabian Nights," the wonders recorded by "Baron Munchausen," "Robinson Crusoe" and his irrepressible man Friday, "Don Quixote" and genial and credulous Sancho Panza. But it is not long before the realities of life shake us into absolute infidelity. We perceive the mythical nature of

our fireside friends, and cast them aside as the worthless *debris* of past investigation, and faith. At this stage of mental development the mind is omnivorous. It virtually cries "I have no faith in the past, give me a reality or I die." The hungry prodigal begins to eat husks, for they are plentiful, and present more inviting forms for the intellectual gourmand. One hundred-paged novels, lascivious song books, prurient medical works "sent free of charge;" and pretentious books of history, and biography, which covertly propagate foulest dogmas on social evils, and dubious ethics, and without you "whited sepulchres," filling to plethora, the rapidly expanding, and absorbing, and digesting, human mind, until it ruminates and feels all the horrors of mental dyspepsia. The well wishers of the world have seen this, and have endeavoured to create a desire for more healthy *pabulum*. The Chambers' of Edinburgh stand first among philanthrophists in this field of labour. Their books, and periodicals, are invaluable to the young student, who wishes wholesome information, on the all absorbing topics of the day. In our *Index Expurgatorius* of their works, we enter one book, as unworthy of a place in the valuable list. We refer to "The Vestiges of Creation" the arguments of which have been demolished by the geological wand of Hugh Miller. In the United States the people owe much in the popular walks of science, to Carter & Brother, Harper & Brother, and many such like. These, however, except the last mentioned firm, were simply publishers and laid no claim to being writers and compilers as the Chambers were. But as a Saul,

head and shoulders above his fellows, in the field of popular, useful, scientific, and christian literature, we place foremost in the list, the name of Thomas Dick. He saw that there were *hiati* between theological works, the abstractions of philosophy, and the facts of science. At the beginning of this century, there was a tendency among the master minds of the day to indulge in abstractions, with regard to everything which required the exercise of thought, whether sacred, or secular. Science, at the first time Dick attempted to write, revelled in bare axioms, deductions, and "confusion worse confounded." He was among the first to popularize science, and elucidate and illuminate Divine procedure, by that glorious lamp which shows how coincident, and harmonious, are all God's works, whether in nature or revelation. God's truth, and these two sources of knowledge, and wisdom, are one and indivisible. We often hear that truth needs supporting, but the converse is true, for truth is our bulwark, and when truly read is its own interpreter. Dick took modern science by the right hand, and introduced the stately dame to her colleague, beautiful Revelation. So anxious was he to do this, as sometimes to become prolix, but never wearisome. His ardour in this direction is sometimes so intense, as to drive him to the verge of curious speculation, and hypothesis. In his eyes war under all circumstances, is legalized murder. He is in fact a Quaker in this particular, and does not seem to recognize the moral right of self defence, and that the same obligation which is binding on us to defend our persons from assault,

or our houses from the depredations of burglars, is also binding on communities, and nations as regards a foreign foe. We visited him, a few months before his death, at Broughty Ferry, a small town, a few miles seaward, from Dundee, Scotland. The house was a story and a half in height, nearly square with a piazza, partly around it. In front of it, is the shingled beach where the sea and the river Tay meet, westward could be seen smoky Dundee, and a conical hill of about 400 feet in height, towering behind it. Over the broad River, lay in domestic serenity, and beauty, eastern Fifeshire, and at the furthest range of vision, on a clear day, could be seen the Towers of St. Andrews. Behind the house a hill rises somewhat abruptly, and obscures the view in that direction. We found the philosopher immersed in his studies. He was of medium height and spare in body. His hair was white, and the forehead broad, but not very high. The eyes were grey, and the nose large and aquiline. His voice was soft, and of that persuasive tone, that takes the heart by storm. His hand shook considerably—not from that nervousness which afflicts some people in the presence of strangers—but from the muscular weakness, which inexorable time carries in his train. It was evident, to an observant eye, that his days were short, although he put on a great deal of cheerfulness, and became quite loquacious after we received a formal introduction through a mutual friend. He took us with him to inspect his observatory on the top of the house. It was erected on a flat roof, with two sliding windows facing respectively north, and

south. There was a telescope of medium size placed opposite each window, which included in their range the whole celestial hemisphere, except what was hidden by the hill in the rear of the house. On fine starlit nights, he often made the top of this hill his tower of observation. A sort of stone parapet surmounted the top of the walls of the house. I remarked, in a jocular tone, that he could mount barbette guns on this minature fort, that might command the River Tay. His face instantly assumed an expression of pain, and he said with deep emotion, "my soul loathes war, and my inmost nature sickens at the mere mention of aught pertaining to the dread machinery of modern warfare." His finer feelings had the mastery, and through all his writings there stand out prominently, benevolence, affection, and love. His works are like household words, well known by all classes of society, and are a standard not only on both sides of the Atlantic, but also throughout Christendom, and it afforded him great pleasure, to hear, that his writings were greatfully appreciated and read, not only in the mansions but also in the log cabins of Canada. He said that the finest editions of his works were those published in the United States, and specimen copies of which had been sent to him by his American friends. He showed me two superb copies. The British Government was petitioned to grant him an annuity, and it actually gave him ten pounds annually, out of its abundance. Had he been the son of *somebody*, who had served his country, and had been "born with a silver spoon in his mouth instead of a wooden ladle"—as

some quaint writer says,—I have no doubt his annuity would have been thousands of pounds, instead of tens of pounds. He did more honour, and granted a more lasting legacy of good to his country, than even those *medalled* warriors—to whom all honor should be given, —who receive large bonuses for doing their duty, and whose largesses extends to remotest generations, but he had no aristocratic friends to plead his cause, and no escutcheon, save that of an unsullied reputation. The publisher of his works fleeced him, and his country's legislators "knew him not." During the summer months, he rented one half of his small house to lodgers, that he might have food, and in the winter months, as his health permitted, he took up his pen and wrote for the religious press almost until his earthly day had closed for ever, but the sun of his deathless fame shall shine with unclouded splendour co-equal with our history. Penury was the lot of both himself, and his partner, and the voluntary contributions of his admirers, and friends, kept famine away from the door. How often is the same story, the history of genius! Had he been a debauchee, like erratic and gifted Byron, or a drunkard like immortal Burns, or a spendthrift like Goldsmith, then could we not complain if the world did forget; but of sterling piety—of famous talents—unobtrusive in manners, and toiling as a galley slave for the public weal, in inciting far and near love of nature, its laws and its Infinite Author, who could have reproached "the old man eloquent," if he had died a misanthropist? We asked him if he did not think himself neglected by the world. His answer was "I am thankful for all

mercies; I receive all I deserve." The star of true nobility shone in his breast, planted there by no earthly monarch; and now he is gazing with unclouded vision on the glories he loved to portray. His writings will have lasting renown, not because of great profundity of thought, but because of chasteness of style, elegance of diction, and endeavours to convey useful knowledge to all minds in such a way, as will lead the reader to contemplate the Fountain of all wisdom in his works. What a contrast do the productions of his pen present to those prurient, and sensational works, of even clever writers, who write immediately for gain, and who are not conductors, but mirrors of public opinion! Such as the former, are benefactors and the latter, a "delusion and a snare." Those leave us a priceless legacy—and these a fatal moral miasma, which engenders a disease worse than death. The canker worm of this day is that which feeds on these hot-house plants of ideality, degenerated into exaggerated fiction, which is eating away at the heart of pure literature and morality. All honour to those who are stemming the tide.

PUNSHON.

ONE of the wonders of nature is, that of all the forms of the material world, whether the grains of sand on the sea shore,—the crystals of minerals,—the blades of grass,—the drops of dew,—the leaves of the forest, and stranger still, the multitudinous faces of humanity, no two are precisely alike. The same can be said of men's temperaments. Some are so phlegmatic that a bombshell might burst at their ears, and yet they would scarcely wink. Others are almost examples of perpetual motion. They are on the move constantly. To be still would be fatal to their longevity. Some are on the move intermittently. Their actions are spasmodic. They are all fuss, and fury to-day, and all *inertia* to-morrow. At one time you would think them *the* lever, which moves the world of society, and at another they are so sluggish that spiders could almost make cobwebs between them and their work. The machine is good in its component parts, but it lacks a balance-wheel to regulate the power, and moderate the *jerkiness*. Others are slow, regular, and sure. They have a certain jog-trot out of which the crash of the universe, and the general mixing up of all things, could not spur them forward or backward. All these are representative men, and seen every day in the walks of life. There is the same dissimilarity in mind. Many are planning, but never executing. Some are born to execute what others devise. Many draw conclusions rapidly from fallacious premises, and are thus constantly

in trouble through ill-devised schemes, or by being the dupes of cunning cupidity, or of their short-sightedness. Some see glory, and renown, in the merest delusions, and follow the glimmering of every will-o'-the-wisp, which blinks over treacherous bogs, and through the murky darkness. Many love reflection, not only on the stories of memorial incidents, but, also, on the rich fields of imagination, or in abstraction, and the phenomena of the mind, chew the cud of sweet content. Others revel in the beauties of external nature. They live in the world of sensation, and perception. They see loveliness in every dew-drop, and the meandering and singing rivulet—in the humming-bird drinking ambrosia from every opening flower, and in every lark, with burnished wings, singing its matin song over the flowery lea ;—in every insect which builds its cozy "biggin" constructs its battlements, parapets, minarets, halls and thoroughfares, on the sunny side of some miniature hillock, or in the folds of a tropical plant —in every diamond which sparkles on the brow of beauty, and in every planet which adorns the face of night, resplendent in glory, and marching in starry paths to "the music of the spheres,"—in the outlines of animal, and vegetable life, fossilized in the petrified sands of time, and in the living form and face divine of humanity ; and hear not only music in the choristers of the grove, but also in the glorious strains of anthems, and oratorios, and chants, and hymnal melodies. These see with ecstasy the painter's cunning on the canvass, or the sculptor's genius on the block of marble. They live, they do not vegetate. They read the book of nature, startling, voluminous,

and beatific in every page, with quickening pulse, beamming eye, and gladdened heart. The more perfect man is he, who grasps in intellection both the subjective, and objective,—the substantive in soul, and the material in external nature, and who travels in wonder, and delight, subdued and sanctified, through the labyrinths of nature's great metropolis. Many have minds so constituted as to be incapable to analyze subjects of thought. They never use the scalpel, to probe and cut into mystery. They fear to draw aside the veil, which hides the known from the unknown. They climb the tree of knowledge, as far as others have climbed it, and they only scan the landscape, which others had explored before them. They push their shallops from the shore, and follow in the wake of more daring explorers. They step upon the continent of partially explored human thought, but they have no inspiration, to them there is "a pent up Utica:" but the ardent lover after truth,—the impetuous adventurer in quest of unknown regions —the fiery soldier on the advanced skirmish-line of those who do, and dare, and die, in the battles of science, and truth, knows no fear, and is never discouraged by disaster. What a theme is that of humanity! What a strange creation is man!

"Ah! what a motly multitude,
Magnanimous and mean."

From this it might be inferred that different minds looking upon nature, would naturally, by their idiosyncrasies, have multifarious ways in communicating their thoughts to others, by words, and gesture, and expression. The voluble tongue, or the ready pen, in every

accent, and in every word, photographs the orator, or the *litterateur*. These are the *exuviæ* which show the outlines of the modes of thought. Many writers and speakers delight in giving expressions to bare facts, and abstract thought, without adornment. Metaphor, simile, and rich imagery, are to such "love's labor lost." Such appeal only to the intellectual in our being. The most powerful writer, or speaker, is he who plays skilfully on the strings of the harp of our nature.

The word picturing has a response in the soul, as well as the severe logic. The embellishment of the oration, is the setting of the jewel. The verbal coloring of passions, emotions, desires, and sensations, is as necessary to fill the void of the insatiable mind, as the rigid investigation of metaphysics. To this class belongs Punshon. He is not an extraordinary man, but he is remarkable. He is not as an orator, *par excellence*, nor as a composer, unrivalled, but, he is far above mediocrity. He is not unique in his superiority, but, he has peculiarities not found among his compeers, and which command attention. He has husbanded his resources, and used them well, and be they many, or be they few, the talents have not been buried, and certainly have yielded abundant returns. He seems to have felt the force of the poet's song :

> "I gave thee of my seed to sow ;
> Returns thou me an hundred fold ;
> Can I look up with face aglow ;
> And answer Father here is gold."

Punshon is above medium height, and of full habits. He is broad-shouldered, and has a short neck, with

well-developed muscles, and might be taken by a stranger for a well-to-do, healthy, prosperous, and happy farmer. His face is full and florid, yet, the facial angularities, are well defined, and although rounded off, they are still prominent. The nose is thin throughout its whole extent. The nostrils are large, and expansive. The eyes are small and twinkling, with an undefinable *funniness*, and a sly *roguish* sparkle about them, which indicate a measure of humour, running over. The brows overhang them considerably, and have appended to their lower margin, eyelids thick and large. The mouth is large, but not expressive, as the manner of some mouths are by nature, and the teeth—well, the day is past to characterize their beauty in *any one*. The forehead is retiring from before backwards, and it also recedes rapidly laterally towards the crown, but, it is wide at its base, and there is a considerable space from the ear to the front of it, indicating a brain above the average, in the intellectual part, if *bumpologists* are to be believed. The hair is slightly curly and may have been auburn in earlier days. The temperament seems to be nervo-sanguine. He stoops slightly, as too many clergymen, and literary men do, from the execrable habit of crouching, or stooping in writing, which many of them indulge in, and thus contract the lungs, and squeeze life out in the desperate struggle to keep it in. There is nothing striking about Punshon as a whole, and yet if we met him in the street, he would catch the eye by means of the faculty, which I may be allowed to call intuitive selection. His gestures in speaking are few; consisting principally of a sudden stretching out of the

right-arm, or occasionally a sudden elevation of both hands simultaneously, during the delivery of the pathetic, and devotional passages of a lecture. He indulges in no violent gesticulation, nor in contortions of the face. He seems to eschew the power of action, and trusts to the inherent work of his composition, rather than to an animated delivery. I must not be understood as insinuating that he is destitute of vivacity in speech, or flexibility of voice in speaking, or that he is a stoic, and displays no more emotion than a statue, for that is not my meaning. He has those positive qualities of speech, and voice, and expression, so necessary to orators, but not in a superlative degree. His enunciation is distinct. Every syllable is pronounced, and every word and sentence is kept apart from its fellows. The *fulcrum* words of clauses and sentences are slightly emphasized, as those which give momentum to the whole. He does not confine himself to simple Anglo-Saxon words, but seems to have a fondness for classical terms, or at least for those which are Anglicised. I do not say there is a redundency of such, but they are frequently used. His style is *climacteric*; and in this respect Guthrie and he are alike. Spurgeon's force, and Beecher's also, are of the epigrammatic kind. They will give a few words or sentences hissing hot, incisive, and pierceing as a rifle-bullet. They go directly to the mark without circumlocution, and without verbal profusion. Punshon has a style which is cumulative, and abounds in figurative language. He seems to delight in an intensity of coloring, in the grand personages of his tableaux. Like the snow-ball which begins its motion no larger than a boy's

marble, on the top of the Alps, and gathers size, and power, as it goes, until the avalanche becomes irresistible, so he goes from one word picturing to another, dashing the colors on with a lavish brush, here, there, and yonder, until the portraiture is complete. He climbs the hill of antithesis, step by step, until one of the peaks are gained, higher by far than its fellow-crags, and from its brow of eternal sunshine a glorious prospect opens to the view. Herein is Punshon's *forte*, coupled with elegant language, neatly fitted together. The voice is husky and far from pleasant in its tones, but that is soon forgotten in the surging tidal waves of beautiful rhetoric. His eloquence is that of a minor Cicero, not so much stirring as pleasing, not the heroic, but the charming, not the rousing, but musical, and not the thrilling, and soul-harrowing, but the soothing anodyne, which does not so much stimulate to acts of noble daring, as allay the maddening and guilty fears of awakened consciences, by pointing out a way of escape. The outpourings of eloquence are like the murmuring and rippling stream, flowing in silvered beauty through domestic scenery, sylvan shades, dreamy dales, and misty plains. There are a few majestic cataracts, impetuous cascades, overtopped by grand old grey crags, the eyrie of the eagle, or dark green pines moaning the requiem of departing time in the birthplace of the tempest. The smooth flowing notes of a rhythmal chorus are there, but seldom or ever the battle scenes of a grand Oratorio. When Cicero delivered his orations, the Roman people cried out smilingly, "What a beautiful speaker." When Demosthenes uttered, in irony most

bitter, in sarcasm the most cutting, and in invective thrice heated in patriotic ardour, and hostility, his Philippics against the Macedonian king, the Greeks forgot their heart-burnings, jealousies, and minor dissensions, under the scathing words of the impetuous orator, and raised to the highest point of daring, the sound of multitudinous voices rent the air, and above the loudest plaudits, rose the battle cry "Let us go and fight Philip." The two orators were types of two classes of men, different in temperament, education, and high resolve, but, each had a vocation to fill in this respect. Punshon has doubtless taken great pains to perfect his lectures, especially, those delivered in Canada, and which were originally spoken in Exeter Hall, London. As the painter or sculptor perfects his work by degrees, and by great pains-taking, and skill, makes the figures almost instinct with life in appearance, so has he amended, revised, and corrected his creations, until they become models of good taste, and faultless execution. We are surprised, however, how one of so much versatility in style, is satisfied with the iteration, and reiteration of the same lectures. Ordinary mortals would find them wearisome at least, and to avoid the cloying taste, would seek in new explorations of thought, a field of excitement, of expansion, and investigation. An old story loses to the reciter its novelty and power in much repetition, and thus blunted in pungency, and force, and pathos. Not so with Punshon, he tells the oft-told truths, with the same earnestness and beauty, as when first penned, and it matters not to him if his lecture is forestalled by the enterprising printer, and the audience

in possession of the whole discourse in pamphlet form, he delivers his address with the same unction, unabashed and undismayed. I do not think that his mind is endowed with the analytical in an eminent degree. His lectures and sermons do not show it. He possibly will never excel in dissecting concrete truths, and in unravelling mystery, but, he will build a goodly structure on a foundation, which others have laid, with material of his own devising, like Le Place on the substratum laid down by Newton in his *Principia*, or like the busy bee, he gathers honey from the flowers everywhere, and gives to the world a rich verbiage, pleasant to the taste, if not unique to the understanding. Such men belong to no one church in reality, but, to humanity at large. They are not perfect in style, composition, or delivery. Who is ? Their sphere of usefulness is contracted by no walls of sectional partition, and although they do not reach the height of elocutionary transcendentalism, nor the depth of a cold and logical materialism, nor the pseudo-profound lore of rationalism, nor the circumference of brilliant talent, and striking genius, yet, in all enobling qualities, they stand Sauls, head and shoulders above their fellows, in the entirety of manhood, and stride with gigantic steps, in the van of rhetorical influence. What a contrast such men are to the vast majority of public speakers! This age is one marked for its much speaking, from after dinner rhapsodies over the "flowing bowl" to the trashy political effort in the forum, and from the "them is my sentiments" of the stump orator, delivered to gaping rustics, to the classic and *icebergian* frigidity of the polished monitor, whose

predilections may be clear as a winter's sky, and studded as with planetary splendour, but, cold as that of a northern clime. We are glad when the Almighty in his beneficence gives to the world, men, whose words warm human hearts, and whose thoughts embodied in choicest phrases, stir profoundly the "better angels of our nature."

VIRGINIA AND ITS BATTLE FIELDS IN 1864.

DURING the Campaign of 1864, the principal armies of the North and South were in a life and death struggle, between Washington and Richmond. The head and front of the rebellion were there, and all knew, if they were crushed, the body must fall into decay. The army of the Potomac, and the army of Virginia, had been for three years watching each other, with lynx-eyes, like skilful pugilists, now and then giving a blow, in order to ascertain the weak, and strong points of one another. With the exception of the first battle of Bull's Run, the Southern army of Virginia had only one general, but not so with the army of the Potomac, it had been commanded by general after general, appointed primarily through the ill-advised importunities of the press, or the frenzied clamour of the mob, or ignorant public opinion, such being unable to judge as to the capabilities of the army, on the the one hand, and of the difficulties to contend with, in the face of a wily foe, on the other. The American people expected more from this army than any other in the field, yet, strange to say, it had ruined the reputation of nearly every general who commanded it, and who had been victorious everywhere else. It had fought the foe, on many a well contested field, and had thundered twice at the portals of Richmond, but the goal seemed as far off as ever. Braver men never lived, and died, as the graves behind them testify, yet a strange fatality dogged their footsteps,

leaving on all sides a trail of blood. This army knew, and the whole world knew, that on it chiefly depended the success of the union cause. In the Spring of 1864, there was a final gathering of the soldiery for a determined march to Richmond, or rather to annihilate Lee's army, and scatter its remnants to the four winds of heaven. Meade had been partially successful at Gettysburg, and to him was entrusted the army of the Potomac proper, consisting of the 2nd, 5th, 6th and 9th corps: the 1st and 3rd being merged into the 2nd and 5th corps. On the 1st of May the 9th corps, commanded by Gen. Burnside, lay at Annapolis as if ready to embark for distant service, the remaining three were camped in front of Lee, between the Rapidan and Rappahannock. At this time there was concentration everywhere. Butler, who failed in the South, was recalled to occupy Bermuda-Hundreds, at the confluence of the James and Appomattox rivers, in the rear of Richmond. Gen. Gillmore was recalled from before Charleston, to harass the enemy, on the Peninsula, and at Suffolk. Gens. Crook, and Averell, and Sigel, were to occupy with a firm hand Western Virginia, while Sherman and Thomas were to harass the enemy in the south-west, assisted by Banks at Mobile. The plan was good, but was badly spoiled in the execution. Banks suddenly left Mobile intact, and went on a wild-goose chase, up Red River, and was badly beaten, leaving Sherman to meet a concentrated enemy single-handed. Sigel, who was expected to clear the Shenandoah Valley of the enemy, and knock at the western gates of Richmond, was himself sent pellmell down the

valley of humiliation into Harper's Ferry, and such impetus had he gathered in his downward, and back-ward course, that Maryland had to receive in dismay, his body guard, and the *disjecta membra* of his army. The failure of these armies loosed Lee's hands in the South, and enabled him to concentrate in front of Washington. Breckenridge was recalled from the Shenandoah, Finnegan from Florida, Beauregard from Charleston, Pickett from North Carolina, and Buckner from Western Virginia. The destination of Burnside was a puzzle to all but those in high command. When he broke up his camp, some thought he was on the way to Washington—others that he would sail up the Rappahannock, or the James, or the York, to unite with the forces under Butler; but after the review of his troops by Lincoln,—especially the negro division of the 9th corps, which was going to certain victory, or to sure death, for after the cold-blooded butcheries of Fort Pillow, Plymouth, and Milliken's Bend, no quarters were asked, and none given—Burnside suddenly appeared with Meade on the Rapidan. At this time Gen. Grant was made commander-in-chief, and took direct command of the army of the Potomac. Speculation was rife as to what he would do, to dislodge Lee, from his entrenchment. Would he walk, like Pope, into the very jaws of the lion, and share the same fate? Would he move by his right toward the mountains of Blue Ridge, and force Lee to retreat, or give battle on the left of his fortifications? Or would he make a sudden dash on Fredericksburg, and cross the river there, bristling with guns, and swarming with men? None could tell, but

all saw that the huge *belligerent* was drawing up slowly its mammoth legs for a move, and consequently every rumour was listened to, every *fama clamosa* had believers, and every man, in the teeming camp, was on the *qui vive*. The rebel army lay at Orange Court House, nearly west of the wilderness, with Clark Mountain in his rear,—a capital point for observation. At dawn, on the 3rd of May, all hypothesis were put at rest, and the first act in the bloody drama had commenced. On the flanks, the Ely, and Germania fords were crossed by Gregg's, and Wilson's cavalry, followed respectively by the 2nd, 5th, and 6th corps. The roads were dry, and clouds of dust obscured the light of the sun, that looked of a blood-red colour. Grant's intention was to slip suddenly round Lee's right, his stereotyped tactics, and already part of Grant's army had passed him. He had no wish to fight then, but Lee saw his opportunity, and putting his army in motion on the 4th, struck Grant's army about the centre. The time was critical, Grant's reserve artillery, and 8,500 supply waggons were partially exposed. Think of it: one hundred waggons with four mules reach a mile, that would make 85 miles of a train! His lines were necessarily attenuated but fight he must, for he was marching along one side of an isosceles triangle, and Lee along the other, and at the apex a collision of contending forces must take place. Were it not for his train Grant could have passed the dangerous point, but now it was too late. He wheels his forces towards the West, and prepares for battle. Burnside was left at the Rappahannock to cover the Capital until such time as Lee

was sufficiently employed, to attempt a diversion toward Washington, on the evening of the 4th, however, he was on the march to join the army. The wilderness is not a barren, open waste, but is full of clumps of oaks, cedars, and stunted pines, interspersed at long intervals, by small farm-steads. Here the first blow was given. At the Wilderness tavern, on the Stevensburg plank road, the Northern army came in contact with Ewell's brigade, and soon Hill's, and Longstreet's corps joined in the issue. The woods, and stream and ravines pervented both armies from making simultaneous advances, but still there was continuous fighting of the most desperate character. The fusilade rattled along the front, as if a monster piano, sadly out of tune, was being played by unskilful hands, and in the interludes of piping bullets, roared and bellowed, the still more discordant cannon. In clumps of bushes, by the running brooks, in sequestered dales, the struggle went on intermittingly, and spasmodically. There were no general advances, in lines or by columns, in battle's magnificent array, but a sort of indecisive attempt on either side, to gain time, and to feel each other's strength.

Thus Thursday passed away. On Friday Lee felt he had before him a serious work, and he knew that Grant, by tactics not often resorted to in the face of an enemy, was attempting to make an advance by cutting loose his connections from Washington, and withdrawing corps after corps, from his right, and placing them on his left, thus making an advance *laterally*. Lee attempted to spoil this game by making a formidable

advance on Grant's right as this movement was *in transitu*. He fell, like a thunderbolt, upon Rickett's division of the 6th corps, and captured Gen. Seymour, and a portion of his brigade. The reverse however was only temporary, for the marching troops turned to the rescue of their comrades and drove back the enemy. All Friday, and Saturday mornings, the fighting was very severe; 260,000 men were struggling for the mastery. From morning dawn, to morning dawn, with the exception of a few hours at midnight, blood flowed like water. The outline of six miles of conflicting men could be seen from almost any elevation, by the dense clouds of gun-powder smoke, at one time settling down sulkily upon the tree tops, and at another driven up into the blue expanse by the passing breeze —and also from the cheers and counter-cheers heard now, far in advance, and anon very near, as the bloody tide ebbed and flowed, leaving behind it the usual *debris* of human misery, laceration, woe, and death. On Saturday morning five miles of wheeled ambulances wended along, a melancholy train, to Fredericksburg. About 11 o'clock, a.m., Lee began to retreat, and in so doing threw himself squarely in front of Grant, therefore, Grant had the disadvantage of being compelled to take circuitous marches, while Lee had a direct road. The one had to make arcs of circles, in every advance, while the other retreated on the chords of these arcs. At Spottsylvania, Lee offered partial battle, on the banks of the Po, and the Ny. On Saturday, the 7th, Gen. Gregg, and Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee had met, and had a short, but sharp cavalry contest.

On the 9th the 5th corps were in hot pursuit, when it was suddenly checked by Ewell, and Longstreet, and thrown back in considerable confusion on the 6th corps. It rallied however, and the two corps chagrined at this reverse, drove the enemy, with considerable *vim*, to his original position. Next morning, Tuesday the 10th, Grant advanced, determined to force the enemy from his strong position, and from morning to noon, the whole of both armies were engaged in mortal combat. This country is marshy and more open, and consequently, artillery was oftener brought into requisition. Here columns advancing to the attack with fixed bayonets, in open fields, or in treacherous morass, were unexpectedly met by grape, and canister ; there dense bodies of men were nearly deciminate by exploding shells, coming down in sixes, and sevens at a time, and hurtling solid, serrated fragments in perfect showers, whistling, and singing, and howling, like fiends, a weird requiem song over the living, and the dead. Still no ground was gained, by either army. The rebel outer works were carried, by a division of the 6th corps, about 2 o' clock p.m., but the place was made too hot for them in consequence of an enfilading fire by the rebels. There was very little fighting on the 11 th, but on the 12th hostilities commenced, and just at the break of day, Birney's and Barlow's divisions, silently and stealthily like a beast of prey, bore down on the enemy, gathered up as if it were a gossamer, the enemy's picket line, and on the run, plunged into the enemy's encampment, capturing Gens. Stewart and Johnston, at breakfast, three thousand men, twenty cannon, and ten standards.

In a few minutes this *coup d etat* was completed, amid cheers and defiant yells. This unexpected assault, was the prelude to a general battle. The 9th corps advanced to profit by the capture. Longstreet was brought forward to recover lost ground. From these sections of the army the strife spread, until by 9 o'clock a.m., the fighting was general, and for fifteen hours it continued without intermission. The pertinacity, obstinacy and valor, of both sides, had no equal in any battle of the war. There were charges and counter charges, sudden assaults and ambuscades; a perpetual belching of hundreds of cannon, and an unceasing din of fire-arms, voices, shouts, shrieking, wailing, moaning, muttering delirium, curses the most bitter, aud laconic imprecations more pointed than polite. This medley made, from day break, to late in the evening, an uproar indescribable. The combatants heard it, and felt it, and despatches, the symbols of human sorrow, were sent from out the field of blood, to all the Republic every day, as sad messages, that were telling the widow, and the fatherless, and the fair maiden, that a vast holocaust had numbered their loved ones among the victims of a bloody oblation. "The flowers of the forest were a' wede away."

At night Grant had only advanced 1,200 yards, in spite of the most persistent efforts; but the position was so advantageous to the Union troops, that Lee deemed it prudent to withdraw his army during the darkness. It had fought bravely, but was fast becoming decimated. For the first time it assumed the form of a semi-circle, with its convexity to the foe;

somewhat like Meade's army on Cemetery Hill, Get tysburg. From the 12th to the 18th there was only skirmishing, but sometimes so heavy as topartake of the nature of miniature battles. On the 19th, Ewell made a sudden attack on the rear-right of Grant's army, and gained some advantage, but it was only a feint to cover Lee's retreat to the North Anna. Grant followed sharply, driving the enemy from a strong position on the banks of the Mattapony, and then made another attempt to swing round Lee's right. This brought about a heavy artillery fire, and a severe cavalry engagement at Bethesda Church, the Shelton House, and Coal Harbour, within about 18 miles of Richmond. Cannon opened upon cannon, only about 200 feet apart. In the charges of cavalry, friends and foes became commingled in the whirlwind of strife, and then hand to hand encounters took place without order and without discipline, but Lee held his ground, for he knew that another move towards the Capital would be demoralizing to his troops, and would put Richmond in jeopardy. He was reinforced at this time by South Carolina troops, as was also Grant, by the 18th Corps under General Smith. Still, notwithstanding these additions, of about 20,000 men each, both armies were weaker than they were on the Rapidan. The losses could not be far from 60,000 men, killed and wounded, since the beginning of the Campaign. Grant made another flank movement, but, this time backward along the road that McClellan took near by Malvern Hill, thence to Bermuda-Hundred, cossing the James river, at City Point, and, by rapid marches,

attempted to capture Petersburg, in the rear of Richmond—break up the railroads—stop the supplies—and adopt precisely the same tactics which secured to him Vicksburg. A blundering cavalry general failed to throw himself between Petersburg, and Richmond, and cut the railroad. Butler, with characteristic obstinacy, ignorance, and jealousy, maintained that most disastrous of all positions for that army, in the field,—a "masterly inactivity"—and while Grant was transporting his army across the James River, Butler allowed the golden hours to slip away, and the consequence was, Lee stood face to face, with Grant, on the new field of operations. Both armies, completely exhausted, commenced a species of siege operations. The Union army stretched from near Chapin's bluff on the right, to Norfolk and Petersburg railroad on the left, a distance of about twelve miles. The shovel, and spade, and pick, now were plied busily, in making redoubts, rifle-pits, fosses, parallels, and excavations. Butler, in order to avoid Howlett's battery on a bluff, and at a bend of the James' river, commenced to dig the well-known Dutch Gap Canal, a monument of folly, and the grave of many a negro. He kept hundreds of men to work at it for ten months, and yet no monitor ever sailed through it, for it was never completed, and is a memento of the burrowing propensities of the one-eyed ogre, whose cruelty and brutality have become a by-word, and a reproach. When Grant was securely entrenched, he began his former strategy by extending his left. After a severe struggle, he seized the Weldon railroad, the fortified

works, beyond the railroad at Poplar church, the Peebles house and the Heights on the Pegram estate. Gen. Pegram came into notice at the beginning of the war, by being defeated horse, foot, and artillery, by McClellan, in Western Virginia. This fight brought "Mac" into notice also. What a pity! The Pegram and Peebles mansions had still left them some furniture badly used. The damask curtains did very well for blankets. The sofas, minus legs, were a treat after sleeping on the ground. The doors and windows had been perforated by shells and round shot; but rags (of which we had an abundant supply) stopped up the crevices, and the medical department took thankful possession in cold October, the envy of outsiders, whom fortune had not favoured. On the 25th October it was evident to the medical staff that another step was to be made to the left. The south side railroad, only ten miles distant, was a great thoroughfare from the south-east to Richmond, and it was important to lay an embargo on the supplies of the enemy. The front was well fortified and all available troops were withdrawn from it, and formed at right angles to the front, and made to swing, as if upon a pivot, from the Pegram House, in a south-easterly direction, for about six miles. The field hospitals were emptied. The military railroad company brought to the extreme left trains of cars filled with straw. Four days' rations (already cooked) were in every man's haversack. Supernumeraries, sutlers, baggage, &c., were sent to the rear. All night long there was a steady stream of soldiers marching to the left,

through pine woods, and over ruined plantations, and as we lay sleeping in the shelter of a dwarfed rose tree, our naps were often disturbed by the rattling scabbards of cavalry, or the voices of officers of infantry, in *sotto voce* tones, giving command to passing columns. As the 27th October dawned a regular advance was made along the whole line. The excitement was intense, for if Lee was caught napping, and we could take possession of the railroads, the beleaguered city was doomed, and that too, in 48 hours. As mile after mile was marched over, and not a solitary shot fired, we began to think that we would find deserted camps. Congratulations were being exchanged on the probability, after six miles of a hitherto *terra incognita* had been left behind, and the south-side railway and its extemporaneous branches almost in sight; but we were too hasty in our conclusions, for at half-past ten o'clock, a. m., far to the left was heard a heavy fusilade accompanied by the occasional boom of ordnance. The firing became heavier and nearer, until immediately in our front and out of the bowels of a marsh, belched forth a furious sheet of flame, and sung in close proximity, the rifle bullet as if the air was pregnant with death, and unearthly sounds. We soon realized the fact that we had not struck a thin skirmish line, but rather the well-posted army of Lee waiting our approach. The day was spent in vain attempts to pierce that line, and although we were at times partially successful, yet the battle of Hatcher's Run was fought with a loss of 4,000 men, and "Richmond was not taken." We

retreated to the old camp. The wounded suffered severely during the night. A cold rain commenced to pelt unpiteously, in the early part of the evening, and continued all night. The dripping forest, the sighing of the wind through the pines, the inky darkness, and the moans of the wounded, lying on the ground, or being carried by on stretches, were enough to make humanity shudder, and curse that exciting cause which loaded the air with groans, and the earth with corpses, and hung a pall of mourning, over many a disconsolate household for those that were "never more" on earth. Many a Rachel, during those few months, had been weeping for her children, who have left not even a record behind,

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

The newspapers told us of brilliant charges—of indomitable courage—of glorious deeds—of our names being inscribed on the scroll of fame, and of being held in a grateful remembrance by a loving country. With the words ringing in our ears, and home and dear ones cosily kept in some "nook or cranny" of our hearts, we jump into the breach and are Samsons among heroes. Well, take up that lantern from the operating table,—don't stumble over those arms and legs yet warm and quivering—nor slide and fall in those slippery pools of gore, nor mutilate with your heels those bodies which breathed their last in the surgeon's hands; come out into the darkness and the forest. To the right are other lights flickering, and

fatigue parties are on the search. "Will you please come here," we hear a voice feebly cry; a gray-haired man of nearly 60 years of age is lying by a tree wounded. His right foot has been torn away by a piece of shell, and he has tied up the stump with the lining of his coat. Fifty yards farther on is a group of wounded and dead—about ten. A shell had burst in the mids of a company, and this was the result: three died; one dying; one with his jaw broken, and one of his thighs torn; one with his chest torn, gasping for breath; another lying, with concussion of the brain, by a blow from a partially spent fragment of a shell, and two others disabled from sundry wounds, and all this misery from one exploded missile.

The ambulances are brought, and these are tenderly cared for by members of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions. We plunge farther into the forest, and hear through the storm some one singing a ribald song. Strange sound and surely a strange place for such hilarity. Let us go and rebuke him for his profanity. Here he lies by a decayed log, with his face to the heavens, gazing intently on the tree tops, nor does he heed our approach. Fair hair clotted with blood is hanging over his forehead. The skull is fractured and the torn brain is slowly oozing out on his temple.

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

Yonder are two soldiers of the 2nd corps carrying a wounded sergeant on a stretcher. He is also delirious and singing in low plaintive tones, "Rally round the flag, boys," A wail comes from a thicket down a deep

ravine, and there lies the living among the dead. A wounded man, makes a pillow of a dead companion, and at his feet are remains of another body. A vacant stare—a gasping cry for water,—a twitching of the muscles, and all is over. A tree is turned up by the roots, and in its sheltering cavity lies a Frenchman, raving like a madman, with the loss of both legs. He jerks out, snatches of the Marsaillese Hymn, intermingled with quotations from Corneille, and those of street doggerel ballads. Reason is dethroned, and death has marked its victim. Over the marsh, are found commingled both friends and foes. The brotherhood of a common misery binds the wounded together now. No reproaches, no taunts, and no invectives, break in upon the groans, yells and moanings, which fill, with expressive discord, the midnight air. The knees, arms, feet and faces of hastily buried dead, of past struggles had been, by the recent rains, washed into sight, ghastly evidences of mortality; and "This is glory, this is fame." But why need we give details of such common scenes. "The night after the battle," when the sum total is reached, and all gathered into one hospital, then we have some idea of the untold horrors of such mutilated men, being nights and days uncared for, thirsty, hungry and faint, yet it is wonderful how indifferent men become to danger. We visited the trenches many a time on duty, and were often astonished at the reckless exposure of those on guard. Behind earthworks only three feet in height, were posted a continuous line of men about six feet apart, some were firing a sort of *feu de joie*, at an imaginary

enemy—if no real foe appeared—while others were killing time, by playing cards, and improvised chequers, "fox and geese" &c., for a change, and crouching in all imaginable postures. This outpost was only about two hundred feet from similar works by the *Southrons*. We never did as much crawling on all fours since we were born, and never produced as much abrasion of the cuticle of our knees, and elbows, since the days of hunting eggs under the barn, or climbing the trees after birds' nests, as we did in the neighbourhood of Forts Stedman, Sedgwick, and "The Sisters." If a man wishes to have peculiar sensations running like currents of electricity along the spine, let him creep, turtle like, along these parallels, with his back on a level with the top of these defences, and whether he be a coward or not, his ears will be peculiarly sharp when extra bullets are humming over-head, and we predict that he will embrace more fondly than ever his mother earth. When the blood is hot, even a weak-kneed man will perform feats that will astonish himself, but in cold and wet trenches, it needs bull-dog pertinacity, and great endurance to finally conquer. The fiery French were unequalled in an assault, or in the tidal waves of conflict, if not continued until the hot fire burned out; but in long marches, sickness, a continuous struggle, the Anglo-Saxon race has no equal. In the army of the Potomac the generals knew what to expect from each corps, and division, and brigade, and regiment, by the predominant nationality in these sections of an army. "Birds of a feather", in the long run, manage to get together, and thus taking advantage of peculiar national idiosyncra-

cies, the successful commander knew where was dash, or doggedness, or obstinacy, or perseverance, and laid his plans accordingly. The army was a sandwich, composed of the different strata of bread and meat, and butter, and mustard. Will the reader be please, to draw the inference, and say, to which of these ingredients he would refer the down-east Yankee, the "bruisers" and "Hammerites" of New York, the "plug uglies" of Baltimore, the Dutch of Pennsylvania, the non-descript, of the border states, or the American French, and French Canadians of Illinois? These and a dozen other equally distinct classes of citizens, including 20,000 Canadians, made up the armies of the great Republic. And while, at first, these foreigners had no particular interest, as a whole, in the war and its results, yet, the army of the Potomac had suffered so many reverses, while all its companions in arms were everywhere else victorious, that at last personal chagrin, and repeated disappointment, had given it a sort of desperate courage which at last begot mobilized valour, and finally victory. In 1865, the Hatcher's Run battle was fought over again, and the same movements, "over the left," were made, which culminated in the capture of Lee's forces, and that of the long sought for city—the first reduced to 30,000 men, and the other almost a second Moscow, in partial ruins. With the capitulation of the army of Virginia, the war ended. The head was crushed, and the convulsive movements of the body, were only the throes of dissolution. The curtain fell, for the last act in the tragedy was ended. The loss of human life was immense, and from the bombardment of Sumpter,

during which "nobody was hurt," to the surrender at Five Forks, a magnificent army of stalwart, healthy and vigorous men had been swept away, and we venture to predict that the sensible men of the United States, will seriously consider, knowing the severe trials of the past, before they will consent to plunge their country into another war. Power, greed of possessions, lust after conquest, national pride, and envy, may sway and urge to violence, the masses who have nothing to lose, and plunder of booty in prospect, but those, whose homes have been made desolate, or whose possessions have been swept away—or who have to meet by their taxes, the public creditors, with a still more depreciated currency, will be a huge balance-wheel to regulate the spasmodic motive power of the political machine. Like the pommelled and bruised Scotch boys, whose bloody noses and black eyes told of sharp practice in the school ring, and who cried out simultaneously "Gin ye let me alane, I'll let you alane," so may the same wise course be pursued by the late belligerents, and let the dead past bury its dead.

Not a spot of ground of the same area as that of Central Virginia, and the environs of Washington has ever been saturated, to the same extent, with human blood, in the same period of time. Not a day dawned for four long years but during its twenty-four hours, life was violently taken in the rifle pits, on the vidette lines, in the skirmish, or in the whirlwind of battle, and scarcely a hill or valley, from Fortress Monroe to the Shenandoah valley, and from Harrisburgh to the South-side Railroad, where there is not now some evidence of

vandalism, rapine, cruelty, and of war-worn tracks of malice, and fiendish destruction to property and life. This was to be expected in a country that had become the theatre of war, but we know of no land where the besom of vengeance had been so vigorously wielded, and so ruthlessly unsparing as in proud and aristocratic Virginia, the supposed home of American chivalry. In 1864 the country was one vast scene of ruin. The fences were gone and the landmarks removed. Where forests once stood in primal grandeur are even now forsaken camps. Where crops luxuriated, and which were never reaped are now myriads of graves, whose inmates are the stalwart sons of the North, or of the Sunny South, but now festering, rotting, and bleaching in the wind, the rain, and the sun of heaven, far away from home, in, and on the clay of the "Old Dominion." The evil-omened raven and buzzard were the only living permanent occupants of the harvest-field. The plough could be seen half way stopped in its furrow from which the affrighted husbandman, bond or free, had fled in terror to gather (it might be) his wife and little ones into a place of shelter. Behind him boomed hostile cannon—brayed the hoarse bugle to the charge—clanked the rusty and empty scabbard of the fierce dragoons—rattled the ironed hoof of the war-horse—rolled and vibrated muffled sound of the distant, but ever approaching drums—shrieked the demon shells in their fierce pathway through the heavens—glittered the accoutrements, and bayonets, and shotted guns, of surging masses of humanity, murmured the multitudinous voices of legions of warriors "as the sound of many waters" panting for the excite-

ment and empty honors of battle. Here the poor son of toil, or servitude had ploughed, or sowed, for himself or for his proud and hard taskmaster, but the Destroyer was mercilessly at his heels. The place that knew him once shall know him no more forever. The verdure of his homestead is turned into dust. The rural retreat has been despoiled and ravaged of its beauty, and the beautiful gardens, and fields, and magnolia groves are one vast city of the dead—a necropolis—where voracious Mars has burned incense on his gory, reeking and dripping altars. Where love, and youth, and beauty met at trysting hours, then met the bearded heroes of many battles, and the scarred veterans of many a bloody fray. Where once rattled the phæton of luxury, laden with the flower of a proud aristocracy, rolled the ponderous wheels of cannon, or reeking ambulances. Where once rode the gay bridal cortege making hills and vallies vocal with song, and melody, and glee, charged fierce and cruel troopers —who like Attalus left desolation in their train. Where hearthstones once shone in the ruddy light of home, with no bloodstains on the domestic hearth, and no ruthless invader to darken its door-lintels ; nor to sit unbidden by its hospitable fire, and unwelcome at its table, were blackened ruins, the monuments of cruelty, sitting solitary in the midst of desolation. Friends and foes alike had disembowelled the proud State, with the long gaunt fingers of rapine, and swept it of every trace of civilization save that of modern warfare. The remorseless and vengeful waves of pitiless conflict had met ; and surged, and dashed, and foamed, in wild fury over its fair landscape, until

the spectator was almost compelled to believe that he was the victim of a hideous nightmare or some strange phantasm of the brain which time would dispel, and

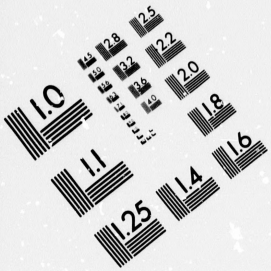
"Like the baseless fabric of a vision
Leave not a wreck behind."

We are told in classic history that the venerable and noble Trojan, Æneas, stood in the midst of carnage on the way to Mount Ida, as grey dawn began to herald in the day, and saw beneath him Troy in flames, and in the fulness of his heart cried out "*Illium fuit.*" The proud and noble city *has been* but shall be no more forever. Virginia was the home of a proud, exclusive and haughty race that scorned the Northern men, and women because of their so-called plebeian extraction, and treated the far South with wonderous condescension because of the admixture "of the poor white trash." "Virginianus sum" was to them the same as "Romanus sum" to the Romans, a passport of unusual significance, being an undisputed testimony of *noble lineage* and "blood." They forgot that the pilgrims of Plymouth rock were puritans, and that the far South was settled by worthy Englishmen, and French Huguenots; but Virginia was at one time a penal colony and their blood had diffused in it the blood of convicts. In all the fearful struggle through which they have passed "They have sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind," for the exclusiveness, and *hauteur*, of the Virginian patrician have like his ephemeral glory passed phantom-like away. The sword has cut the Gordian knot. This imperfect glimpse of Virginia in 1864, is not written for effect, nor is it an idle chimera conjured up by a busy

brain to fill to plethora the pen of fiction, for our heart was sad as the dreadful panorama passed day after day before our vision, and as we contemplated what might be the probable fate of the tens of thousands of young and old, male and female, who were not to be found near their bleak and barren homes, and who were either in their graves, or standing within the rebel lines, or within the walls of some beleaguered city, we felt that every such household would have had a history, sad, pitiful, and inevitable, the recital of whose woes would wring the most obdurate heart. Comfortable, happy, prosperous, peaceful Canada, does not know but very imperfectly what are the horrors of war *at home*. Glory, like a snow ball, gathors greatness the farther it rolls. The soldier's fame is a guerdon that needs to be at our doors in order to know how hollow is the empty bauble,

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

We often grumble because of hard times, and failing banks, and fluctuating markets, and commercial panics, and deficient harvests; such make many men misanthropists, and miserable, drivelling, imbecile grumblers; but let war ensue, and let the invader cross our borders, and let him for even one short month, burn, plunder, murder, and destroy, with only 100,000 men, and we would think such times as these, halcyon days, and earnestly pray for their return. Not that our sons, and our daughters, would bow the knee to the oppressor, or be recreant to their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trust, or tread their mother earth, a race of cowards, no, perish the thought, far better that Canada should be one scene of of utter ruin, than that we should not defend our freedom, our constitution, our laws, our country, and our flag, against any foes ; for lost manhood, national decay, effeminacy,and tottering decrepitude, would be an irreparable, and more to be lamented, ten-fold, than all our riches, still let us be thankful for peace. We sit down "under our own vine, and fig-tree, none daring to make us afraid." We hear at morning dawn, noon, and eventide, the voices of affection, and friendship, mellowed, in being the out-gushing of hearts leal and true. We see on the right hand, and on the left, luxuriant fields filled to plentitude with a bounteous harvest, or barns burst-out with fulness, year after year, and a country dotted all over with rural retreats, beautiful villages, prosperous towns, and populous cities, covered and surrounded not by the dread paraphernalia of war, but by the emblems of peace and plenty. We see from day to day, faces not begrimmed by the smoke of battle, not scarred in the mortal combat, not fierce with hellish passions, nor contorted in the agonies of death ; but those bearing on every lineament "peace, good-will towards men." We lay our heads on our pillow at night, and are wooed to sleep by the quietude of nature, and are not disturbed by the boom of cannon, the roll of musketry, the yelling of human demons, and the cries of infuriated men. War does not break up our family circles, and does not snatch a link from the chain, a twig from the filial tree, a stone

from the perfect arch, and a gem from the sparkling coronet. It makes no empty seat at the family board, where now sits the hope, pride, and joy, of the family. To gaze upon all these happy scenes and not upon a worse than sterile desert, should fill our souls with profound thankfulness to Him who holds the destiny of this mighty Empire, in the hollow of His hand. We never miss the spring till it is dry. We know not what hunger is, till the cupboard is empty, and gaunt famine is stalking through the land. We never appreciate health, until disease has commenced to prey upon the vitals, and the fell-destroyer, like a vampire, is tearing our heart-strings asunder, and we will not know of, and feel the blessing of peace, until relentless war has withered, and blighted, our beautiful Canada, as the Sirocco, with its hot breath, does the verdure of the East. But, even, in such an hour, although it might be, that our nation would be in the agonies of death, who would "turn and flee?"

CANADIAN POETRY.

IT is to be regretted that the reading Canadian public has not given that encouragement to Canadian authorship to which it is entitled; it is not because we are illiterate, for no people on the face of the earth has better educational advantages, than we have, and few countries can boast of a greater number of readers. The politics of the country, the denominational peculiarities, the news of the world, and the resources of this country are well understood, but the literature of Canada is comparatively unknown to the masses. This is an unknown region to them. The sensational and amatory fervor of a Byron—the social and patriotic songs of a Burns—the tame and quite versification of a Cowper—the smooth and flowing rhyme of a Wordsworth, a Tennyson, or a Longfellow—the pathos and clarion notes of a Whittier—the humor of a Holmes or a Saxe, and the stilted and ambiguity of a so-called philosophic Tupper, are as familiar as nursery rhymes, but our poets have made sweetest melody, sung in fervid poetry, and depicted our matchless scenery in blank verse, and Runic rhyme and heroic stanzas; but "but charm they ever so wisely," we have turned a deaf ear to their sweetest strains, and shut our eyes to the brilliant scintillations of genius, and intellection, which have illumined our historic page, so that foreign sages have wondered and admired. McLachlan has sung as sweet and noble

strains as ever were penned by the Ayrshire bard, or Motherwell; Charles Sangster has depicted with a pencil of poetic light our noble lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Thousand Isles, the Saguenay, and the St. Clair. Heavysege has in "Saul" and "Jephthah's Daughter" produced tragedies that remind one of Sophocles, or Thespis, yet our patriotic countrymen and women purchase by millions, yellow covered literature from our neighours that in every page is a sink of iniquity, and neglect home genius.

The productions of prurient writers are eagerly sought for, in the newspapers and periodicals of Leslie, Bonner, or Ballou, but our writers have found no appreciation of their work, and often have been overwhelmed with financial ruin, in giving their productions to the world. These are plain facts, and tell a severe lesson to us as regards our æsthetic tastes. It is true the Canadian public may plead in extenuation, that so far it has had a protracted struggle, with stubborn forests, commercial depressions, and all the discomforts of a new country; but genius is not a creation of luxury, but is innate. Its workings have oftener been seen in the hovels of dependency, and even penury, than in the gilded halls of affluence and independence, and it is something akin to this genius that appreciates its productions, and no toil, or hardships, or poverty can crush out of man's soul the aspirations of poetry, and the nobility of literature. What man or woman is there who can read "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," or Tennyson's "Charge of the Six Hundred," or "The

Marseillaise Hymn," or "Rule Britannia" and not feel the blood flow quicker, and the nerves strung to a greater tension when these accents catch the eye or fall upon the ear? Well, let our readers recite McLachlan's "Sir Colin Campbell at Ballaclava" or "Garibaldi," or Sangster's "Battle of the Alma," or Heavysege's description of the battle of Gilboa, and not say truthfully that our bards have been crowned on Parnassus, with the poet's immortal wreath.

The reader should keep in mind the fact that mind and matter have this peculiarity in common, viz: a generic similarity, yet a specific difference. There is a similitude in the forest leaves, but no two leaves are alike; every grain of sand seems like its fellow, but not one particle is exactly like another; each star differs in glory and appearance from its lambent companion, yet to the naked eye these twinkling sentinels seem almost one in outline and colour. Of all the myriads of the sons of Adam who have lived, moved, and had their being, no two are exactly alike physically, or mentally, and when the son of genius commits his thoughts to paper, these have stamped upon them the natural bias, and individuality, of the author. The writer cannot divest himself of this peculiarity, any more than he can rob himself of his personal identity, and therefore a poet shows to vulgar gaze photographs of his inner life.

The most exalted kind of poetry embraces all the range of human thought in heaven, or earth, or hell; it scans with an eagle eye the modes of human intelligence, in consciousness, reflection, judgment,

and all the multifarious forms of reasoning. It depicts as with a pencil of light all the sensations, passions, and emotions of the human soul, grasping in its right hand, and exposing to view that which Heavysege calls

"The motley multitude
Magnanimous and mean."

Much has been done by our sweet singers, to immortalize our country but who seem to be doomed to die "unwept, unhonoured and unsung." We do well to erect monuments over a Wolf, a Montcalm, a Brock, and over the Lime-ridge heroes, but our literature, if found worthy, will survive marble, or stone, and when these tangible monuments of a nation's gratitude have been forgotten, our Anglo Saxon worthies will only be adding fresh lustre to their names, and to the memory of those of "whom the world was not worthy."

We appeal to our young men and women to encourage in all possible ways, native talent. Give it the right hand of fellowship; buy and read even works of mediocre pretentions, lest you turn away unawares an angel of light from your doors, and quench by your coldness the first appearance of intellectual gems. You pride yourselves in showing at your exhibitions the domestic animals that dot your fields, and the cereals that press out in plentitude your granaries, and the fine arts that are budding in our midst; then let the same commendable emulation be evinced in offering a generous support to our poets, who are now springing up on all hands, and some of whom will give to our country more than ephemeral renown.

Let us encourage home productions, and native talent, in preference to even higher genius from abroad. It is worthy of censure that our best authors and our sweetest poets are comparatively unknown to Canadian people, although they have commanded attention and respect from the master minds of Britain, and the literati of the American Republic. What encouragement have we given to McLachlan, Heavysege, Sangster, and a dozen such? How many of the masses have read the sweet lyrics of the first—the classic "Saul" of the second—the stirring strains of the third—and the various and pleasant melodies of the last? We can go in raptures over the lays of a Wordsworth, or a Poe, or a Dante, and often read the silliest effusions of those poets with unction, and ecstacy? But however gifted, "a prophet has no honour in his own country." The poet may throw out corruscations of genius that may be seen in unusual splendor "afar off," by the generations following; but interest, or "malice aforethought," or culpable forgetfulness, will crush the most brilliant scintillations of undoubted literary power, if they spring from the log cabin, or the work-bench. He, the poor son of toil, may ask for bread while he lives, and our children will give him a stone monument when he dies. He may sing sweetly of us, "our woods and lakes," and by inspiration utter wise sayings that "on the outstretched finger of all time sparkle forever," but Canada gives no willing ear. Our population is as great as Scotland —our youth are as well educated—we have as much *brain power*. Why then do we not produce such men

as Allan Ramsay, Scott, Alison, Burns, Jeffry, Dick, Reid, Sir W. Hamilton, and Napier? Shall this generation of Canadians pass away and add no rill, however small, to the overflowing stream of Anglo Saxon literature? Shall the master-minds of four millions of people never soar above the rise and fall of stocks—the profits and losses of commerce—the trickery of political warfare—and the terrible, earnest, but ever necessary toils, and anxieties of our common humanity? We have an earnest of better things to come, and it is our duty to encourage "home productions," be they mind or matter. Let Canadian genius be our first care, and let us extend to Canadian literature the right hand of fellowship, even if it is "homespun," and has not the fine "nap" upon it of the gorgeous periodicals of Britain and the United States. The mental and mora power are in our midst—"Let there be light."

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

A FEW days have only elapsed since a magnificent Pullman Palace car passed on the Great Western Railway, and within two hundred yards of where I now write, filled with passengers who never changed cars since they left San Francisco, only seven days before. I contrasted their journey and one I made in 1850 to this El Dorado of the West. The gold mania was then at its height. Thousands, and tens of thousands were crowding all the thorough-fares on the way to the golden sands of California. Some risked the dangers of the stormy Cape ; others went through northern Mexico or over the United States territory, but by far the greater number went by the Isthmus of Panama. To-day we have splendid saloon cars furnished with all the luxuries of an eastern palace, from ice-creams, pine-apples, old port, roast beef, and pumpkin pies, to beds of down, silken curtains, golden tassels, Brussels carpets, marble wash-stands and dressing-tables, and all these comforts while whirling along over hill and dale ; through luxuriant forests and tangled weed-bound swamps -- over undulating prairies like the rolling sea—alkali plains, arid as the Sahara desert—through mountain gorges and over hilly spurs, and deep defiles, and yawning canyons, and placid rivers, and roaring cataracts, until the same passengers, and the same car that left New York, are landed on San Francisco

wharf, within thirty feet of the Pacific, and in one short week. Now, look at the other side of the picture. I need not tell of the horrors of the "middle passage" across the plains—of the thousands of lives that were lost by famine, disease, and the tomahawk—nor of the discomforts and tediousness of a voyage around the Terra del Fuego, but I remember well, as if it were yesterday, the miseries of the way by Chagres. I was then in my teens, and like other young men, hopeful and ardent. I also plunged into the mighty torrent of emigration "to the West;" The old Crescent City steamship took out with us nine hundred souls of all nationalities, and tongues; there was scarcely standing room, and the "spoon fashion" mode of packing had to be adopted, not only between decks, but also on the deck and in the open air. Grumbling, oaths, and quarrels, were the order of the day. The deep guttural of the German —the sharp, accented tones of the Frenchman—the mellifluous notes of the Spaniard, Portugese, and Italian—the *patois* of the French Canadian, and the Hebrew of the Jew, were at that time Sancrit to me, swore they ever so roundly, but I have no doubt Pandemonium was a respectable place to the hold and deck of this ship. After ten days of sea-sickness, and disgusting scenes, a home-sick swain might have been seen in the miserable village of Chagres — standing, the picture of despair, in the midst of mud the most tenacious, and rain the most pitiless, and lightning and thunder the most intense—and native women, and men, and children, the most nude, and

barbarous, and ugly, and shameless, as ever the sun shone on. The natives are a mongrel race of Indians, and Negroes, and Spaniards, and possessing cunning and rascality in a superlative degree. The houses of these villages are composed of bamboo for walls, and rushes for roofs. Windows and chimneys are almost unknown, and dirt the most filthy was in abundance on all hands. The river Chagres empties into the Caribbean Sea at this point, and on a bold rocky promontory, overlooking the surrounding country, was built several centuries ago, by the Spaniards, a formidable fortress called San Lorenzo. Beautiful cannon made of silver, and a brass amalgam, still overtop the parapets, but some of them, in mere wantonness, have been cast over the precipice, and are sticking in crevices of the rocks. The place was several times, in its history, taken by the buccaneers, whose resort was the Isle of Pines, but now, battlements, casements, magazines, fossæ, and salient angles, are one mass of ruins.

With the exception of small patches of rice and sugar-cane, the luxuriant and boundless forest was everywhere. The air was loaded with the most delicious perfume from orange groves, pine-apple plants, and the laden lemon, and lime trees. I left Canada frost-bound, and snow-covered in April, and in twelve days after, was revelling in the bounties of the tropics, "where the leaves never fade and the skies seldom weep." In spite of the poet's assertion the sky seems to find no trouble in procuring the tears. At this time there was no railroad, and no river-boats built,

but canoes of the rudest construction were in abundance. The stern end was covered with palm leaves or thatched with rushes, and so low was this rude cabin that a "six footer," like myself, for convenience sake, should have been constructed after the model of a telescope, and "thusly" draw myself within myself; but, as it was, my knees and chin were in close relationship, for four long days, during which it rained incessantly. The river was much swollen, and our propulsive power was three naked savages, either pushing with poles, or paddling, or towing our canoe. The banks of the river were beautiful, overhung with trees, and climbing plants, and blossoming shrubs; and were it not for the incessantly discordant notes of paroquets,—the chatter of monkeys—the screech of birds of prey—the sound of the alligator as he glided into the water, from some cosy nook, and the thought of boa-constrictors and anacondas, all nature would have seemed a perfect Paradise. At last we were landed at a small village called Gorgona, from which we had to travel to Panama, a distance of about twenty miles, over the Andes. Here my troubles began in earnest. I had my few things packed into a small trunk, and as no mules could be hired, I was obliged to stow away my all, into an india-rubber bag, and strap it on the back of a negro, to whom I paid $8.00 to carry it to Panama. I tied a pair of shoes to the outside of the bag, as there was no room inside, and, by the light of the moon, I indulged in a bath in the river before lying down for the night; but when I began to dress,

I missed my boots, and to this day, they are to me *non est*, I went to the darkey's hut for my shoes, but he was in blissful ignorance of their whereabouts, and thus I stood barefooted, where shoemakers were curiosities, and no comrade with any shoes, or boots to fit. To go into a rage would not mend matters, and to swear would not conjure up the lost property; so, when the morning came, I rolled up my "unmentionables" to my knees, and marched toward the Pacific, whistling to keep my courage up. There is a small insect called the "jigger," which burrows in the sand on the Isthmus, and when it finds its way under the toe-nail, or under the skin of the human foot, lays thousands of eggs, which bring forth larvæ, and these excite such an amount of irritation and inflammation as to produce death. Death from this cause is a common occurrence among the natives. With these facts before my mind's eye, every time I planted my "understandings" into the mud I had my hopes and fears about these gentry. I was every little while examining with a critic's eye, my pedal extremities. If Bolivar's army crossed through those valleys, and mountain gorges, and waded through those rapid mountain streams, barefooted, then I say they deserved all the booty in a thousand Montezumas. The road was strewn with the carcasses of mules, and numerous mounds were silent witnesses of human mortality, the victims being far from home, and kindred. The thick jungle and the boundless forests were said to be the secret haunts of native robbers, who pounced upon the sick, and weary,

robbing and putting them to death, with none to defend them, or to enquire as to their fate. In the valleys was interminable mud, and on the mountain tops were bare rocks, into which mules and ponies had worn deep circular holes, with their feet, and these were from eight to twelve inches in depth. This attrition of the rocks had been going on for centuries. During our first day's journey it rained incessantly, and every few hours heaven's artillery would roar and bellow up and down the deep gorges, vibrating and reverberating until the earth felt as tremulous as the air. As night closed in, part of our company sought shelter in a solitary ranche ; but we were told of a large hotel, kept by an American, about two miles farther on, and although weary and foot-sore, a comrade and myself pushed for more congenial shelter, but the heavy timber, thick foliage, and deep valleys were—in the tropics—soon shrouded in almost palpable darkness. It could almost be felt. The thick under-wood, on both sides of the narrow pathway, was so filled with creeping plants, and the cactus of all kinds that it was impossible to lose the way. But what with pulling cactus' thorns out of my feet, "stubbing" my toes against obtrusive boulders —the howls of distant beasts—the panic-stricken condition of my comrade, and the hunger that was giving our stomachs sharp monitions, we were in no amiable mood. We had so far carried a bowie-knife in one hand, and an Allan's "pepper-box" revolver in the other; but my knife had dozens of times come in contact with the rocks, and my re-

volver had been freely baptized in the flowing streams, until no human force could cut with the one, nor could ingenuity explode the other. In daylight their appearance might be formidable against a bandit, but in Cimmerian darkness they were like the caudal extremity of "grumphie," more ornamental, than useful. However, our prowess was not tested, for about midnight we hailed a camp fire, far down in the valley, and when we reached it, we found the "Washington" Hotel consisting of a large, patched mainsail of a ship stretched between four trees, with a perpendicular pole hoisted in the centre *a la* circus. Our beds consisted of the damp ground, or the flat side of a slab, without beds or bedding. We made a supper out of "hard tack" and cold boiled beans, and after curling up dog-style, were soon in the land of Morpheus. After being overtaken by our comrades in the morning, we pursued the uneven tenor of our way through a country less mountainous and more thickly settled. The rivers were occasionally spanned by old stone bridges, and sometimes the road was paved for hundreds of yards with boulders. These bridges and highways were said to have been built by the Spaniards to enable them to connect, by land communication, the two seas. Towards sun-down the Pacific burst upon our view, lying as quietly, as a sleeping infant, and studded as far as the eye could reach with beautiful islands, rejoicing in perpetual verdure. The city of Panama lay at our feet, and with its turrets, and steeples, and battlements, looked somewhat like civilization, after being a week in the wilderness among

semi-barbarous natives, and even satiated with the grandeur of the lofty Andes. But after passing the walls of the city the delusion vanished; we might sum up a description of the whole city by saying that walls—once formidable—were crumbling to decay. The casements were the habitations of the owls and buzzards,—the southern scavengers. The parapets were lying in the ditch outside. Splendid cannon were dismounted on the ramparts, *minus* carriages, and having emblazoned upon them the coat of arms of imperial Spain. The sentry soldiery were barefooted, and rejoiced in shouldering Queen Bess flintlocks, surmounted by bayonets, which, in antique beauty, were in keeping with the muskets. The uniform seemed to be an "omnium gatherum" of several nationalities, but these Sons of Mars felt the dignity of their position, and strutted in concious pride, on the crumbling ruins of former greatness, almost like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. The streets of Panama are like the streets of all Spanish cities, very narrow and dirty. No sanitary regulations are observed, and the garbage, and filth, which the rains do not wash into the bay, are eaten up by the buzzards, which are to be seen in large flocks perched upon the house-tops, and we believe the law protects them from molestation or injury. The Plaza is a large square in the centre of the city, and is used for a market, parade ground, etc. There is a very ancient and imposing cathedral facing this square. It is Gothic in design, and can lay claim to architectural beauty. The niches are still filled with respectable images of the

Apostles, and the Madonna. It is true the intrepid Paul, by some misfortune had lost his arm, and Peter had a dilapidated nose, and several of the images were badly defaced, but what remained of these venerable fathers showed, that when young, the artist, or rather sculptor, had done his duty. A truncated steeple, with roof and sides exposed, rejoiced in the possession of a tongueless bell. A darkey, sitting straddle of a cross beam, with a bar of iron in his hand, did duty as bellman, and the matin and vesper bells were intoned by this sable musician, whose zeal exceeded his knowledge of euphony.

The city was filled to suffocation by people of all nationalities, waiting for a passage to the land of gold. Some had through tickets by certain steamers, and had been waiting for weeks, and even months, for the ship to which they were assigned. We were obliged to take a passage in a small French barque, of about 400 tons burden. It hailed from Marseilles, and neither captain nor crew could speak English. The vessel was an old fishery vessel, having high bulwarks forward, and it was said had weathered many a storm on the banks of Newfoundland. Between decks was very low, not exceeding 5½ feet, and yet in this small craft were stowed away one hundred and twenty-two souls, to be, to do, and to suffer, during a two months' voyage on the treacherous deep. We were a motley crew, and when assembled on deck, a more grotesque picture Hogarth never painted. The jabbering Chilian, and Peruvian—the swarthy Spaniard, and Portuguese—the poor German and the everlasting meer-

schaum—the fiery Southerner, with the bowie knife in his boot, and a Colt's revolver at his waist—rubicund John Bulls and lank Scots—shrewd Yankees and homesick Canadians—volatile Frenchmen, and mercenary Jews—lawyers, doctors, teachers, clergymen, farmers, mechanics, etc., were all represented on the deck of the old "Ocean" barque. After watering at the small island of Taboga, about six miles from Panama, we set sail south-west towards the Gallipagoes Islands, to catch the trade winds. But scarcely had we left land, about one hundred miles astern, than we were becalmed, and for twenty-one days we did not make twenty miles headway. It was wearisome to lie down night after night, with the sails flapping against the mast, and to wake up, morning after morning, to find the sea calm as a mill-pond, and our vessel lying

"Like a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

After a time intermittent breezes permitted us to creep along southerly until the trade winds were reached off the coast of Peru. It is true these winds were blowing from the north-west, but by long tacks progress was made towards our goal. We crossed the line by a few degrees to the south, and, as usual, old Neptune paid us a visit. He shaved a few of the passengers, with a rusty hoop, not failing to insure these blind-folded victims, a cold *douche* in a deep meat tub. It was a source of mirth to all but the unfortunate recipients of these high honors from the god of the sea. The fourth of July was celebrated

on board by the usual speech making, singing of patriotic songs, denunciations of Great Britain, and the red flag, which "was a fit emblem of tyranny and oppression." The captain sang in good style the Marseillaise Hymn, in honour of the French Republic, and put upon one of the two ladies, on board, a red night-cap, to personify the goddess of Liberty. He also dealt out a copious supply of brandy, and, as might be expected, the half-starved crowd got hilarious, and some became "gloriously drunk." As evening drew on, the noise from a sort of maudlin revelry was indescribable. The shouts and yells—the muttering and drivelling idiocy of the sot—the obscene song and jest in half a dozen languages—the oaths of those who were sufficiently intoxicate to be madmen, and the quarrels, about trifles, of those who had been boon companions, were disgusting and alarming. Two of the sailors had quarrelled over a game of dice, and in fury they vainly attempted to throw one another overboard. A German had insulted a little Vermonter, and was chased up stairs and down stairs—fore and aft—by him, armed with a huge knife. The German at last took shelter in the cabin. An Alabamian quarrelled with a John Bull about John Calhoun, and on the Slavery question, and were it not for the interposition of friends, blood would have been spilled. A Jew had his extraction cast in his teeth, by an Hibernian, and although after a time both parties were apparently reconciled, yet, strange to say, after sealing their bonds of amity, with free libations from the bottle, next morning the Irishman was in the jaws of

death, and the day following he was consigned to the deep. Whispers of foul play where heard, and the Jew was henceforth ostracized, which, however he bore with perfect nonchalance and defiance. Imagine such a motley crowd on a small vessel, over a thousand miles from land, and holding such high revelry during the hours of darkness, with no lights to be seen except the flickering lamp suspended over the compass ; and a lunatic asylum would be a Paradise to it. The captain tried to lay the devil he had raised, but his efforts were in vain, for the more he attempted to exercise authority, the more uproarious the revellers became, including even the sailors ; and had a squall visited us any time during that long night, it is doubtful if sufficient, sober sailors could have been secured, to reef a sail, or pull a rope. I did not feel safe between decks, and so sought an empty place on the quarter deck, near the helmsman, where I caught "cat naps" of sleep, until at gray dawn the cry of fire echoed through the ship, and paralyzed for a time every man who heard it. The confusion of the previous evening was intensified tenfold, and as I cast my eyes forward I perceived the galley was in flames. The cooking apparatus was of the most primitive kind and improvised at Panama. Two large tin boilers were inserted into a brick structure, with arches underneath. A crack had been made in the bottom of these arches in some way, and the fire had communicated with the deck, and from there had spread to the wooden part of the cook-house. The sober men on board went to work, and with axes tore down and com-

mitted to the deep the burning fragments, and thus extinguished the flames. In the midst of the uproar, and confusion, there were numbers who had fallen into such a lethargy from beastly intoxication, that no trampling upon, or hauling by the legs, or reminders from clenched fists, in the ribs, elicited more than a grunt, or a half uttered oath, and who—if the fire had got the mastery—would have perished, without waking from their sleep. This misfortune to the "caboose" put an end to culinary operations, and although our provisions, so far, had consisted of fat pork, beans, biscuit and rice, half cooked, yet these had "smelt" fire, but, *miserable dictu!* we were forced to eat raw pork. Where were the *trichinæ spirales?* What a feast these burrowers would have had in the muscles of such a woe begone company! A few nights afterwards, while the drowsy watch was enjoying quiet snoozes, a squall rose suddenly, and while all their efforts were employed in reefing sails, the fore and main hatches were left open—several heavy seas were shipped, which went bowling down into the hold among the provisions, &c. This reduced our fare to raw pork, and mouldy, and wormy biscuit. About meal time we might be seen employed in the delightful occupation of picking to pieces the green "hard tack," and culling out carefully, worms from the pulpy mass. Dyspepsia at these times was unknown, and these "titbits" were relished beyond all expectation. The quality was not objected to, but the quantity had become deficient. The continued theme was about something good to eat. Farmers

would discuss with watering mouths, all the bounties of the dairy, and the home kitchen, and often longed for a good drink, from the richness of the "swill pail." The fat Dutchman began to thin in flesh, and the raw bones were merging fast towards transparency. My day-dreams were of home, and its plentiful larder, and my night visions were made up of "castles in the air," composed of pies, cakes, custards, beef, potatoes, &c. O for a "square meal!" O for the hot biscuits, fresh butter, strawberries and cream, plum pudding, and ham and eggs, of distant and welcome boards! Ye gods what is your ambrosia or nectar in comparison to these substantials to starving men! Well, these miseries had an end, and after doing penance for a life-time by involuntary abstemiousness, we hailed land on the third of August, after being sixty-three days on the Pacific, and sixty days without seeing land or even a solitary vessel.

I left home on the 25th of April, 1850, and on the 4th of August was landed on the sands of San Francisco. We were a seedy looking crowd, but misery is said to like company, and we congratulated ourselves in being no worse than our neighbours, for hundreds were landing daily in as miserable a plight as ourselves. Our ship, in fact, was a representative one, and thousands of immigrants had much more doleful tales to tell than those I have endeavoured to sketch. The miseries of the overland route—the horrors of doubling the stormy cape in wretched hulks, which the cupidity of their owners sent to that far distant land from the eastern ports of the United

States, and from all the maritime cities of Christendom, laden with human freight, from tender youth to decrepid old age—the untold wretchedness of those who were deluded by speculators to cross the continent through Mexico, such as those who went under the leadership of that Prince of scoundrels, Col. French, would require volumes to adequately portray it, and such an exodus never took place before, since the Israelites left Egypt. The bay of San Francisco, by the way, one of the finest on the Pacific coast, if we except that of Acapulco, was, at the time I refer to, studded with the ships of all nations. The sea of masts reminded one of a Canadian pinery, which had been robbed of its foliage. Three-fourths of these ships were forsaken, and at that time it was estimated that nearly two thousand vessels, of all sizes, were lying in the harbour. The crew of our ship had deserted the first night after casting anchor, with the exception of the cook, and cabin boy, and nearly a year afterwards the ship was said to be still lying at anchor. These vessels looked like "phantom ships" with no living soul aboard. The starved rats were running riot in the rigging, and the sea-gulls, and other marine birds could be seen perching on the yards. A large vessel had been driven ashore near the city, and two doors were cut into the bows. It was fitted up into a boarding house, and designated "Noah's Ark."

The city of San Francisco (called after Sir Francis Drake) was at this time only a small place in comparison to what it is now. The Spanish town was a few small houses made of unburnt brick, and the re-

mainder of the place was composed of temporary wooden buildings, and an army of tents perched on the sand hills in the rear of the town. A Plaza was in the centre, round which were built hotels, groggeries, and gambling saloons. Here was congregated the scum of all nations, in representation. After night-fall bands of music played operatic airs to the masses that thronged these houses. Mexican women of easy virtue, with segarettes in their mouths, but possessed of considerable beauty, sat at the *monte* tables, with gold dust or gold coin before them, and by winning smiles and allurements, such as a Syrēn might employ, lured many silly moths to the bright blaze, and left them with singed wings. All the arts of such a profession were employed to victimize the returning miner, and to entice him to these dens The usual decoys were sent out—some dressed in the rough costume of a miner—others with solemn countenances, fine black clothes, unexceptional white neckties, and smooth and mellow tongues—and others like accomplished gentlemen, whose appearance disarmed suspicion, and with plenty of money, which they spent freely—such fished for a specific class of victims. The first of these classes ingratiated themselves into the affections, and confidence, of their fellow miners, and were to be found at the beach and piers, where river boats brought down loads ot miners from the interior. The genteel classes frequented those steamers, and ships, which brought their living freight from all parts of the world. They would tender advice and give gratuitous council to those

"green" ones who had not yet cut their wisdom teeth, and who were about "to see the elephant." Murders were of daily occurrence, but no law convicted, and no officers executed. Lawlessness ran riot, and villains of the deepest dye filled nearly all the municipal offices. To such an extent was brutality, robbery, and murder winked at, that honest men at last banded themselves together for mutual protection, and took the law into their own hands. For a short time a reign of terror ensued, and it was well-doers who were affrighted; but after a number of scoundrels were lynched, by the Vigilance Committee, their comrades in crime began to dread this *imperium in imperio*, and, treading softly, began to skulk out of broad daylight into the dark recesses of the dens of infamy; for these committees, like those who recently hung the Pero gang in Illinois, or like the Carbineri of Italy, were unknown to these desperadoes. We well remember one of those executions in Sacramento. The city in 1850 was only a collection of temporary buildings, impervious to robbers and burglars. There was no building in the whole city sufficiently substantial to serve the purposes of a prison. An old hulk was towed up from Benecia and anchored in the middle of the Sacramento river, and here criminals were confined. For months, most daring robberies and murders had been committed, not only in the city, but in the surrounding country; and although time after time the guilty parties were caught and and their crime proven, yet they managed to escape, on account of the connivance of the authorities. The

Vigilance Committee at last took the matter in hand. The ringleader of a lawless band, if I remember rightly, known by the name of Robinson, had been tried by the city authorities and acquitted. To avoid popular indignation, he was re-committed to the hulk; but at the hour of midnight the hulk was surrounded, the jailers pinioned, and the prisoner landed on the levee, under a guard of several hundreds of determined men. He was taken to a place called, at that time, the horse market, in which grew a scrubby oak tree. A cart was used for a platform, and a projecting branch for the suspension of the fatal noose. By this time thousands of people were congregated. Tar barrels were set on fire, and as these cast a ruddy glow over the upturned faces of the multitude, as it surged to and fro, with the dark outline of the doomed man, coming out in boldness, with drooping head, and pinioned arms, standing on the cart, and the spectral appearance of his executioners moving to and fro with determined gait and action, and the voices of the vast throng at one time uproarious, and at another dying away into a death-like silence, the scene was sufficient to chill to the marrow any sensitive human being. "Hang the rascal at once," cry some, "shoot him," cry others. "Give him a chance to speak," cry out a third group. "Don't be all night about it," cries out an impatient crowd. These and such like exclamations came up intermittently from this volcano of passion, like red hot lava, spewing over the edge of the serrated mountain. At last the victim raised his head, and with

uplifted hands beseechingly signified his desire for silence. He acknowledged all that had been charged against him to be true, but in extenuation pleaded his extreme youth, (nineteen years). He was only the instrument used by others to commit their crimes. He was the only son of a widowed mother, who warned him of his fate if he continued in evil-doing, and became the companion of evil associates. She was in England, and although he had been deaf to the entreaties of others, who were his victims, yet he sent her money to support her. She would not know of his tragic end, or of his sad career in crime, until the newspapers told the tale. His masters in crime were, many of them, in public offices, and among others he named the mayor of the city. This villain was standing in the crowd, and no doubt trembled where he stood, as this confession was being made. The appeal made strong men weep, and was sufficiently pathetic to soften the most obdurate, but an example had to be made, and this poor fellow must be the first to appease popular indignation. The noose was adjusted—the cart was pulled away from under his feet—a heavy thud was heard—the convulsive body, quivering in every limb, and being most horribly contorted in every muscle of the uncovered face, and eyes protruding as if about to leap from their sockets, whirled about in circles and semi-circles, until vitality gave way to the gravitation of useless clay, and by the expiring embers of watch-fires a corpse was seen swinging hither and thither in the night breeze, with not a solitary friend to watch, in

affection the gyrating body. We need scarcely add that the mayor and others accused by this murderer were searched for, but they had "fled from the wrath to come." It is said that the Englishman's house is his castle, but in this land of gold every man was a walking fort of bristling munitions of war, and every person was on the *qui vive*, whether at work, or reposing from the labours of the day. Relationship and affection seemed to be forgotten in the struggle for gold. The motto of everyone seemed to be "Deil take the hinmost."

It is not my intention to enter into details as to the resources, and climate, and industries of California, at the time I refer to. The auriferous deposits were everywhere—in the beds of rivers—on the bars composed of sand, gravel, and boulders, cast up or deposited by the swollen streams; nor need I describe the gold sweating quartz in its stratified croppings out of the slate formation—of the deep diggings in the beds of ancient rivers, far away from the recent river beds, and even penetrating the bases of mountains, and of the volanic agency of the primal ages, seen everywhere, not only in the irregular and grotesque appearance of the gold, but also in the physical changes, and transformations, not only of the aqueous, but also of some igneous rocks. Nor is it our intention to dilate on those isothermal changes continually brought about by the sea-breezes by day, and the chilling night winds from the snow-clad mountains,—nor of the reason why flowers bloom in January, and crops ripen in April, in a

country only a few degrees of latitude south of Toronto. Books might be written on these themes, and also on the different implements, and machines used for separating the gold from the dross—from the pick and battered tin-pan—the old-fashioned rocker, with its cross bars, up-right handle, iron sieve, and its twin, the long-handled dipper—from the quick-silver machine, with its many compartments, hose, and pumps, to the "long Tom" or the more powerful hydraulic agency, that by means of the active force of running water, can literally level mountains, and wash the precious metal from the deepest bowels of the earth, or the quartz machine that crushes to the fineness of flour the hard rock, and by steam, and fire makes the reluctant gold come forth, from its rocky sepulchre. All these appliances are wonders, and curiosities in themselves, to those who have never been initiated into their mysteries. The greatest difficulty I had to encounter in the mines, after procuring food to eat, was to cook it. The meat was burned to a crisp. The coffee was weak as an homœopathic dose, or strong as a good old fashioned dose of senna. The bread was made from some dough, and carbonate of soda, but I did not know the principle of "rising" bread, and after it had been kneaded, so that there were not more than forty dry lumps in the loaf, I applied heat vigorously to the top and bottom of an old bake kettle, and afterwards found a shrivelled up piece of composition, which was outside a blackened crisp, and inside so doughy that if chewed by anyone rejoicing in loose grinders, the

adhesive quality of my bread would be warranted to produce complete and satisfactory extraction. Experience, and the assistance of an old sea captain made me a tolerable baker. The trowsers of miners often needed patches on the knees, and mine were no exception to the general rule; but, never being called on in Canada to exert my skill in that way, I failed to remember whether the patch ought to be placed outside or inside, but I attempted the former with a piece of an old flour bag, the interstices of which were filled with hardened flour. Forgetting to fasten on the four corners temporarily, and thus keep it *in situ*, I sewed away "on the loose" until I found, when half done, that I had worked it so much to one side as to nearly miss the round edges of "the trousorial aperture;" but practice makes perfect, and although this patch, after being securely sewed, and well wetted in the American river, by means of the flour, stuck closer than a brother, yet it did uncommonly well, and gave me courage to tailor other essential garments of a miner's outfit. Like other mortals we had our troubles, and our enjoyments, but on the whole the life of the gold hunter was enjoyable. The lawyer, it is true, had to leave his gown, and black bag behind —the doctor forgot his scalpel, lances, blisters, and blue pills,—the merchant took no interest in the rise and fall of cottons, or silks, and the dandy with "plug" hat, kid gloves, and unexceptional necktie, was at first the butt of ridicule, and afterwards the object of pity. I was one morning somewhat amused with a gentleman of this kind, who came to

make his fortune by digging. His clothes were of the latest fashion, and his boots well brushed, and red topped. Theblack kids were a perfect fit, and a chain of dazzling yellow hung from his fob. His pick, and shovel, and "prospecting" pan were elegant in structure, and "bran" new. He first took a shovel full of sand from the edge of a sand-bank, where mica shone resplendently. Carrying this daintly down to the river he tried it, and found that "all is not gold that glitters." He next filled his pan from a heap of "tailings," which had already been run through our quick-silver machine. He walked with this refuse earth down to the brink of the river, but as he neared the water, he found his footing treacherous, and suddenly disappeared up to his neck in the river. Roars, of laughter greeted him as he crawled out from his morning's bath, leaving his tools to be found, it may be, by some geologist in future ages, and our "iron age" determined thereby; as for the dripping dandy he "vamosed" to parts unknown. That essential ornament and glory of society—a woman—was never seen by us except once, and the boys declared that she left an old bonnet behind, which they affixed to a pole, and—if they did not bow down and worship—danced around it all night, in perfect ecstacy. They thought it was, as if an angel had left a pinion of its wing behind. The scenery around where we camped was beautiful, especially in winter, when thousands of variegated flowers sent forth their sweetness and dazzled the eye by their gorgeousness. What a contrast to our ice-

bound shore! yet our winters, though cold, are bracing, and enjoyable, when we hear the "tintinnabulation of the bells," and feel the hoary north wind coming in his strength. That climate has its beauties, this one its usefulness and that too, in spite of the long dreary hours of winter.

I stood, one beautiful Sabbath morning, on one of the peaks of the Sierra Nevada mountains. It was in the month of August, 1851. Far to the westward stretched the Sacramento plains, and the river meandering coyly along, and seeming like a silver thread on a back-ground of green, whose undulating surface seemed like the ocean swell. To the northward, and eastward, rose in succession, one after another, snowy peaks, crystalized by nature's matchless chemist, — being the accumulations of ages, in His wonderful laboratory. I was, as yet, at my elevation, only in the dim, grey dawn; but these rugged pinnacles were already bathed in a glorious light. Here, fairy-like, the solar rays danced in deepest green—there they reflected the dark blue of the ocean—here were all the tints of the rainbow—there was whiteness itself intensified. Farther up, the mountains appeared as if enveloped in one vast conflagration. The red glow, like flames, could be seen with fiery tongues licking up crags of adamant, and at the summit the pure white snow, and glittering ice, were being apparently moulded, by the shooting pencils of light, into the most fantastic shapes. Towers and bulwarks, walls and parapets, domes and minarets, mosques and monuments, could be seen for a moment, but the next glance at its dazzling splendour was,

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

The turning of a Kaleidoscope produced no greater transformation of colours, than did the sudden changes of light, before the radiating morning light. I had vainly imagined that no white man had ever scaled the heights where I then stood, but what was my surprise, when turning from gazing on such incomparable grandeur, and looking on the green-sward beneath my feet, to find that others had scaled the giddy cliffs before me. Not ten yards from where I stood was a grave—not that of an Indian—but the last resting-place of one of our Circassian race. There was the mound, with a rude head-stone of slate, and the name which had been scratched upon it, nearly effaced. What a lonely death-bed! Who were his pall-bearers? Did he die "unwept, unhonored and unsung?" Did any one whisper into his ear affection's latest tribute, or the conforting words of Inspiration? What brought him up to the top of this mount to die? Had he seen the glories of a rising sun on the distant mountain tops and did they symbolize to him the gates and streets and walls of the New Jerusalem? Were his last thoughts those which cheer many in the dark hour—mother, home and Heaven? I sat with wet eyes and in almost unconscious reverie near this isolated grave-yard, and unburdened my feelings in the following rhyme, when about to leave for ever.

This simple monument of death,
Far, far, away from haunts of men,

Proclaims that mortals' fleeting breath,
Exhales on mountain, lake or plain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The mountains are covered far up with dwarf oaks, and pines. On the coast range of mountains, and between them, and the sea is a peculiar wood, called from its colour, redwood. In its general appearance

it closely resembles cedar. It is durable and light, and grows not only to an immense size, but also to a fabulous height. It is said often to be in length 300 feet. It is generally found growing in clumps, as if the tree were gregarious. During the winter, there are often months of rain, not continuously, but intermittently, the sun like a shy maiden often slyly showing its face, and as often hiding it behind the clouds, keeping the labourer, like a lover, between hopes, and fears. During the summer months there is no rain, and no dew, and although the heavens seem iron, and the earth brass, yet, the valleys do not lose their verdure, nor even the ever-green oaks their summer garb, yet the hills looked parched, and were it not for a slender grass that grows under difficulties, the rising ground would appear very barren indeed. Cattle and horses prefer this pin grass, to grain, and fatten well on its nutritious fibres, and, what is remarkable about it is, that the first showers in autumn kill it. It has fulfilled its destiny, by the law of compensation, and gives way to more luxuriant foliage, but its seeds have been sown to produce, from the vital germ, the necessary grasses for the ensuing year. The birds in this country never migrate from these semi-tropics. The groves are made vocal all the year round, with the notes of the curlew, the piping quail, the coquettish robin, and the plaintive cooing of the mourning doves. The ubiquitous blackbird revels in fields of wild oats, or native rice, and refuses to expatriate himself, sensible bird that he is, from the extensive plains to the south of the mines, especially the Yulare plains,

and those on the banks of the San Joaquin. Mustang ponies roamed at large over almost boundless plains. Here they have been indisputed masters for centuries. When they stampede they form into lines, and are as resistless as the charge of a squadron of cavalry.

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

Now, I am told where wild beasts, or desolation reigned, are teeming thousands tilling the soil; where the wild horse, and the grizzly bear, and cayote wolf, revelled in the luxuries of nature's bountiful table, the inexorable march of civilization has caused them to suddenly forsake their old haunts, and retire to mountain fastnesses, far from the busy haunts of men; where the rude wooden plough, the clumsy cart, and adobe huts, and wigwams were the order of the day, now crash through the virgin soil, the glittering ploughshare of New England—now roll over the plains, and mountains, the symmetrical and iron girt wheels, and to the right and left are seen the cosy dwellings of an affluent, tasteful, and contented yeomanry. The thrashing machines, reapers, and mowers, and manufactories, resound through the length and breadth of this favoured land, where the clang of the shovel

and the pick, swung by miners's brawny arms, were the only sound of human industry, and where their shining tents showed them to be only the pilgrims of a day. Gold has often been the curse of individuals, and of nations, but California, Australia, and British Columbia, by the impetus given to immigration thither, on account of these auriferous deposits have become wealthy, and densely settled countries, which might have remained for many long years in primal grandeur, in partial obscurity, and in comparative insignificance. All hail! ever resistless Anglo-Saxon!

THE ANGLO-SAXON IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

It was said by Cæsar "that he could conquer nations, but he could not conquer tongues.' This statement was true, as it regarded the language of the Ancient Britons. Our brave forefathers despised the Roman Conquerors, and spurned their classic language. The British chiefs sent their sons to Gaul, to be instructed by the orators, and lawgivers among the Teutons. Tacitus tells us "that the Britons were instructed by wise Gauls, although encouraged to study Latin by the Conquerors;" but Juvenal, in one of his satires, declares that they refused to do so. After a time, however, the Latin was used as an auxiliary to the Gothic, and this innovation was adopted in succession by the Saxons, Normans, French, and Ancient Greeks. The sum total of this influx of words, idioms, and expressions, including the ancient Gothic, is the English language. No Briton, or British American, can, in the present day, lay claim to being an accomplished English scholar, who does not understand thoroughly his mother tongue, and, to some extent, the different roots from whence it sprung. The English language is now spoken in all the habitable globe, and is spreading rapidly among nationalities, that owe no allegiance to the British crown, but who feel the mighty in-

fluence of that power extending "from sea to sea—from the rising to the setting sun, and from the river to the ends of the earth." We will endeavour briefly to show how much of our language is Anglo-Saxon, and to how great an extent its beauty and force depend upon the primary elements of the language. We have not space to notice those classes of words which have sprung from the Anglo Saxon, but have passed through numerous mutations, until their orginality is to a great extent lost, but we will notice those English words only, which are themselves Saxon, pure and simple, or are immediately derived from the Anglo-Saxon. Those foreign words which enter into the formation of our language, add very much to its beauty, but, as yet, they do not hold a foremost place. They are the frescoes, capitals, cornices and general decorations of the majestic temple, but the substratum, walls, and pillars, are the staple products of native ingenuity, wants, and industry.

Sir James McIntosh tells us that he has analyzed a number of English passages, from the Bible, and standard authors, and he has found in five verses from Genesis, containing 130 words, only five, not Saxon. In so many verses out of St. John, containing 74 words, there were only two words, not Saxon. In a passage from Shakspeare, containing 81 words, there were only thirteen words, not Saxon. In a passage from Milton containing 90 words, only 16, were not Saxon; also from Cowley 76 words, not Saxon ten; from Thomson's Seasons 78 words, not Saxon 14; from Addison, 79 words, not Saxo

from Spenser 72 words, not Saxon 14; from Locke 94 words, not Saxon 9; from Hume 101, not Saxon 38; from Gibbon 80, not Saxon 31; and from Johnson 87, not Saxon 21 words. The average would be in such passages as those quoted about 31-40ths Anglo-Saxon. But the number of words may be said to be no fair criterion of the influence of such words in a language, for a few words may have a potency, not at all commensurate with their plurality. To this we reply, in the *first place*, that the skeleton of our language is Saxon. It is the framework, which gives stability to the structure, although foreign words may add to its grace and beauty. In the second place, the English Grammar is almost exclusively occupied with Anglo-Saxon words, not only in the roots, but also in the inflections and auxiliaries. The cases of nouns are determined by particles, instead of being noted, as in the Latin, Greek and Hebrew, by the terminations of the words. It is the same in the comparison of adjectives, for *er* and *est* are Saxon. Many adverbs end in the Saxon *ly*. The articles, and personal pronouns, including the relative and interrogative pronouns, also the most of the irregular verbs, and conjunctions, are all, with few exceptions, Anglo-Saxon.

The objects of perception are principally named by Anglo-Saxon words, such as *sun*, *moon*, *stars*, *sky*, *water*, *sea*, *&c.*, and although the very nice and affected orator may talk of "vigorous Sol or "argentine Luna," or "the azure zenith," or the "effulgent constellation," yet the mother tongue excels, if not in

euphony, at least in force, pointedness and precision, in all that appertains to the external world, or to the varied wants of humanity.

Three of the elements are named in Anglo-Saxon phrases, viz., earth, fire, water ; also, three out of the four seasons are of the same parentage, that is, spring, summer and winter. The same may be said of all the divisions of time, such as day, night, morning, evening, twilight, noon, mid-day, mid-night, sunrise, sunset, including all the mysterious, beautiful and grand in universal, prodigal, and exuberant nature, as light, heat, cold, frost, rain, snow, hail, sleet, thunder, lightning, sea, hill, dale, wood, stream, &c., which are Saxon. Why need we enumerate all the expressive and terse words of our ancestral language? Those words which the poet loves to use—which the orator trusts to, for forcible expressions—which the historian lays under tribute with the greatest freedom, and which as the terms of every-day life, are derived from the mother tongue. What words more expressive of the strongest emotions, of the tenderest feeling, or of the more abiding sensations, than those of *father*, *mother*, *husband*, *wife*, *brother*, *sister*, *son*, *daughter*, *child*, *home*, *kindred*, *friends*, *love*, *hope*, *fear*, *sorrow*, *shame*, *tear*, *smile*, *blush*, *laugh*, *weep*, *sigh*, *groan*? The *lullaby* over our cradle-bed—the first, faint, stuttering accents, at a mother's knee—the simple and confiding prayers of happy childhood—the volubility of the tongue of boyhood, and girlhood, in the sportive games of the playground—the earnest accents of the alternately-hoping and despairing lover, and the last, sad utterance

of the dying, are generally spoken in unsophisticated Anglo-Saxon. Does a writer or a speaker wish to teach lessons of wisdom, or indulge in witty sayings, in sober proverbs, or in pungent irony, invective, satire, humor, or pleasantry? Then to be effective he must use the mother tongue in its many forms. Does he wish to pour vials of wrath, in words, upon the heads of his enemies? He does not cull out classic terms for his purpose, for they are the quintessence of politeness, but he falls back upon the "rough and ready" terms of every day life.

The vocabulary of abuse is rather voluminous in our tongue, and if we wish to be pointed and unmistakeably expressive, and impressive, we are generally very idiomatic, and vernacular, in our expressions. Were we to scold in a classic language there would be less quarrelling, fewer duels, a small list on the docket of cases of assault, and foul libel, and many-tongued, and malicious slander, would become almost as mythical, as an ancient oracle. The verbal quarrels of a Greek, or a Roman, were like a gentle breeze, in comparison to a tornado, as regards his language, and ours. Is not our energetic Saxon to blame? The hoary worthies of other days have left behind literary monuments of ill nature, but their languages are capable of meaning many bitter things, by a sort of insinuation, and sly interpretation, which the stern and outspoken English seems to scorn. What would our political writers, and such as dip their pens in gall, and wormwood, do, without a copious supply of vituperative words, which, like Canada thistles are

not only indigenous, thrifty, and aggressive, but also difficult of extirpation? How emphatic are such words as *scurrility*, *scum*, *filth*, *offscourings*, *dregs*, *dirt*, *mean*, *loathsome*, *trash*, &c.

It is to be observed, also, that while classic terms are used in a generic sense, and abstractly, yet special terms, indicating particular objects, qualities, and modes of action, are either Saxon, or derivatives from it; for example, the *movements* of the body, such as *jump*, *twist*, *hop*, *skip*, are Saxon; but *move* is Latin, *colour* is Latin, but the different colours are Saxon. *Crime* is Latin, but *robbery*, *theft*, *murder*, are Saxon. *Organ* is Greek, and *member* is Latin; but all the organs of sense, including our limbs, are Saxon. *Animal* is Latin, but *man*, *cow*, *sheep*, *calf*, *cat*, *dog*, &c., are Saxon. *Number* is both French, and Latin, but the cardinal and ordinal terms, up to one million, are Anglo-Saxon. Scientific terms are now generally either classic, pure and simple, or *Anglicized*, or form a union with the Saxon, in compound words. This wedding of the past, and present, is often very uncouth. The German language is much more conservative than ours, and, even in the arts, and sciences, it expresses nearly all technical terms in those words which are "to the manor born."

The invaders are repelled, and it is a question with us, whether the foreign languages, which have added so many words, and made such structural changes, have improved greatly the parent tongue. Philosophers, are often hobby-ridden mortals, and dogmatically furnish us a nomenclature, that is more pedantic

than useful, and which could be as forcibly, and correctly formed from home productions, as from the arbitrary terms of a foreign people. This is an invasion, which has not only been successful, but promises to continue its inroads, to the final and complete overthrow of the natives. The Anglo-Saxon was not only copious in words, in relation to the wants of those who used it, but possessed in its system of inflections, and terminal syllables, and in the ease with which it formed new compounds, from its then homogeneous elements, and power of expansion and self-development, but fully equal to all the demands of advanced knowledge, and science, and in losing its inflection and terminations, it has lost, to a great degree, its plastic power of moulding its elements into new combinations. We must not be understood, as wishing to depreciate altogether, the use of foreign words, for they have their benefits, but we should not be prepared, for the sake of pedantry, or novelty, to introduce terms, which are neither needful, nor useful, and would, if passing current extirpate English words sufficiently expressive and pointed. The philosophers of this century are running into this extreme. Sir William Hamilton, Cousin and Morell, in metaphysics, Lyell, and Agassiz in geology, and others whose names are well known, seem to ride a hobby, in newly coined words, of classical extraction, so that novices would need a glossary to interpret, not only new terms, but old ones, to which they often attach new meanings in almost every chapter, we are well aware that in science it is often difficult to procure a

Saxon, Norman, or English word, that can always communicate that fine shade of meaning necessary, especially in the exact sciences, and metaphysics, and often an Anglicized, Latin, or Greek word will meet the case. Take, for example, the words "induction" and "deduction" "talent" and "genius" "science" and "art" "human" and "humane" "judgment" and "understanding." Then if we take the words "apt" and "fit," although at first glance they seem to have the same significance, yet the former is a Latin derivative, and the latter Saxon. The first has an active sense, and the latter is passive, in its meaning. In Hamlet we have "hands *apt*, drugs *fit*," and then Wordsworth says—

> "Our hearts more *apt* to sympathize
> With heaven, our souls more *fit* for future glory."

and "feelings" and "sentiment" are often used as synonymous terms, but the former is Saxon, and the latter is Norman, or, properly speaking, Latin. Then we are very apt to show our little learning by using pretentious words, when simple ones would suffice. "Man" and "Woman" are expressive, and terse words, "lady" and "gentleman" ambiguous, and "individual" is too generic by far. "Commencement" is now like Grecian bends, and infinitesimal bonnets, very fashionable; but good, old, staid "beginning" has still a true ring about it. How would it sound to read "In the *commencement* God created the heavens, and the earth," "In the *commencement* was the word," &c. "That which was in the *commencement*, is now, and ever shall be?" Milton

does not use "commencement" in all his poems, and it is seldom to be found in Shakspeare. Let these foreigners be welcome to our hearths, but let them not cast out the legitimate members of the family.

Let them serve a long apprenticeship, before they are wedded to our loved ones. Hume scolded Gibbon because he wrote in French: "Why do you compose in French, and thus carry faggots to the wood, as Horace says to those Romans who wrote in Greek." The history of literature teaches this fact, that those prose, or poetic writers, who used their native language, and were men of genius, immortalized themselves, and their works, while their compeers, equally intellectual, and gifted, have been forgotten, because they employed a fashionable and foreign language "that perished in the using." Philosophers may ignore, in their nomenclature, the Saxon, and Norman, and simple English, but the dramatist, poet, orator, and literary writer must principally study, digest, and use, that language which lingered on the lips of Chaucer, and dropped in sweetness from his pen, and which was the life blood, in the writings of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and Wordsworth. Is it not strange that so much of the Anglo-Saxon has been preserved when we consider the assaults which have been made upon its integrity? "Look at the English," says Dr. Bosworth in his "Prolegomena;" "polluted by Danish, and Norman conquests, distorted in its genuine and noble features, by old and recent endeavours, to mould it after the French fashion, in-

vaded by a hostile force of Greek, and Latin words, threatened by increasing hosts to overwhelm the indigenous terms. In these long contests against the combined might of so many forcible enemies, the language, it is true, has lost some of its power of inversion, in the structure of sentences, the means of denoting the difference of genders, and the nice distinctions by inflection and termination; almost everyword is attacked by the spasm of the accent, and the drawing of consonants to wrong positions, yet the old English principle is not overpowered. Trampled down by the ignoble feet of strangers, its spring still retains force enough to restore itself; it lives and plays through all the veins of the language; it impregnates the innumerable strangers entering is dominions, with its temper and stains them with is colour; not unlike the Greek, which, in taking up Oriental words stripped them of their foreign costume and bid them appear as native Greeks."

However much we may love our native tongue, it would not be wise for the mere love of it, to adopt and perpetuate those words in it, which have not only lost their primitive meaning, but often have now an objectionable signification. Our modesty, however, does not yet compel us to say "limb" for "leg" "decomposition" for rottenness" "ranger of the forest" for "bull" "disagreeable effluvia" for "stench," "perspiration" for "sweat" "in a state of inebriety" for "drunk," "obliquity of vision" for cross-eyed" and non compos mentis" for "crazy," but these are words of Anglo-Saxon parentage, which by the inexorable law

of custom, and fashion, are no longer polite in some circles. These to a great extent have been supplanted by the genteel French, or the chaste Latin, and thus lose their so-called grossness, and pointed significance. Medical students have lectures delivered to them, on the most delicate subjects in Anatomy, physiology, and medical jurisprudence, yet, by the use of classical terms, nothing is said or written to shock the most sensitive taste. On the other hand, we have no sympathy with those fastidious and affected individuals, who substitute silly slang phrases, in terminable Latin, French, or Greek words, for honest English, because these may conventionally have a double meaning—the one polite and the other obscene,—for the very fact of their avoiding these expressions indicate that they are versed in the meanings which they seem to eschew. Such are *apparently* as sensitive, as the young lady, who could not bear to have the *legs* of her piano exposed to vulgar gaze, and consequently had them decently covered with nicely frilled pantalettes.

The Anglo-Saxon has a sufficient number of synonymous terms to choose from, for all practical purposes, and classical words, and quotations, require great taste and judgment to introduce them efficiently into our language, and even in such instances, the *body* can be transferred, but the *spirit* never. "There are men so perversely constituted in mind, so predestinated to be pedants, and slavish copyists, that nothing can cure them. Such men will traverse the whole circle of Greek and Roman Literature, and acquire nothing

thereby but the faculty of spoiling English. Upon such, the grace and beauty which prevade the remains of classical antiquity are utterly lost; they must transfer them bodily, and in their actual forms, or not at all. And this, they foolishly think they have done, when they have violently torn away some few tatter of phraseology,—some fragments of the language of their admired models, and grotesquely stuck them on their own pages; totally unconscious that their beauties like that of the flower plucked from its stem, wither at once by the very violence, which tears it from its place, and that there is no more resemblance between classical compositions, and such imitations, than between the wild hedge-rows, and the *noxtus siccus* of the botanist."

There is a number of "slang" phrases being continually used by the common people,and which become after a time necessarily incorporated,into the vernacular. For example, an orator who has redundancy of language, and is itching for an opportunity to "hold forth" is said, like a full pail carried by an unsteady arm, to be "slopping over:" A newly married couple are like a team "hitched up." A rascal who has by a species of acting, on his circumscribed stage, deceived, and has at last been unmasked, is said to be "played out." The fellows who fled across the lines to us during the American war, after being paid large sums for their services, had applied to them the laconic term "bounty jumpers." See that fellow puffed out with his own importance, without brains to qualify him for aught, but bedecking his person, with

gaudy trimmings,and whose swagger, and dignity, and noise are like "a heavy swell" of the sea, is not the term expressive? Do we value our truthfulness, and do not wish to confirm it by an oath, than we can say it is true "you may bet." During the American war a term was introduced, as applying to those who fled from their duty. They were said to "skedaddle." Did some classic wag Anglicize the Greek verb skedannumi, skedadzo, I scatter; put to flight. The poor unfortunate,who staggers home from the tavern, and as he makes zigzag lines, grumbling at the narrow highway, is said to be overdosed with "Tangleleg."

Not only has the Anglo-Saxon been able to hold its own against all intruders, with regard to common words, but the proper names of that tongue are still retained with slight, and almost, unavoidable changes, in central England, where the Saxons had their strongest hold. Take, for their example,many of the suffixes to local names, *borrow*, *brough*, *burgh*, *bury*, *fold*, *worth*, *ham*, *ton*, *park*; all of these terminations suggest to the reader many of the most noted places in England, and south Scotland, and all of which mean an enclosure, wall, or hedge. Ton is from the Anglo-Saxon verb *tinan*, to hedge about, *worth* is from *weorthing*, to encircle—Bosworth is an enclosed park. *Ton* also means a walled town, as Kensingston, the city of the *Kensings*, and *Sandgate*, or a sea barrier—a town in Kent—which has opposite to it in France *Sangitte*, showing a common origin. The Saxon *wick* is attached to many towns in England, such as Warwick, Norwich, Wickham and Nantwick. *Wick* means a creek or

small stream, and sometimes a hamlet. *Hurst*, *holt*, *chart*, *wold*, and such like refer to a wooded country. So that really from these names, a good insight can be obtained of the physical aspects of Central Britain, during the days of the Saxon Heptarchy, when streams, and woods, and outlets, and bays, and mountains, and promontories were, and wherein they have changed since then. All such words are enduring monuments, erected by our ancestors for practical purposes, and are still extant, almost in forms that were used twelve centuries ago, and which bid fair to be co-equal in time, with the history of the English-speaking race of whatever nationality. The English language has been a wonderful vehicle, of wonderful thought for many cycles of years, and is now in the ascendant, and destined to be the universal language of exalted human thought. To what shall compare it? It is a telescope which brings nearer to us not only the great central suns, that have shone with undying radiance thoughout the ever-revolving years of history, throwing out corruscations, that have even illumined the darkest "nooks and crannies" of the murky ages, and have shed light in unusual and brilliant scintillations of poetic glory, and intellection, upon the advancing wave of civilization, but also those lesser lights, whose glimmering have done much to add to the beauty of the firmamen t of literature, and are "forever singing as they shine."

It is a telegraph which has sent the electricity of kindred minds, in continually-augmented currents, down through succeeding generations, ending, but

not expiring, in the brilliant blaze of the 19th century. *Now* thundering in its course, like the Alpine tempest, as it pours its vengeance upon glaciers, grey crags, and stunted pines; *then* murmuring with the solemn intonation of an Æolian harp; *now* flashing a lurid flame across the darkened and darkening wave of social, political, and martial revolution; *then* emitting a solitary spark of power, as if the "vital flame", were about to expire; *now* clicking intelligence along the nerves of "Father Time"; *then* incoherently vibrating mere vitality, throughout the long years of the dark ages. Our literature is, and has been, music, which, in the thrilling strains of inspiration, or towering genius, comes down in mournful cadences, along the majestic corridors of ages, or echoing in triumphant strains, through the vista of myriad years, taking up in gleefulness, the grand oratorios, and sublime anthems of universal jubilee, filling, from time to time, intermittently, the whole earth with the rhythm, and melody, of expressed human freedom, sympathy, and love. Our language, in conjunction with its kindred tongues, has been a heart which has beat unceasingly since the time it was born in the dawn of historic day, and cradled in Grecian liberty; *now* throbbing in the whirlwind of political changes, and at every stroke of its nervous and palpitating walls, a vital stream of religious, and civil freedom has poured onwards in resistless eddies; then beating in universal sympathy with the oppressed, and sending forth, in matchless eloquence, its philippics against the despot, and in blank verse, and heroic stanzas, and Runic rhymes,

comedy, irony, satire, and fierce invective, making kings tremble, and "divinely appointed" emperors, shiver in terror, and setting by its ceaseless strokes the manacled, and the imprisoned free, who were pavilioned in the shadow of mental and spiritual bondage.

If it be true that the falling of a dew-drop, as well as the vibrations of an earthquake, and even thought, affect, by the law of action and reaction, not only earth, but the universe of substance, and matter, and that from the whisper of a lover, to the roar of the loudest thunder, there is an echo in nature's vast sounding-gallery, and that all are indelibly stamped upon the mysterious whole, and can be read by glorified spirits, and angelic hosts, as histories, and biographies of inanimate nature, how incalculably great must have been the impressions, and the mental modes, and the verbal expressions of those giant minds of whom the earth was not worthy, and whose ideas have been preserved in classic lore, leavening the whole lump of human ideality, and carrying those influences, in ever-widening circles into the spirit land! It is true, words are only arbitrary symbols of human thought, yet, every good thought has connected with it a sound that carries in its utterance, significance to others, and every evil thought has also a representative word, which, like a plague-spot, tells of corruption within. Language becomes signs, and symptoms, of the progress, or decay, of a nation. In short, experience and history teach, that a nation and its language are a duality, which stand or fall together, and if the language survives the people, and their immediate

descendants, it is only a dead language. How jealously and zealously should we guard the noble English language, from aught that would pollute it, or tend to destroy its integrity! If we have a love of country, let us indentify with it a love of our mother tongue, for let us be assured that the complete history of our race, and the entire records of our living literature, will be co-equal and co-extensive. The one may only be able to sing a requiem over the other. What does history say? Where is glorious Persepolis, and what has become of its euphonious and pure Persian?

Who can point out the ruins, or the site of regal Troy, and tell us of even the dialect of the brave Priam, and his devoted followers? Where are the languages, or dialects of Carthage and Baalbec? Even

> ——"Babylon,
> Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
> Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh
> That would lament her."

The Sphinx and the Pyramids stand almost as imperishable as the Nile, but what was the language of those who carved the one, and rolled the huge stones of the other together? Not a vestige remains.

> "Ancient Thebes; Tyre by the margin of the waves;
> Palmyra, central in the desert fell,"

but there cometh no response from their desert habitations. Athens no longer sends forth a flowing stream of pure and euphonius Greek, in her works of philosophic research, and in her poetry, rich as that which "Burning Sappho loved and sung," not only to Asia Minor and the thousand classic isles of the

Archipelago, but also "fulmin'd over Greece," with her resistless eloquence;" and even proud Corinth has no memento save that which is on the page of history. The speech of the stately, prosaic, and stoical Roman, is now only known in its literary relics, yet at one time it was the language of Empire, and law, spread by Emperor, Consul, Pro-Consul, and sturdy warriors, wherever rose the Roman eagle, and wherever waved their victorious banner. The language of the painted savages of Britain, long before the days of heroic Boadicea, is now almost a myth. The stone, iron, and bronze periods of American history, were cycles of prosperity for a mighty race: rising from barbarism to civilization, and the splendid monuments—whether the mounds of Ohio, or the wonderful structures of Central America now in ruins—are evidences of intellectual culture, not far behind that of the boasted 19th century; but where is the language of this race—their books and their written literature? Is the savage red man their descendant, or is he their victor? Who can now furl up the dark veil, and give us a glimpse into the past history of this continent? A Canadian poet has well sung:

"On on to the regions lone
The generations go;
They march along to the mingled song
Of hope and joy and woe.

"On, on to the regions lone,
For there's no tarrying here,
And the hoary past is joined at last
By all it held so dear."

The skeleton of the Mastodon or the Megatherium—the foot-prints of mammoth birds upon the petrified sands of time—the fossilized giants of the fen, or of the forest—the horrid reptiles in their rocky sepulchres, and all the remains of the untold, and half-discovered wonders of ages, and epochs, and generations, and floods, and fiery trials, which strike the thoughtful human mind with amazement, are dead tongues, and expressive and unutterable languages of what has been, but will be no more forever. In like manner shall the English language perish? Shall the rich, expressive, glowing tongue of a Chaucer, Spenser, Pope, Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Wordsworth, Longfellow, and Tennyson, become only a sad memorial of the past? It is a language, which, in its tones, speaks freedom. It knows no bounds, and is circumscribed by no barricades. It follows the footsteps of our restless race throughout the whole of the vast heritage of the Anglo-Saxon, and by incisive power, penetrates among foreign tongues, in the remotest parts of the earth. It echoes in the hills, and valleys, of the Australasian continent, trembling in the torrid breezes of Africa, and India, and in the howling tempests of polar seas—vibrating on the air of the American continent, in every city, throughout every forest, over every prairie, on every lake, in the happy homes and thoroughfares of forty millions, of our thrice-blessed and happy race. It is shouted from half the islands that beautify the face of every sea, and from half the decks of men-of-war, and merchantmen that float upon the billows. It shakes the Anglo-Saxon banner

of many hues, and of divers nationalities to the winds of heaven, "from the rising to the setting sun," and beneath its ample folds cluster that sturdy race of Norsemen, who mould public opinion, at home, and abroad, by free sentiment, free speech, free pens, free presses, indomitable energy, unbending will, love of conquest, and stubborn resistance to civil and religious wrong.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SOUL.

WE are to some extent the creatures of circumstance, and are influenced more or less by the objects of perception, because they continually obtrude themselves upon our senses, and because it requires very little effort of mind to partially understand all, that is necessary for our comforts and wants. Yet if one man more than another happens to extend his sphere of knowledge, beyond that of his fellow mortals, he has additional happiness in himself, and it is his duty and privilege, to communicate his discoveries to others. All mankind has a community of interests. Bonds, and scourgings, and imprisonments, might force from the lips of Galileo a retraction of his belief in the Copernican system of astronomy, yet, in spite of all opposition, the old man had a mental reservation of the truth which no ignominy could eradicate. Columbus would not have deserved our gratitude, if he and his crew had concealed from mortal ken their discovery. Harvey, in the midst of much opposition, declared to the world his discovery of the circulation

of the blood. Newton had "atheist" hurled spitefully at him, because he enunciated the laws of gravitation. His enemies declared he put laws,in theplace of God. He conquered, and they were confounded. Franklin caught hold of the forked lightning, which flashed athwart the darkened cloud, and said to heaven's artillery "go," and it obeyed his mandate, "come," and it carried his messages from pole to pole. Yet, he told the truth to a wondering world. Simpson revealed the glad tidings, in regard to chloroform, and suffering humanity rejoiced. Although there is so much true nobility in scientific men, and so much pleasure, in exploring new fields of investigation, yet "there is only here and there a traveller." The would-be-fashionable tourist will go in raptures, yawningly—as a matter of course—over the grandeur of the Falls of Niagara, or the Yosemite. He will descant, in a stereotyped way, onthe romantic and stern sublimity of Loch Lomond, the Alps, the Rhine, or the Andes, but there is no vibration of soul in the contemplation. The dandy, who struts the evanescent day in fashionable frivolity—in striking costume—in baubles, which "elude the grasp and vanish into air," or the young lady whose stretch of thought only compasses the latest fashions—the newest novelettes—the striking attitude, the latest schottische, or waltz, are gorgeous butterflies that dazzle in the sunshine, but cower, and disappear, in the fierce storms of life, or in the dark days, which try men's souls. The farmer, or mechanic, or merchant, whose aspirations rise no higher than the plough, the work-bench, or

the counter, is living in vain, and is only in a small degree exalted above the vegetable, or the beasts of the field, instead of being only "a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor." In our multifarious studies, and amid the harassing duties of life, comparatively few of us turn our thoughts upon ourselves "fearfully and wonderfully made.' The body, the great workshop of the soul, and the soul, the immortal essence, which gives it vitality, are to many as if they were not. How we long, instinctively, to catch a glimpse of the far beyond? Won't some indulgent spirit "blab it out?" We are fettered by a gross materialism, and are wedded to a clog, which nothing but death will sever from us. We almost envy the position of a gasping victim, in the throes of dissolution, whose face is flattened against the window panes, on the outskirts of a future eternity, as he gazes into its labyrnths in wonder, whose hands are toying with the curtains which hide the mystery of mysteries, and whose spirit is pluming its wings, for a flight into the dark unknown. What an enigma in spite of all reason, and all Revelation! We often ask ourselves puzzling questions, on the great problem of life. Has the soul no knowledge of the external world, except through the senses? We can hear without the ear. We can see without the eyes. We can taste independently of the mouth. When these organs of special sense are not used, the capabilities of the senses are enlarged. The soul takes loftier flights, in these so-called abnormal conditions. There is a

sense which I have never seen mentioned, but I have often felt its influence. Others assert that they have felt the same, when their attention has been directed to it. I shall call it the sense of *presence*. You are in a room as far as you know alone. No sound breaks the silence. No sense receives the slightest impression, and yet you *feel* the presence of some one. You are not even greatly surprised when a friend, in sport, springs suddenly into your presence, from some hidden nook. What is the medium by which you become cognizant of the fact? Does the soul ever act independently of the body, and become cognizant of external things, without the aid of sensation? Is animal life a distinct thing from the soul, and may be called spirit, and only a medium—a *tertium quid* between soul and body, which keeps sentinel watch in the body, when the soul is indulging in flights of exploration beyond its temporary habitation? Does the soul enlarge at times its faculties, and capacities, in spite of materialism? I have not space to quote remarkable instances in proof of the truth of one of these views, yet, few but must have seen, the wonders of somnambulism. In sleep, consciousness is inert. Attention is lost. We have sensation, but not reflection. A sleeping man will wink at a candle, placed near his eyelids, and still sleep on. He will throw up his hand to defend his ear from the irritation of a tickling straw, and knows it not. He can be gently jostled in bed, until he rolls in uneasiness, but he may slumber on. He dreams in a half-awakened state, and sees, and hears, in phantasy, the most outrage-

ous things, and to him they are a reality, for judgment is in chains and imagination is running riot. These dim vagaries of the brain

> "Ne'er can fold their wandering wings
> The wild unfathomable things."

In somnambulism, however, we have attention in vigorous exercise. So intensely is it exercised on one particular object, that it will rouse the will, to accomplish marvels. Here are the will, attention, memory, and sensation, in full play, and yet consciousness dormant. The eyes may be wide open, and light may fall upon the living, and sensitive retina. The image of external objects may be formed on it, but the subject sees not. The ear may still be "a sounding gallery," and the auditory nerve in tone, and vigour, but he hears not. He may be a gourmand, and an epicure, but even bitter aloes may be placed on his tongue. He will walk on housetops, on the edge of precipices, and fearlessly in places, which would make a waking man tremble. He will sing loudly, songs, and play on instruments, difficult pieces of music far beyond his powers when waking, and neither his own voice, nor the sound of the instrument, will rouse him. Why is the person thus affected, not cognizant of surrounding objects? Has the soul withdrawn from the windows? Is not the soul using the body, independently of the senses?

Many persons hold, that the somnambulistic state is controlled by a second intelligence; that is, that such lead double lives. The Archbishop of Bordeaux relates the following, concerning a young priest, which

bears out the idea: He was in the habit of writing sermons, when asleep; although a card was placed between his eyes and the note book, he continued to write vigorously. Did the history stop here, we should have a well authenticated case of vision without the aid of eyes. But the collateral circumstances show, that his writing was accomplished, not by sight, but by a most accurate representation of the object to be obtained, as will be further illustrated in our next case; for, after he had written a page requiring correction, a piece of blank paper of the exact size was substituted for his own manuscript, and on that he made the corrections, in the precise situation which they would have occupied on the original page. A very astonishing part of this is, that, which relates to his writing music in his sleeping state, which it is said he did with perfect precision. He asked for certain things, and saw and heard such things, but only such as bore directly upon the subject of his thoughts. He detected the deceit, when water was given to him in the place of brandy, which he had asked for. Finally, he knew nothing of all that had transpired when he awoke, but in his next paroxysm he remembered all accurately —and so lived a sort of double life, a phenomenon which we believe to be universal, in all the cases of somnambulism.

In Catalepsy, or Trance-waking, we have a peculiar state of mind, in which the relations of mind and body are changed. The person, externally, may appear the same, except that the faculties, and capacities, are in a more exalted state—the former more active, and the

latter, more receptive. The subject of it speaks more fluently, sings more sweetly, steps with more elasticity, and has a keener sense of the ludicrous, or pathetic. He may feel naught, but slight spasms of the body, but he loses a consciousness of past existence, in a normal condition. He remembers nothing, but what happens in this peculiar state. When he awakens he remembers nothing of what occurred when he was in this relation, and when he returns to that cataleptic state again, memory only returns to the facts relating to the last condition of trance. In fact there would seem to be two intermittent phases of consciousness, entirely distinct from one another. Some call this "two lives," which is a term scarcely correct. This state is most remarkable, and has been closely investigated for ages by intelligent, and scientific men. The ears may not hear, but the tips of the fingers may. The eyes cannot see, but the back of the head can. The mouth has no taste, but if bitter or sweet ingredients are put on the pit of the stomach, the different tastes are at once known, by the patient, although ignorant of their nature before. The perceptive powers are marvellous. Such discern objects, through mountains, walls, houses ; and distance, however far, is no impediment to their vision. Their own bodies are to them transparent as crystal, and so are the bodies of others. They can read the thoughts of others without a blunder. It matters not whether these are near, or far away. Matter, however dense, is no obstacle. Space, however boundless, has no distance. Time, far in the future, is to them an eternal now.

They have a sort of prescience, and can foretell to a certainty future events. It would seem as if the body was a telegraph office, and the clerk in charge of it, merely, animal life, and the soul was taking aerial flights, laying its telegraph lines as it went, and, quick as human thought, sending back to its head-quarters, accounts of its explorations. This is mere hypothesis, which inductive philosophy may yet substantiate. I am aware that Mesmer, Hon. Robert Boyle, and others who flourished at the beginning of this century, held to the opinion that there was a subtle fluid, analogous to electricity, or magnetism, or perhaps a modification of these, or one of them, which, in its manifestations, they called Od force. This they divided into two kinds, negative and positive ; we presume to correspond with electrical conditions. This force, they held, produced all the manifestations of mesmerism. Those under its influence, in a superabundant degree, were subject to the will of the operator. His will was theirs. His emotions influenced them. His sensations, and theirs, were merged in one. In short, the duality became a unity, by a blending of this subtle power. At the same time, if the patient was more than ordinarily effected, a trance state ensued, and feeling was lost. Cloquet, the justly celebrated French surgeon, has left on record, a case of a woman who had cancer in the breast, and who, by mesmeric influence brought to bear on her, for several days successively, fell into a death-like trance, and, had the diseased breast removed, without the least consciousness of pain, although the operation lasted twelve

minutes. The prejudice in Paris was so strong against Cloquet, that he had to discontinue such practices. The stupidity of ignorance prevailed. Since that time (1829) the operations of this subtle force have been manifested in tens of thousands, and have been taken advantage of by the devotees of humbug, to accomplish sinister purposes, and have consequently been wilfully despised by men of research, and science, although it may yet be the vestibule to an arcana of untold blessings to mankind. This Od force seems to be governed by some of the laws which operate in magnetism. Mons. Petetin caused seven persons to form a circle. Two of these held the hands of a cataleptic person, who could hear nothing, but, by the tips of the fingers. When Dr. Petetin whispered to the fingers of the most remote person, the patient heard the words, and sentences, distinctly. When a stick was made part of the circle, it was the same in results. *If a glass rod, or a silk glove intervened, the communication was destroyed.* This mysterious agency is not discommoded by distance, for as far as the patient is concerned, it is annihilated, and mind is read in all its wonderful phenomena as if it were a book printed in the largest characters. Dr. Mayo, in his work on "Popular Superstitions," tells of being at Boppard, in Prussia, as an invalid. He wrote to a friend in Paris. This friend put the letter in the hands of Alexis, a trance patient in the city, who knew nothing of Dr. Mayo, and asked him to tell what he knew about him. He told at once Dr. Mayo's age, stature, disposition, and illness. He said he was crippled, and at that

time of the day, half-past eleven, a.m., in bed. said that Dr. Mayo was living on the sea-shore. This was not correct, but the doctor delighted to go down to the banks of the Rhine, and listen to the surge of waves made by the wheels of passing steamers, as the noise reminded him forcibly of the sea waves beating on the shore. The friend told Alexis this was not true, and the patient, after a few minutes' reflection, corrected himself,and said, "I was wrong, he does not live on the sea-coast, but on the Rhine, twenty leagues from Frankfort." This influence, through some medium, call it what you will, can be exercised at great distances. In other words, two persons can have an influence potently exercised upon one another, although many miles distant. There is a current of something passing between them, so that the thoughts, feelings, or sensations of the weaker party, become temporarily subservient to the stronger. Dr. Foissac, in his able work on "Animal Magnetism," among other cases, gives the following: He was in the habit of mesmerising one Paul Villagrand, in Paris. This subject desired to return to Magnac-javal, Haute Vienne, his native place. This place was about 300 miles distant. After he left, the Dr. wrote to the young man's father, a letter, saying, "I am magnetising you, on the 2nd of July, at 5½ o'clock, p.m. I will awake you, when you have had a quarter of an hour's sleep." The father was directed to give the letter to his son. He, however, neither gave, nor did he inform him of its contents, being somewhat opposed to this—to him—sort of legerdemain. Neverthe-

less, at ten minutes before six, Paul being in the midst of his family, experienced a sensation of heat, and considerable uneasiness. His shirt was wet through, with perspiration. He wished to retire to his room ; but they detained him. In a few minutes he was entranced. In this state, he astonished the persons present, by reading, with his eyes shut, several lines of a book taken at hazard from the library, and by telling the hour, and minute, indicated by a watch, the face of which he did not see.

Dr. Mayo, while residing temporarily at Boppard, in the winter of 1846, sent a lock of hair, of one of his patients, to an American gentleman residing in Paris. The patient was unknown to anyone in the city. He took this lock to a man who was under the influence of Od force. The somnambulist said, that the hair belonged to a person, who had partial palsy of the hips, and legs, and that for another complaint he was in the habit of using a catheter. This statement was strictly true. The volume could be filled with illustrations of this kind. The prescience of such is remarkable. The extended powers of discerning occurrences, at great distances is strangely true. Mr. Williamson, who investigated these things with acumen, asked one of his patients to tell him about the moon, but the answer was, that as he approached it, the light was too bright to be tolerated. Alexis, mentioned before, was asked about the condition of the planets. He said they were inhabited, with the exception of those, which are either too near to, or too remote from, the sun. He said that the inhabitants

of the different planets are very diverse ; that the earth is best off, for that man has double the intelligence of the ruling animals, in the other planets. This may be a shrewd guess, but it may be the truth. Of all the inhabitants of this solar system, man may be the highest intelligence. Analogy, and inductive philosophy do not lay any stumbling-blocks in the way. The former does not veto a possibility, and the latter throws no doubts in the way of inferential probabilities. Sir Wm. Hamilton says, in his lectures on Metaphysics and Logic, of Waking Trance, especially of somnambulism, "that it is a phenomenon still more astonishing (than dreaming). In this singular state a person performs a series of rational actions, and those frequently of the most difficult and delicate nature, and, what is still more marvellous, with a talent to which he could make no pretensions when awake. (Ancillon, Esaias Philos. II. 161.) His memory, and reminiscences supply him with recollections of words,and things,which, perhaps, never were at his disposal in the ordinary state—he speaks more fluently a more refined language. And if we are to credit, what the evidence, on which it rests, hardly allows us to disbelieve, he has not only perception of things through other channels than the common organs of sense, but the sphere of his cognition is amplified to an extent far beyond the limits to which sensible perception is confined. This subject is one of the most perplexing in the whole compass of philosophy ; for, on the one hand, the phenomena are so remarkable, hat they cannot be believed, and yet, on the other,

they are of so unambiguous and palpable a character, and the witnesses to their reality are so numerous, so intelligent, and so high above every suspicion of deceit, that it is equally impossible to deny credit to what is attested to such ample and unexceptionable evidence." Muller, the distinguished physiologist, strongly disbelieved because he could not understand, and yet, in the "Physiology of the Senses," he says, "that the mental principle, or cause of the mental phenomena, cannot be confined to the brain, but that it exists in a latent state in every part of the organism." That accepts all that is necessary to establish the abnormal (if it can be called such) state of mind, and body, in the state referred to.

The most remarkable of all these wondrous states, is that of complete insensibility to all external impressions, however potent. The windows of the body are darkened. The curtains are drawn down, and the shutters are closed, and inertia of the material tabernacle is the result. The *ego*, however, is in full activity, and all the more so, by being partially free from the incubus of mortality. No stimulant can rouse the patient. No electric shock can stir the physical frame. The charge of the fluid may, by its influence on the nerves, produce violent muscular action, enough in the waking moments, to produce acute pain, and even imperil life, but, in this state, the soul defies the subtle *aura*. A limb may be amputated, an eye extracted, but there is no response of consciousness. There is no inhalation, nor exhalation, of air in connection with the lungs. The body, if not dis-

turbed, is motionless as a corpse. The heat of the body falls many degrees. Commonly the muscles are relaxed, as in the recently dead, and occasionally there is rigidity, as of a dead body. In epidemics, such, are often buried alive, as all physical signs indicate death. Physicians, qualified to judge, say "that this state is more frequently produced by spasmodic, and nervous illness, than by mental causes. It has followed fever, and has frequently attended parturition." The patient remembers all his ideal life, and knows that it differs from that of dreaming, in being consistent, and in never indulging in the wildest *extravaganzas*. The judgment, and attention are in active exercise, and the imagination, by these balance wheels is kept in reasonable subjection. So real are the impressions, subjectively considered, that fanatics, *under all circumstances*, believe them to be direct, positive, and admonitory revelations from God. There is intense light within, but the world without is shut off in darkness. The soul is so intent upon itself, that it has no opportunity for explorations beyond itself.

There is a modification of this state. The affected person seems in a profound sleep. The breathing and the heart's action are regular. The temperature of the body is normal, but the pupils of the eyes are insensible to light, and are distended to their utmost size, and fixed, in that position, in spite of the most intense stimulation, by means of light. I have seen numbers of such cases, especially hysterical patients. It often follows fever, and would seem as a rest for nature, and as an alternative to death. In-

tense excitement will cause it. The actings of a tragedy, whether real or histrionic, the mental tension of religious excitement, and the sudden alarms of impending danger, will produce trance coma, all of which are purely physical impressions, acting upon the brain, and being excited, secondarily, by reflex action of the mind, thus operating, mutually, on the three-fold nature of man—body, mind, and spirit. Rev. George Sanby, in his work on Mesmerism, tells that "George Fox, the celebrated father of Quakerism, at one period lay in a trance for fourteen days, and the people came to stare, and wonder at him. He had the appearance of a dead man; but his sleep was full of divine visions of beauty, and glory." There is a story told of Socrates, the philosopher, to the same effect. Being in military service in the expedition to Potidea, he is reported to have stood for twenty four hours, before the camp, rooted to the same spot, and absorbed in deep thought, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon one object, as if his soul were absent from the body. The newspapers of to-day give us information of such cases every few months, and evidenced by unimpeachable testimony of medical men. Need I say, that in the dark ages, these manifestations were supposed to be demoniacal, and witches, and wizards, were roasted forthwith. The poor unfortunates, themselves, not being able to explain the physical, and pschycological phenomena, thought themselves possessed of devils, and even acknowledged to their latest hour that such was the case. In the present day, the other extreme is reached

by many otherwise intelligent persons, and all such unusual manifestations, during religious excitement, have been traced directly to divine and spiritual influences. The affected believe, that it is such, and often become changed in life, and practice, for the better: but a student of nature sees in it all, a species of waking trance, brought about by intense attention, to fervid eloquence, or, in nervous persons, to fear for themselves, or sympathy for others.

Rev. Le Roi Sunderland, in *Zion's Watchman*, N. Y., Oct. 2nd, 1842, says :—

"I have seen persons often 'lose their strength,' as it is called, at Camp meetings, and other places of great religions excitement; and not pious people alone, but those also who were not professors of religion. I saw more than twenty affected in this way, in Ennis, Mass. Two young men, by the name of Crowell, came one day to a prayer meeting. They were quite indifferent. I conversed with them freely but they showed no signs of penitence. From the meeting they went to their shoe shops, to finish some work, before going to the meeting in the evening. On seating themselves, they were both struck perfectly stiff, I was immediately sent for, and found them sitting paralysed (that is, they were in a cataleptic, or trance state) on their benches, with their work in their hands, unable to get up, or to move at all. I have seen scores of persons, affected the same way. I have seen persons lie in this state forty-eight hours. At such times they are unable to converse, and are sometimes unconscious of what is passing around

them. At the same time, they say they are in a "happy state of mind." Others jerk around like a fish out of water, or, as if, they were kept in lively exercise by, impinging pins, or goaded to activity by the application of hot irons. These seizures happened in Kentucky and Tennessee years ago, in New York at the revivals of 1852, and in Ireland about ten years ago. So spasmodic were the actions of the affected, that in common language they were called the "jerks." The eccentric Loronzo Dow, in his journal, tells, that when he was preaching at one time in Knoxville, Tennessee, before the governor, and a large audience, these seizures commenced. "I have seen," said he, "all denominations of religion (including Quakers) exercised by 'jerks'—gentleman and lady, black and white, young and old, without exception. I passed a meetinghouse, where I observed the undergrowth had been cut down for camp meetings, and from fifty, to a hundred saplings were left for the people, who were jerked to hold by. I observed where they had held on, they had kicked up the earth, as a horse stamping flies." The Earl of Shrewsbury, in 1841, saw two *religieuses* in Italy, who lay in a cataleptic state, and were believed by the people to be lying in a sort of divine beatitude. Their devotional posture, the clasped hands, the upturned eyes, the wonderful intuitions, and the quietude, were to the ignorant, signs of heavenly illumination. Science tells another story. Others thus afflicted have paroxysms of excitement, and honestly believe themselves possessed of evil spirits. An epi-

demic of this kind swept over large districts of Europe, in the 16th century. It was called the "wolf sickness," for those influenced, thought themselves wolves, and were owned by an invisible master. Some thought themselves dogs, others fiends incarnate. Some believed their shoulders were adorned with wings, and that on broomsticks, or wooden horses they navigated the air, quickly, as thought, and thus the furore raged for centuries, from Druidessess to witches, and from fanatics to enthusiasts. Even good and conscientious men have been led away by these appearances of "something uncanny," for only in 1743 an associate Presbytery in Scotland was for renewing the fires of persecution, and moved for "the repeal of the penal statutes against witchcraft, contrary to the express laws of God, and for which a holy God may be provoked, in a way of righteous judgment, to leave those who are already ensnared to be hardened more and more, and to permit Satan to tempt and seduce others to the same wicked and dangerous snare." ("Edinburgh Review," Jan. 1847.) Mesmeric influences were brought about by these, so called witches, by friction, by induced excitement on hysterical women, (wizards were few), and by narcotics, and thus illusions, and hallucinations were produced, and at last became realities to the consciousness of the victims. Sir Walter Scott, Draper, Carpenter, De Boismont, Langlois, and others, give numerous examples of individuals, who, by a mere *act* of the will, could conjure in the imagination spectra as real to them as any tangible object, in the external world,

did not judgment, and experience, tell them of the nature of the *phantasmata*.

These are some of the phases of the human soul, spirit, and body. I may revert to the subject in a future number. We conjecture much, but we are sure of more. Mystery is enshrouding this field of exploration, but glints of light is being cast athwart the gloom. The soul is giving us evidences of its capabilities, for nobler flights, even when fettered by mortality. What will it do when emancipated from thraldom! Now, we see as "through a glass, darkly," but the effulgency of eternal day will give to the truly emancipated, the universe for a heritage, and the smiles of our Creator as the benisons, for true nobility of soul. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," but "there shall be no night there."

UNDER A CALIFORNIA TREE.

IN 1851, I started for a tramp through one of the most unfrequented parts in California, on an exploring expedition. My kit consisted of a few lbs. of flour, a piece of pork, a short-handled frying-pan, a revolver, a rifle, and a pick, shovel, and hatchet. On all sides, throughout the weary miles, were grey rocks, beautiful water-falls, myriads of flowers, strewn thickly around, as if nature had sown profusely the seeds of the flowers of all colours, and all climes. This was in January, when we have Jack Frost binding everything in Limbo, with his icy hand. As the sun set in glory, behind the Pacific range of mountains, I thought it time to look out for a camping place. A cosy nook, beside a purling brook, caught my eye, and my fancy. I gathered a few dry pine branches, and was about to apply a match to them, when I heard the bark of a dog. This excited my curiosity, and surprise, in that lonely place, and joyful at the prospect of meeting white faces, and finding a comfortable resting place, I threw down my ignited match, and started for the top of the hill. By the time I reached it, the night had become quite dark, and as I looked down into a deep valley, I saw a large Indian camp, In the centre of it was a large fire, round which about

fifty warriors were dancing a war dance. I could see the faces of those turned towards me, and observed them covered, in strips, with war paint. They had been for several months previously troublesome to the miners, who had penetrated the furthest into the mountains in search of gold, and many of them were known never to return to their comrades. Here I was, a lone man, peering into the very nest of savages, on the war-path. I feared, that the dogs, which were now barking furiously, might scent an intruder, and thought it would be a sort of discretionary valour to beat a retreat. I crept back to my prospective camp, and shouldered my "traps," making tracks backward as fast as the gullies, precipices, and darkness would permit, imagining that every rock might hide a dusky scout, and every bush might cover a sanguinary savage. At last, tired out, and feeling that I had put many miles between me and the redskins, I threw my pack down, and cutting and eating a piece of raw pork for supper, for I feared to light a fire, I stretched out my weary limbs for a rest, determined not to sleep; but "the first thing I knew, I did'nt know anything," and fell into the arms of the drowsy god. Sometime in the night, I was awakened, by a tugging at my hair. In a moment, I was on my feet, and my situation coming vividly to my recollection, I felt my scalp move on the top of my head, as if it had an intelligent presentment of its fall. With pistol in hand, I examined carefully every rock clump of bushes, and tree in my neighbourhood, for the moon was shining brightly at the time, but I

found no enemy. Pshaw! said I, to myself, it is only imagination, and with feelings of satisfaction and half annoyance, I lay down, determined to keep awake until morning, but poor, weak, tired, human nature got the mastery, and I was soon asleep. It might be I slept ten minutes, or one hour, or two hours, for sleep has no hour glass, ere I awoke, and relieved myself from the horrors of a dream, in which was mingled in one phantasmagoria, Indians, whoops, yells, gory scalps, gleaming tomahawks, blood-shot eyes, and vain efforts to escape a terrible doom, but my ease of mind was of momentary duration, for with my right hand, I grasped a human hand, cold as death, I need not say I clung to it with a death grip, and jumped savagely at my foe, determined to keep one arm from mischief at any rate. I was in that peculiar state, of part terror, part desperation, and part *savageness*, which men often feel when conscious of being in a dangerous position, and only partially awakened to a true sense of it. As I stumbled forward, I fell down into a crevice about five feet in depth, and lost my hold of the unknown hand. I was sure the enemy was about to spring upon me in my defenceless condition, and in my desperation, I made one bound to the surface, which I no sooner reached than I received a severe blow in the chest, which almost felled me. I, however, sprang forward, and was struck again; I threw my arms in front of me to grapple with my opponent, but felt nought but air, and, strange to say, I was incapable of moving a step in advance. I had never been a believer

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

THOMAS CARLYLE.

CARLYLE is no copyist. He seems to write as if determined to stamp his individuality not only on his ideas, but also on his words. Some of his newly-coined terms are passably euphonious; but, many of them are as stiff and bristly as the hair on his head, or the bristles on his chin, and as difficult of manipulation by any hand but his own. Hence his method is called "Carlylese." I do not think that this style is his hobby, and that he prides himself in being odd in it, but its uniqueness had been forced by torrents of ideas crowding upon him for utterance, or expression, and finding no words to express fine shades of meaning he invented of necessity, a vocabulary of his own. His intimate knowledge of foreign literature, especially German, gave him a facility in this respect, not often seen in English authors, and when paucity of words threatened to check the onward flow of the *facile* pen, his ingenuity came to the rescue, in some barbarism, which his paternity has stamped with transitory acceptation. Sir William Hamilton, Kant, or Cartes, and such like metaphysicians, had to resort to a nomenclature of their own, but their studies required words to express the finest shades of thought, and to prevent their followers

from pursuing a will o' the wisp, in fierce logomachy, they provided this antidote, in reducing to strict formulæ of thought, systems in which certain words had definite and unchangeable significance. Carlyle had this dogma of the schools partly in view, but, often in perfect abandon, he sported with phrases of his own creation, in playfulness, and wilfulness, and threw them off from the mental reel, as threads of discourse, most easy to spin. Paradoxes do not stagger him any more than his style, and notwithstanding these, he has received an amount of approbation which no other man of to-day would command, let his sentiments be ever so high. His defiant tone, his kick-over, without "by your leave" all conventionalities in styles,—his vigorous thrusts at "castles in the air" of moralists, philosophers, historians, and essayists,—his unsparing dissection of all humbug,—and his mixture of queer theories, startling truths, and mental oddities, command attention, from friends, onslaughts from enemies, and consequently gave followers, who swear by him, and who defend him with a vigour and heat, not at all commensurate with the struggle, nor necessary to the issue at stake. He "pitches into" Luther, Knox, and Cromwell, as vigorously and unsparingly as he would into Pio Nono, or Henry VIII. or "Napoleon the Less." Systems of religion, as such, he has no veneration for, and his love of the antique is summed up, in its usefulness to conduce to historical knowledge, or to contibute a factor in the æsthetic cultivation of man. "Truth" he puts into his crucible, and if it contains "earnestness"—all is

weil. Moral superiority only requires in its composition "sincerity" to pass the coin as genuine. Sincerity is the soul of ethics. Zeal is his greatest test for work. "The gospel of labour" and "the sacredness of work," are to him phases of religion. The man, who in proper time and place, is industrious, is so far religious. This view has been called "ravings of a self-deluded prophet." I am not sure of that, for emotion or sensation is not religion, neither is it mere sentiment, for if so, Robespierre, the monster, was a good man, because he could applaud the tragedies of Corneille, and be melted by the pathos and eloquence of Racine, and so cooly, and with a *vampirish* zest cause the guillotine to clank ominously over human heads, and decapitated bodies, and make the gutters of Paris run to overflowing with human blood. There was no active principle of good in his heart. Intelligence alone is not the shortest highway to heaven. Physical suffering, or effort, is not a passport to the skies. The unity of man in its highest development, morally, and in all its fractions, towards a vicarious sacrifice, is the keystone of the bridge which spans the fearful abyss, between God and man—the foundation stone of the temple "beautiful on the mountains," as far as divinely supported man is concerned. Work then, is one of man's duties, as much as singing hallelujahs. "Diligent in business" is, in a certain sense, worship, and not providing for the household, is not only a denial of the faith, but is worse than infidelity. In other words there is no such individual as a lazy christian, pray,

sing, and worship he ever so much. Carlyle, however, gave work too much prominence, when he said in his inaugural, on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, "work is the grand cure of all maladies, and miseries, that ever beset mankind." He is doubtless erratic in his views in ethics, but always practically right, so that I am not inclined to quarrel with him theoretically. His advice to students, he has carried out himself. "Pursue your studies in the way your conscience calls honest. Count a thing known only when it is stamped on your mind, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence. Morality as regards study is, as in all other things, the primary consideration, and overrides all others. A dishonest man cannot do anything real: and it would be greatly better, if he were tied up from doing any such thing." He gives a severe fling at the tendency of the English, and American, and let me add Canadian, "going all away into wind and tongue." He tried oratory on several occasions. In 1837 he gave a course of lectures on German literature in Willis' Rooms, London. His audiences were not large, as the subject was not then as inviting as now, since the Germanic Empire has strode into the first rank of nations. He followed those, by a course of lectures in the Marylebone Institution "on the history of European literature," and promised well as a speaker. In 1859 he gave a course of lectures on the "Revolutions of Modern Europe," a subject with which he was conversant. On the following year he delivered several

lectures on "Hero Worship." They had a pungency about them, not distasteful, and an irony and sarcasm, which were not the best certificates, to the world of poor humanity, although in them the scalpel was applied with an unsparing hand, to the body politic; they were well received, and he was urged by some of the best societies, and institutions of Britain to repeat them, but, he seemed, suddenly, to become disgusted with this method of reaching the public mind, and made his final exit from the public stage. He plunged *con amore* into literature. He was a perfect book gourmand from his earliest years. I am not sure, but occasionally, he felt all the horrors of mental dyspepsia from engorgement. He says in his address to students "you cannot, if you are going to do any decisive intellectual operation—if you are going to write a book—at least I never could—without getting decidedly made ill by it, and really you must if it is your business—and you must follow out what you are at—and it sometimes is at the expense of your health." The meaning of the sentence is plain, but its construction is *Carlylian*. In order that he might follow his literary employment with as little interruption as possible, he retired, for a time, to Craigenputtoch, a place fifteen miles north-west of Dumfries, among "granite hills and black morasses," In the preface to his translation of Goethe's "Life of Schiller," he naively tells about this retreat "In this wilderness of heath and rock," he says, "our estate stands forth, a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed and planted ground. where corn ripens,

and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat substantial dwelling; here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies which carry us everywhere, and in the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only recreation, for this nook of ours is the loveliest in Britain---six miles removed from any one likely to visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of Saint Pierre. My town friends, indeed, ascribe my journey here to a similar disposition, and forbode me no good results. But I came here solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of ground is our own; here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases us, even though Zoilus himself were to be crowned monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance, for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimar.. And have I not, too, at this moment, piled upon the table of my little library a whole cart-load of French, German, American and English Journals and periodicals, whatever

may be their worth? Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descry, about a day's journey to the West, the hill where Agricola, and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it, I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let time work. But whither am I wandering? Let me confess to you, I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion respecting it; at least, write to me again, and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to you." Many years have passed away since such warm outgushings were poured out: and Carlyle has more than realized his fondest hopes in regard to literature, and stands pre-eminently uniqne in terse, vigorous, and quaint writing. He wrote the above to his German friend, and co-labourer before the era of railroads, and before his genius became victorious; but "coming events were casting their shadows before." Like De Quincey, he never "cribbed and cabined" his ideas by scarcity of words. If the orthodox word did not trot out at the point of his pen, he coined one and stamped it as current gold. Such showed his idiosyncracies, and inventive faculty. All is instinct with life, breathed into the nostrils of his creation, by a master-spirit. In his life of Frederick the Great, we might quote from every page to prove this. Take, for example, such a sentence as this of the great Emperor at the battle of Leuthen:— "Indeed, there is in him, in those grim days, a tone as of trust in the Eternal, as of real religious piety

and faith, scarcely noticeable elsewhere in his history. His religion, and he had, in withered forms, a good deal of it, if we look well, being almost always in a strictly voiceless state —nay, ultra voiceless or voiced the wrong way, as is too well known." At the seige of Almutz, a convoy train of Prussians is attacked by Austrians in a rocky defile, and "among the tragic wrecks of this convoy there is one that still goes to our heart. A longish almost straight row of Prussian recruits stretched among the slain: what are these? These were seven hundred recruits coming up from their cantons to the wars. See how they have fought to the death, poor lads, and have honorably, on the sudden, got manumitted from the toils of life. Seven hundred of them stood to arms this morning; some sixty-five will get back to Troppau. That is the invoice account. There they may lie, with their blonde young cheeks, beautiful in death." At the battle of Zorndoff both Russians and Prussians had exhausted their ammunition, and "then began a tug of deadly massacring and wrestling, man to man, with bayonets, with butts of muskets, with hands, even with teeth, such as was never seen before. The shore of Wertzel is thick with men and horses who have tried to cross, and lie swallowed in the ooze." Frederick laid siege to Dresden all winter, and here is a picture in a few words:—"It was one of the grimmest camps in nature; the canvas roofs mere ice-plates, the tents mere sanctuaries of frost. Never did poor young Archenholtz see such industry in dragging wood-fuel, such boiling of biscuits in bro-

ken ice, such crowding round the embers to roast one side of you while the other was freezing." Here is a character of Frederick the Great in a few sentences, in speaking of his letters written to Voltaire, and others of his friends:—"The symptoms we decipher in these letters, and otherwise, are those of a man drenched in misery; but, used to his black element, unaffectedly defiant of it, or not at the pains to defy it; occupied only to do his very utmost in it, with or without success, till the end come." A sudden assault is made on the Austrians at Siptitz, and here are horrors photographed:—"It was a thing surpassed only by Dooms-day; clangerous rage of noise risen to the infinite; the boughs of the trees raining down upon you with horrid crash; the forest, with its echoes, bellowing far and near, and reverberating in universal death-peal,—comparable to the trump of doom." At this time three historic women were supposed—and rightly, too—to hold in their hands the destinies of Europe. The one was Maria Theresa of Austria, whom Frederick was robbing of her possessions; the second was the Duchess of Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV., of France, who hated Frederick with a perfect hatred, on account of a former insult, and was thus an implacable enemy: the third was Catherine II. of Russia, a sort of syren fiend, who lured to destroy, and, like her namesake, Catherine de Medicis, had no conscience, whom Carlyle calls in sarcasm "a *she*-Louis XIV.," and which was decidedly complimentary to *her*. These three women, Carlyle thinks, were the prime movers in those wars, and kept Europe in

turmoil—in fact, in a perfect maelstrom of agitation and blood." Numbers of such quotations might be given; but in all, *peculiarity*, idiocyncrasy stand forth prominently. He gathers stores of words of the most suggestive kind, and throws them together with a prodigality which would have excited, to envy, amiable and kind Dr. Johnson. At the same time, there is perfect method in this torrent of verbiage, which shows systematic writing, and his extensive erudition. "No pent up Utica contracts his powers," and no orthodoxy of style cramps his energies. In this latitude of thought does he show himself a true son of genius. No creeds terrify him; no threatened ostracism, from pseudo-critics, appal him; no shibboleth can attach him to party in church or state.

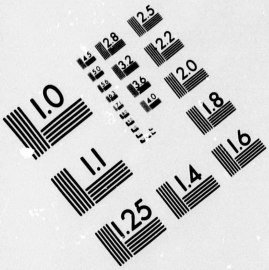
As a lover of literature he ranges its wide domains, and seeks sweet council in its sequestered nooks, as well as on the altitude of its highest mountains, hymning in rude, but sterling stanzas, songs of nature, not circumscribed by the garden-plot of a bigoted sectary, nor hedged in, by almost omnipotent public opinion. He fills, to some extent, Pascal's idea: "You tell me that such a person is a good mathematician, but I have nothing to do with mathematics; you assert of another that he understands the art of war, but I have no wish to make war upon anybody. The world is full of wants, and loves only those who can satisfy them. It is false praise to say of anyone that he is skilled in poetry, and a bad sign when he is consulted solely about verses." Carlyle was too ardent a believer in the potency of

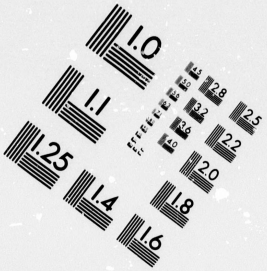
books. They were to him, *par excellence*, the principal vehicle for human thought, to permeate, and influence, and mould the masses. All other motive powers were subordinate, and secondary. Hence his statement that "the writer of a book is he not a preacher, preaching not in this parish, or that, but to all men, at all times and places? He that can write a true book, to persuade England, is not he the bishop and archbishop, the primate of England, and of all England? I many a time say, the writers of newspapers, pamphlets, poems, books—these are the real working, effective church of a modern country." Such utterances drew down on his head severe animadversions, and were styled rank heterodoxy. Are they true? Let the moralist or the christian say, (if he thinks the matter over,) which would be the worst alternative for christendom, to have all literature "wiped out," and to trust only to *viva voce* instruction, or to keep the mighty presses only, going on "true books," pamphlets and tracts, and flood the world with them? Let some country debating school decide the question. Both are mighty to influence public opinion, and both will exist in all civilized countries—co-workers in a mighty struggle of right against wrong. Yet, has not the immortal work of the mighty dreamer done more cumulative good, and will do so to latest generations, than all his preaching? The congregations of such, as he, augment, as ages roll on, through magic words, and through the witchery of the potent story. It keeps, and shall keep, young and old, rich and

poor, wise and ignorant, spell-bound by the simple and bewitching portraiture of Christian, and his family. Carlyle was not far wrong, after all, in saying "the priesthood of the writers of such books is above other priest-hoods," if influence for good is any test of Divine approval. He throws no discredit upon the sacred ministry, in its high vocation, nor under-estimates its work, and power; but its influence is augmented a thousand-fold, by the right arm of literature. The orator has slain his thousands, but the author his tens of thousands. The orator strikes the popular heart, but once in a while, and, with ebbing pulsations, the influence soon dies; but the writer, in his published efforts, returns to the assault, and if genius and mental power command the mighty phalanx, he moulds and subdues by reiteration. Carlyle believed this, and although his parents were anxious for him to study for the church (and what numbers of Scottish parents do feel the same way in regard to their sons?) yet, theological tomes, catechisms, creeds, Œcumenical councils, and hermeneutics had no charms, as such, for him. General literature delighted him; and to satisfy his insatiate greed, he eagerly studied the ancient classics, and several of the modern languages, especially the German. It is generally believed that Herr Teufelsdrockh, the character in his "Sartor Resartus," had his own experiences, only in romance, and that the honest Dutchman is Carlyle *sub rosa;* and in his college days he tells—"by instinct and happy accident, I took less to rioting,

than thinking, and reading, which latter also I was free to do. Nay, from the chaos of that library (Edinburgh), I succeeded in fishing up more books than had been known to the very keepers thereof. The foundation of a literary life was hereby laid. I leaned, on my own strength, to read fluently in almost all cultivated languages, on almost all subjects and sciences." Such being the case, he knew that his discursive tastes in reading would make him an indifferent divinity student, and with honest intent he followed the bias of his mind, and entered the more congenial walks of literature. His "Life of Schiller" was very popular in Germany, and not only received the highest encomiums from Goethe, but was translated by him, and in his preface he did the author full justice. "It is pleasant to see," said Goethe to a friend, "that the Scotch are giving up their early pedantry, and are now more in earnest and more profound. In Carlyle, I venerate most of all the spirit, and character, which lie at the foundations of his tendencies. He looks to the culture of his own nation, and, in the literary production of other countries, which he wished to make known to his contemporaries, pays less attention to art, and genius, than to the moral elevations, which can be attained through such works. Yes, the temper in which he works is always admirable. What an earnest man he is, and how he studied our German! He is almost more at home in our literature than we ourselves are." Both the works referred to, had at first to go a-begging for

publishers, and "Sartor Resartus" was at last published in "Fraser's Magazine" in 1834, by instalments; and so obtuse was the British public at this time, that it fell dead—so to speak—upon the market. It was not appreciated; but our American cousins saw its merits, and printed it in book-form. It immediately took its place with the permanent literature of the day. Three years after this he published "The French Revolution," and appended to the title his real name. This book had a moderate sale. He then sent out rapidly books, and pamphlets, on social questions, such as his "Shooting Niagara," "Past and Present," "Laterday Pamphlets." These commanded a great amount of notice. They are pointed, racy, sharp, and sometimes savage. They show no pity to shams, humbugs, and impostures. He probes to the bottom all "guano-mountains of cant and rubbish," and shows no mercy to the hypocrite, be he pseudo-saint, reformer-crier, or citizen-parasite. In 1849 he published "Oliver Cromwell's letters and speeches, with elucidations." This struck a key in the English heart; and although the author was born north of the Tweed, he sprang into more than passing notice, south of it, and was stamped, as a somebody, above mediocrity, by his countrymen, long after foreigners knew and appreciated the canny Scot. Other works of a minor nature he wrote, but his crowning labour is doubtless "The History of Frederick the Great." He trod ground, every foot of which he knew. The Teutons were national models; and





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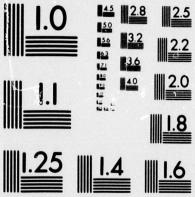

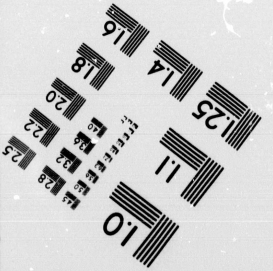

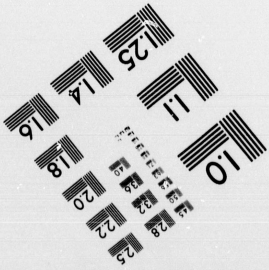

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it must be acknowledged in the light of the events of 1870, that they have striking and distinctive characteristics. It seems to me that the great blemish of this history is, his "hero-worship" of Frederick. Historians are not romancers; and if the truth must be told, the warrior Fritz was devoid of moral principle. He was treacherous to the last degree. Diplomacy, in his eyes, had no ethics, and had no virtues, except in success. His creed was that of the father to the son,—"Get potatoes honestly, if you can; but if not, at any cost *get potatoes*!" Such men as Abbot make demi-gods of such as Napoleon, or Headly will make a ripe saint of Cromwell; but we expect such abortions from "small fry." Carlyle could not possibly; in his researches, find aught but love of conquest, military glory, and the restlessness of a perturbed spirit, ill at ease with itself, the mainsprings of action in a man whose indomitable energy covered a multitude of sins. Carlyle's history shows that portraiture, and should make Fritz *not* a hero, but only a conqueror, by chance, by energy, by cunning, and by deceit. This history shows, however, wonderful research, and is written in a trenchant, quaint, and epigrammatic style.

It seems so difficult for historians to avoid a bias for some one or more of the characters, about whom they write. They seem to forget, that they sit as judges on the past, maintain a strict neutrality, sifting all evidence, and pronouncing sentence according to the evidence, be it, for the weal or woe

of friends or foes. Even genial Sir Walter Scott in histories, and romances founded thereon, must show his political proclivities, and, indeed, they crop out on every page. Frederick may have been a great military general, but, many of his most important battles were won, according to his own account, by the blundering of the enemy. He tried to rob poor Maria Theresa of her possessions, and while in close alliance with France, (two robbers eager for the spoils,) coquetted, unknown, to ally, with Austria, against his best friend, and thus was always found "faithless and faithful," for his troops endured toils, and fatigues untold, and performed prodigies of valour, to the very last, and asked no questions, as to the reason why. Carlyle's history, however, in spite of its faults, is unique. It has marvellous force, originality, and untrammelled thought, and such works of his have found, in style, many copyists, as the classic purity of the writings of Steele, Addison, Johnson, or Blair, furnished for many long years, the models of successive scribes. Carlyle has doubtless passed by his best days for he is now (Dec. 4th, 1871,) in his seventy-sixth birthday, and,for the last few years,he has seldom appeared in public, or in print. His remarkable inaugural address, at Edinburgh, will probably be his last, and as far as I know, his letter last year on German matters, has closed his career as a writer on politics. He is, however, "a worthy Scot" of whom his country may be proud, and who has entered the lists successfully, in an age, remarkable for powerful

pens, and in a country where giants in intellect have to be, to succeed, not simply chiefs, but *chiefest* among the sons of Anak. I regret that I have never cast my eyes on Carlyle, so as to be able to give of him a personal notice, but if his picture does not belie him, he is small of stature, wiry in body, with a good deal of the nervous in his constitution. His nostrils are well dilated as if he smelled battle from afar. He has bushy eye-brows, and large eyes, apparently grey, and keenly observant. His face knows no razor, and his hair points "a' the airts the wind can blaw,"—beard and locks being as bristly as a Scotch thistle. There is nothing remarkable in his physique, except, that at a glance he shows endurance, and at first his countenance would appear as that of a "dour" man, but it is only an appearance, for he possesses a great fund of humour, and is kindly withal, but has the reserve of his countrymen, with strangers, that is, a sort of "canniness." The following, going the rounds of the papers is characteristic, whether true, or not:

A fresh and good thing of Carlyle's.—Travelling north during the past summer in a cart, comfortably with aristocratic travelling company, the conversation turned upon Darwin and his theory. The ladies argued the "pros" and "cons" in a womanly manner, looking to Mr. Carlyle for approval. He gave every "faire ladye" the same kindly nod and smile, no doubt remembering Josh. Billing's saying, "Wooman's inflooence is powerful—espechila when she wants enny thing." One of the party, after she had given out, said: "What do you think, Mr. Carlyle?" His cool reply was, "Ladies you have left nothing to be said." Oh, yes; but what is your opinion? You have not given us that." Carlyle was

too far north to be sold. His witty reply was, "For myself I am disposed to take the words of the Psalmist, 'Man was made a little lower than the angels."

So is the letter to Thomas Hughes, M.P., on being requested to contribute a copy of his works to a library, forming in Chicago since the fire:

No. 5 CHEYENE ROW, Chelsea,
Nov. 12, 1871,

DEAR HUGHES:—

Forgive me that I have not sooner answered your friendly, cheery, and altogether pleasant little note. I suppose Burgess would have told you my objections to the project; that it seemed to me superfluous, not practicably by the methods he proposed (for the gifts of all the books of living authors will go for very little in such an enterprise) and, third and worst, that it wore on the face of it a visible pick-thank kind of character—a thing greatly to be avoided, both in Chicago and here!

These objections do not vanish on reflection, but on the contrary gather weight. Nevertheless, if you and the literary world feel nothing of the like and the project does take fire and go on, it continues certain that my poor contribution of a copy of my books shall not by any means be wanting.

Believe me alway, yours, with many regards

T. CARLYLE.

WHAT WAS IT?

IT was a terrible night of storm, that 17th of November, 1857, as I was toasting my toes, before a peat fire in the parish of Cabrach, Scotland. The Deveron was pouring down dark floods of seething waters from the mountains. The wind rattled at the windows as if it would be in, and sang as it eddied round the corners, and down the wide "lum," a dirge over the departed glories of summer. A "dour" night had settled down on the hills, and there seemed a sullen determination, in the storm, to hold —for one night at least—high revelry. Peal after peal of thunder ever and anon reverberated down the valley, and over the mountains, with an intensity of sound, I had not heard excelled,except on the Andes, in Central America.

McPhail, an old man of seventy years sat on the other side of the "ingle," awe struck and pale. As the tempest moderated, he said: "This fearful storm reminds me of the night of 'Black McPherson,' in 1812."

I urged him to give me the particulars to which he referred, and they were as follows:—

"During the latter part of the Napoleonic wars, men were scarce for soldiers in Britain. The Ameri-

can war of 1812, and the wars raging on the Continent of Europe, in which Britain was embroiled, drained the surplus male population of the British Isles. The press-gang was brought into requisition. Those who were not found with some implement of industry in their hands, belonging to their masters, or to themselves, were seized, and forced into the army or navy. Oftentimes an ambush was laid at church doors, and as the congregation filed out from the house of God, all the able-bodied men were suddenly, and ruthlessly, dragged away from their families, probably never to see them more. A reign of terror prevailed everywhere; and servants, fearing every bush, and dyke, and ditch, lest it hid a soldier, carried implements of labor in their hands, to their meals, and even to their beds, fearing to be taken unawares.

To the Highlands of Banffshire and Inverness, a Captain McPherson was sent, by Government, to recruit the Highland regiments abroad, by fair or foul means. He was nicknamed "Black McPherson;" but, whether this name was given to him, from being of a dark and forbidding appearance, or from his cruelty and ferocity in the unpopular work in which he was engaged, it is impossible at present to tell. Although he was a native of Strathspey, and a brave man withal, yet he was followed everywhere by execrations from old and young. The remaining *posse* of men, he brought with him, was composed of kindred spirits, and spared no fit man, upon whom their hands fell. They knew nothing but military obedience, and duty, in all their inflexible exactitude.

A widow with an only son, her sole support in her declining years, resided at this time in the parish of Knockando, near the well-known ferry on the river Spey, which crosses over to Inveravon. He was at work in the latter parish, but stealthily went over on Sabbath evenings to visit his aged mother. On one of these evenings as he was returning home to his work, his mother accompanied him to the ferry, and saw him safely across the river. To her horror, no sooner had he stepped on land than four men, headed by the Black Captain, sprang from behind the boat-house, and commenced dragging David Strachan away. The widow fell upon her knees, and, in heart-rending cries, implored the Captain to release her only stay, and support, in her declining years. She was only answered with curses. Frantic with the commingled passions of rage, and grief, and seeing that the stern man was inexorable and deaf to all entreaty, and dead to all the redeeming feelings of our common humanity, the widow became beside herself in agony, and with uplifted hands, to high heaven, poured forth fearful imprecations and maledictions on the head of the offending man.

"May a blessed ray of happiness or hope never dispel the darkness from your perjured soul," said she. "May the bitter pangs of a guilty conscience be yours through life, in death, and during eternity. May a curse blacker than that branded on the brow of Cain, and more hopeless than that burned by God's avenging finger on the faces of the fallen angels, fall upon you, and to your lot, ceaselessly and unre-

mittingly. May the Prince of Darkness, of whom you are a faithful transcript, claim this base part of his heritage, in this world, and doom you unshriven to black despair, and endless torment. Amen, and amen."

Alarmed at her own vehemence, and at the fearful utterances, which seemed like prophecy, she fell powerless and grief-stricken to the ground; while a cry of bitter irony, from the lips of the hard-hearted man, was the only reply

Years passed away, and in the excitement of the times the scene of that Sabbath evening was almost forgotten. The son's bones festered, whitened, and rotted on the field of Waterloo; while "The Immortal" was a putrescent corpse, in all earthly, on Rocky St. Helena. The widow died broken-hearted, and was buried by the parish. McPherson returned to his native glen—not now dreaded as of yore, with his trained bands, but wealthy from, it was said, not only foreign booty, but also from the bounties paid for the capture of his countrymen, as recruits, for the consumption of the battle-field. He had money, drove fast horses, kept hounds, boasted of numerous retainers, and held high revelry with his friends, in whose eyes riches covered a multitude of sins.

The second year of his retirement from the army he was out with a few friends hunting in the forest of Glenfiddich. A "bothy" had been erected in a sequestered glen, for the shelter of his company, during the sojourn on the hills. One of his trusty servants was sent forward, as night began to fall, to pre-

pare supper for the hunters. He related afterwards, that, as he was thus engaged, strange noises were heard in, and around the house. He was so frightened that he went several times to the door to effect his escape, but a large black hound barred his exit. At last, the arrival of the party allayed his fears; after inquiry from his fellow-servants, he found out that they had neither seen nor heard anything unusual, and he at last supposed himself the subject of a strong imagination.

While at supper, a sharp and powerful knock was heard at the door, so imperative in its reiteration, in that lone place, and at that unusual hour, as to startle the stoutest of the party. Another servant was sent by the captain to the door, to answer the noisy summons. He soon returned, with a message from the visitor for the attendance of McPherson at the door. With a growl of dissatisfaction, the captain obeyed; and after a few words had passed between the parties, they withdrew from the door, closing it after them. The supper was ended; but yet the murmur of voices could be heard, as if the parties were in earnest conversation. This strange acting renewed the curiosity of the first servant, and on a frivolous excuse, he went into a small entrance, into which the outer door could swing. In peeping through the key-hole, he saw, in the dim moonlight, a tall man in dark clothing, and at his heels two black hounds. The stranger was laying down, in a peremptory manner, some rule of action, in regard to which the captain expostulated. The stranger was

inexorable; but the only words the servant could understand were, "I'll be here this day twelve-months with them, *for me*," said the captain; and with that the man and his dogs disappeared in the darkness, down in the glen.

The servant had no sooner resumed his seat in the corner, by the peat fire, than McPherson entered pale, but calm. He put on an air of jollity, and seemed to out do himself with convivialty. The *usquebaugh*, which was passed freely round, had doubtless a good deal to do with his hilarity.

"A friend of mine, on urgent business, was forced to drive to the hills to see me to-night, and was compelled to return immediately," said he.

This satisfied all but Davie, whose fears and suspicions were now fully roused, but who was determined keep his own council.

The night passed away, with drinking and speeches, toasts and songs, until the near approach of a Scottish morning, and then the weary Bacchanals sought repose. The hunt was renewed next day with additional zest, and next night found them all at their "ain firesides."

Another year had almost rolled round, when a grand hunt was proposed by McPherson. The preparations were extensive, and invitations were sent, so numerous, as to excite wonder in the whole country side. David was the only man, except the captain, who felt uneasy as the day drew near. He got nervous, and he saw his master was no better in that respect.

The morning arrived—hot, and sultry, and fair, and

with it crowds of horsesmen, hounds and gillies. Loud laughter, jests, snatches of song, and shrill whistles filled the hills and valleys with echoes far and near.

Away the gay cavalcade rode until the sun had climbed high in the heavens, when a dark and portentious cloud appeared in the horizon. A number of the more nervous turned back to the nearest dwellings, and Davie, with shaking knees, told his master, that one of the best hunting hounds had inadvertently been locked up in the kennel. His master sent him back for it, while the remainder of the party made rapid strides for the "bothy" of last year. Davie loosened the hound, on his return, from a bondage he had accomplished intentionally, so as to have a valid excuse to return, and fled the neighborhood.

Such a night of storm, of lightning, and of thunder was never known in that country. The heavens and the earth seemed to be rending asunder, and all things being hurled into primal chaos. The harvests were spoiled, and the tempest hurled into the red earth all standing grain. It seemed as if a second deluge was coming, from the opened windows of heaven, upon the stricken earth.

The morning opened cheerfully and serenely,—but not one of that devoted band ever returned alive. The people were alarmed, and gathered in large numbers in the mountains, and the site of the cabin was found,—but not one stone of it was left upon another. The bodies of mutilated men, and dogs were found near it, in the most grotesque and horrible

shapes ; but the men could not have been known except for the clothing.

McPherson was found about fifty yards away from the foundation, stripped of all clothing, but that on one leg. The flesh seemed scorched upon his bones, and in the shrivelled face, and obliterated eyes, and singed locks, none could see a vestige of " Black McPherson."

What was it ? Was the widow's prayer answered ? Did Satan come to claim his own, and was the "for me" a peace offering to the Prince of Darkness, in the oblation of the flower of the country's side ? Or is it explained from natural causes, and all the effect of a terrific thunderstorm, whose electric power was seen in the destruction of the cabin, and all living in its embrace ? My narrator believed strongly in the former explanation, and as I knew it would be "love's labour lost," to try to convince him to the contrary, I sought my bed, and dreamed of horrible things happening to me, by the hands of Diabolus, or his imps, and awoke glad that his satanic majesty was not thus employed on my corpus, nor toying *ad libitum* with my immortal essence.

A NIGHT OF TERRORS.

IT was customary, about twenty years ago, in Highland districts, to carry the bodies of deceased persons on bearers of wood, instead of on wheeled vehicles. This was necessary in many places on account of the rocky and precipious character of the roads. The bearers were usually kept in the church or vestry for convenience.

It was a clear frosty October day, in the year 1839, when John McLeod, the parish school master of Tomintoul, died. He had taught, and flogged, and scolded the growing urchins of that locality for nearly half a century, and many of his early pupils had distinguished themselves in the navy, and on bloody battle-fields, in the forum, and among the literati of their country. Would that I could wax eloquent on their behalf! His dominical sway was benignant and patriarchal, and there was always a radiancy of graciousness about his countenance which cheered the falterer toiling up the hill of science, but as yet, not far from its foot. Well, his race was run, and his coffined body must be hid from sight. James Murdock, his assistant and successor, was deputed to go over to the "Auld Kirk" for the bearers. His eagerness to go was explained by the gossips at the

wake, who stoutly asserted he was sure to pay a visit to the manse near by, and have a short *tete a tete* with Flora, the minister's daughter. He sped on his way and mission with all the alacrity of one whose breast was filled with 'love's young hopes.' Night overtook him on the hills, but the full moon was high in the heavens, and benignantly shed silvery pencils of glory over the heathy slopes of the looming mountains, and along the scarcely beaten track on which he trod. When he reached the minister's house, he saw a light shining through the sitting-room window, and curiosity getting the better of his sense of propriety, he peeped through the lattice, and saw Flora stitching swiftly one of the white collars which he so often admired upon her snowy neck. A gentle tap brought her to the door. It is not our intention to chronicle the sayings of the lovers, for who wishes such love scenes depicted to the *ignobile vulgus*? The hours of night were fast wearing away, and the "wee short 'oor ayont the twal,"—which some body sings about—was numbered with the past, when he was found scrambling over the stone wall, which separated the garden of the manse from the graveyard, in which stood a spectre white. (These gentry never appear in any other color, for some good reason of their own.) It appeared to him of monstrous dimensions and of uncouth appearance. It moved and moaned and sighed in apparent unquiet, so that it could not be a white monument made grotesque by the light of the moon. Superstitious by inheritance, his blood froze within him at the

sight, for all the ghosts, wraiths, dead-candles, and horrid apparitions, nestling in some nook or cranny of his brain, came vividly to his remembrance; and here was a living evidence of their existence, for what else could it be? Sliding back over the wall, he hastened to Flora, and told the wonderful tale, with shaking knees, dilated eyes, and fierce gesticulation.

"Now, Murdock," said the tidy maid "what a silly 'gouk' you are, to be sure, it is only my father's white horse, which has jumped the stiles to feed in the yard."

Murdock, ashamed of his cowardice, especially at such a time, mustered courage to march with firm steps towards the author of his fears, yet, he had been startled, and his nerves had not fully received their *quietus*. He was now among the dead, and with the living—horse. It was haunted ground. Here was the mound of McTavish, the miser, who drove his only daughter from his door, because he begrudged her the food she ate and the room she occupied, and afterwards froze himself to death, for want of fuel to warm his shrivelled limbs. There lay the bones of Urquehart, of violent temper, who, in blind frenzy, plunged a dirk into the side of his best friend, and then capped the climax by hanging himself. Here reposed poor Nellie, who died ruined, forsaken, and broken-hearted, because of the ruthlessness of a perjured villain. There slept—it is presumed—Baillie Ruthven, who treasured up riches by extortion and deceit, but now his children have squandered

them, and all that remains of him on earth are a few pounds of unctuous earth ;—Enough !—but over him stands a splendid monument of Peterhead granite, as hard as had been his own heart, and on it a lie for an epitaph. Here lies saintly Munro, or rather his remains, but his hymnal chorus of adoration is now echoing in celestial courts. Each green mound had a history, either real or mythical, and Murdock had heard of the tortured spirits of those departed, periodically haunting the scenes of their earthly sepulture. He believed that such was the case, and while he cogitated, his fears increased. Diabolus was always supposed to be lurking near churches and impregnating the air with satanic influences. He made his way to the church door, and finding it open, he entered. The bearers had been left near the pulpit, and Murdock determined to make a rush for the spot, and retreat as quickly as possible. He gathered up one coat tail under each arm, and fixed his blue bonnet firmly upon the top of his head, and then made the grand charge along one of the aisles. But alas ! for all his plans and hopes, the enemy had him in his clutches, and apparently his hour of doom had come. He felt a painful constriction round the throat, which was fast suffocating him, but he was determined not to fall into the hands of the Evil One without a struggle ; yet, like the bewildered traveller in a morass, the more he struggled the more his difficulties increased, and the tighter the grip became. He beat the air with his hands, and stamped the floor with his feet. He gurgled

forth short prayers with gasping emphasis, intermingled with the creed,and snatches from the shorter catechism, with now and then ejaculations, which seemed second cousins to profanation. His objurations seemed of no avail. for strangulation by the relentless and untiring fingers of his adversary was increasing in intensity every moment. He made a rush for the door, as he supposed, but blind with terror he had lost his longitude and latitude. No matter, any way out of the church, by window, vestry, or door would be acceptable. Over the pews and seats he went—now floundering on the floor between them, and, anon perched on the top of them in vain attempts to gain his equilibrium, for his unseen enemy had entangled his legs and arms in the meshes of this terribly mysterious agency. He was partially bound hand and foot. Wherever he plunged a bloody trail was left behind. The bonnet was gone, the coat and nether garments,

> "Like tattered sail
> Flung their fragments to the gale."

He attempted to scream but fatigue and a tightened throat forbade it. To add to his terror, his adversary leaped upon his head, and scourged his face and body with merciless blows. These fell fast and furious, accompanied by unearthly screams, appalling enough to awaken the seven, or seventy and seven sleepers. The thought came up to his mind, whether it would not be better to come to terms and capitulate on conditions to the Enemy of souls, by

the barter of his body and soul, for his release from thraldom, rather than be immolated at once, and never see Flora again. He called upon the Prince of Darkness to release him and he would be his abject slave forever. He would seal such a contract with his blood, only liberate him now; but no response except blows without stint, came from his Satanic Highness. The battle of life and death continued foul and fierce, and yet no truce was sounded by the enemy. In sheer desperation, Murdock made for a small glimmer of light, which met his eye, and which happened to be a gothic window. He plunged at it, and through it, on to the green sward outside, as a storm-tossed mariner steers for the streaming light from afar, which to him is a beacon of hope. A woe-begone creature told his "horrible tale" to an awe-stricken assembly, at the house of the dead, and a *posse comitatus* was formed of all the "braves" of the vicinity to 'beard the lion in his den' and exorcise him with cudgels, instead of with "book and candle." With slow steps, and bated breath, and dilated eyes, the crowd surrounded the church, and as the day dawned a goose, with broken legs, and a cord fastened to one of them, was found dangling from the window. The minister's wife had tethered the fowl in the church-yard, and as the door had been left open, it had found its way into the church, and sitting on one of the pews its cord had become entangled about Murdock's neck, and in the struggle he had wound it round his legs and arms, until the poor animal was dragged upon the top of his head, and

in its fight for liberty, had beat him with its wings. Murdock fled the country for Canada, in very shame, and saw Flora no more. If this true tale meets his eye, we expect to be "called out," but we have provided pistols for *two* and wine for *one*. As poor Artemus would say "let him appoint the day for his funeral, and the corpse shall be ready."

"AULD LANG SYNE."

WE often hear the Pilgrim Fathers extolled, and relic worshippers go into ecstacy over a bit of prominent stone, on an iron-bound coast, called Plymouth Rock. The fact is, these wanderers had nowhere else to lay their heads, and, therefore, a virtue was made of a necessity. The poor pilgrims had the choice of being persecuted, hung, gibbeted, or burned, as an alternative to coming to America, and I think the choice could soon be made. But when they landed, and went to work,—not in enacting "Blue" Laws, which smelt brimstone, nor in burning trance-wakers, or hysterical women for witches,—then heroism had its more perfect exploits. The stroke of the first axe, made by unskilful but willing arms, was the aggressive effort of a coming conqueror, and the clearing of the way for Westward Empire. It was the knell of the bell of civilization over a doomed barbarism; and to this day the sound of the woodman's axe, in the tangled forest, speaks of victory, and aggression continuously persistent, on the skirmish line of an advancing mighty host. We have often odd ceremonies at the laying of the foundation stone of some stately edifice, or some public work; but no imposing ritual (except the

dignity of honest labor and earnest endeavour can be called such,) gave the initiatory impulse towards laying the deep and broad foundations, of Anglo-Saxon dominion, in America. The old log-houses, fast passing away, have a charm for me. The sight of them conjure up in my mind myriad memories of the past. There is the commanding knoll, with splendid beeches and maples, the work of centuries, adorning the highest point of the undulating prominence. As the rustling leaves, in autumn, glided obliquely downward, and performed strange gyrations in the air, as the gusty winds howled in savagery the requiem of the departing year, I gathered the pyramidal beech-nuts—it might be—in nooks or crannies of the ground, or being rocked gently in the curled-up corners of sere-leafed cradles, or partially buried in the clefts of dead trees, or having refuge in the mould of decomposing vegetation. The merciless axe, like an invading foe, swept over the hill, and the fire finished the work of ages, leaving nought behind but smoking ruins and smouldering ashes. The Nor'land wind, so often heard in the tree-tops, but never felt, now remorselessly blew over the denuded hill, and rage at the cruel spoiler filled my juvenile bosom. Groups of men came, one bright spring morning, and stood, and looked, and studied, and measured, as if a second Rome was to be laid out. Logs accumulated round this focus of coming greatness; and on a Friday morning the foundations of the representative log-house were laid in the midst of shouts, oxen, dogs, and christenings, with deep libations of whiskey.

A jacketed urchin sat, on a peeled bass-wood log, gazing in wonderment, as notched ends were joined, and the fabric grew up to the rafters, and roof of hollow logs, having the chinked holes plastered with primitive mortar, made from the red clay in the bank down by the brook. For chairs, logs were split in two, placed with the flat sides upwards, and the legs protruding from one to four inches upwards, to keep us from sliding off. There were no backs to these seats, and strange to say, no permanent curvatures of the spines of the occupants followed. The stick fire-place, with its alternate layers of mud and timber—the buck-skin door-opener with its huge cross-bar—the rude windows, rejoicing in four lights, fastened with shingle nails—the floor, with its huge rents, the sad traps for many bare and pattering feet, the cob-webbed rafters, smoky, sooty, and festooned with gossamer adornments of sable hue, and the merry, riotous mice gambolling on roof, rafters, and logs, holding high revelry over stray crumbs of mince-pie, Johnny-cake, and dainty biscuits, perched on primitive shelves along the walls. And then, such a capacious fire-place,—none of your "cabined and cribbed" dainty "ingles," but wide enough to roast an ox. The stove abominations were as rare as the plague. Whoever thinks of calling a stove "our ain fire-side?" Black, ugly, sickening, sultry, and *head achative* is its history. A cold blast of the breath of sullen Boreas in our faces, drives us to it, but we can't be cheery near it. The rollicking, jolly company the ruddy cheeks, the brimful of fun, the shining

faces have no abiding place around a stove. The "pale faces" are its presiding deities, and its victims can be counted by tens of thousands; but the heat of a fire-place is wholesome. We feel its exhilarating effects in every inhalation. It is fresh and spiritual, for it is a diffusible stimulant. The room where the wide and deep chimney stands has no foul, pestiferous vapors lingering within its precincts, and no "blues" afflicting humanity, near its cleanly swept hearth. The stove in its heated blackness, produces sleepiness, fretfulness, and hence domestic scenes of hot strife; and the sable, uncouth fire-fiend is, if not the cause, the occasion of it. I believe such changes of domestic arrangement affect the patriotism of a people. The thoughts of a cheery home brace up the heart, and nerve the arm. We are ready to fight for our "altars and hearths," but stoves have no hearths worth fighting for, and it takes the poetry out of the thing to speak of "getting our backs up" about our altars and our stoves. The associations of a family circle gathered around a roaring fire, in winter, are potent for good. The harmless jests of the teened youngsters—the tales of scenes, on flood and field, of the white-haired sire or matron, so intensely real, as to make the listeners cower in mortal terror, even at the chirp of a mouse—the popping of nuts, and their sudden collisions, or divorces, suggestive of life's episodes—the dreamy gaze into glowing coals, and the "bigging castles in the air," seeing towers, minarets, gorgeous halls peopled with soldiers in scarlet, or weird beings in gossamer

garments, with "world's wombling up and down, bleezing in a flare," and then being brought back to the real, by a punch in the ribs, of the most vigorous kind, from a fun-loving member of the group, are panoramas not to be forgotten A cheering sight it is to peer through the window of an old-fashioned log cabin, in a wintry night, on such a circle, near Christmas time. It may be a re-union of the family. The big black-log lies like a sleeping giant in the back-ground, with a fiery, red abdomen, prominent and rotund. The forestick crackles, sputters, and shoots in sportive glee, its scintillations up the wide-mouthed chimney, or impudently on the laps of the watchers. The well-polished and brass-headed and-irons patiently suffer, year after year, their hot and hissing loads. The tongues of flame, like coy maidens, come up intermittently and bashfully retire ; each lambent spire becoming more daring than its predecessor, always hungry and devouring as a Theban sphinx, first licking up the palatable combustibles of the centre, and then savagely attacking, with a withering fire, the enemy in front and rear. Like a victorious army, they march triumphantly onward, bringing up reserves, until sparks, smoke, fuel, and laughing groups disappear in the darkness. I used to watch, with great interest an "auld Auntie Kate," in an old arm chair, smoking a short clay pipe, black and strong. Its receptacle when not in use, was a worn out cavity in the wall of the chimney. She would put her right elbow on the arm of the chair, and seize, daintily, the "nib" of the bowl between the

forefinger and thumb. I see her yet, in memory, as the eyes are dreamily gazing, as if they gazed not, into the fiery embers. Puff, puff, mechanically goes the white curling smoke over her clean and well-starched "mutch," in fantastic columns, pyramids, and canopies; but other scenes, other days, and other figures, than those I conjured up, were in her day dreams. Nothing but a fireside could be an appropriate background to the picture, which would have but a Wilkie or a Hogarth, full of thoughts of domestic and street scenes, into ecstacy. The walls were adorned with the trophies of the chase, and with well-burnished implements of culinary use. The bedsteads knew not the turners' nor carvers' art. The wind, in dancing weird reels down the yawning mouth of the chimney, made as doleful music as the wizard's dying song. But no happier days could be seen in lordly halls, or courtly palaces, than in the cabin, and its blazing ruddy light of home. Uncle John never could argue on points of theology unless he had the giant tongs in his hand, wheeling them in the ashes, first on one leg and then on another; and as each section made its circle, you would almost see the arguments laid down one by one, in the furrow; but when he nailed his antagonist with some potent argument, down came the biped instrument with a thud on the forestick, which made the sparks fly in all directions, like routed enemies. Women (forgive the good old English word) may show off their figures and graceful steps in the mazes of the giddy dance; but the good old fireplace was an excellent training school for those of "thirty years

ago." How nice the foot and ancle were set off near it, say, cooking a dinner! (Of course, that is not now-a-days the work of *ladies*.) What ingenuity was necessary to take from the pendant chain, or swinging crane, the boiling potatoes, laughing all over, or the bubbling soup, with savory smell, or the singing and sputtering mush or porridge! What dexterity was needed, in handling the rotund "spider" or the long stemmed frying-pan, with its striated sections of pork, lying in military order, or with venison, which some juvenile Nimrod had shot in the woods, as the fruits of such future exploits, and which filled "*but* and *ben*" with its inviting perfume—I had almost wrote aroma! How deftly was the knife wielded to turn the browned morsels, and not even a slight of hand actor could turn such a complete somersault of pancakes, by edging them skilfully upon the rim of the pan; and then by a throw—a forward jerk, and a backward catch—presto! the feat is done. It looked so easily accomplished, I challenged a trial—result; a flabby, sticky pancake, seeking a north-west passage in an angle of the chimney, and by sheer gravitation burying itself in the hot ashes, a sad warning to confident amateurs. The stove has economic advantages, but cheerfulness and health are not ingredients in the sum total. No one, unless running over with music, feels full of song over a stove. We may have exuberance from a reservoir of joy filled elsewhere. Go from its sable sides, in an autumn morning, and sniff the fresh air, and listen to the song of universal nature, and you feel intuitively like joining

the chorus. Go from a hot and sickening room where no firelight is seen, and where the air is surcharged with thrice-heated air, into the cheering presence of a roaring fire, and no thermometer could rise quicker than do your spirits under its genial influence. These veteran houses never were cursed with modern bedrooms. They might be small, but that was compensated for, by their breezy character. A stray snowflake might court destruction by sailing through a chink, or the spray from the rain-drop might dash upon the unturned faces of sleepers, but no pent up "dust and disease" could loiter long with "malice aforethought" in such an atmosphere. In well settled parts of Canada what a contrast! Septimus Jinks, Esq. is wealthy, and rejoices in a fine mansion. It is full of bedrooms of the seven feet by eight feet style. The bed is in one corner, the wash-stand occupies another, and a solitary chair is perched in another of the angles, with a dressing-table in the residue nook. The light is blown out, and you creep round the foot of the bed, lest the half-opened door slyly edges itself between your outstretched arms, and impinges unceremoniously on the end of your nose. You make a flank movement by the side of the bed, but if you are out of Scylla, you are stranded high on Charybdis, with abraded shins or bruised toes, or cracked knuckles. A beautiful dungeon it is. The window—a solitary sentinel of light—is, in the first place, covered with paper blinds adorned with paintings of a high style of art, in the centre. One may be some lonely castle about to

fall to pieces into a placid lake, covered with monstrous fowls, second cousins to those which left the imprint of mammoth feet upon the petrified sands of time, and surrounded by rocks of approved pattern. Another is often a lonely milk-maid and a tender lamb; the former not at all fashionable in dress, and seems to be seeking a lover, or a "babbling brook." Often she appears as one,

> "Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
> Musing on him, that used to fill it for her
> Hears, and hears not, and lets it overflow."

These, and sundries like these, seemed to my youthful fancy wonderful works of art. After the paper blinds, those models of perspective skill, come the cloth ones, then damask on the one side, and lace on the other, or both in duplicate. On the outside are green Venetian blinds, and all, to ornament or keep the blessed light out, and the dampness in. The bed is unique, so high, so new, so white, so soft, so clean, so downy, so mountainous, so needle-worked, and so musty. It may be the best furnished room in the house, but the doors of this miniature Bastile are kept constantly closed, except on state occasions. Then bonnets, and gloves, and muffs, and spare babies are deposited *pro tem*, on this decayed and decaying mountain of feathers. It may have had no other occupant for weeks. The walls ooze moisture. The windows condense watery tears. The bed-clothes imbibe the general contagion—dampness. No such pest-room could be found in the cabins and log-houses of the first settlers, but advancing civilization continues to

keep, in fine houses, deadly miasma, and keep out the air, heat, and light of heaven. Can the elderly reader think of an old-fashioned log-house, and by the law of association, not conjure up in the imagination the two oxen, Buck and Bright, also pioneers, in the dense wilderness? They were a queer representative couple, and seemed to appreciate each other's good qualities, and were well acquainted with each other's habits. Buck was of a metaphysicial turn of mind. In chewing his cud, with his nose over the gate, he was always in a contemplative mood, and the dreamy eye showed a reverie, if not consecutive, at least profound. He had not a "crumbled horn," but in a Waterloo of former days, he had been disarmed of part of the left one, and the other had been twisted in a fantastic way, on the field of Mars, until its point was in close proximity to an eye always watery, and seemingly in deep grief because of some bereavement. The other eye was bright in comparison, and had a roguish wink and twinkle about it, as if, it had in its counterpart—its mind's eye—some practical joke in store. He was no believer in the conduct of an historic namesake, who was said to have starved to death between two bundles of hay of equal size and appearance, because, being guided solely by motives, and these being equally and exactly powerful, he could not move towards either, and heroically died. Buck, under such circumstances, would have showed a creditable spontaneousness of will, and could have made decisions at once. It was only on such occasions, he showed unusual activity. About noon, or

evening, he seemed to cast a leer up from the watery eye to "old Sol," as if taking the sun, and wondering at the tardiness of his chariot wheels. When the dinner-horn blew, he was impatient, and shook his ears and huge wooden yoke, fitfully and savagely, and at the word of command, went at the "double quick" for home, dragging his comrade almost at his heels, an equally willing, but less swift captive. A knowing ox was he. Bright was not so phlegmatic and stubborn. Such, when once aroused, perform prodigies of valor. He was nervous and irritable; always on the *qui vive*. The least thing tickled his hide —from a dragon-fly to a thistle down; and the least thing seemed to excite his fancy—from a tuft of grass in Bob's hand to a pinch of salt, in prospect, half a mile away. How similar in all these respects are man and beast! Bright had method in all he did. He knew how to open the rustic garden-gate, and the exact spot between the bars to introduce his horn. No fence could withstand his attacks. The philosophic Buck would go at the fence with genius, but not with tact, and *vi et armis* attempt its overthrow, and find it as difficult to storm, as did the "red coats" at Badajos—sometimes being caught by the crooked horn, and sometimes by a sudden recoil, finding himself, to his amazement, on his haunches, contemplating the stars with one, from the blow, in his eye. Bright knew better than use "brute force." He would commence systematically, at the first rail, and send it flying over his back, then away went the stakes in utter discomfiture, and these followed by each rail, in succession,

to the ground. He knew the salient angles of the fence, and never advanced upon them. He had strategy enough in his mind to know that the concavity was much easier to drive in, than a convexity, and always "went for" the retiring recesses, coming out on the other side victorious. For him there was no "pent up Utica,' if left to his own devices. His comrade soon learned this, and became a spectator of the various assaults, until a breach had been made, and in he came for a share of the plunder, without a struggle. He did not seem to have in his code of ethics, the rule, that "to the victors belong the spoils." The sly rogue might be four hundred yards away from his comrade, but no sooner did the noise of falling rails reach his ears, than he rushed to the spot, as if, his motto was, "Deil tak' the hindmost." In the days we "went a gipsying," horses were not as plentiful as now. These bovine gentry were oft times "hitched up" to a sleigh to take a jolly load of jolly youths to a singing-school. The sleigh was none of your tricky bob-sleighs, which seem to seek out, in fiendish glee, all the irregularities of the road, and dive nose first, into all the valleys, and snappishly ride over the miniature mountains, as if bent on producing a catastrophe. Not so the old-fashioned long sleighs. There is grace in their movements. When they mount a hillock, they seem, at the top, to hesitate for a moment whether to retreat or advance, and then, with a parabolic curature forward, like a gallant ship over a mountain wave, they plunge bow first into the yielding snow. Their movements are never

done by halves ; nor is there a needless bracing of the riders to prepare for plunges leeway and forward, which never come ; for with them "coming events cast their shadows before." See that old sleigh, which has almost "braved a thousand years" the battles of snow and storms, drawn by oxen friends, loaded with a merry group of juveniles, on the rampage. Clean straw is on the bottom for seats. No box is there to keep the fidgety cargo from spilling out. The four iron-wood stakes rise up above the heads of the passengers, like jury-masts, on a cast-away raft, over the bleak sea ; but no shipwrecked crew are they, for young and old, male and female, poor and rich, are making hills and valleys, woods and fields, vocal with melody and song. The oxen have an episode in store for the happy company. They seem to grin with satisfaction at the prospect. The road has a sharp turn in it, and, as if with common consent, and by one impulse, they "take to their heels," and crowding into one track, run the sleigh on a stump, and deposit the merry load in a mixed condition in the snow. After the debris has been collected, and an "omnium gatherum" has taken place, there were beautiful casts of limbs, arms, and bodies in the snow. The imprint of John's gigantic paws yonder—thumbs, fingers and wrists. Ned's outline from occiput to heels—not in bold relief, but in concave beauty, true as life. Joe's impression was a sort of medley : it was evident he fell in a heap, and then gathered up his legs, as if giving up the ghost. Women were there, with expansive hoops, the centres of great circles, and left no foot-prints, or any other prints, upon the snows of

time (forgive the parody), except a good mother's scoop-shoveled bonnet had, in its posterior part, left an indentation like that of a quart bowl in the snow. Abrasions of the cuticle, from noses, shins and elbows, by too close contact with somebody's heels—all forgiven trespasses—made the sum total of casualties; and none were put *hors de combat* in those blessed days of yore, when "telescoping," explosions, and such like evidences of progress, were for the coming race. Thus I wander on, with these retrospects, and find an echo of approval in some reader's breast. He and I passed the spot, only the other day, where the log house stood, and it was a ploughed field, with not a vestige of it remaining. The crooked primitive woodside road has been obliterated, and Buck and Bright, by Darwin's law of selection, have given way to the noble horse. The joyous group is scattered "far and wide," from the quiet graveyard to the unknown sepulture of the distant battle-field—from the billowy winding sheet to the monumental tomb—and from the haunts of infamy to the pinnacles of fame.

The days which are past come before me with all their deeds."

SYME.

AT the little wicket-gate of the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, stood a grey-haired sentinel, as I entered for the first time. On the black-board in the entry was written by this cerberus, "Sectio Cadaveris," "Dr. Balfour" and "Mr. Syme," not Dr.—(in Britain the surgeon and the physician do not always merge their professions). Jolly, rollicking students are pouring in,—some to the *post mortem*—some to the wards—but the greatest number to the theatre, where Syme was to operate. He, for the first time, in the history of the hospital, and the second in the annals of surgery, was to excise the tongue of a man, for cancer. The theatre—small, dingy, badly lighted from the north, and with break-neck seats towering with Alpine steepness above one another—was crowded to its utmost capacity, by a tumultuous throng. Round the table were about a dozen surgeons chatting and discussing, but when the patient walked in, and laid himself down upon the operating table, a thin, dark-featured, withered up, and unostentatious man rose up, and took his coat off. There was no fuss about him, but in all his movements, there was an air of determination, or let me rather say of resolution. That man

could not be indecisive if he tried, for the thin and compressed lips, and the *positiveness* of manner, and firmness of speech, as he explained the case, declared that the mind was "made up," without fail, to accomplish a certain work, and it was done in all its terrible details, and although death was the result, in this case, he succeeded afterwards. When Syme lectured he had poor utterace,—a nasal twang, and a faltering of voice, —not agreeable to listen to, until the ear became tutored to the discordant sounds. He was epigrammatic in his lectures, and although he indulged in no useless verbiage, yet there was a completeness in every sentence, which made his lectures a model for students to copy from, and made it important to catch every word which fell from his lips. He had not the elegance of diction of Simpson, or the flowery language of Bennett, or the smooth-flowing eloquence of a Henderson. His aim was to speak to the point, with the fewest words possible to elucidate his subject. Hence his great popularity among those of his students who were of an analytical turn of mind, such always hate circumlocution, or even redundancy. Syme, like Simpson, was a son of the people. He came of an old and respectable family in Kinrosshire, and had an early training at the High School, Edinburgh. He was always reserved unless engaged in some of his favourite pursuits, and then he was voluble in the extreme. One of his pastimes, when quite a lad, was experiments in chemistry, and to such an extent did his passion for it lead him, that he was forsaken by his classmates for fear of explosions from his odd mixtures.

His pocket money went for chemicals and apparatus. His ingenuity was often tasked to compensate for an empty purse, by the invention of needful appliances. He did not merely experiment as laid down in works written on the science, but he was perpetually forming new compounds, and testing their affinities, and relations to the danger of his life and limb, and yet he was only sixteen years of age. At this time he made a discovery for which he never received due credit, viz., he was the first to show how to apply *practically*, India rubber to its many uses. He entered the University at the age of eighteen, and while attending the non-professional classes was articled as a student of Barclay and Knox—the most skilful anatomists of that city. They will be remembered as the surgeons, (especially Knox) who got into bad repute as the recipients of the bodies of the murdered furnished by Burke and Hare, who, as murderers, are remembered with horror to the present day. The surgeons fled to England to evade condign punishment from the enraged populace, who accused them of being accessory to the crimes of the procurers. Knox died in Brighton, Eng., a few years ago. This flight compelled Syme to seek a new connection. He became acquainted with Liston, at that time attracting notice as a man of distinction as a surgeon. They were distantly related, and both having a common object in view, soon became warm friends. Syme made gigantic strides forward, under Liston, and when the latter commenced to lecture in a private capacity, Syme was made demonstrator of anatomy, in his dissecting room. So popular was Liston, and so well qualified was Syme, that

during the first winter of this novel attempt to start a class in the shadow of the great schools, seventy students responded to the call. About two years after this, he was offered the office of Medical Superintendent of the Fever Hospital. This was a post of danger, from which even medical men might shrink. A large percentage of the medical superintendents are carried off, sooner or later, by one or other of the malignant fevers, which, like a destroying angel, hang ominously over such a lazar house; Syme did not hesitate to step into the deadly breach, and was gladly accepted. He had only held the appointment four months, before he was stricken down, and for six long weeks his life like Damocles' sword hung by a hair. His health for several years after this narrow escape, was not good, and as he felt unable to discharge his duty to his own satistaction, he reluctantly resigned his position. A few months after, he was urged to accept the position of House Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary. In this position he began to develope his talents as a surgeon. Cool, daring and yet conservative, he attracted the attention of the visiting doctors, and was often requested to operate in their stead, and sought in council by those who a few short months before looked down upon the boy of 22 years of age. His honours now came fast. Liston turned over to him his class on anatomy, and added to his course surgery. In the same year he was made a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and a Fellow of the College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. At the close of 1822 he gave up his

position in the Infirmary, as lecturer, and went to Dublin, for a time, to study under a distinguished professor of that city. When he came back he started a class in surgery, on his own responsibility. His success may be imagined, when we say, that inside of two years his class rose from fourteen to 271, and that, too, with his old friends, Liston, Ferguson and Lizars, lecturing in the same city, in regularly organized institutions. The triumvirate took up the cudgels against him, and were so bitter against their successful rival, that when an opening occurred in the surgical staff of the Infirmary, they "lobbied" the managers to reject his application. This enraged Syme, and the consequence was, that he went and rented a large and commodious mansion known as "The Minto House," and established an Infirmary of his own, and so determined were he, and his friends, that the course of lectures delivered should be recognized at the "Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh," that the clique gave way, simply stipulating that the fees should be at a rate not to militate against themselves, and that his class should never exceed 45 students. Their opposition went still further, for when one of the surgeons of "The College of Surgeons" was appointed professor in the University, Syme applied for an appointment to the vacant chair, but the triumvirate were still against him, and seeing they could not well keep him out of it, made a desperate effort to abolish the professorship altogether. They obtained a majority, but, as the scheme needed a two-third vote, they were foiled in this. They next brought their forces to

bear on the candidates, and after a sharp struggle Syme was rejected, but next year he was elected without opposition, as Professor of Clinical Surgery in the University. At the same time Liston received an appointment as Surgeon to the University College Hospital, London, and strange to say, after Liston's death, which occurred in 1847, Syme was strongly urged to fill his chair. Liston had, by his boldness and success in operations, become famous throughout Christendom, and to step into his shoes was no easy task, yet, Syme undertook it. He gave up a position which brought him in about $3,500 and took one which had attached to it, only $750, but a glamour seemed to come over him in this respect, and the fascination of introducing his method of teaching, and his principles and practice, into one of the largest Hospitals of the metropolis, blinded him to the difficulties of the situation. A current of ill feeling had set in against "Provincials." The medical journals encored the philippics of the envious. The Scottish invasion of distinguished medical men could be borne no longer, and the hue and cry grew in volume, and reached its climax when Syme settled in London. The "canny" Scot was determined not to put his hand to the plough, and look back. His first lecture showed the man. The students under his easy going predecessors ran riot. They did mostly as they liked, and were it not that Liston's enthusiasm in his work created a sort of *esprit de corps* in the class, a reign of wildest disorder would have been the result. Syme had not his brilliancy, but he had great force of character, and

at once by a direct appeal to their better nature, got hold of the helm, and steered the bark safely and quietly. Not so with a majority of the native medical men of the city, and from the day he set his foot in the college to the day he left it, a continual hostile strategy was brought to bear upon him, of the most offensive kind. Two noble exceptions were the distinguished anatomists Sharpey and Quain, with Surgeon Wormald of St. Bartholomew Hospital. These stood by him through thick and thin, and all his students were united to a man in his behalf. They knew his worth and felt that, beneath a somewhat reserved manner, lay a warm nature, and that in the man was a mine of medical lore. At last he felt that he was about to compromise his friends in this "unholy war," and gave up his chair after an occupancy of about eighteen months. He returned to Edinburgh at once and applied for his former chair in the University. It was still vacant, but a fight had to be made for it. The disruption of the Free Church had taken place, and all the bitterness of a religious controversy was evident on every hand. The test of religion for all public teachers was being hotly discussed, and although it was not finally carried, yet, the discussion did much to stir up animosity against those who did not happen to be of the same religious faith, as those who were the principal agitators. Syme, however, triumphed and entered a career of professional fame, unrivalled at the time.

His students hailed from all parts of the world. On the same benches sat Egyptians and Asiatics,

Russians and Americans, Frenchmen and Italians, and numbers of his students, now scattered all over the habitable globe, still feel the *afflatus* of the master teacher. In his operations he was always cautious, more than brilliant, and delighted in being successful, more than in being flashy, and wanting success in the end. He took as much care of his patients afterwards, as during the operations, and he always impressed upon his students the importance of careful watching of cases after the knife had done its work. He used to say, the French were good operators, but with a grim smile he would add, "I have been in France often, but I never saw a man with a wooden leg!" When in the Fever Hospital he carried out the "good old plan" of blistering, salivating and bleeding, for every disease, from nose-ache to toe-ache, but became so satisfied with this irrational mode of combating disease, in all its manifestations, that he entered the battle-field against it, and has been ably followed by Dr. John H. Bennett. The practice got into disrepute, but the fag end of the long file of converts cried out that disease changed in its type, and *necessitated* a change of treatment. "Ah," said Syme, "but if your theory be true, how does it happen that we perform more bloody surgical operations, than of yore, and notwithstanding that, and the great loss of blood, under conservative treatment, more recover?" That was a Gordian-knot which his opponents had no sword to cut. At the urgent request of his students and admirers, he wrote several works of acknowledged ability, and in these he showed his common sense,

erudition and perspicuity. He showed in a monograph on "diseased joints," that a joint diseased could have its affected part cut out and thus save valuable limbs. This was a gigantic stride forwards. Many a poor unfortunate blessed him for this discovery. The practice and theory has been carried farther in the excision of joints, than he thought possible, but to him the initial honour belongs, and in 1816 he performed the operation, for the first time, and successfully. He went farther still in his practice, and cut out the whole shoulder-blade, in disease, and yet left a serviceable arm, not to speak of the preservation of life. Nor did he stop here, for he often cut out part and even the whole of the lower jaw in disease, and he followed up this, by excising the whole of the upper jaw, which even the boldest surgeons declared to be impossible, and preserve life. He proved the practicability of it, by numerous examples. In the spring of 1847, a man came to him with a very large bony tumour on the collar bone. It was so large as to impinge on the vessels and nerves of the neck, but Syme effected a radical cure, by unjointing the entire bone, and in ten days the man went on his way rejoicing. In 1832 Syme published a work on surgery. There were few medical works in those days, and the most of them were valuable for their antiquity more than for their usefulness. Syme's book was a godsend to the surgical students of Britain, and even America. It was the quintessence of wisdom, and contained, in a few words, lessons of instruction, which were not a mere jumble of words, but almost

proverbs on surgery. I remember how delighted I was, only a few years ago, to re-peruse his book, notwithstanding I had Miller, Pirie, Druitt and Gross at my elbow. He was a bane to quacks, and when he came across patients, who had been their dupes, his expressions to the victims, and of the imposters, were more pointed than graceful. Great operations attract those who are seeking after pelf and fame, for their own sakes, but the ardent lover of suffering humanity is as delighted at the extraction of an ulcerated tooth, as at the successful issue of a heroic surgical task. Syme impressed this upon his students and carried it out in his practice. He often took, for an example, that of ulceration of the legs, or that more commonly known as "fever sores." They were a perfect harvest or quacks, and with liniments, irritating and foul salves, the small pimple become a running sore, which extended and deepened until life became intolerable. He discarded all these appliances and trusting to the powers of nature, applied to these cold water and supported the surrounding parts with adhesive straps, and the result was a great improvement. It mattered not whether the ulcers were languid or active, nature put forth strenuous efforts to fill the breach, and often succeeded unless medical officiousness frustrated its benevolent designs. The only deviation from this course was in regard to what might be called the poor man's ulcers. These afflicted those, who had an impoverished system, from vitiated air in close alleys, and from poor and insufficient food. These ulcers were surrounded by a hard, stiff and ex-

ceedingly tender border, and were considered incurable. This circle of morbid flesh completely cut off all healthy parts from effecting a cure. He applied a blister to the enemy and thus destroyed the virulence of its action. This was a great boon to poor men who were often permanently disabled from work on account of them. When these extended downwards to the bone, and old surgeons recommended scraping the bone, or cutting out the bone, as a *dernier ressort*, he often brought about a cure by internal remedies which improved the quality of the blood. He also opposed the closing up of a clean cut *at its edge*, and leaving clots of blood in the wound, internally, to act as a foreign body and showed that unless there was complete adaption of the severed parts, it was better not to interfere,—until bleeding ceased, for the idea that effused clot was necessary to healing had been proved to be wrong in principle and practice. He opposed the amputation of a leg, because the foot or ankle might be only injured, and was the first to amputate it at the ankle. He was among the first to amputate, successfully, at the hip, and in several cases of otherwise inevitable death, saved the patients. But one of his greatest discoveries was in regard to the formation of bone. He showed conclusively by a series of experiments that bone was formed from its external covering, and not from the centre, and thus opened the way for practice in regard to the union of the bone, especially, in deformities of the bones of the face, by adapting to each other the parts of bone which supplied means of growth. It can at once be conceived

how dozens of hitherto incurable cases of deformity and disease could by this knowledge be remedied and cured. Then, he condemned the usual practice in cases of the death of parts of the body, especially in old people, and I find in my *memoranda* book that his theory consisted in using mild treatment instead of the stimulating treatment of the Coopers, Hunters, Brodie and Liston. They held that low vitality, and death took place by means of a vitiated state of the circulation in the parts, and thus destruction by corruption. Syme held, and showed by examples, that this state was caused through an obliteration of the passages through blood-vessels, on account of their turning into a bony substance, and finally closing up, as if tied with a string. This view was the means of changing the treatment, and, we need scarcely say, of saving many a life. He cured wry-neck by cutting the culprit muscle, and we remember how astonished the patients were at the smallness of the wound, the little pain, and the wonderful change in their appearance. He was the *first* surgeon who ever executed this satisfactory work. He boldly tied *both ends* of an artery in dangerous places, when it was diseased by an enlargement called aneurism. He brought to a great degree of perfection the cure of hair-lip and split-palate. He had an ingenious way of restoring the nose, and in amputation of part of the foot, (leaving the heel-bones for future usefulness,) "where," as he used to say, "you put on the straps of your spurs." Thus I might go on, without stint, to relate his contributions to operative surgery. I fail

to recollect one other surgeon whose genius has done so much. Simpson justly immortalized himself in the practical use of chloroform. Syme has a catalogue of inventions, and applications, and theories attached to his name and memory, either of which would be a great memorial of which any surgeon might be proud. I can scarcely realize the fact that three such men as Syme, Simpson, and Sir James Clark, have passed away within a few months of one another; but, they fought with death many a severe battle in the bodies of others,and now the fell-destroyer has his revenge. Syme was a severe opponent, and showed little mercy to his antagonists, but he scorned to take an undue advantage, yet he held his ground with great tenacity, and no foe ever found his theories wrong in practice. He scorned superficial investigation, and had no patience with pretenders. I remember how he fought, as late as 1857, against the "blood letters." The battle had been going on, for over 30 years, and Syme's army of progressive medical thinkers was daily increasing, while the "fogies" were fast passing away. He told his students how he was ordered by his superiors to go to the Infirmary, regularly, every evening to bleed his patients. It mattered not if the diseases were as wide as the poles apart, the panacea was bleeding. One patient in one of the wards was bled one evening to the extent of five pounds, and next morning as the unfortunate did not seem much better he was bled two pounds more. In low fevers as well as in severe injuries the same course of treat-

ment was pursued, and he did not wonder at the great mortality. He said often, in substance, if you have a diseased fruit tree, in the garden, you do not cut a gash in it, and let the sap run out, to restore it to the healthy action. In bodily disease, a vein is opened in he arm, to reduce inflammation, and because in acute disease the pain is allayed, it is supposed to be subdued. The *susceptibility to realize pain* is deadened by the reduction of blood in the system, as a string tied round the arm benumbs it, because of impeded circulation. At the same time, nature has to make a draft upon the system to repair the mischief done. The master builders have no material to work with, and the encroachments of the enemy go on apace. The words are mine, but the argument contained is his, and the world at the present time endorses, the sagacious view. Who can calculate the good such a man does to humanity? The circle of his influence ever widens, and deepens, and long after his name has been forgotten, his practical discoveries will still bless frail mortals, in the hands of a cloud of noble workers, who will doubtless rear a goodly superstructure, on the solid foundation laid, with sagacity and skill, by such as honest and indefatigable Syme. Let me say in conclusion, that Syme, Liston, Miller, and Simpson forgave one another long before the grave closed over their remains, and left behind them only a sweet remembrance.

GHOSTS AND THEIR RELATIONS.

THE Greeks and Romans, including their philosophers, were superstitious, and believed in omens, apparitions, and delusions in their multifarious forms. They had lucky and unlucky days, as some of us account Friday to be one. To sneeze in a certain direction, at certain hours of the day, was a bad, or good sign, to the sneezer, according to certain inevitable rules. The entrails of sacrificed victims gave prognostics. The spittle rubbed on certain parts cured disease, or shielded from harm. The direction of the flight of birds had in it, interpretations of weal or woe to humanity. The rolling thunder, or the flashing lightning, in its peals, or lurid intensity of light, was prophecy, portentous of "coming events."

The ravings and drivelling idiocy of maniacs were construed into omens. Doubtless,the Jewish Rabbins of the middle ages were guilty of propagating these absurdities, as well as many others found in their traditions. The Druids were equally ignorant, and imaginative, in regard to the phenomena of nature. They had a superstitious veneration for the misletoe (*viscum album*) a parasitical vine, which takes root, so to speak, in the bark of the oak tree, and the oak was sacred to them, as their distinctive name of Druid

indicates. It was cut with a golden knife, and only by a priest clad in white. The leaves and berries grew in groups of threes, and this odd number was mystical, as was considered the three leaved shamrock. A solemn and impressive rite was performed when it was cut from the tree. The priests gathered round it, when the moon was six days old. The cut part could not be touched by a human hand, but was dropped into a white handkerchief, and was thought to be one of the plants of Eden, and a specific for certain diseases.

Nor were the fierce Saxon invaders, of the British isles, lest given up to a belief in these absurdities. The falling of salt meant financial ruin. The crossing of the traveller's pathway by a particular bird, a squirrel, or a hare, when the sun was at its meridian, or the moon at its full, were signs of the triumphs of enemies. To put the foot accidentally into the wrong shoe, was indicative of some fatal blunder. To wash hands in water used by another, was to make him, or her, your mortal enemy. To break a mirror was the beginning of troubles to you and yours. The seeing of a pair of magpies over the left shoulder foretold a double trouble. The ticking, at dead of night, of the scarabæus, or *death-watch*, was a sure sign of death coming into the family.

Later in the centuries, parents were wont to ask their half-waked children, on St. George's "day in the morning," whether they loved their books, or not. If so, they were made professionals ; if not, craftsmen. Beat a child with an alder stick, and you checked its growth.

Why did *somebody* know that Charles I. would come to a bad end? Because the crown tottered on his head at his coronation, and at the same time his royal flag was rent in twain as it fluttered over the White Tower of London. Every cavalier and roundhead knew that Cromwell could not die happy, in spite of his successes, for a great whale came up to Greenwich outlet, on the day of his installation, and snorted defiance in the face of the Rump Parliament. Then, if number three was a lucky number, number two was not. The rending of the cloth of gold, upon which James II. trod at his inauguration, was ominous of his unenviable fate. A crop of misfortunes followed William II., Henry II., and Charles II.

Sir Thomas Browne, a celebrated physician of the 17th century, in a book of "Enquiries into Errors," attempts to refute, with great erudition and gravity, the popular errors, that crystal is congealed ice, placed by close chemical affinity, beyond the possibility of thawing out; that an elephant has no joints; that a diamond is dissolved by the blood of a goat; that a corpse weighs heavier than the living man; that a king-fisher hung up by the bill shows the direction of the soft zephyrs; that old *Sol* always has a dancing mania, on Easter day; that certain herbs laid under the pillow were potent against dreams and visions of the night; that a nail, from an old coffin laid at our bedroom door, drove away apparitions, and that the rue herb was an abomination to witches, and gave them hysterics if they came near it.

The 25th day of January (St. Paul's day) decided the weather for a year, hence the old rhyme :

"If St. Pauls day be fine and clear,
It does betide a happy year ;
But if it chance to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all kinds of grain.
If clouds or mists do dark the sky,
Great store of birds and beasts shall die ;
And if the clouds do fly aloft,
Then wars shall vex the kingdom oft."

Swithin, a Danish Bishop, of Winchester, wished to be buried in the churchyard in a democratic way. The monks, however, buried him in the Chancel; but on July 15th, when this was done (St. Swithin's day) the dead Saint taught them a lesson, for he poured down on them, and the neighborhood, forty days' rain. They hastened to conciliate the obstinate and irate monk, by removing his body to the grave-yard, and built over it a chapel, giving him his way *de jure*, but in fact they conquered in the end. One notable miracle is recorded of him :

"A woman having broke her eggs,
By stumbling at another's legs,
For which she made a woeful cry.
St. Swithin chanced for to come by,
Who made them all as sound, or more,
Than ever that they were before."

We laugh at these absurdities now.

"We think our fathers wrong, so wise we grow,
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so."

The sailor still whistles for wind to fill his sails—sees omens in a "horned moon"—keeps witches away by nailing to the rudder, or capstan, or foremast, a worn horse-shoe.

Not long since, in a rural part of Britain, says the London *Times*, it was thought necessary, to insure peace to the departed and "lay his ghost," to turn the bee-hives *round* as the corpse left the house. The person who did it, thought it was necessary *to upset* all the hives near by. A general stampede was the result, and the *corpus* was left *pro tem.* to attend to its own obsequies. Our fathers gave or applied certain remedies, *three*, *seven* or *nine* times. We have the principle in the old song:

"There's luck in odd numbers, says Rory O'More."

A royal salute is composed of firing 3 x 7, or 21 guns, or shots. A company of thirteen was always counted unlucky, for one of them was sure to die within the year. The average of human life was not taken into account. The *seventh* son of a *seventh* son is counted a genius in this age, and like kings and queens, was supposed by laying on of hands, to cure scrofulous diseases. The hand of a dead malefactor was called preeminently "the hand of glory," for the person touched by it could prevent pursuit, by temporarily paralyzing the pursuer. The Pagan believes in the malign influences of the moon, and its control over lunatics, and the notion is not yet extinct. There is still "a wet moon," or "a dry moon."—"If the Indian can hang his powder horn" on a new moon, or "if it will slide off," those positions will show what the meteorological condition of the lunar month will be. Pigs must be killed, sheep shorn, and trees cut down, at the full moon. Tusser's husbandry says "we should not commit seed to the earth when the *soil*, but when

the *moon* requires it. Our hair should be cut when the moon is either in Leo, that our locks may stare like the lion's shag, or in Aries, that they may curl like a ram's horn. Whatever he would have grow, he sets about when she is in her increase, but for what he would have made less, he chooses her wane."

Eminent surgeons of the 16th century held that spots on the finger-nails were fit premonitions of coming evil events. Burton, in his anatomy, held that a black spot on the nail is ominous of coming evil. As a general rule, it is a sure sign of *past* injury. From the earliest ages, until to-day, the wedding ring is worn upon the fourth finger of the right hand, because it is believed the artery comes to it, from the heart *more directly* than to any of the other digitals. If a candle has a blue flame a spirit is hovering round, and a knot of tallow near the flame presaged that death will soon be in the family. If crickets left the house a calamity was at hand, just "as rats leave a sinking ship." To move on Friday, or leave port on Friday, is bad luck, because it was the day of the week of the crucifixion, and many, at the present time will not move a cat on that day as if poor pussy held in her claws the destiny of humanity. The class of plants called "Cryptogamia," *e. g.*, the fern, have hidden seeds under the leaves. For a long time it was supposed that any one who found the invisible seed, and ate it, had the power of becoming themselves invisible. The deadly nightshade (*Atropa Belladonna*) was supposed to feed only on corruption and decay, and hence had great medical properties

and virtues. The mandrake (*atropa mandragora*) was held in great repute, as the wise said it grew only under the gallows, and fed from the corrupt drippings of executed malefactors, and so sensitive was it, that when pulled up, it shrieked. It was said to be pestilential to gather it, and so bunches of it were tied to dogs' tails,and the canines were suddenly frightened away, carrying it with them. Its root cut in a certain way resembles a human form. The Glastonbury thorn is said to blossom only on Christmas day—to bud in the morning, flower at noon,and decay at the approach of night.

Joseph, of Arimathea, was said to have been the founder of Christianity in England, and on first landing stuck his staff into the ground, and it budded, and grew, at that place, into a thorn. James I. and Queen Anne visited it, and took away cuttings of it for good luck. The fact seems to be, that in that vicinity grows black hellebore (*Helleborus niger*), or Christmas rose, which blossoms early in the year, hence the legend. A silver bullet fired from a gun, if aimed in a straight line towards a witch, or a wizard, was sure death; lead had no terrors for the possessed, but silver was potent to do mischief to these unfortunates. To eat the lungs of a greyhound was good for consumption, for good lungs begot good lungs. To hang up a *red* cloth in a room in which lay a person ill with scarlet fever, brought the eruption out immediately. The Trojan priests cured by prayers. The Romans and Orientals by charms. Cato proposed as a cure for a fractured limb that the following

charm should be sung: "*Huat, hauat, ista, pista, fista, dominabo damnastra et luxata.*" The Druids gave medicines, but accompanied them by religious ceremonials. This was an improvement on incantations, a sort of Cromwellian common sense, that believed in trusting in God and keeping the powder dry. A monkish legend says, King John of England was poisoned, by a reptile, being in his drink. A friar cured him by taking a toad, and putting it in ale, then pricked it all over, until the venom ran out, then presented this *ambrosial* dose to the king, on bended knees, saying, "Sir, wassail, for never in your life drank ye of such a cup." "Begin, monk," said the king. He drank and died, but it must have been from fright, the story should have run, *for toads are not poisonous*. Certain saints seemed to have the control of certain diseases. The good men must have made certain diseases specialities. St. Appolonia (whoever he might be) controlled toothache. What a roaring trade he could have enjoyed in our day, and among this generation of rotting fangs, could he have charmed away that "hell o' a' diseases!" St. Anthony "stamped out" inflamations. St. Osillia cured, by magical efforts, sore eyes. St. Wolfgung made the lame walk by his potent piety. St. Ruffin made the mad sane by word of mouth. He must have studied the power of David's lyre over demoniac Saul. These, and other saints, possessing medical powers, were believed in, to the death. Bacon tells us, a wounded snake will drag itself to a medicinal plant and attempt a cure by rubbing itself against it; and that the flesh

of dragons, severely hunted, will if eaten prolong life. Scott, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft," says that in early times if a person was bitten by a scorpion, this was a sure cure, "say to an ass secretly, (we would say in soliloquy), and as it were, whispering in his ear, 'I am bitten with a serpent.'" "*Eureka*," the remedy is potent. Find an elder tree on which the sun has never sent its rays, and apply its leaves to St. Anthony's fire, and no fire company could quench a flame sooner. To cure consumption tie a rag to the finger, and toe-nail of a sick person, then take it off, and wave it three times round your head, and bury it privately, and that fell destroyer is mastered. Ricketty children were drawn through the rent in a green tree; the tree was then bound up, and when it healed, the child got better. Mount a patient, who had whooping-cough, on a *black* ass (all depended on the color), then trot the animal nine times round the oak tree, and repeat this valuable journey every day at noon, until a cure is effected; or, if that did not do, make a dog swallow a hair, from the sick person's head, rolled in butter. It is believed yet by many, that a ring made out of Communion money is a cure omnipotent, for convulsions. Lord Bacon, in his "Sylva Sylvarum," gives great prominence to gold as a remedial agent, and *par excellence*, it was called *aurum potabile*. Charles II. swallowed all sorts of abominations on his death-bed, and had prescribed to him, at last, "the treacle of mummy," *viz.*, ground Egyptian mummy, and molasses. We are not informed whether it was important as to the sex of the mummy;

but the sulphur and treacle to which the juveniles of Dotheboy's Hall, were doomed would have been nectar, in comparison to that villainous compound.

It may be said that all these superstitions were of the past, and that the Common Schools have driven them away, into oblivion. Not at all. The astrologer who pretends to read our future destiny flourishes A. D., 1873, in large cities and is sought for, far and near. The "bumpologist" whose fingers seek elevations, numerous, prominent, and rotund, on the skull, and who can by these manipulations "read you like a book," "drives a roaring trade."

The Spiritualists seeks information from the Spirit land, of a loved or hated one, wishing the former ambrosial fruit, and the latter a hot gridiron, and sends a lock of the hair, a paring of a toe-nail, or an excised cuticle, to a medium, in order to make that *tertium quid*, *en rapport* with a vagabond Spirit, and if two or more call for the disembodied essence at once, the rule is "first come first served." He, she, or it, comes at once from the utmost bounds of the universe to the elect, and lucky go-between, and launches out into biography, history, poetry or cooking, the first complete, of many non-corporeal *egos*, and the last personal, and far from satisfactory, and the middle two consisting of a *miserere*. This burlesque, on a grand truth, is the religion of tens of thousands. In the Province of Ontario, at this hour, woollen threads are tied round thumbs and toes, to stop divers bleedings. The skin of a *black* cat with a *white tip* to its tail, in its application, cures inflammation. Spiders

webs rolled into pills cure agues. Table salt put into a plate, and over the mouth of the dead, prevents putrefaction. All our dead are buried with their feet to the east, because the centre of attraction at the resurrection, it is supposed, will be in that direction.

The dismal howl of a dog forebodes death close at hand, in the direction the cur barks. The large end of a pig's "melt" in proportion to a small end, tells whether the first end of the winter will be severe, or the last, or both ends, for "coming events, *thus*, cast their shadows before."

All these absurdities, and a thousand others, are of to-day, in *Anglo-Saxendom*, so enlightened, so sharp-witted, and so wise. There is a mote, or a beam somewhere else, than in a brother's eye. Intelligent people believe such nonsense, and while they laugh at the fancies, will perform some of those acts, saying, "they will do no harm, and may be true." Need we wonder, then, that a belief in ghosts took possession of a people whose mentality had been educated to accept, as true as Holy writ, these signs, omens, charms, and superstitions.

Ghosts! What crowds of unpleasant memories troop forward from the cloudy past, at the mere utterance of the word! How the juvenile days of such inquisitorial torture come up in horrid retrospects, and reminiscences of the past! The old and dripping cave by the sea shore is conjured up, as with wizard wand; and the stalactites, and stalagmites of grotesque form, stand out in bold relief, as if sheeted

dead, and every cold, damp nook seemed a fit home for witches or hobgoblins. We see the weird sisters dancing round the livid flames, as tempest, and thunder, and lightning hold high revelry without. "The secret, dark, and midnight hags," who ride mid-air on broom-sticks, on the wings of the hurricane, or sail over dark pools, of Stygian mirkiness, in creels, seem to be there, invisible, deep in the mystery of foulest deeds. The caverns of old ocean left gaping wide, by the receding billows, were, in youthful and exuberant fancy, the palaces of mermaids —half fish—half woman—with flowing hair, blue eyes of sad and ocean-like profundity, and well-developed busts, singing a syren song to lure helpless and hapless mariners to destruction. Yonder, was the phantom ship, crowded with ghostly sailors, and

> "Her sails that glance in the sun,
> Like restless gossamers,———
> Her ribs, through which the sun
> Did peer as through a grate——
> The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
> At one stride comes the dark,
> With far-heard whisper o'er the sea,
> Off shot the spectre bark,"

but, after such a sight, to the terror-stricken tars, can be no harbour, no home, no kindred on earth. Yonder is the dreary vale where "Mungo's mither hanged hersel," or where foul and secret murder was committed unatoned for, and because of which, the troubled spirit, in unrest, walks its weary rounds, uttering doleful lamentations, as if afflicted with a grievous tooth-ache, or cramped stomach, until it unburdens its woe to some startled midnight traveller,

who interrogates it, on its eccentricities, and then it "finds rest for the weary," for we have the authority of Milton in his "Ode on the Nativity," in positively asserting that :—

"When the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon the orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave ;
And the yellow skirted rays
Fly after the night steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze."

The graveyard seems to be a grand rendezvous for ghosts. They seem to have a hankering after the casket of mortality, even if it is a festering, loathsome corpse, fashionably wrapped in muslin, cotton, fine linen, ribbons, broadcloth, timber, shavings, varnish, and tinsel, for the furniture of its dwelling place, or a few pounds of unctuous, clammy earth, in which lies a porous skeleton, with grinning jaws, and hollow sockets, and empty ribs, yet all "midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms." The young are there, plucked in their bloom ; those who were

"Young loves, young hopes,
Dancing on morning's cheek ;
Gems leaping in the coronet of love ;
Gay, guileless, sportive little things,
Dancing around the den of sorrows ;
Clad in smiles."

The maiden fair, on whom nature has laid a master hand, is also a tenant. The stalwart athlete, the brave heart, the wise head, filled with a motley multitude of passions "magnanimous and mean," lie quietly in the narrow house "appointed for all

living." The grey head, the bended form, the aching frame, and the weary brain seek repose amid the clods of the valley,

> "Strange medley here!
> Here garrulous old age, winds up its tale,
> And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
> Whose every day was made of melody,
> Hears not the voice of mirth; the shrill-tongued shrew
> Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding,
> Here are the wise, the generous and the brave,
> The just, the good, the worthless and profane,
> The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
> The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,
> The supple statesman, and the patriot stern,
> The wreck of nations, and the spoils of time,
> With all the lumber of six thousand years."

No wonder that the "cities of the dead," "God's acres," should be thought haunted ground. Here "dead candles, flit over graves, with lurid flame, noiselessly undoing gates, ringing church bells, and as forerunners, floating in the way of future funeral processions. Here the "sheeted dead" take walks for exercise, and always at the midnight hour. To their credit be it spoken, they eschew the fashions, and sport no waterfalls—no hoops or crinoline—no Dolly Vardens—no dromedary humps—no chignons—no spaviny limbs—no stove-pipe hats—no pants of restricted area—no swallow-tailed coats—and no exalted heels, on the "cribbing and cabined" boots. White is the standard colour, and the garments flow in graceful outline, and artistic folds to the ground. They are not gregarious in their habits, and seem to enter into no companionship with a brother or sister ghost; but are ever found as lonely sentinels, as if ostracised from the spectral

camp, or as being on the vidette line of the mighty army of unsubstantial entities. They seek companionship with humanity; but the poor things are too often rebuffed, with a "not at home" falsehood, or with a clean pair of heels, in active exercise, seeking refuge by ignominious flight. These phantoms are accused of deriving pleasure by striking terror into the hearts of the beholder, and that such disreputable motives make them missionaries to earth. This charge may be a bearing of false witness against our neighbours, and may lay us open, at some future time, to a prosecution for defamation of character, where *nolle prosequi* cannot be entered. The horrible idea is not conducive to the peace of mind especially of rebellious youths, or belated truants from home, for,

"Oft in the lone churchyard at night I've seen,
By glimpses of moonshine, chequered through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to keep his courage up.
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted and white moss o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phrase who lies below,
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels,
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghostly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new opened grave; and, strange to tell
Evanishes at crowing of the cock."

His Satanic Majesty seems to have a love for graveyards and churches. Whether it is because he has chattel mortgages on certain property in the one, and finds his strongest opposition in the other, it is

hard to tell. It may be that he permeates the atmosphere of the sacred edifice, with a demoniac influence, which makes sermons dull, speakers stupid, and hearers sleepy, or that he is on the hunt for some "wandering refugee" ghost, which does not return to its virtuous couch at seasonable hours. That he finds these places, citadels of opposition, and competition is evident, and, therefore, having regard to the integrity of his kingdom, in this mundane sphere, it is not to be wondered at, that his anxiety should be great in regard to these places, when every seventh day, organized attempts, at the overthrow of his sovereignty, are systematically carried on with vigor, and with partial success. We have all felt his potent clairvoyance, at such times, by a sense of the ludicrous predominating, where no fun or humour should be—by a ledger or day book, or bank note rising up before the mind's eye, as from devilish incantations —by John having photographs of Maggie standing out in clear relief, on the back of a front pew, on a panel of the pulpit, or on the white wall—by Maggie pondering on the last words uttered at the garden gate, where only two were good company—by farmer Jacobus wondering when the drought will end; when the "epizoo" will cease tormenting his horses; and why such myriad pests affect direfully his crops —by Jerusha wondering how Sally Jones could afford to wear such nice things — by Ebenezer Perkins studying out how much he will give in a horse trade, to morrow, and how he can cheat a neighbour out of his honest dues next court—by Dolorous Punjaub,

who has cast-iron features, studying a pose which will affect stunningly a congregation, by the solemn attitude. The *Spirit* will watch the spiders and count the cobwebs; it will draw lakes, rivers, continents and islands, from the black spots on the wall; it sees a butter-fly, roving, how sober it is, by walking up and down, on the bridge of some body's nose, without a stagger, and dabbing at imaginary moisture; it does chuckle at a philosophic grasshopper's clumsy attempts to produce friction on its spine by means of legs, which seem too long for successful application; and on the top of the pew, the observed of all observers; it will, by a sort of inference, draw conclusions as to the probable length of the sermon, the state of the road home, the time of arrival, and the probabilities as to the dinner hour. The *body* is no better, for it must intermittently seek temporary comfort, on one hemisphere at a time; the head will insist on exciting disagreeable sensations, positive and local, which, in the interest of peace, must have vigorous manual treatment, in spite of the critical observations of church-going comrades, in the rear ranks; the probocis is profuse in its libations to an unknown frigid deity, and the cotton, linen, or silk receptacle, for its generous offerings, has been left at home; the grinding, stinging, throbbing corn, imprisoned in a number six, is rebellious at its captivity, and is, in feeling tones, crying out for a *habeas corpus*. We set the toes up, but no relief. We raise the heels, but there is no peace, "in the north-west angle of said lot, number eight;" we turtle-like with-

draw the rebellious domain, by muscular contraction, from the undue pressure of the enemy, and find a truce of temporary duration, from the fangs of the relentless foe. "A kingdom for an old shoe!" A "dickie" is pinned carefully to hide, hypocritically, a manly bosom, and all which lies between, but pins come out, starch is obstinate, and a smooth surface becomes corrugated into hills and valleys, with peeps behind the scenes. We send it *in situ*, with a savage push, but it will not stay put, and grins, nods, winks show that "the murder is out." I occupied a pew once with a friend in a certain church, who had a bunch of matches in a linen coat pocket. He sat on them, and by the friction of contract, they took fire, and with them the coat. The fumes showed the seat of trouble, and forgetting time and place, he ejaculated "the d—l!" just as "Brethren, the scriptures moveth us in sundry places, &c.," floated on the air, and then he described the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle, towards the door, leaving sulphurous fumes in the rear, with an incense suggestive of another locality. This catalogue of Satanic influence is far from complete, and in the midst of it all, we are expected to "inwardly digest" all which father Comfort has said.

Vampyres were graveyard frequenters of a sanguinary kind. They must have been a sort of ghostly weasels, and loved to suck human blood. The learned Horst says "A vampyre is a dead body, which continues to live in the grave; which it leaves, however, by night, for the purpose of sucking the blood of

the living, and thus it keeps in good condition, *e.g.* You lie, powerless at night, in bed, and this pale spectre of the grave approaches you. His face is felt by you, fresh with the corrupt odours of the charnel-house. He seizes you by the jugular vein and pierces it with his poisonous fangs, then, takes his supper from the flowing crimson stream—simple but nutritious food—and leaves no wound behind. We are told the wound is fatal, unless the victim eats earth from the grave of the vampyre, and smears himself with his blood. At last, the bitten becomes himself a vampyre, in time, and thus the monstrosity is perpetuated. This belief is no tale of fiction, for it has been believed in by good Britains, and to this day the delusion is potent in Servia and Wallachia, and in the Levant, being sworn to by wise surgeons, and learned savans. To utter the word "Vardonlacha" to a modern Greek (if Byron or Southey is to be believed,) is to shock him with horror. Byron's poetic power is seen in the Tartar's curse against a father:

> "But first on earth as Vampyre sent,
> Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent;
> Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
> And suck the blood of all thy race,
> There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
> At midnight drain the stream of life,
> Yet loathe the banquet, which perforce
> Must feed thy living, livid corse.
> Wet with thine own best blood shall dip
> Thy gnashing tooth, and haggard lip,
> Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
> Go, and with ghouls and Afrits rave;
> Till these in horror shrink away
> From spectre more accursed than they!

Dickens, in "All the Year Round," says that: In the year 1625, on the borders of Hungary and Transylvania, a vampyrish story arose, which was renewed afterward in a noteworthy way. A peasant of Madveiga, named Arnold Paul, was crushed to death by the fall of a wagon-load of hay. Thirty days afterwards four persons died with all the symptoms (according to popular belief) of their blood having been sucked by vampyres. Some of the neighbors remembered having heard Arnold say that he had often been tormented by a vampyre; and they jumped to the conclusion that the passive vampyre had now become active. This was in accordance with a kind of formula or theorem on the subject: that a man who, when alive, has had his blood sucked by a vampyre, will, after his death, deal with other persons in like manner. The neighbours exhumed Arnold Paul, drove a stake through the heart, cut off the head, and burned the body. The bodies of the four persons who had recently died, were treated in a similar way, to make surety doubly sure. Nevertheless, even this did not suffice. In 1731, seven years after these events, seventeen persons died in the village near about one time. The memory of the unlucky Arnold recurred to the villagers; the vampyre theory was again appealed to; he was believed to have dealt with the seventeen as he had previously dealt with the four; and they were therefore disinterred, the heads cut off, the hearts staked, the bodies burned, and the ashes dispersed. One supposition was that Arnold had vampyrised some cattle, that the seventeen villagers

had eaten of the beef, and had fallen victims in consequence. This affair attracted much attention at the time. Louis the XV. directed the Ambassador at Vienna to make inquiries in the matter. Many of the witnesses attested on oath that the disinterred bodies were full of blood, and exhibited few of the usual symptoms of death—indications which the believers in vampyres stoutly maintained to be always present in such cases. This has induced many physicians to think that real cases of catalepsy or trance were mixed up with the popular belief, and were supplemented by a large allowance of epidemic fanaticism. Mr. Pashley, in his "Travels in Crete," states that when he was at the town of Askylo, he asked about the vampyres, or katakhanadhes, as the Cretans called them, of whose existence and doings he had heard many recitals, stoutly corroborated by the peasantry. Many of the stories converged towards one central fact, which Mr. Pashley believed had given origin to them all. On one occasion a man of some note was buried at St. George's Church, at Kalikrati, in the island of Crete. An arch or canopy was built over his grave. But he soon afterwards made his appearance as a vampyre, haunting the village, and destroying men and children. A shepherd was one day tending his sheep and goats near the church, and on being caught in a shower, went under the arch to seek shelter from the rain. He determined to pass the night there, laid aside his arms, and stretched himself on a stone to sleep. In placing his firearms down (gentle shepherds of pastoral poems

do not want firearms, but the Cretans are not gentle shepherds), he happened to cross them. Now this crossing was always believed to have the effect of preventing a vampyre from emerging from the spot where the emblem was found. Thereupon occurred a singular debate. The vampyre rose in the night, and requested the shepherd to remove the firearms in order that he might pass, as he had some important business to transact. The shepherd, inferring from this request that the corpse was the identical vampyre which had been doing so much mischief, at first refused his assent; but on obtaining from the vampyre a promise on oath that he would not hurt him, the shepherd moved the crossed arms. The vampyre, thus enabled to rise, went to a distance of two miles, and killed two persons, a man and a woman. On his return, the shepherd saw some indication of what had occurred, which caused the vampyre to threaten him with a similar fate if he divulged what he had seen. He courageously told all, however. The priests and other persons came to the spot next morning, took up the corpse (which in day-time was as lifeless as any other), and burnt it. While burning, a little spot of blood spurted on the shepherd's foot, which instantly withered away; but otherwise no evil resulted, and the vampyre was effectually destroyed. This was certainly a very peculiar vampyre story; for the coolness with which the corpse, and the shepherd carried on their conversation under the arch was unique enough. Nevertheless, the persons who narrated the affair to Mr. Pashley firmly believed in its truth, although slightly differing in their versions of it.

This superstition doubtless arose from the fact that many persons were buried alive. In many epidemics thousands are hurried to the grave, who are only in a death-trance. The suspension of the heart's action—of respiration—of voluntary motion—of normal bodily warmth—of all the phenomena of animal life may be absent, and, yet, the person may be alive, and in many cases conscious of the coming doom of permature interment. This suspended animation may be brought about by nervousness, disease, poisoning, suffocation, cold, or any exciting cause. The German name of this condition is better than our English word "trance." They call it "Scheintod," or apparent death. Negative signs of absence of life are no *criteria* of real death. Surgeons, who have studied this state have seen the glassy eye—muscular relaxation—no pulse, no blood from an opened vein, and perceived a smell of mortification from the body and still life existing. At these times, nothing short of the usual signs of mortification and decomposition could be relied on. Bulwer, who died a few weeks ago, and who wrote "A Strange Story," treating of such subjects, made a provision in his will, that he should not, under any circumstances, be buried hastily, and that every precaution should be taken that he might not be interred alive. Bodies thus buried, if disinterred, would preserve their freshness, in the cold grave, not evidenced in those in whom corruption had commenced, before being buried. Hence, no stretch of imagination is needed to conceive how ignorance could conjure up all sorts of absurdities, in regard to vampyrism and its accompanying

atrocities. Like the optical delusions of the Hartz Mountains, a small man can produce, by the refracting or reflecting laws of light, a giant of the Brocken, much more formidable than the original, and yet any airy delusion of the clouds or mist.

Some Irish families are blessed with the constant attendance of a *Banshee*. This ghost is aristocratic, and only attaches itself to families of patrician blood. It appears, generally, like a small, wiry, wrinkled, withered up old woman, with red hood, and red cloak. Before death takes place in the family, of its attachment, it fills the neighbourhood with wild screeches of unearthly intensity, and with heart-rending lamentations most dolorous and pathetic. I do not know its genealogy, but would infer from its unrest, that it is far from being happy, at intermittent seasons, and that death is an unpleasant visitant to its favorite haunts, and to its friends.

In years gone by these families, which had the repute, of having an attendant *Banshee*, were proud of the spectral visitant, not because of its wailings and prophecies, but, because of its presence being *prima facie* evidence of aristocratic descent, in spite of "Burke's Peerage," or the local ostracism of "blue-blooded" nabobs, who "came in with the Normans," forgetting, as many such do, that :

> "'Tis only noble to be good ;
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

The Banshee race is, however, becoming extinct, and I am willing to leave it to Darwin to decide, what link in the chain of being, it supplies, above or be-

low humanity, and whether its fossil remains are to be found "in the sands of time," or is it "a trifle light as air." Chambers in his "Popular Rhymes of Scotland" gives an account of another race of beings, having attachment also to families, and if they will not be offended, I might say, that I feel sure the Banshee is aunt to them, and this fact gives them a respectable ancestry. The brownie was a household spirit of a useful and familiar character.

In former times, almost every farm-house in the South of Scotland was supposed to be haunted by one. He was understood to be a spirit of a somewhat grotesque figure, dwarfish in stature, but endowed with great personal strength. It was his humor to be unseen and idle during the day, or while the people of the house were astir, and only to exert himself while all the rest were asleep, It was customary for the mistress of the house to leave out work for him—such as the supper dishes to be washed, or the churn to be prepared—and he never failed to have the whole done in the morning. This drudgery he performed gratuitously. He was a most disinterested spirit. To have offered him wages, or even to present him with an occasional boon, would have insured his anger, and perhaps caused him to abandon the establishment.

Numerous stories are told of his resentment in cases of his being thus affronted. For instance, the goodman of a farm-house, in the parish of Glendevon, left out some clothes one night for the brownie,

who was heard during the night to depart, saying in a highly offended tone—

"Gie brownie coat, gie brownie sark,
Ye'se get nae mair o' brownie's wark!"

The Brownie of the farm-house of Bods-beck, in Moffatdale, left his employment upwards of a century ago, on a similar account. He had exerted himself so much in the farm labor, both in and out of doors, that Bodsbeck became the most prosperous farm in the district. He always took his meat as it pleased himself, usually in very moderate quantities, and of the most humble description. During the time of very hard labor, perhaps harvest, when a little better fare than ordinary might have been judged acceptable, the goodman took the liberty of leaving out a mess of bread and milk, thinking it but fair that at a time when some improvement, both in quantity and quality, was made upon the fare of the human servants, the useful brownie should obtain a share in the blessing. He, however, found his error, for the result was that the brownie left the house for ever, exclaiming—

"Ca', brownie, ca'
A' the luck o' Bodsbeck away to Leithenha."

The luck of Bodsbeck accordingly departed with its brownie, and settled in the neighboring farm-house, called Leithenhall, whither the brownie transferred his friendship and services. One of the principal characteristics of the brownie was his anxiety about the moral conduct of the household

to which he was attached. He was a spirit very much inclined to prick up his ears at the first appearance of any impropriety in the manners of his fellow-servants.

The least delinquency committed either in barn, or cow-house, or larder, he was sure to report to his master, whose interests he seemed to consider paramount to every other thing in this world, and from whom no bribe could induce him to conceal the offences which fell under his notice. The men, therefore, and not less the maids, of the establishment regarded him with a mixture of fear, hatred and respect; and though he might not often find occasion to do his duty as a spy, yet the firm belief that he would be relentless in doing so, provided that he did find occasion, had a salutary effect. A ludicrous instance of his zeal as guardian of the household morals is told in Peebleshire. Two dairymaids, who were stinted in their food by a too frugal mistress, found themselves one day compelled by hunger to have recourse to the highly improper expedient of stealing a bowl of milk and a bannock, which they proceeded to devour, as they thought, in secret. They sat upon a form, with a space between, whereon they placed the bowl and the bread, and they took bite and sip alternately, each putting down the bowl upon the seat for a moment's space after taking a draught, and the other then taking it up in her hands, and treating herself in the same way. They had no sooner commenced their mess, than the brownie came between the two, invisible, and whenever the bow was set down upon the seat, also took a draught, by

which means, as he devoured fully as much as both put together, the milk was speedily exhausted. The surprise of the famished girls at finding the bowl so soon empty was extreme, and they began to question each other very sharply upon the subject, with mutual suspicion of unfair play, when the brownie undeceived them, exclaiming, with malicious glee—

"Ha! ha! ha!
Brownie has't a'."

The *witches*, poor creatures, had hard times of it. They were accused of selling themselves for some consideration, to the Evil One, and in consequence of this *quidpro quo*, were supposed to be his abject slaves in this world, and that which is to come. With a more sudden and hideous metamorphosis than Ovid ever fancied, they changed themselves, at will, into all sorts of animals. In crossing rivers, they sailed in creels, and dare not, when crossing the ferry, utter the name of Deity, nor any of his attributes, lest the crazy vessel would at once sink, and they perish. They rode in the air, uncomfortably, on brooms ticks, making good time, and exploring the earth, for congenial work to do. They were burned at the stake, and died martyrs to the sceptical faith, yet, these poor creatures, real objects of pity, were the subjects of mon omania, hallucination, trance-waking, or self-delusion, and belied themselves as being possessed of the devil. Shakespeare takes advantage of this proof of superstition, to give us the horrible picture of the wierd sisters, holding high revelry, round a lurid fire, and in dance and song, and culinary art, making wit

ches' broth. The food is not of such a palatable nature as would tempt an epicure, or cure a dyspeptic,

"Round about the chaldron go:
In the poisoned entrails throw—
Food that under coldest stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one;
Sweltered venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first in the charming pot,
Fillet of a fenny snake,
In a chaldron boil and bake,
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell broth, boil and bubble,
Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf,
Of the ravined salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock, digged in the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Shivered in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Cool it with a baboon's blood—
Then the charm is firm and good,
Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey:
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may."

I confess the broth might be excellent, but it would need a ravenous appetite, and a blunted imagination to make it palatable. These witches foretold events. They brought, or drove away, at pleasure, the murrain or rot, among cattle. They sowed discord on domestic hearths. They influenced minds for evil, and set nations, communities, and families, into fiercest, conflicts, feuds, and quarrels. Thunders and lightnings obeyed them, for all the potency reposing in the right arm of "the Prince of the power of the air," was at the command of these useful auxiliaries. In

Burns' "Tam o' Shanter," we learn that they enjoy themselves, by dancing, with ghastly surroundings, in dubious company—and with a sable fiddler, whose reputation has never been of the best, and to whom no respectable person could give a certificate of character. He is the chieftain of a motley throng, and witches seem to be the feminine gender of his vast heritage, being possessed of blatant tongues, great cunning, busy-bodies, mischief-makers, and irrepressibles. The most of them have been hanged, or burned, or drowned, so that the race has become extinct, and, more subtle agencies have been found in this speculative age, to do their work. Let a sigh of sorrow be given to the memory of poor wretches, who perished, the victims of ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism.

The *fairies* were diminutive, but active creatures, dressed neatly, but fantastically, and were not so malicious as fond of practical jokes. They delighted in grassy hillocks, and babbling brooks, and sometimes indulged in petty larceny. Young babes were their delight, and it is said by one, who ought to know, that their ranks were recruited from those of infants. If a door was left open at night, and a beautiful infant should happen to be in the house, the fairies gave to the sleeping mother beautiful dreams of "a happy land," and while the visions of the night held the sleeper spell-bound, stole the nursling away. I do not know what their code of ethics may be, but this looks like abduction, of a disreputable kind, but seeing that they have no children of their own, and that "self-preservation is the first law of nature," perhaps

"the end sanctifies the means." The fairies believe in a monarchy, if Shelley is to be credited. In his "Queen Mab," he says, they dwelt in a gorgeous world of clouds, beyond the confines of the material universe of worlds. When they leaned over the battlements of their aerial palace and castle, to fairy eyes

> "Earth's distant orb appeared
> The smallest light that twinkles
> In the heavens.———
> While above, below, around
> The circling systems formed
> A wilderness of harmony."

Queen Mab, their sovereign, rode in a magic car of gorgeous colors, drawn by phantom coursers of the air, covered with azure pennons, and driven with reins of sunbeams. These pigmy creatures are said to be fond of music, and charm the human ear with heavenly melodies. They are excellent dancers, but woe betide the poor wight who joins them in their reels. I saw the hillock, where Hector Mc Alister sat down to rest himself, with a sack of oatmeal on his back. A door opened in the green sward at his side, and he saw, in a beautifully furnished grotto, myriads of fairies dancing to music which "put mettle in his heels." He joined the merry throng, and as time sped on,

> "The pipers loud and louder blew,
> The dancers quick and quicker flew."

until, after what appeared to him a short time of exquisite pleasure, he found himself on the bleak moor, at midnight's darkest hour, but half a century had

flown, in the mean time. Like the seven sleepy-headed youths of Ephesus, or jolly old Rip Van Winkle, he found his kindred had departed, his place was filled, and his memory like "the baseless fabric of a vision." History and tradition tell not, whether or not, like a sensible man, he made his meal into "guid kail brose," and then gave up the ghost. My grandfather otten saw them, and heard their music, but warily fled from their allurements. I dared not doubt such testimony, and call all such sensorial illusions, for he would have "brained" the sceptic in his evil, and left me a warning, like Lot's wife.

A soul disenthralled from its earthly tenement may travel as quickly as thought, and by subtle influence, stir up clouds of ideas from the nest of latent recollections, or be the occasion of generating new thought in kindred spirits. These mental photographs are real to the possessor, and are often erroneously supposed to be material objects when they are purely subjective, hence, the deep-rooted belief in ghosts, as "somethings" unearthly, superhuman, intangible, yet visible individuals, outside of the startled observers. Satan, and all his emissaries have not the divine attribute of omnipresence, yet, their influence is ubiquitous. Their powers must extend far beyond the individual presence. A general law of spiritual life, doubtless, exists, through which the "afar" becomes "near," and the "here" is co-extensive with thought. Time and distance are reduced to the infinitesimal, and the wings of Ariel are slow in comparison to the fleet and flashing intelligences, unburdened by

mortality. The wonderful powers of a human soul in the so-called abnormal states of clairvoyance, mesmerism, trance-waking, trance-sleeping, and som nambulance show, by analogy, the extreme probability of the existence of such laws in the spirit-land. At the same time it does not follow that a human hand, or an earthly body, must be the only medium through which our departed friends can communicate with us, if we except their wilful propensities to play pianos—to cause chains to dance reels, to give mysterious knocks on table legs, to write hieroglyphics,and "other fantastic tricks as would make angels weep." That cunning strategy of the so-called spiritualist, in thus pretending to unfathom, in this grotesque way, "this mystery of mysteries," reduces a grand and solemn truth to an absurdity. At the same time, we have those positive announcements of Holy Writ which say there are "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him." "He maketh his messengers spirits." "I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets."

If such like texts do not mean visitations from the spirit land, then are such wonderful scenes as those at the dark hour of the crucifixion, and on the Mount of Transfiguration, myths, fables, and fictions, and we are not among those "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." But the intuitions of all kindreds, and peoples, and nations,give no uncertain sound in regard to a close connection

between the two worlds of spirits, or rather the same world in two states of transition, but both "one and indivisible." Mythology, which gave individuality to all the passions, desires, and emotions of humanity, which had deities for every Sylvan grove, every babbling brook; every valley and every mountain proclaim this truth; nor can keen irony, cutting sarcasm, intellectual acumen, or logical effort eradicate the idea from the human mind. It is woven in the warp and woof of our three fold natures. We instinctively long for a gaze into these wondrous scenes, which lie before every son and daughter of Adam's race.

"Tell us, ye dead! will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
Well, 'tis no matter:
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learned as you are, and as close."

A remarkable case is that of Samuel and Saul mentioned in the Old Testament. Here was a king in distress. The Philistines were in the vale of Shunem, numerous, well-equipped, and thoroughly organized. Samuel was dead, and Abiathar, the high priest, was with David. "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God," but now he fears, for in frenzy, he had killed all the priests but one, and he had fled with the Ephod. Saul had been a terror to witches, but a reputed one still dwelt at Endor. At night, and in disguise, he goes to her. She is wary, and fears exposure; he swears by the living God no evil shall

befall her, if she will only give him a glimpse of the future. In response to her interrogation of "Whom do you want?" the stricken king says "Samuel." The prophet appears and startles the hag herself. He came without incantations, for she had not even called for him. It was Saul only, who had disquieted the risen prophet, to bring him up. She knew that a prophet could come only at the command of an anointed king, and at once charged the king with deception. She gave a description of the risen dead, so indefinite, that it might be applied to any other individual—"an old man covered with a mantle," and up before him came gods, (lords). This whole scene was evidently an optical illusion, to the woman, for she alone saw it. God did not need to use the craft of "a mistress of Ob," (a false prophetess) to do his work, and as I have already shown the deception is often as startling in hearing words, as in seeing visions. "Ah! says an objector, "but Samuel foretold all the tragic disasters of next day, to a certainty." True, but it is not said that any one but an affrighted Saul heard the prophecy, and it must be remembered that (1) Saul was in great terror, and had been the subject of "a troubling, or terrifying spirit," in other words, he had often been attacked with paroxysms of fury bordering on mania or extreme nervous sensibility, in which the imagination was a Mazeppa, without a bridle, and the luckless victim bound helplessly to it. To such an one, ideal voices are, as if they fell upon the ear. (2) He longed and hoped for comfort, by means of Samuel, although departed from this life.

(3) The woman saw the apparition but the king perceived nothing but the voice. (4) Both were in a high degree of excitement and fear. (5) The whole scene took place at night. Was Saul illuminated? (6) This morbid and nervous state has, in thousands of other cases, brought about a brainal view of a panorama of dreaded, or wished for things. (7) The king knew his case was hopeless, hence his mind prognosticated defeat. He determined on suicide if defeated, and thus foresaw the result. He knew his sons were brave, and in all probability would share his fate, either by their own hands, or those of the enemy. The spectre of the mind told all these things, in thunder tones, to the king, as did the sensitive organization of the woman "with a familiar spirit,' detect the ghost of Samuel. Natural law explains the whole scene, then why resort to miracle? Saul sought not God in his distress, and he was given over to delusion. The prophet spoke not God's words, for there was an error in the prophecy. Samuel is reported to have said, "To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me." Now all Saul's sons did not perish, for Isbosheth survived "the fell havoc of the day," and reigned over Israel two years. I am not sure about the orthodoxy, by creed, of the above interpretation, but I am convinced it is a rational and consistent view of the sacred version. Many of the earthly fathers give us numerous instances of their physical conflicts with Satan and his imps, sometimes coming off victorious, and sometimes put *hors de combat*. The fathers of the later reformations from

Wickliffe and Luther, down to Wesley, tell of similar experiences. There is no doubt of the honesty of the victims, in giving evidence, but our scepticism lies in believing such conflicts to have taken place, with *bona fide* and substantial ghosts. The brains of these active and earnest men were in a continual state of tension. The great foe of the human race was constantly in their thoughts, as an implacable enemy. They lived in an age of superstitious absurdities, and were necessarily tinged with its beliefs in the supernatural. It is not to be wondered at, that in hours of morbid sensibility and depression, a phantasmagoria of "those things which run most in their heads" should take captive, at times, their better judgment. Such were mental facts, and confined to the boundaries of conceptive cognitions. They saw and heard the promptings of the *Ego*, and trusting to the treacherous senses, believed themselves in actual bodily conflict with the "Prince of the power of the air," or his emissaries. Sir Walter Scott relates the following circumstance, which, doubtless, refers to Byron and himself. "Not long after the death of a certain illustrious poet, who had filled, when living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom the deceased had been well-known, was engaged during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. A visitor was sitting in the apartment who was engaged in reading. The sitting-room opened into an entrance

hall, rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armour, wild animals and the like. It was when laying down his book and passing into the hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak, saw right before him and in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed on his bodily eye, the peculiarities of dress, and posture of the illustrious poet." It resolved itself into a screen, great coat, shawls, and plaids. Had there been no examination, it would have been a veritable ghost of a hapless poet. A club in the town of Plymouth used to meet in a summer-house. One evening the president was dangerously ill, but out of respect, his chair was left vacant. In the midst of a discussion the figure of the chairman entered, pale, haggard, and ghastly. It took the vacant chair, lifted an empty glass, pretended to drink the health of the goodly company, in dead silence, and then glided away. The members were horror-struck. They sent a deputation to the house, and found him dead. The visitation was unaccounted for, and was received as a veritable ghost story, until it afterwards came out, that while the nurse fell asleep, the sick man, in the delirium of death, did visit the club, then went home and died.

James IV. was at Linlithgow, just before the fatal battle of Flodden Field. He was visited by a

stranger, whom Pitscottie says, "was clad in a blue gown, in at the kirk door, and belted about him a roll of linen cloth, a pair of buskins on his feet, to the great of his legs, with all other hose and cloth conform thereto; but he had nothing on his head but long yellow hair behind and on his cheeks, but his forehead was bald and bare." He admonished the king not to hazard a battle, and in parting said, "Sir king, my mother has sent me to you, desiring you not to pass at this time where you are purposed, for if thou doest, thou wilt not fare well on thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee." St. John was the adopted son of the Virgin Mary, and seems to have been sent on a pacific errand. Readers of history will remember that the Scottish queen was opposed to the war, and this was a scheme to deter the king from waging war against the Southerns.

Sir David Brewster, in his "Letters of Natural Magic," tells of a lady who once went into her drawing-room, and saw the image of her husband—then absent—standing by the fire, looking at her "seriously and fixedly." So sure was she of his identity, that she said, "Why don't you speak." He gave no response, but moved towards the window and disappeared. The whole was an optical delusion. She often saw a black cat whose existence was a myth. An apparition dressed in a shroud was a constant visitant, yet all unreal outside of the mind. I have a relative, a man of candor and truth, who, about thirty years ago, was travelling in Lincolnshire, at night, on the king's high way, and was accompanied for

miles by a blue light, which he was sure was "a dead candle." It did not seem to have legs, but his imagination detected a pale face of ghastly hue in the midst, and swinging arms at its sides. I found out that he was travelling over a swampy country, and that "Mr. William O' Wisp" had been playing off a joke on the belated traveller, or kindly seeing him on the way home. On another occasion he was returning home, near midnight, when he heard a crackling sound behind him. Turning round to ascertain the cause of it, he saw a sight so fearful that he could never be induced to describe it. He could not turn again towards home, and beat a retreat crab-like, for nearly three miles, until he knocked for admittance at his own door, when it suddenly vanished, and he was able to face around. A sort of inferential explanation may be found in the fact that he had been at a jollification, and possibly had been indulging in deep potations of *usquebaugh*, although he" wasna fou, but just had plenty." His sights were not those of Tam O' Shanter, in Alloway kirk, but the diffusible stimulant was the same, and with analogous results. Another time, under similar circumstances he was passing over the crown of a hill, late at night, near a farm-yard. The public road lay in the valley below. and along it a glimmering light was travelling. He knew that a "dead candle" was taking a walk, and he had often heard that if the spectator at such a time, would only put his foot on a stone which had never been moved, the light would not only arrest him, but it would pass in and out of his mouth, until the

"rooster" chanted his morning composition, as that gentleman is wont to do. In a spirit of bravado, the traveller did so, and instantly he was that sedentary thing, "a fixed fact," and a lurid flame exercised itself between his pharynx and dentals, occasionally going outside to get fresh air. When day broke, and the cock crew, it uttered a solemn statement of warning to him—refused him a certificate of character—and left him in a wilty, dishcloth-like condition, with no hartshorn at hand to titillate his distended nostrils. This solemn glimpse into the odd things of those fellows, who seem to burn their own coal-oil, as related to me when a child, on a wintry night, made my hair creep, and the "sheeting" of my "dome of thought" move, as if it wanted to be scalped. Since then I have no doubt but he was not as sober as a good christian should have been, and the panorama was enacted in his brain, with no charge for admission to the show. Were I within reach of his arm I dare not write the above.

An uncle of mine used to tell me what trouble he and his neighbors had with a friend, who, on the night following New-Year's Day, old style, always had a terrible time with the devil. No doors, or bars, or bolts, or locks would keep him in, when three distinct knocks came to the door at midnight. (These spectral marauders will insist on having three distinct hours of call, viz: at the gloaming, midnight, and dawn). When the dread signal came, he tore around lively, and in a paroxysm of mingled terror and fury, went in a dog-trot to the hills, preceded

by a hare. None dare follow him, but when morning came he returned with his clothes torn to shreds, bleeding from scratches, and the picture of an "used up" individual. All believed the hare was a transformed witch, sent by his Satanic majesty, (I like to be polite, knowing his potency) on this errand, as an *avant courier*, to bring "poor old Joe" to yearly penances. My exegesis of the matter was, that Joe "spreed" it 365 days in the year, "be the same, more or less," but on New-Year he had an extra maceration, and "blue devils" took possession of him. As regards the knocks I kindly suggested that they were introduced into the narrative, by a poetic imagination, by way of embellishment, and always made this statement, by a sort of hypothesis, to my uncle, with the back-door open, and my toes protruding therefrom, for, immediately afterward I was savagely followed by a miscellaneous collection of chattels, making parabolic curvatures in the air, and which were never comfortable in immediate relation to the personal *non-ego*, especially that part generally appealed to, in juvenile corrections. A host of such ideal spectres fill the mind of humanity. Terror magnifies the moving horns of a ruminating ox, behind a black stump, into a hideous ogre. A loose board on the side of a house, vibrating in the storm, in pulsating knocks—the branch of a tree, by friction on the walls, screeching out, flesh-creeping interludes, in the night-breeze—the rusty gate hinges giving dolorous notes, with their echoes, to the fiends of the night. The splintered rail whirring like an

imp's wing, all putting "mettle in the heels" of the midnight traveller — the phosphorescence of a decayed log, in the sombre woods, sends dismay into the heart of a truant from home—the hooting night-owl, and the flickering night-fly, make phantasy fill the air and earth with hobgoblins, and all the brood of unearthly *spectra*. In spite of education, and moral enlightenment, tens of thousands, to-day, in Christendom, cannot shake themselves free from those fears of the machinations of the supernatural and intangible. The hermit Druid's experience is theirs :—

"The deserts gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the spectre's child.
Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,
He watched the wheeling eddies boil.
Till, from their foam, his dazzling eyes
Beheld the river demon rise ;
The mountain mist took form and limb
Of noontide hag or goblin grim ;
The midnight dark came wild and dread ;
Swelled with the voices of the dead ;
Thus the lone seer from mankind hurled,
Shaped forth a disembodied world."

The alchemists and magicians used their knowledge of chemistry and optics to deceive. The most abominable mixtures were used, from ground human skulls, to boiled human blood, but those were only blinds to hide the skill which lay behind. Anyone who has seen, or read of the jugglery of the Hindoos and Chinese, not to speak of the slight of hand, of such as "The Wizard of the North," or the apparent reality of "Professor Pepper's Ghost," need not be

told, how such scenes would affect an ignorant people, to wonder, amazement, and awe. The belief is real, even if ideal, and as far as the effect is concerned, might as well be flesh and blood or any other substance equally perceptible.

The specimen ghosts' history given above were *seen*. Another species of these genera are never seen but *heard*. Sometimes they occupy a quiet nook in some lonely valley. Oftimes they take possession of the deep hold of a sea-going ship, or the dark labyrinths of a mine, or the subterranean passages of decayed castles, and ruined abbeys. They are fond of stately and forsaken mansions, and with considerable selfishness, and refinement of taste, occupy the best room in the house. They scarcely ever reside in cottages or huts, and show in this considerable aristocratic feeling. Their shrieks have been heard in fearful *crescendo* and *dimenundo* tones, in the darkest hours before the dawn. Their dirges have been carried on the wings of the wind, and their doleful lamentations have pierced the wrack of the tempest. They have filled "the grand old solemn woods," with their demoniac laughter, doubtless occasioned by the side-splitting jokes of facetious fellow-phantoms. Fantastic tricks with individuals, and furniture, have been their delight, and in many cases, they should have been tried for "assault and battery." What was fun for them, was almost death to many. Even good John Wesley's father had a taste of their pranks in his parsonage at Epworth. This ghost groaned as if in pain. It made the dishes dance

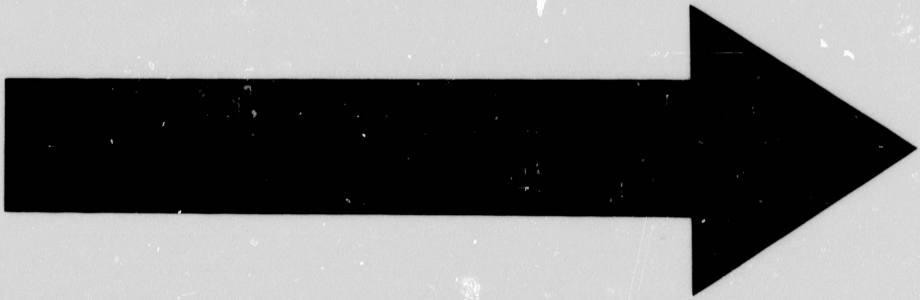
reels on the table. It gobbled like a turkey, and danced immoderately without music. At first the noises were thought to be those of rats, and as blowing a dinner-horn was said to drive away all such vermin, terrible sounds were made by the horn for half a day, in all parts of the house. This enraged the goblin so much that he "kicked up rows" in the day-time, as well as at night. I have no information how, or when the poor fellow rested. When being rebuked by Samuel Wesley as "a deaf and dumb devil," and asked as to his intentions, he was invited into the study, if he had any complaint to make. This nickname and suggestion, only roused the ire of his ghostship, for immediately afterwards, Mr. W—. "was twice pushed by it with considerable force." He made all brass, iron, and windows rattle when he came into a room, and after he left the wind rose, and roared around the house. This faculty "of raising the wind," would have put envy into the airy noddle of Æolus himself, if that blustering individual is still alive, and well. It occasionally took a turn at the hand-mill, but roguishly ground when it was empty. The family at last became so familiar with his pranks that they christened him "Old Jeffery." This "spook" was a staunch Jacobite. He was possibly the disturbed spirit of such a malicious and devil-possessed scape-grace cavalier, as "Bonnie Dundee," for when Wesley prayed for the King and Prince of Wales, "Old Jeffery" became furious. The spirit of Claverhouse, in unrest would have had congenial employment in persecuting Samuel Wesley, Senr., as well as his distin-

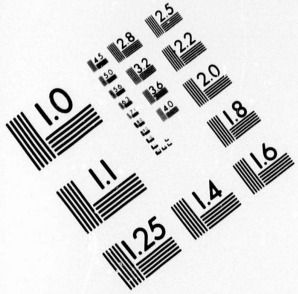
guished sons, and thus contributed his mite to nip in the bud the English Covenanters, as he had endeavoured to do the Scottish heroes, by fire and sword. John Wesley drew up and published an account of the whole case, "after carefully inquiring into the particulars," but "without note or comment." Southey in his "Life of Wesley" gives us many more facts than I have summarized. Samuel, brother of John, seemed puzzled about the matter, and concluded that "the end of spirit's actions is yet more hidden than that of men, and even this latter puzzles the most subtle politicians." His mother writes "I am not one of those that will believe nothing supernatural, but am rather inclined to think there would be frequent intercourse between good spirits and us, did not our deep lapse into sensuality prevent it." Southey examined the circumstances and found no solution. The celebrated Dr. Priestly calls it "perhaps the best authenticated, and best told story of the kind that is any where extant."

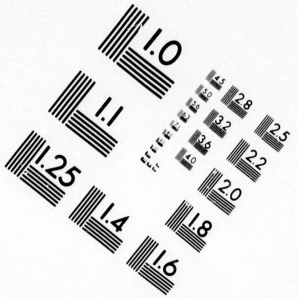
No legerdemain, ventriloquism, or tricky acoustics can explain it. The statements are truthful. The parties had no fear or credulity, except a belief in the supernatural. It was heard intermittently, for years by dozens of persons. The causes were searched for, by day and night, yet, never found. I am not inclined to think disembodied spirits indulge in childish, and aimless frivolities, and that a solution could have been found in natural causes connected with the premises. All these freaks were neither miraculous, preternatural, nor ghostly notwithstanding

"there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of, in our philosophy." At the same time, there is a good deal of truth in Dr. Johnson's remark "that it is wonderful that 5000 years have now elapsed since the creation of the world, and still it is undecided whether or not there has ever been an instance of the spirit of any person appearing after death. All argument is against it, but all belief is for it.

The Drummer of Tedworth was a troublesome ghost. A Wiltshire Magistrate had fined a drummer for a public nuisance, and confiscated his drum. After this he had no peace in his house. The drum beat at all hours, and persecuted men, women, and children in their beds. Chairs and tables danced "French fours," in broad daylight, and in the presence of a crowd. A minister held divine service at the house every night about the time this ghost beat a tattoo; but at such times the drummer behaved himself like a Christian, until prayers were ended, and then his gymnastics would begin by hurling all kinds of household stuff in perfect abandon, at the minister. It was musically inclined, and seemed from its singing to have a fair knowledge of music. In the presence of Sir Thomas Chamberlain, and others, after it beat the drum for three hours, a gentleman said "Satan, if the drummer set thee to work, give three knocks and no more." This it candidly and honestly did. At last a witch seemed to trouble the demon, for the sounds indicated that he was pursued by a hag. He made the house vocal with the cries of "a witch! a witch!" He had not lost his mother tongue. The







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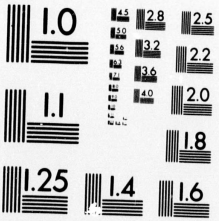

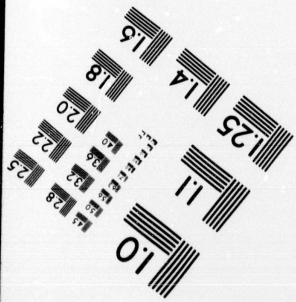

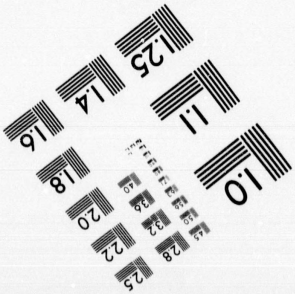

law holds good that all creatures from man downwards have enemies to prey upon them, and ghosts seems to be no exception to this rule.

> "Big fleas have little fleas on their backs to bite 'em,
> Little fleas have less fleas, and so on *infinitum*."

The consolation lies in knowing that if poor humanity cannot *capias* these disturbers of the peace, an unearthly bailiff "goes for them with a sharp stick." It is but just to add that when the real drummer was banished for crime, the *alter ego* also took its departure, no doubt to vex some poor body in Botany Bay. Both Addison and Steele, Editors of the "Spectator" knew the circumstances to be true, but did not attempt to solve the enigma. It was not far to seek, if proper enquiry had been made. It is amusing to read volumes of such accounts, all of which might be traceable to natural laws, even were the evidence more explicit than it is. It should be remembered that not anything can be called supernatural simply because it may remain unexplained. What is a mystery to us may prove in the end, easy of solution, and in strict accordance with the laws of nature, operating before our eyes. The wonderful discoveries in regard to electricity, steam, light, spectroscopy, and the correlation of forces, are only as yet, twinkling stars, in the firmament of knowledge. Blazing suns of dazzling intensity, will "in the good time coming," throw out corruscations, athwart the dark abyss of spiritual ignorance, so effulgent as to search every nook and cranny of that world to which we all are fast hasten-

ing. The earnest contact of soul to soul, for weal or woe, whether in this world, or the one beyond, does not resolve itself into the ridiculous, the fantastic, or the grotesque, because "life is earnest."

Life is a strange riddle of puzzling profundity, and a belief in unaccountable sights, as partaking of the "uncanny." is not to be wondered at, in spite of all which is said about their absurdity. We perceive this in the phenomena of dreams, and in our visions of the night have faith in unearthly visitants. Some dreams are, to us, so real as to become visions, and carry with them strong convictions when we awake, notwithstanding all the reasonings of a subtle philosophy, in regard to their unsubstantial character. As a rule the reason is temporarily dethroned in sleeping dreams, as it is often in day reveries, and imagination runs riot. Often, judgment, and common sense, however, predominate, and the mental powers are exalted in intensity, and vigor, far above the usual state in dreams, obeying all the moral laws of thought, and violating no rules of prudence or discretion. Usually we have sensation in sleep, but little reflection. A sleeping man will wink at a lighted candle brought near his eyelids, and still sleep on. He will throw up his hands to defend himself from the irritation of a tickling straw, yet knows it not. A gentle manipulation of the ribs will cause a change of posture, but consciousness does not tell the reason why. At the same time, seas are sailed over, on phantom ships. Continents are crossed, as if on angel's wings. "The spangled heavens, a

shining frame," are traversed with a greater rapidity than lightning. Untold dangers are avoided, however inevitable they may appear. Poignant agony is felt for friends, it may be, slumbering in peace and quietness by our side. We may have glimpses of beatific scenes, through the pearly gates, and up the golden streets, and have wafted to our ears music angelic, from harps of seraphin, or cherubim; or have our souls harrowed by wailings and lamentations of myriad souls rocked on cradles of misery, and in a moment a rap on the side, or a pull of the ear, brings us, with a jolt back to earth again. A Canadian poetess has truly sung :—

" Dreams, mystic dreams, from whence do you come ?
In what far land is your fair home ?
From whence at night do you hither stray ?
Where do you flee at the dawn of day ?
Ye ne'er can fold your wandering wings,
You wild, unfathomable things."

A vexed question arises in regard to profound sleep. Does the soul then think ? Dougald Stewart holds that soul and body rest and sleep together. Locke expresses a like view, for he says in regard to sleep, "To think often, and never to retain it so much as one moment, is a very useless sort of thinking ; and the soul in such a state of thinking, does very little, if at all, excel that of a looking-glass, which constantly receives varieties of images or ideas but retains none ; they disappear and vanish and there remain no footsteps of them ; the looking glass is never the better for such ideas, nor the soul for such

thoughts." At the same time, it is difficult to believe that the soul can become dormant, and still exist. To think is necessary to its being, and for it to be in lethargy, is not to be. We may not be conscious at all times of the workings of the active powers of the mind, but a lack of knowledge in this respect does not imply that such do not exist any more than do the fleeting thoughts of our waking hours, which come and go, and leave no remembrance. An old writer tersely says, "The thoughts of worldly affairs, and the intemperance most men commit in meats, drinks, labors, exercises and passions, enfeeble and destroy the brisk, lively apprehensions, and stupify all the faculties of nature; and particularly the memory and retaining power are so dulled and rendered fluid and oblivious, as not to conserve any impressions made thereon—as we see in drunken men, who, the next day, remember none of those loud vociferations and mad pranks they played over night. And you may as well argue, that such lewd people did not commit any such extravagances, because very often they are not sensible of them, after they come to be sober, as to think you do not dream, because sometimes you cannot remember it when you wake." Addison, in the "Spectator," pursues the same train of thought when he says, "Our dreams are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labors of the day, this active part in his composition is still busied and unwearied. When

the organs of sense want their due repose and reparation, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in her several faculties, and continues in the action till she is again qualified to bear her company." The opponents to this view affirm that the soul needs rest as well as the body. That is the point at issue. Does the soul ever weary except in connection with the body? Is it not probable that a disenthralled soul finds all necessary cuperative vigour in ceaseless activity? Our internal organs have no rest night nor day. Did they depend on consciousness, for working orders, when we sleep, the heart would cease to beat, the lungs to exhale and inhale, the kidneys to excrete, the stomach to digest, and the brain to act, then must death ensue. They have no cessation of labour, until the golden bowl is broken, or until the evening, life draws over us, its sable mantle, when the last vesper bell chimes our requiem.

Francis Power Cobbe, in her "Dreams in Poetry," shows the inventive genius of dreamers in unconscious as well as conscious cerebration. A critic condenses her ideas by saying:—

"She contends that there are dreams whose origin is not in any past thought, but in some sentiment vivid and pervading enough to make itself dumbly felt even in sleep, and that at the very least, one half the phenomena of dreams are simply the results of a real law of the human mind, which causes us constantly to compose ingenious fables explanatory of the phenomena around us—a law which only sinks into abeyance,

into the waking hours of persons in which the reason has been highly cultivated, and which resumes its sway even over their well-tutored brains when they sleep.

Several curious and well-authenticated cases are cited by Miss Cobbe in support of her theory. One of these stories is the following :—A lady who confessed to have been pondering on the day before her dream on the many duties which "bound her to life" —a phrase which to her became a visible allegory— dreamed that life, a strong, calm, cruel woman, was binding her limbs with steel fetters, which she felt as well as saw ; and death, an angel of mercy, hung hovering in the distance, unable to approach or deliver her. In this singular dream her feelings found expression in the following verses, which she remembered on waking, and which are quoted precisely in the fragmentary state in which they remained on her memory :

Then I cried with weary breath,
Oh be merciful, great Death !
Take me to thy kingdom deep,
Where grief is stilled in sleep,
Where the weary hearts find rest.

* * * * * *

Ah ! kind Death, it cannot be
That there is no room for me
In all thy chambers vast
See, strong Life has bound me fast !
Break her chains and set me free.

But cold Death makes no reply,
Will not hear my bitter cry ;
Cruel Life still holds me fast ;
Yet true death must come at last,
Conquer Life and set me free.

Here is another story, concerning a dream which resulted in the discovery of a missing will.

"An instance of the renewal in sleep of an impression of memory calling up an apparition, not the apparition to enforce it (it is the impression which causes the apparition, not the apparition which conveys the impression) occurred near Bath half a century ago. Sir John Miller, a very wealthy gentleman died leaving no children. His widow had always understood that she was to have the use of his house for her life with a very large jointure; but no will making such provision could be found after his death. The heir-at-law, a distant connection, naturally claimed his rights, but kindly allowed Lady Miller to remain for six months in the house to complete her search for the missing papers. The six months drew at last to a close, and the poor widow had spent fruitless days and weeks in examining every possible place of deposit for the lost document, till at last she came to the conclusion that her memory must have deceived her, and that her husband could have made no such promise as she supposed, or had neglected to fulfil it had he made one. The very last day of her tenure of the house had dawned, when in the grey of the morning Lady Miller drove up to the door of her man of business in Bath, and rushed excitedly to his bed-room door calling out, "Come to me! I have seen Sir John! There is a will!" The lawyer hastened to accompany her back to her house. All she could tell him was that her deceased husband had appeared to her in the night, standing by her bedside, and had said

solemnly, 'There is a will!' Where it was, remained as uncertain as before. Once more the house was searched in vain from cellar to loft, till finally, wearied and in despair, the lady and her friend found themselves in a garret at the top of the house. 'It's all over,' Lady Miller said; 'I give it up; my husband has deceived me, and I am ruined!' At that moment she looked at the table over which she was leaning weeping. 'This table was in his study once! Let us examine it! They looked, and the missing will, duly signed and sealed, was within it, and the widow was rich to the end of her days. It needs no conjuror to explain how her anxiety called up the myth of Sir John Miller's apparition, and made him say precisely what he had once before really said to her, but of which the memory had waxed faint."

The only class of dream which escapes the myth-making faculty, is the purely intellectual dream, which takes place when we have no sensation or sentiment sufficiently vivid to make itself felt in sleep, and the brain merely continues to work on, as some one of the subjects suggested by the calm studies of the previous hours. Such dreams, as Dr. Carpenter remarks, have a more uniform and coherent order than is common to others; and it may even happen in time that, in consequence of the freedom from distraction resulting from the suspension of external influences, the reasoning processes may be carried on with unusual vigour and success, and the imagination may develop new and harmonious forms of beauty. Under this head, then, come all the remarkable cases of dreams

of the problems solved by Condorcet, and many others. Nearly every one who has been much interested in mathematical studies has done something of the kind in his sleep, and the stories are numerous of persons rising in sleep, and writing out lucid legal opinions.

Beside the picturing of marvellous things, passively beheld, it seems that narcotics can stimulate the unconscious brain to the production of poetic or musical descriptions of them; the two actions being simultaneous. On this point, Miss Cobbe enlarges as follows, with special reference to Coleridge's Dream poem of Kubla-Khan;—

"Here we have surely the most astonishing of all the feats of this mysterious power within us; and whether we choose to regard it as a part of our true selves, or as the play of certain portion of nerve-matter in either case the contemplation of it is truly bewildering. What truth there may be in the well-known stories of 'Rosseau's Dream,' or of Tartini's 'Devil Sonata,' I cannot pretend to decide. In any case very remarkable musical productions have been composed in sleep. But take the poem of "Kubla-Khan." Remember that the man who wrote it, in only a few of his multitudinous waking productions rose into the regions of high poetical fancy or anything like inspiration of verse. Then see him merely reading, half-asleep, the tolerable prosaic sentence out of Purchas' 'Pilgrimage;' Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto, and thus ten miles of fertile ground were

enclosed in a wall.' And dropping his book from this mere bit of green sod of thought he suddenly springs up like a lark into the very heaven of fancy, with the vision of a paradise of woods, and waters, before his eyes, and such a sweet singing breaking from his lips as,—

> "The shadow of the dome of pleasure
> Floated midway o'er the waves."

interspersed with wierd changes and outbursts such as only music knows :—

> "It was an Abyssinian maid,
> And on her dulcimer she played,
> Singing of Mount Abora!"

Consider all this, and that the poem of which this is the fragment reached at least the length of three hundred lines, and then say what limits shall be placed on the powers which lie hidden within our mortal coil? This poem of "Kubla-Khan" has long stood, though not quite alone, as a dream poem, yet as for the largest and most singular piece so composed on record."

To conclude, Miss Cobbe says, "Take it how we will, I think it remains evident that in dreams, except those belonging to the class of nightmare, wherein the will is partially awakened, we are in a condition of entire passivity; receiving impressions indeed from the work which is going on in our brains, but incurring no fatigue thereby, and exempted from all sense of moral responsibility as regards it. The instrument on which we are wont to play has slipped from our loosened grasp, and its secondary and al-

most equally wondrous powers have become manifest. It is not only a finger organ, but a self-acting one; which, while we lie still and listen, goes over, more or less perfectly, and with many a quaint wrong note and variation, the airs which we performed on it yesterday, or long ago."

We need not wonder then that dreamers often mistake the *phantasmata* of dreams for real ghosts, and unearthly visitors. The unreal seems as substantial as the objects of the waking moments, and often requires a process of reasoning after we are awake to convince us of their visionary nature. Associations of all kinds and degrees come and go in panoramic distinctness. Nightmare and its uninvited horrors, transfix us with terror. All that is a necessary condition, is a loaded stomach, or a troubled mind. Even Macbeth's unpleasant experience may be ours.

"Why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image does unfix my hair;
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature.
My thought,
Whose murder—yet is but fantastic,
Shakes so my single soul."

Although physical causes generally occasion all sorts of dreams, and although dreams often are found to "come true," it does not follow that there is a necessary connection between all dreams, and subsequent events. At the same time, it is possible, that often visions may be the operations of mind upon mind, during those moments of life, in which the soul

is most easily affected, and most impressible, to external influences and causes, and thus dangers have often been avoided, benefits secured, and good accomplished.

It will be observed that my belief is in favor of the theory, that the spirit-world is in communication with the immortal of earth; and that mental picturings can be produced by the excitations of spiritual contact, so real as to produce impressions of illusions, and apparitions, and yet, such having no substantial reality apart from the receptive and cognizant mind. Considering the intimacy of mind with its own phenomena, it is marvellous how ignorant we are of its working and laws. There is no branch of human knowledge, which has made so little progress, as that of metaphysics, and psychology. Old systems of mental philosophy have been exploded in one age, but only to be installed into favor the next. The circle is being perpetually traversed, but its area has not been extended to an appreciable degree. Merciless critics, with mental scalpels have cut and carved to pieces old systems, and dissected to the death, the cherished dogmas of the different schools. They have choked out of existence many of the beloved creations of fond masters, but these philosophic thugs have placed no worthy, and substitutionary ideal existence, in their room and stead. They demolish the edifices at whose pure altar many giant-minds have worshipped, but no other erection takes their places. The destructive will is with these mental iconoclasts, or else they have only ability to overthrow, but not to build up. They know of, and analyze the errors of theorists, but

psychico-neology is the apex, base, and facets of the jewels of their faith. Their Alpha and Omega of research ends in rampart unbelief. The old struggle between realists and idealists, and the *go-betweens*, is still carried on, as was the case centuries ago, and no new light has made a reft in the clouds of the logomachic battle. All other enquiries show in their results, gigantic strides in advance, but the knowledge of the mind, and of the external world in relation to it, is as much a matter of speculation, and hypothesis, as it was in the dark ages. One philosopher raves after Kant, and another swears by Locke. One accepts Berkely, and another attaches his faith to the Hamitonian creed. One, like McCosh or Mansel, plunges into intuitions, as into an iron-clad for protection, when no other explanations can conveniently be found ; and another takes refuge in etherial transcendentalism too unreal to anchor any human faith. It would be natural to suppose that some exact cognitions of self, and its relations would have been found, long ere this speculative age, by the myriads of thinking beings who have preceded us, from Moses to Herbert Spencer ; and that such groupings in the dark would have been matters of ancient history. There is still ignorance of a *terra incognita*, whose confines have not been explored. We have been cooped up in a " pent up Utica," with the great ocean of entities between the dual existences of mind and matter consisting to us of imagination, or faith. Notwithstanding, it is a wondrous expanse, on which no mortal *voyageur* has ever sailed, and into whose profound depth no

plummet has ever been dropped by human hands. This consists of the connection between that mind, which has no weight, measurement, or sensible properties, and that bodily creation, possessing all these in common with all inanimate creation, plus the phenomena of life, equal living humanity. What is this unexplored *something*? It holds the key that opens the gates which admit into ghostland. It may be called odic force, magnetism, electricity, or what we will, for a name is naught. Without it, there is no definite chemical groupings, neither vegetable nor animal life, and where it is absent, power may be present, in a restricted sense, but there is no construction. Cohesion, gravitation, crystalization, plant selection, and brainal molecular activity, are only manifest in its working presence. Worlds roll by its might, and human thought is subservient to its behest. Deprive the human body of it, and the spiritual essence takes its flight. Yet, it is not soul. Is it matter? Does it partake of the nature of both, or is it only the bond of union? Is it the condition of all life to possess it, or is it the occasion of vital manifestations? Up through the different gradations of so-called homogenous to heterogenous matter—from constructive plant groupings, to zoophytic propagation—and from this vegeto-animal production to animals, of which man is the highest earthly developement—all throb, and respond to this active and potent agent, only subservient to the Highest will. Animal life may be so low, as to have no known intelligence,

and so high as to endow a brute with reasoning powers, far above instinct, enabling it to provide for unforseen emergencies more promptly, and the appliances being considered, as efficiently as dominant man, yet this life is not soul. It cannot isolate abstractions, and plume its pinions for flights into the far beyond. Its actions show that it finds its mentality curbed in the reflective, and its aspirations checked at the threshold of the contemplation of infinite space, eternity, creation, and being. Yet, the action of the brute is not merely automatic, for it often shows high intelligence, although not endowed with moral attributes. Man has that life—that electrical action—that heat—that light—that motion, which may be convertible terms, in common with mineral, vegetable, and animal life, and which assumes new forms in disintegration, or decay, but is not lost forever.

This subtle existence is the connecting link between the *me* and *not me*. In low forms of life it follows invariably, if undisturbed, consistent law. As it ascends the scale, powers of apprehension crop out. I pervades all known space, and is no sluggard, for it has no cessation of labour, and needs no Sabbath. It pulls to pieces, and it builds up. It changes one form of beauty to another, and out of the same material can produce diametrically opposite qualities, as if by slight of hand. It builds up monad after monad, molecule after molecule of matter, into definite forms, each after its kind, whether it be granite rocks, basaltic columns, faceted quartz and diamond, or stillated snow-flakes,

nor does it cease here, for it makes cells, (each a worker,) and with them builds up plants, and, with more than a painter's skill, colors flowers, fashions trees full of umbrageous glory, and if left undisturbed makes no mistakes as to genera or species. From the protoplasm of the *ovum* springs generation, life, activity, food, blood, bone, flesh, fats, glands, nerves in all their variety, and completeness, but this *something* is the immediate *instrument* in its vital power, of the great Original. It is not merely a mechanical current, which flows throughout the universe, but, it rises to an intelligent work, which asks no respite from its labour. Light, heat, and sound, are only known to our perceptive consciousness by undulatory motion. Magnetism or electricity is manifested in the same way. It travels with great rapidity, through various media, including the nerves, and brain of man. Is it not life in the lowest form? It may be the base of the pyramid, and at its apex is animal vitality. While man or animal is in the body, such cannot think without its presence and aid, man cannot move a muscle without invoking its power, and the automatic action of the heart, lungs, and all the internal organs, are subservient to its behest, and empire.

After the consciousness has fled forever, from our earthly tabernacle, it asserts for a time its power, and makes nerves, brain, and muscles act by its impulses. It locks the doors, and fastens the windows, long after the tenant has vacated the premises. The soul has gone away without it, and the body soon ceases to

possess it. It is not absolutely necessary to the former, and when it leaves the latter, *as a living, acting principle*, decay and disintegration commence to demolish the clay tenement, yet, in spite of death, the body will be a *medium* through which the subtle *aura* can permeate, even, after it has returned to its primitive elements, and has become "dust to dust." I may startle the reader by suggesting that by it, animal life is maintained, or that animal life is only a more exalted manifestation of the same power, in active exercise. This view will account for many, if not all, the phenomena of our "fearfully and wonderfully made" organizations. This trinity of soul, spirit, and body has a quorum in *two* out of the *three* constituents of man, for the transaction of business. The soul, in certain states, may be temporarily absent from the body, on a voyage of discovery, and exploration, and yet vitality of body remain, or it may have expansive power to search realms otherwise far beyond mortal ken, and animal life still be in full tonicity. This third substance is "the keeper of the house," and has a kinship to all life in the kingdom of law. I have no sympathy with those philosophers who see only force in these manifestations. I can have no conception of force abstractly considered, and as having no reference to substance. It is of little importance whether this substance be atoms, ether, or an undulatory nondescript. This motive power is conditioned, and universal, and in one of its multiform statical and dynanical conditions is called animal

magnetism, or nerve force, and a *tertium quid* between the normal thinking being, and the outer world. This view explains the wonderful phenomena of somnambulism, clairvoyance, trance-waking, trance-sleeping. These states of soul need no organs of perception to see, hear, taste, smell, or feel. No impediments obstruct the vision. Distance is no hindrance. Space is annihilated, and all the particulars of locality are in a moment of time, as well known to the subject, as if the soul stood looking at them. Even the feelings of strangers are ascertained, and temporary ailments, described without an error of observation, or judgment. In some states, the vital action of the body is in full vigour—in others the busy workers seem to have suspended their labors, but in all, the mind is more active than ever, and its powers expanded. It seems to live, not merely within the confines of a circumscribed frail tenement, but embraces in its cognitions the "telegraphic universe." These wonderful phenomena are beyond dispute, explain them how we may, and with these states of mind there is not only unusual talent displayed, but enlarged capacity, and powerful faculty, independent of bodily restrictions. There must be a medium through which this is done, above and beyond nerve constituents, and nerve force, but possibly analogous to the latter, and is the element in which the soul acts. Sensation, or rather its occasion, is carried along the bodily nerves, and its swiftness can be measured, and as these carriers of molecular action can be excised without perma-

nently affecting the feeling being, and as galvanism magnetism, or electricity, exist independently of nerve matter, which transmits the excitant of sensation, or volition, yet this nerve substance is only a medium, motor or sensorial, of not merely force, but its substratum, therefore analogy does not forbid us to suppose that in certain states or conditions of the soul, it can, by this means, explore fields of observation far beyond its ken, in ordinary circumstances. This theory would explain the perplexing question of mediate and immediate perception. The I becomes cognizant *immediately* of this essence, which, to some extent partakes of its nature, in a low form. It is an instrumentality, and connecting link between the immortal soul, and its disintegrating receptacle, one of its principal attributes being a capability of immediately apprehending soul on the one hand, and gross substance on the other. I am no believer in the so-called "physical basis of life," but on the contrary hold that life is more than a condition of matter, or a force dependent on it. It is not subservient to other forces, and is not merely co-relative with them. It is an entity displaying a high power, on a more elevated plane of operation, and more extensive in its workings. This all-pervading force is generic, of which animal life is an exalted specific manifestation. The monadic force in the minerals obeying the law of never-failing forms, and types, each after its kind, just as the vegetable and animal do in an ascending scale, until we rise from *physic* force to *psychic* force—from blind, undeviating law to unconscious cerebration, or "latent thought," where is the *arcana* of the spiritual, conscious' and eternal, beyond mortal ken in "the shadows of the dark mountains."

CANADA.

THERE is no law more evident in its operations, than that of progression on the one hand and decay on the other. There is no resting place for the plant, or animal, in this world of change, from the time it becomes an existence, until it returns to its primal elements. When it ceases to grow it commences to decay. This law is also applicable to nations. They do not normally spring into existence in a day. In the dawn of government it is first manifest in the family ruled by the venerable patriarch. Then follows the more complicated rule of chiefs; then of warriors, lords, and autocrats, whether manifested through republics or despotisms, and that wonderful completeness of executive and law-making power resident in, and constituting a limited monarchy. Such growth, liberal views, and consolidation of petty nationalities are doubtless elements of popular strength. Rome absorbed even the rude tribes in its vicinity, and added daily to its greatness. Macedonia, under Philip and Alexander, like a political gourmand, swallowed up all the then civilized world, and became a mighty empire. Russia emerged from the Scandinavian forests, savage and untutored; but since Peter the Great, worked in Saardam, Holland, as a ship-builder, like the "man devil" fish, so graphically described by

Victor Hugo in his "Toilers of the Sea," it has thrown out its tentacles, seizing Finland, Poland, Circassia, Northern Asia, Independent Tartary, Khiva, and would have grasped poor Turkey by the throat, with its relentless claws, and choked it to death, were it not for the British and the French gunpowder scorching its outstretched arms, on the heights of Sebastapol. The United States have shown the same love of power, and conquest, down to the purchase of ice-ribbed Walrussia, and longing after quaking torrid St. Thomas. Britain has had an itch for following out the same policy from the days of the Saxon Heptarchy, until now its Colonies and dependencies are found one unbroken glorious circle of representative institutions, and political freedom. We believe this principle is being carried out in the confederation of these provinces, and that we as a people have taken one step forward in the grand march of nationalities. Our work of absorption has commenced, and will doubtless be carried forward to its final issue of increased power and influence in America. We are now the second power on this Continent, and the third in maritime wealth, upon the globe. It is true we have not the population of Brazil or Mexico, but numerical strength does not constitute true national power. Of all the nations of Europe, Britain wields the most influence, but France, Austria, Prussia and Russia have each as great, or a greater population; yet, what Congress meets on Continental Europe at which the British Plenipotentiary does not sit?

What war is waged, or what radical governmental changes take place in any part of Christendom, but the question is anxiously asked "What will they say in England?" You may twirl the globe to find them; these little specks, the British isles, are but "freckles," yet what a power! This is not from their area, nor their position, but because of their advanced civilization, their perfection in the arts and sciences, education, and comparatively high-toned morality and earnest Christianity. And so much respected and revered are "our mother's soil, our father's glory," in all parts of Britain's heritage, that like the human heart, the love for staunch Britannia, and her institutions, pulsates as strongly, and supplies a living patriotism as undying in Canada, and Australia, as within the very shadow of St. James' palace. Four millions of people such as we are, can and will be felt as a power not to be despised. Our free schools cannot be excelled, and our grammar schools and universities, will practically compare favourably with those in Europe, venerable with age, and from whose walls have issued those who have won undying renown. Canadian youths have already made a mark for themselves, not only on tented fields, but also in the walks of science, abroad as well as at home, beneath the flapping wings of the mighty eagle, whose ominous shadow falls upon a great segment of this Continent, as well as beneath the shaggy mane of the mighty lion, whose majestic tread shakes the nations

of the earth. In the respect due to sacred things we excel our neighbors, and even England. Our average of crime is comparatively low. We enjoy an admirable municipal system, light taxation, responsible government, full representation, and that liberty which is not inconsistent with the general welfare of the subject; for unlimited freedom is license, and that is the threshold to anarchy. When every one can do as he pleases, and there is no restraint on individual action, then brute force is sure to rule, and there is no law but the first instinct of self-preservation. Our judges are not political tricksters, but men of honour and a terror to evil doers. We hold the advisers of the viceroy responsible for their acts. Victoria propounds no injudicious measures for our acceptance, and intermeddles with naught that pertains to our internal affairs, except in regard to any measures affecting the good of the Empire, as well as our own. We are not intermittently ruled by a despotic chief, nor equally by intelligent citizens and lowest scum of society, that is by universal suffrage. We feel and appreciate the great boon thus conferred upon us, for our mutual advantage in the bright future. We can look back upon the bitterness, heartburnings, rancour, and jealousies of treacherous nondescripts, which have disgraced us in the past, irrespective of names, or invidious distinctions, as a hideous nightmare, and gaze prophetically through the dim vista of coming years, with brighter hopes and more joyful anticipations.

"Regions Caesar never knew,
Our posterity shall sway,
Where his Eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

It is evident that modes of thought, or in other words education, affects climate, and climate, the physique of the inhabitants, either for good or evil. Education and intelligence drain marshes, and choke off miasma—clear forests and level mountains—drain cesspools and ventilate by-lanes, and thus improve health, and morals, and manliness. This to a certain extent is true, but I have often thought that isothermal lines might indicate different conditions of men, as well as different temperatures. The climatic lines drawn by the thermometer are really boundaries for differences in humanity, independent of nationality. The temperate zone produces the more perfect man, in all his parts; and the farther north in that zone, the higher is the mentality, the more powerful is the physical frame, and the more enduring is the nervous force. We do not lay out this zone by distance from the equator, but by the degrees of heat or cold; for the mountains of Affghanistan, Upper India, Circassia, and Switzerland, can be classified to be in the same zone of latitude, as Wales, or the Highlands of Scotland. All these cold countries, wherever they may be, produce a hardy race; and even level countries, if they possess an invigorating climate may be classified in the list. Hot climates enervate, cold climates brace up. The Torrid Zone deprived

the human system of tonicity, the moderate gives recuperative power, and increased vitality. The former gives flaccidity to the muscle, but the latter gives cumulative strength. The former cripples sustained efforts of the brain, but the latter is constantly bringing to the rescue, on life's battle field, powerful reserves. The former scarcely ever permits the mind to rise above mediocrity, but the latter has produced brain power whose manifestations in literature, art, science, and on the gory field, as well as in the political arena, are the heritage of immortality. As conquerors, the northern nations have a wonderful record. Greece might have its petty jealousies, Athens might vex Sparta, and Bœtian Thebes look in proud disdain on Corinth, and schisms, heartburnings, and intestine wars might be the order of the day,but all had one bond of union, and that was being Greeks. No sooner did the Southern Persians display their glittering spears, and burnished shields on the European side of the Hellespont, than minor differences were forgotten ; and shoulder to shoulder, and foot to foot, they showed a noble heroism : for the bloody gates of Thermopylæ, the gory plains of Marathon, and the ensanguined waves of Salamis told to the wondering nations, that Greece was living Greece still. But, mark the sequel, victory made it effeminate, and the hardy Northern Macedonians swept it with the besom of destruction, until " none so poor as do it reverence." Rome, the home of the stately, prosaic, and stern, rose by absorption, from a

small city to be the mistress of the world. The Southern Carthaginians almost knocked for admission at its gates, with bloody swords, yet Roman hands finally sowed over Southern Carthage, the salt of desolation. But its day of doom came, and the Northern Gauls, athletic, brave, "giants upon the earth" put their heels upon the necks of the conquerors, whose Empire stretched from Britannia to beyond the Ganges, and from Mount Atlas to the walls of Antinous.

The Gauls had their conquerors in the still more northern Scandinavians or Sclavonians. The fiery Danes carried fire, and sword, and victory, into England. The Normans followed at their heels, and after many a bloody battle, Scotland, and Wales remained unconquered. Bonaparte found his match in Moscow, and in British troops at Waterloo.

In the recent struggle in the United States, the splendid muscle of the northern troops told against a brave foe, and were it not for the strong right arm of those southern sons of the mountains of Western Virginia, Kentucky, Georgia, Tennessee and other rugged districts, the struggle would have been of short duration. Prussia has at the present time a race of Teutons, who, with swift vengeance, conquered in the end, its more southern neighbour. Canadians are the Norsemen of the continent, and have the mental power, and muscle, and courage, that can conquer equality, and repel superiority. The mighty eagle of the South may flap one wing in the Atlantic, and daintily dip the other in the Pacific, and open its

capacious maw for southern prey, but if it spreads the gorgeous plumage of its tail, north of its legitimate domain, a truncated appendage may be the result, which will detract from the beauty of the noble bird.

Tell me of a country on the face of this earth that can produce such a noble record?—We do not except the New England States, Prussia, and Scotland, either as regards the ratio of the population attending educational institutions—the expenditure of public monies—and the high literary standing of our teachers and professors. Need we wonder then that extensive correspondence is carried on among ourselves, and with foreign countries? And here let me direct attention to the best means, towards the encouragement of emigration into British North America. It is useless for us to expect immigrants to settle in great numbers, within the boundaries of the old Dominion. We have, it is true, large tracts of country to occupy; but how illiberal the policy adopted in comparison to that of the neighboring Republic! It will be found that the thrifty Germans—frugal Danes—and Norwegians—and our energetic countrymen—who would bring to us willing hearts, and strong arms, and often plethoric purses, must of necessity seek homes in a country, and under a government with which they have no sympathy, because of "the penny wise and pound foolish" policy of the responsible politicians of the late Provinces, and of the "New Dominion." A step has been taken, recently, in the right direction,

and it is to be hoped that no "fit" of retrogression will throw a "glamour" over the eyes of the multifarious executives, of our country, and urge them to provide for present exigencies, at the expense of future incalculable and lasting benefit, to ourselves, and our countrymen. We, in Ontario and the Eastern Provinces, at present, have only to offer (with numerous restrictions), wooded and rocky sections of country, which are dearly bought as a free gift "without let or hinderance." The United States offer freely rich prairie lands to those who come to them from the loom, the work-shop, and the highly cultivated rural districts of Europe, and who are mere novices with the axe, and to whom the forest offers no inducement. These men will not look forward with complacency, to years of unremitting toil, penury, isolation, broken down constitutions, and conditions of so called "free grants," which "lead to bewilder and dazzle to blind."

This drawback is neutralized by the great North-West, rich in agricultural resources, and minerals. This country has an area of about 127,000 square miles of prairie, and wooded lands. It is somewhat larger than Great Britain, and capable of sustaining a population as great. There is a sufficient quantity of wood in the country for all the necessities of settlement—some woody ridges being over 100 miles in length, by 40 miles in breadth. The wood is larch, spruce, oak, white pine, cypress, and poplar. The hill ranges known as Riding and Duck Mountains

rise 1,000 feet above Lake Winnipeg, and 1,600 feet above the sea. Lake Winnipeg is 300 miles long by 50 broad. The most important rivers which flow into it from the westward are Red River, Assiniboine river, and the Saskatchewan river. By means of these, and numerous other tributaries, Lake Winnipeg drains an area of country considerably larger than all the eastern Provinces (450,000 square miles). The Saskatchewan, 584 miles from its mouth, is 600 yards broad. The rate of the current is 2¾ miles per hour, and its depth at the forks 10 feet. The country is intersected by rivers of a magnitude to astonish those who have never inquired into the resources of this magnificent country. The geological foundations of the country are the Laurentian, Silurian, Devonian, Cretaceous, and Tertiary, in the order in which I have enumerated them—of these the first is the most important: it traverses Canada from north-east to south-west. The mountains are called the Laurentides. The name is derived from the St. Lawrence, on account of their proximity to it. These series of rock are only found on this Continent, elsewhere, in the Adirondack mountains, a small portion in Arkansas, and near the sources of the Mississippi—also found in Finland, Scandinavia, and the north of Scotland. The rock runs through our country—north of us—north of Lakes Huron and Superior—east of Lake Winnipeg, and north of the so called North West to the Arctic Ocean, forming mountains from 2,000, to 3,000 feet high. This rock is composed of crystaline schists

(Gneissoid and Hornblendic) with large stratified masses of a crystaline rock composed of Lime, and Soda Felspar. The Devonian series are known principally on account of the salt springs; but the other series are too well known to need description. Coal, wood, salt, fertile soil, a genial climate, and navigable rivers, and lakes, should surely be strong inducements for settlement. Some may say, how can the climate be genial when the country is situated so much farther north than we are? Our climate is severely cold—can their mean annual temperature be less so? It should be remembered however, that we cannot calculate the climate of a country from lines of latitude alone, for surrounding circumstances modify climate; as for example, the proximity of mountains, or the lakes, or the sea. The height above the ocean may change the whole climate of a country. It is well known to sea-faring persons that an iceberg of only a few acres in extent, will chill the atmosphere for many miles around; so towards the end of May, or during the first part of June, large floes of ice become detached from the shores of the upper Lakes—float down near our western frontier, and by the absorption of, and rendering latent the solar rays, frosts often cut down remorselessly the tender shoots of Indian corn, potatoes, and barley. Now, beyond these inland seas these influences are never felt, but other and more favorable causes operate to modify the climate—the comparatively low elevation of the

North West above the sea level—the most of the prairies are not more that 730 feet above the ocean—the influence of the warm westerly winds from the Pacific Ocean—and from the Gulf of Mexico, through the Mississippi valley, all conduce to this end. The Rocky Mountains, which have an altitude of 10,000 to 14,000 feet above the sea south of 49° north latitude, suddenly fall to 2,500 feet north of that latitude, and offer no serious obstacle to the passage over them of clouds laden with moisture and warmth from the evaporating and boiling caldron—the Pacific. The mean summer temperature, based upon several years observation, is at Toronto 64°; while at Red River it is 68° and to the westward several hundreds of miles, although on an elevated plateau the winters are so mild that buffaloes, mustang ponies, and cattle feed and keep fat during all the year. The climatic line which passes through Ontario reaches far north of us. Need any more be sai l of this interesting land?

Our defences will yet be to us a serious matter. We have a subtle, crafty, active power near us, anxious to annex us, and using all the pressure of hostile tariffs to make us discontent with our relations.—This state of things has been to our benefit, for we have found other markets, and have become more self-reliant, but, a crisis may come, and hostilities may arise from Imperial or Colonial complications, that will compel us to draw the sword.

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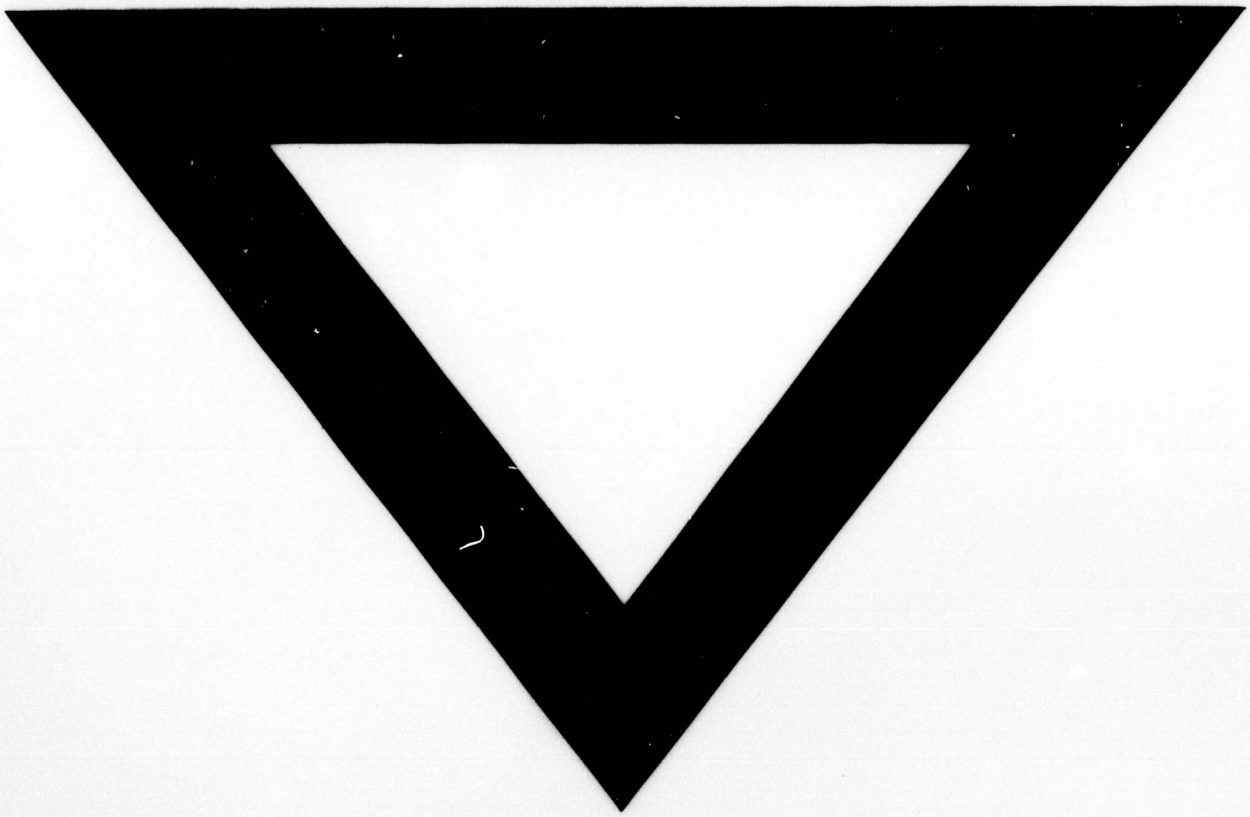
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