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THE NEW YEAR.

*Farewell, Old Year! they ring thy passing bell;
Decay has seized thee—thou art near thy rest.
For thee no more the songsters' notes shall swell,
Nor fragrant flowers adorn earth's verdant breast.
As dies a sunbeam in the darkening West
So fades thy life—so pass thy joys away.
Loved in thy time, or hated or caressed;
Now less regarded than the meanest clay
Which thousands trample down upon the broad highway.*

*Thousands like thee have passed since first the earth
Grew warm and fertile 'neath the sun's first glow;
But history claims the record of their birth—
Their wonderous deeds, their days of joy or woe:
Of contests dire and battle fields, which show
A dark and bloody stain on history's page;
But, like a constant stream with steady flow,
Time sweeps along in spite of martial rage,
Nor pauses in its course where'er the strife may wage.*

*Thy young successor, like a new-born child—
Spotless and pure from every taint of ill—
With eyes which never by a look beguiled,
And hands which never wrought an evil will.
Who can predict what blood it yet may spill?
What wars and dire misdeeds disgrace its days?
Or shall the mission which it must fulfil
Be told hereafter by a peoples' praise;
Or borne with curses down until the end of days?*

*We look complacently on what is gone;
Thy saddest days can vex the mind no more.
Each day that rolls in fast succession on,
Divides us further from what was before;*

*Like a stout ship beyond the breakers' roar,
 And gliding seaward in her swift career,
 Dim and more dim becomes the fading shore,
 Where danger lurked to fill the heart with fear—
 Where all above was dark, and all on earth was drear.*

*Some thought, perchance, may waken in the breast—
 Some reminiscence of a woeful past:
 Another hour in hopes' bright garment dressed
 Dispels the shadow which obscured the last.
 As the bright sun, when from the hills are cast
 His morning beams into the vale below,
 Dissolves the darkness in his empire vast:
 So dies the faint remembrance of our woe,
 Which once we deemed the worst the human breast
 could know.*

*In the dark cloistered dim and silent tomb
 Repine thy dead who from thee pass'd away,
 Rest is their heritage, and sombre gloom,
 Their joys have faded from the light of day,
 Their only future now the swift decay.
 Of all to frail mortality allied—
 Forgotten in that charnel house of clay,
 And soon the mourner's transient tear is dried,
 As rolls the stream of years along in ceaseless tide.*

*We greet the new year with a cheerful voice,
 Freight it comes with hope of joyous days,
 Anticipation bids our hearts rejoice,
 For it the minstrel sings his sweetest lays;
 Tho' year by year the life of man decays,
 The future ever wears a smiling face,
 Oh could we, but the veil which hides it raise,
 What troubles might we see, perchance disgrace,
 Yet still we hurry on with eager vester's face.*

*Press onward then ye bold and trusty hearts—
 Youths, who should be their country's pride—
 With the new year a brighter vision starts,
 The beacon glimmers broadly o'er the tide,
 A thousand blessings to your sires denied
 Are thine, and fruits of science worthier far
 Than that great empire which fed Cæsar's pride
 Or all the triumphs of successful war,
 Since the first blood was shed beneath the morning star.*

HOLIDAY THOUGHTS.

CHRISTMAS and New Year have from time immemorial been set apart as days for festivity and rejoicing. Then it is that families are re-united, and old and young partake of the pleasures of the season, while prosperity, friendship and good cheer rob life of its enmity, its care and its sorrow; and whilst we, among the rest of our readers, look back upon the days that are no more and sigh over the recollections of the past, let us not forget the experience and the wisdom which the years bring to us, but learn to prize highly that reward which is a token of duties faithfully performed. This is a cold winter's night, but inside all is warmth, contentment and joy, and despite the approaching joys and pleasures of to-morrow, our thoughts have naturally taken a pensive train. Is it not a strange anomaly in human nature, that one can be sad and melancholy in a season of gladness and mirth. But to some natures a sense of freedom from toil allied with a hope of joy and pleasure to come, seems to cause a feeling of despondency to rise in the heart. A strange presentment of evil sometimes mingles with our deepest joy. In this mood we sit down to pen this essay, and whilst we reflect upon the many seasons like this which have come and gone, one cannot but remark, how custom, opinion, and our modern habits of utilitarianism, coupled with the marching civilization of the age, seem to have lessened the respect and veneration which was wont to be paid to the annual return of Christmas and New Year. Alas, as Tennyson sings:

"The old order changeth yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Probably in no country is Christmas and New Year so well observed as in England. The conservative habits of the people, their laws and institutions, together with their insular position, has certainly made them a characteristic people, and has tended in no small measure to foster and cherish a love for whatever is old and venerable. In stories connected with the "bringing home of the 'Yule Log' and the 'Mistletoe Bough,'" Romance has weaved some of its most ingenious fictions. Whilst "Christmas Waits" continue still, as they did in the olden time, to sing their hymns of praise and thanksgiving in almost every village throughout the land. But even in England this custom seems to be dying away, and is only practised in those outlying villages and towns, like the sleepy Drenthorp which Alexander Smith so quaintly describes. Alas for the onward march of time that sweeps laws, customs and institutions to the dust: making the young to regret on all those joys which

were endearing to childhood and the old to sigh over pleasures that will return no more. While we sit pondering over the revolving seasons of the year, the hopes that have been indulged and the loves long buried and forgotten; the happy hours of early youth seem to return to us again, and there seems to be no period of that gladsome time which stands out so vividly in the bleak ground of our after experience, as these holidays of the New Year, when we are free to choose our own occupations, and when freedom from school brings with it a feeling of restless and impatient joy.

This is indeed a season sacred to the hallowed memories of childhood, when through the long trackless vista of the past one can recall the vanished joys of life's earliest years, and gather hope and consolation for the future. Since childhood's happy hours what dreams have been cherished, what chimeras chased, and to how many idols we all have bowed? And thus it is from year to year, as youth wanes the passions which impel it—in time loose their force, until reason exerts her sole preeminence. Sitting by the fire-side, to-night, what strange fancies have crossed our mind, concerning these holiday hours; what vague undefined ideas, struggling for expression, have we in this essay endeavoured to convey? If old Montaigne was alive now and looking over our shoulder he would, no doubt, be perfectly willing to guide the pen. Cannot we obtain something of the inspiration of that immortal spirit? Montaigne wrote on almost every topic, and his mind was a perfect transcript of society, as it existed in France in his day. The old customs of the times in which he lived were dear to him, and no man, we venture to say, enjoyed life so well as he did.

We remember well, one custom peculiar to the New Year which is still in vogue, namely, that of shooting for fowl, and memory recalls with pleasure, a long walk we took some years ago, to the scene of this sport. The day was cold, and the snow lay deep and unpacked, as we trudged our way through the streets of the city, until we came to the suburbs, where the firing was to take place. The spot selected was at the head of a long level marsh, and here were to be seen numbers of persons of the laboring class, mingled with a few sporting characters, who prided themselves on their ability to make a good shot. Among these stood the owner of the fowl, ready to receive the pay of those who intended to shoot, and of course, he who succeeded in killing a fowl, claimed it as his own. The practice is a most barbarous and cruel one, and we hope the day is not far distant, when this disgraceful pastime, which is

not calculated to excite the noblest instincts of our nature, will be entirely done away with. But, there were other amusements peculiar to this holiday season, in which the young chiefly delighted and, we regret to say, these few years past have become totally forgotten. Everything at last must yield to the inexorable law of custom and time.

But chiefly we delighted to recall the associations connected with the domestic circle as well as the out-door amusements of this season in days gone by. With what ecstatic joy we received those tokens of affection and remembrance from kind and loving hearts. They are all forgotten now, and the donors have silently departed; but these things can touch us no more with the joy they once revealed. We are growing old now, and the consciousness of this fact sends at times, a sharp thrill of pain to the heart. The first awakening of this truth is always sudden, and causes sad and mournful reflections. And why should it not be so, when one remembers the past? The thoughtlessness and levity of youth with its romantic visions, loves and hopes, contrast most painfully with the wisdom and experience we have learned in a later school. But the feeling of growing old touches not all alike. Some persons are old in body but young in mind; it is youth's freshness and elasticity of temper, combined with kindly feelings, that they have not lost. To some, the quick sense of physical decay, brings with it a certain feeling of despondency and gloom, that throws a cloud over their happiest hours.

The first appearance of crow's feet round the corners of the eye, or the faint lines of care or sorrow upon the brow, makes many who have been regarded as handsome, saddened and depressed in spirit. And what mournful reflections must that devotee to fashion and pleasure have, who once celebrated for beauty, wanders through the ball room or *saloon*, with the consciousness of charms lost to her forever, and finding that homage which she was wont to receive, paid to others. And can anything be more painful to witness than the frivolous occupation and vain arts which some employ to preserve their beauty. We ask the reader, do not these things go far to determine and reveal the prominent traits of character? That kindly and beautiful writer, the author of the recollections of a Country Parson, who deals so charitably and leniently with the failings and imperfections of human nature, has written most glowingly upon this theme, and to him do we direct the attention of our readers. Thrice happy is he who still preserves, as the seasons roll round and old age comes on, the freshness and vivacity of feeling, which adorned his childhood.

At this season it is pleasing, in the young, to witness the exuberance of spirit, and flow of emotion which the old evince. It partakes of something of the feeling of their earlier years. How many an old man's heart is gladdened with the recollections of bright spots, oasis, so

to speak in the barren desert of the past, which the festivities of these holidays reveal to his memory. Old age, so often allied with all that is forbidden in manner, grows young again. The heart breaks out in sallies of wit, and with feelings of good humour, mirthfulness and love. Surrounded with the innocent gaiety and confiding looks of childhood, the smiles of friends and relatives, his heart awakens to feelings of deepest joy. He knows what *life* is, its warp and woof woven of many colours. He remembers too, the visions of its earlier years—the smiles that enchant and the hopes that deceive, and to him the sublime ode of Wordsworth reveals its most hidden meaning—

"The clouds that gather round the setting
Sun do take a sober colouring from
An eye that hath kept watch o'er
Man's mortality!"

In Germany, Christmas and New Year is celebrated with even more joyousness than it is with us. The customs of the people remain the same from year to year, and the winter holidays are associated with the wildest hilarity and jocund mirth. Naturally home loving, the Germans cling with devotion to the institutions and customs of the Fatherland, and though transported by exile to other climes, preserve through every vicissitude of fortune, that intense feeling of patriotism which comforts and sustains them. In this respect they much resemble the Scotch. At the present time, especially in England and America, the march of civilization is rapid, while science, art and letters, are breaking down those barriers and distinctions in Society that tend completely to improve the manners, customs and tastes of the people. In consequence of all this, Christmas and New Year, as days of festivity, mirth and pleasure, is we think, every year becoming less observed. This is an age of deep and earnest purpose, when science and art are making great discoveries and improvements, and, when the whole energies of man seem to be devoted to the accumulation of material wealth.

To this fact, we owe that sceptical and incredulous spirit which seems to characterize the age. It is dominant in religion, art and letters. Men nowadays seem to revere nothing; customs and institutions they scatter to the winds; idols they have none—save that of the colossal mammon. The spirit of veneration seems to have given place to one of doubt, unbelief, and utopian reform, and allying itself with intelligence and wisdom, will, no doubt, do much towards the future amelioration and improvement of the race. But with all our boasted wisdom, it is a strange principle of human nature that, as the years roll on, and old age advances, we are more disposed to ignore the present and to do homage to the past. Nevertheless, those lines of distinctions, which seem to separate the two great classes of the human family, and which, in Politics are known under the names of Whig and Tory, seem to be fast fading into each other, or in other words—completely changing. Men are every year becom-

ing more liberal and profound in knowledge, and charitable in their expressions of censure and approval, concerning all those great questions which affect the hopes and destiny of our race. It would be, no doubt, a pleasing task to take a retrospect of the year that is now departing, and sketch the works that have been done in the various departments of intellectual culture, but this is not the essayist's duty in this instance to perform. Our thoughts have been too rambling, and like the visitor, to some antiquated castle or cathedral, we love to wander here and there—now stopping to admire this columned aisle or marble tablet cornice,

and pause perhaps to speculate on its history and the associations connected with it. We have said that this is a working age, when the race is more and more terribly in earnest, in triumphing over material forms than during any previous era; and in this assertion, we think we are sustained by what has been done in the present generation. But work and play enter both into the lives of each individual, and there is nothing so much we regret—that these holidays of the year and seasons of happy reunion—sacred to the memories of childhood—youth and old age—should be sacrificed to the god of labour and of Mammon.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY W. ST. JOHN.

It was Christmas Eve—a cold crisp Christmas Eve,—moonlight too—the sky was cloudless, and the mellow rays of the Queen of Night falling on the silvery snow made it almost bright as day. The merry jingle of the sleigh-bells as they dashed rapidly to and fro, lent life to the scene, and made everything without *appear gay*, whether it really *was so* or not.

But everybody was *not* happy, nor even gay—for gaiety is very often only an assumption of happiness—on that Christmas Eve. No, within the precincts of the city there was misery—poverty, sickness, want, and hardship—perhaps not so much as usually falls to the share of every large city; but yet a great deal,—and the most of which could have been alleviated, if those who had the means and the power, and only had the *will* as well.

There were some, too, who were not sick; and by no means in want, and yet they were far from being happy. Such a one was Mr. F. C. Sterne, as he stood at his chamber window looking out at the moonlight scene we have attempted to describe. He tried hard to make himself believe he felt happy, but the more he tried, the more he became convinced that he was really miserable. He turned away from the window, and sat down by the cheerful coal-fire which threw a flickering, ruddy glow, on the rich curtains, soft carpets, elegant furniture, and rare pictures of his drawing room. He placed his feet on the fender, gazed intently into the fire, and in spite of himself became busy thinking, and his thoughts, like a kaleidoscope, changed very quickly from one scene to another. He thought how a little more than twelve years before this particular Christmas Eve, he arrived in the city with his wife and child, a very young man—for he was now only thirty-three; how he had gone into business; how he had striven for the first three years, and how with all his striving he could barely keep his little family comfortable. Then when he

was just beginning to be able to do so, how his wife had sickened and died. How, though he had felt the blow severely, yet for the sake of his only child—her mother's image, and the darling of his own heart—he had borne manfully up against it, until nine years after her mother's death, she, too, in the beauty and bloom of innocent childhood, after three days illness, fell a victim to diphtheria, and her dust was borne and deposited with her mother's in the lone churchyard. And then, for a few weeks, how—almost mechanically—he had gone about more like a man under the influence of a half-drowsy sleep, superinduced by the habitual use of some narcotic stimulant—than a man^s having an aim to live, much less one who was beginning to acquire the character of a shrewd and successful business man. How he awoke to a full sense of his situation, and to change it, and banish his melancholy, he absorbed himself wholly and solely in business; how everything he projected prospered, and every undertaking he planned was crowned with success, until in the cares of business he had forgotten everything!—Yes, even wife and child,—but that was because he did not think; would not allow himself to think; except of ships, cargos, freights, and markets; and of these no man thought more, and certainly no man was better posted. But now on this particular Christmas Eve, there seemed to have come a re-action and he *did think*, and he wondered too, what his neighbors thought of him.

What did they think of him?—Why they *knew* he owned and occupied the most comfortable mansion, with a pretty little garden and trees in front of it, and a larger garden and yard in its rear, that there was in the fashionable street in which it was situated. They *knew* too that he had ships at sea, and that his check was good for many thousands of dollars; but they *thought* that the man and his name were extremely well suited to each other, “Sterne by

name and stern by nature," was the commonplace and not very elegant remark his neighbors would make about him, whenever it came in their way to remark him at all, which was but seldom, as most of them were families of affluent means, and did not move in business circles. They *knew* he was a man of strict rectitude—that his word was as good as his bond—and against his moral conduct, none could whisper a word. Yet they *thought* him callous to pity, deaf to clarity, and that Mammon was his shrine.

His housekeeper was an old widow lady named Mrs. Jones and a perfect shrew, who if he had been a man of much conversation or inclined to argument would have scolded him as fast as she did her neighbors' boys, when they climbed her fence or threw stones into her yard; which they sometimes did, just to hear her scold; for, alas! for the depravity of human nature, boys have a propensity that way; for which let them not be censured, when old ladies will be foolish enough to scold. The whole care and management of his house was left to her. Her housekeeping suited him; that was all he wanted, and he asked her no questions. He, therefore was not to be blamed if beggars were spurned from the door, for he did not know it; but his neighbors were not aware of that fact, and so they put *him* and not *her* down for it, and drew their inferences accordingly.

The clock struck eight, and he was still lost in his reverie. Happy he certainly did not feel, and his thoughts at last found ve. in words, "No!" he exclaimed, "I cannot think of a kind act or benevolent deed performed by me for the last three years, and where is the aim or purpose of my life?" Why not begin, then? a still small voice within him seemed to say, and then as if answering it, he broke out again, "Ah, but where shall I begin—how make a commencement?" Suddenly a thought came upon him and he resolved to put it in execution forthwith. "Yes," he said, "I will take a quiet walk through the streets, and notice the passers by. I may perhaps observe some unfortunate fellow creature whom I can in some way assist, or some poor inebriate whom I can at least advise to go home, and this will, at all events, be a beginning, however small."

He at once arose, drew on his overcoat and gloves, set his fur cap on his head, with the air of a man who had purposed, and was determined to perform.

So he sauntered forth. The night, as we have stated, was cloudless—clear and cold, and the hard-packed snow crinkling under-foot at every step, but to a person clad as he was, the cold was not biting, only free and invigorating. As he passed along the crowded streets, troops of merry little boys and girls; throngs of young men and laughing maidens flitted by in quick succession, all comfortably protected against the weather, and looking gay and happy, and he was almost beginning to waver in his purpose, when he thought of trying another section

of the city, the residents of which were of the poorer class. Threading his way along, and just as he was passing a baker's shop window, his eyes became fixed on a little earnest face almost pressed against the glass, surveying the tempting-looking delicacies, which were nicely arranged within. He stopped short, and gazed intently on that little form. Was there anything in the features which reminded him of the little girl which had once been his dearest treasure, or was it the peculiar, nay even hungry look, which the child's countenance expressed, as she wistfully, though all unconscious of being observed, peered within. He noticed too, as he viewed her, that though decently and even neatly clad, her garments were very thin, in fact entirely unsuitable for the season, and thought he observed her shivering. He looked again and was sure of it, and if the thrill which passed through—what his neighbors' never supposed he had—his heart, was not pity, then we do not know what name to give it.

"Is there anything in there you would like to have, my little girl?" he gently said in a low voice as he stooped to address her.

The little creature looked up, and covered away from him, but did not reply. He repeated his question again, in such a manner and tone as completely re-assured her, and she quickly answered

"Yes, sir," but instantly checking herself, said "No, sir."

"Which am I to take for an answer, my dear? This is Christmas Eve, you know, and perhaps Santa Claus may not come to your house. So if there is anything in there you would wish for; let me get it for you, and you can take it home with you."

"He used to come, but he don't since Ma died; but—" and she stopped.

"But what, my dear," he inquired?

"If I were to take anything home with me, I know Susie would be so angry, and if Pa were to find it out, it would be dreadful," she replied.

"Then let me take it for you, and I will explain to them both in such a manner that they cannot be angry with you. Now tell me truly," he said, looking at her earnestly, "Are you not hungry?"

She hesitated. It was evident to him that she was unaccustomed to telling an untruth; and the question seemed painful. However, she stammered rather than answered—averting her face as she did so—

"Yes sir, and so is poor little Willie, and I think Susie is too, although she won't say so."

"Very well then, let us go in," and taking her by the hand, he was in the shop before he himself thought, or she had time to remonstrate.

For a moment, but only a moment, the thought crossed his mind that it might appear ridiculous to see him, the rich merchant, under such circumstances; but he soon dismissed it; he had made a purpose, and having done so, he was not the man to abandon it.

So he inquired of the baker if he had a spare

basket, which being furnished, he proceeded to have it filled, not with delicacies alone, but with a liberal share of the more substantial food with which the shelves were supplied

"Shall I send it home for you, sir?" inquired the baker as he handed him the change of his bill.

"Oh no, thank you, I'll just take it in my hand," he replied, as he again took the child's hand, and left the shop. It was a long time since he had done any marketing, and it began to please him. Meanwhile the child kept close to his side, every once in a while looking up at him with wonder plainly expressed in her large dark eyes; walking to keep pace with him had made her quite warm, and lent a carnation to her cheeks, which they certainly did not wear when he first saw her. A short distance from the baker's, he stepped into a grocery store, where he selected a supply of tea, coffee, sugar, raisins, &c., and two large fowls, which having paid for, and stowed away as best he could, reached the street again.

"Now then, my little girl," said he, "you must show me the way to where you live; for I intend these things for you."

"Oh, sir, thank you, sir. But what will Susie say?" she artlessly replied.

"We will see when we reach there," said he. "Do you live far from here?"

"No, sir, not very far;—just round this corner and a little way along the next street; but we don't live in as nice a place as we used to before Ma died, when you—" and she stopped.

"When I what?" said he, feeling amused.

"I was going to say, when you used to come on Christmas Eve; for if there is such a gentleman as Santa Claus, you are him, I'm sure," she said.

"Perhaps so," he replied, smiling.

A few minutes walk brought them in front of a door, which the child pointed to as being the entrance to where she dwelt. It was a tenement house, and he followed her up two flights of stairs, and she opened a door at the top. A light was burning on a small table, just under the only window in the room, over which hung a clean white blind. About half way between the door and the window, and almost close against the wall stood a small cooking stove, cracked in many places, yet shining and clean. What little fire it contained was barely sufficient to emit a ray through its many chinks, and certainly not enough to keep the room comfortable. The floor was uncarpeted, and like the stove, was shining. Close up to the stove sat a young girl, whose age could not be more than twenty, and beside her, resting on the floor, with his head buried in the folds of her dress, lay a little boy, whose age might be about five years. Both started to their feet as soon as they beheld a stranger in the room. It was evident the little fellow had been weeping; and the melancholy look of the girl gave way to an almost fierce expression as she exclaimed,

"Oh, Maggie, what have you been doing?"

"Surely you have not been begging?" and the tears stood in her eyes.

"No! no! no! dear Susie," she cried, and then with volubility, and in breathless haste, she told her story with a precision and clearness which astonished even the methodical man of business himself, and put him to his wits-end to know how he was going to explain; which, however, he did, by a recital of his meditations while sitting at his fire-side, and of his determination to do a benevolent act of some kind before he slept; of the expression of Maggie's face at the shop;—taking care to add of whom it reminded him.

Susie's countenance relaxed its stern look, and she wept as she said, "Oh, sir, it must have been Providence that directed you. For as you seem to be what you look—a gentleman,—I will tell you candidly that we are in real want. But I would have died before I would have told it, or let Sis or Willy have done so, if I could have helped it. And," she added with a slight falter in her voice, as though she was choking down some feeling—pride, perhaps—"as you have thought proper to relieve our wants of your own accord, and not through any representations made to you, it would be ungrateful in me to refuse your kind assistance, for which, with all my heart, I thank you! Here, Willie thank this kind gentleman for the good things he has brought us."

"Thank you, sir," lisped the little fellow, and slunk behind his sister again.

"Maggie," she said, "Why don't you hand the gentleman a seat?"

The little girl who had been his guide handed him a stool, on which he sat down, and the elder one proceeded—

"I am sorry, sir, I cannot offer you a chair, but the owner of the house sold nearly all the furniture we had, for rent, last Monday; and after that I well nigh gave up in despair. I had hoped that, perhaps," and she stammered, and colored a little, but quickly resumed "a change might come over father; but now it seems almost like hoping against hope."

"What employment does your father follow, if I may make the inquiry?" he said.

"He was a Ship-master, sir, but at present he does not do anything. Since mother died, about three years ago, he has hardly ever been himself, and has been out of employment ever since."

"His name, if you please?" said he, and in spite of himself, as ships had been mentioned, this was said in a business tone.

"Captain Ryle," replied the girl.

"Ah! I remember him," he said. And so he did, altho' he had never been in his employment, he had heard his name often mentioned as being one of the most reliable and trustworthy Captains out of the port; but it struck him also, that latterly he had heard of his having fallen into intemperate habits.

"I got along very well," she continued, "until this autumn, but one misfortune followed another. Father was very sick twice, then

Willie was ill, and at last I had the mishap to have my sewing machine broken beyond repair; and since that I have not been able to earn enough with my needle to keep us in food, not to speak of rent and fuel," and the poor girl overcame by her own recital, burst into tears.

The business man turned his head towards the wall, but it was not to look at a picture, for there was none there.

In the meantime every feature and lineament of the young girl's countenance reminded him of his wife. There was the same fine forehead, with hair in natural ringlets as black as jet; the same sparkling black eyes, complexion rather pale than otherwise, a mouth and chin faultless in form; her figure tall, but genteel and graceful.

"What time would I be likely to see your father?" he said.

The girl hesitated, but at length replied, "You might see him almost any forenoon; towards the evening he generally goes out, and sometimes it is quite late when he returns."

"Shall I call to-morrow forenoon? it will be a holiday you know, and I would like to see him. I may be of service to him," said he, as he arose to go.

"If you please, sir," she answered. "It is so kind of you.—Who shall I tell him called?"

He gave her his address, and wished her and the younger ones a kind good night.

"Good night, sir, and I shall remember you in my prayers," she said, as she took up the lamp to see him out.

"And I will too," said Maggie.

"Me, too," cried little Willie.

Quite early in the morning a barrel of coal was brought up the stairs, and left outside their door, and the man who brought it handed Susie a note, stating that Mr. Sterne would be happy to call at 11 o'clock, and requesting her to detain her father at home until his arrival.

She had no difficulty in complying with this request, as he had come home the previous evening much earlier than was his wont, and contrary to his usual custom, nearly if not quite sober. He had listened to the recital which his daughters' gave him of the strange gentleman's visit; at first with feelings of indignation, but as they proceeded, and he learnt his name, his indignity gave way to surprise, and he determined at all hazards to wait and see him.

"I only hope," he remarked, "he will not do as all those who professed to be my friends have done,—first lecture me as though I were a child, then tender me good advice, and turn on their heel and walk away. If he leaves all that out, and offers me employment, he will find I can yet be a MAN!"

The manner in which those few words were uttered thrilled through his daughter's heart; for with all his errors, she knew her father was truthful. And although in greater extremity than she had ever before known, this Christmas Eve was a happier one to her than any of the three which had preceded it—all through a

benevolent deed, accompanied by a few kind words, open to all, and easily performed in various ways, even in every day life. We will venture to say, too, that Mr. Sterne felt much happier after his visit than he did before it.

True to his promise and up to time to the moment, he knocked at Capt. R.'s door, and was admitted by little Maggie, who had posted herself behind it, and had been in waiting to open it, for a full half hour previous. The Captain had shaved, and dressed himself with more care than he had bestowed on his toilet for a long time past, and notwithstanding a little redness about the eyes and other slight traces of debauch, he yet bore the unmistakable impress of what he had once been—a gentleman.

"Good morning, sir," said the merchant, walking straight up to where he sat, and extending his hand, merely bowing to the girls, and patting Willie on the head, as he brushed past.

"Good morning, sir, with all the compliments of the season," replied the Captain, taking the proffered hand, which he shook warmly.

"I suppose your daughters told you of my strange freak last evening, for which you must forgive me, as it seems as though I was impelled to it, providentially I believe, for I have been looking for a man of your ability for some time past, and if I had not by some fortuitous chance happened in here last night, I should not probably have thought of you. You are, I believe, out of employment at present," said Mr. Sterne.

"Yes, sir, and have been for a considerable time," replied the Captain.

"You know the bark Sea-gull," the merchant continued, "She has been rather unlucky of late, more I believe through ill-management on the part of those who have had charge of her, than from any ill luck on the part of the vessel. She is at present in port, fitting out for a West India voyage, and is in want of a master. Will you take charge of her?"

The Captain started to his feet. Here was his offer without the accompaniment of lecture or advice. This was coming to the point in earnest. He grasped the merchant's hand again, with a grip that only a sailor can give, and looking him straight in the eyes, as though to read in them whether he actually understood the words, replied in a firm voice

"I know the vessel. She is reckoned one of the fastest sailers belonging to this Port, and if you are willing to give me a trial, God helping me, I WILL BE A MAN, and do the best I can with her, for you."

"Then you may as well take charge to-morrow, for she has been detained some time now, and we will want you to superintend her outfit, and get her ready for sea as soon as possible. I want you to order everything she may possibly require, so as to give her a fair trial."

"Providence, surely!" said the Captain with a smile, "vessel and master alike run down a

little, but fitted out staunch as ever, starting on a fresh voyage, I hope, sir, before they make many, both may render a good account of themselves."

The merchant had now some time to bestow on Susie and the children, and after a little pleasant chit-chat with them, rose and took his leave, requesting the Captain as he did so, to call at his office at eight next morning.

If Christmas Eve had been pleasant to all concerned Christmas morning had been much more so.

The next morning found Captain Ryle seated in the merchant's office at the time appointed, and a few hours after, he was in full charge of the vessel. Within two days his family was removed to a comfortable house, thoroughly furnished in a manner suited to their wants. A week later, their father sailed for Cuba, the merchant promising meanwhile to look after all their wants, which promise he fulfilled in a manner that proved, although a business man, he had a heart.

"Susie," said he one evening, while sitting in the parlor of the cosy little cottage in which she and Maggie and Willie dwelt, "I have got a letter from your father. He has made the quickest trip to Havana, that has ever yet been made from here, and sold his cargo to excellent advantage. Enclosed was a letter for you, and here it is."

"Oh!" said she, as she eagerly grasped it, "I am so delighted, that I do not know what to say, or how to thank you."

And business men will smile in ridicule when they read the silly reply he made to this silly speech:

"Just give me a kiss," he said earnestly. And then observing that she blushed and drew back, he quickly added, "Is my presence not agreeable to you, or would you rather I should discontinue my visits, here."

"Oh! no sir; heaven forbid! I feel so grateful for what you have done for my father and us, that I think it would break my heart if I did not see you often—very often!" she replied with warmth.

"Gratitude, and is that all," said he with a playful expression of countenance, "could you not say love. For I love you, and you can make me very happy by simply saying you return it; or by giving me a kiss, and saying—nothing."

She looked at him inquiringly, and with tears of joy starting in her eyes murmured "I have loved you from the first hour I saw you, but never hoped for this."

And the business man drew the girl to his bosom, and folding her in his arms kissed her,—and business men have done more foolish things before now.

* * * * *

On the Christmas Eve following the one on which our story commenced, the mansion of Mr. Sterne was all a glow with light, for the proprietor was being married to Susan, the beautiful daughter of Captain Ryle, about whom everybody who knew her said she was as amiable as she was pretty,—and what every one says is surely true. Among those present was the Captain himself, who had made three very rapid and successful voyages; and had not only kept his promise of proving himself a man, but had also proved that with good management, ill luck does not attach to anything be it man or vessel; and if we except Mr. Sterne himself, he was the proudest man at the bridal party.

That Christmas Eve was happier than the last. And through a benevolent act the merchant had found not only happiness, but what Solomon says is above rubies—a good wife!

X M A S .

BY EDWIN ST. JOHN.

Oh! happy, joyous Christmas day;
What hallowed memories impart
A sacred meaning to thy name!
Endearing it to every heart.

What soul-inspiring thoughts arise
Within each breast, as if to fling
A halo round the word which names
The birthday of our Saviour King.

To-day let every heart o'erflow
With happiness without alloy,
Till every tongue shall join to sing
A universal song of joy.

A joyful song, with love and peace
Commingling sweetly in its strains,
Like unto that which angels sung
O'er Bethlehem's star-illumined plains.

Still louder let the anthem swell,
And higher still its measures rise,
Till angel choirs catch up the strain
And chant it softly through the skies.

For, Oh! 'tis meet, on this glad day,
That all in song should be combined,
This birthday of the Son of Man—
The second birthday of mankind.

THE COMIC AND SATIRICAL PAPERS OF LONDON.

LONDON is at this time well supplied with comic and satirical papers. In fact the city is almost flooded with them and it is difficult to tell how they all live.

Old *Punch*—the veteran joker—still holds its own among its numerous competitors. Its cartoons and smaller engravings are admirably drawn, its wit as sharp and keen as of yore, and its staff of writers as brilliant as ever. 'Tis true *Punch* sustained a severe loss, when the hand of death removed from its pages, Douglas Jerrold, Tom Hood, Senr., W. M. Thackeray, John Leech, Artemus Ward, and other scintillant literary stars: but other writers, phoenix-like, appear to have risen from the departed one's ashes; for *Punch* is as clever and witty, to day, as when those great men lived and wrote. *Punch*, some time ago, published a series of capital articles entitled, "Happy Thoughts," which created quite a *furor* among the wits of England. "Who is the author?" was the question every one asked. Some attributed them to Southern, of Lord Dunderreary notoriety. It was only lately, however, that an "on dit" announced Mr. F. C. Burnand—a London Burlesque writer—to be the gentleman to whom the public were indebted for them. It is understood in literary circles that these sketches are soon to be published in bookform.

There is now running through the same paper a serial—"A few friends"—which is being rather cleverly done. The author is still "under a cloud."

Punch shines more to advantage during the session of the Imperial Parliament: at which time, its pointed wit finds greater scope.

"*Fun*" closely follows *Punch* and is thought by many to eclipse it. Fully as large as the first mentioned periodical and printed on a similar quality of paper, it sells for one third the price; being only one penny per number whilst *Punch* is three pence. For our own part we much prefer *Fun* to *Punch*. Its writers are more lively and their productions are all readable. Arthur Sketchely—the famous Mrs. Brown, whose writings "as the sayin is" are as popular in England as those of Artemus Ward in the United States, always has a good article in every No. of *Fun*. Mr. Sketchely—we presume this is a *nom de plume*—is now in New York delivering readings—like Mr. Dickens—from his own works. He has sent over from the land of the Gothamites, to London *Fun*: "Mrs. Brown's visit to America," detailing what she saw there and her impressions of the people. Her description of crossing over to Brooklyn on board the ferry-boat is first-rate, and were she but induced to visit St. John what a capital thing she could make out of a trip to Carleton in our 'plougher of the deep,' the "Princess of Wales." We can almost

fancy we hear the old lady saying to Brown "Well I never thought we'd have got to the other side through that boat as we was on nigh four hours, as kept a bumpin and bumpin from side to side as gave me such a turn as I'll remember to my dying day as the sayin is. So I says to Brown whatever is the matter that they can't get in them floats smooth? Oh, go long, says Brown, don't you know they've got a new pilot aboard as don't know how to steer through, not bein' customed to the ways of the bay yet."

Then *Fun's* sporting contributor *Nicholas*, keeps the readers of this *brochure* thoroughly posted on all matters connected with the turf, and sports aquatic. This writer is very original and humorous: although his wit does not lie in orthographic contortions he occasionally indulges in that form of composition.

The "Saunterer in Society" in his "Town Talk," in *Fun*, hits off, what Cornelius O'Dowd would call "Things in general and matters in particular," in a very easy and graceful style. His notices of new publications are particularly deserving of notice.

Fun, is now publishing "Our National Portrait Gallery." The latest picture for our album is that of Thomas Carlyle. We have had Dickens, Chas. Mathews, Webster and a few others. These are excellent likenesses and the descriptive letter press accompanying them is very good.

The productions of *Fun's* other contributors in prose and poetry, and its cartoons and illustrations, are surpassed by no publication of a similar character.

Judy strongly resembles *Punch* in "get up," appearance and everything. Although not quite equal to its two predecessors, if they are not careful of their laurels, they will find *Judy* no mean rival. We are inclined to think *Judy* made a mistake when it published the "most astounding adventures of Capt. Munchausen Macgulliver." In our rather humble opinion, they are supremely silly and unworthy of a place beside articles so much its superior. *Judy's Biographies*—particularly the one on Guy Fawkes—is splendid. The puns liberally sprinkled throughout, are good—except a few to see the point of which, you would require one of the new London magnifying glasses—the historical information diffused is invaluable to that unfortunate young man 'in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties,' whilst the play upon words, in almost every sentence, proves the author to be no mean "punnist."

The "Gad-about Papers" seem to be written by a man troubled with dyspepsia or indigestion, so snarlingly fault-finding with everybody are they: they are well done nevertheless, and no doubt have many admirers.

As in *Punch* and *Fun*, *Judy* is up to the

usual standard in cartoons and pictures. The price of this weekly, now about 8 months old, is 2d. per No.

Toby.—On the 23rd of October, 1867, appeared the first No. of this new aspirant. We have seen but one No up to this time of writing, and we don't care much about seeing more, unless they are over five hundred per cent better than the copy before us. The paper is flimsy, the reading matter, with but one or two exceptions, very nonsensical, and the illustrations—well we won't speak of them. We are at all times anxious to allow publications to succeed, believing in the old adage "competition is the life of trade," and that the more there are in any one business the sharper it makes the wits: but *Toby*—as a London writer said, "will never cause a conflagration of the Thames," he didn't allude to *Toby* when making this remark; but we apply it to that delectable sheet. It may be unfair in us to criticise the first number so harshly, but be that as it may, if in future Nos. it redeems itself, we will not be slow to make the fact apparent to our readers.

Banter.—Last and most emphatically least of the comic papers. This delightful publication is the most unblushing literary pirate of the 19th century, old jokes from *Punch* are revamped, articles stolen from *Fun* after *Nicholas*, appear in *Banter* signed Joseph; if the imitation was passable it wouldn't be so bad: but such stuff! Then that ancient and sorely abused class of operatives—the terror and pest of John Leech—who weekly caricatured them in *Punch*—the Italian organ grinders, again do duty for *Banter*. The "Dramatic Criticisms" and Poems, are relished from *Fun*—the identical ideas pervading the whole. The comic illustrations and cartoons are mostly plagiarisms from other papers, and what is original, is pointless. George A. Sala writes some reflections "on a Bus" in something of his usual style, which, if they were not so tedious would pass muster. We don't like his story "The Bargraves." Sala, we fear, is suffering from over-production. Once, when "travelling special" for the London "Daily Telegraph," his writings were popular and interesting; but now he is dry and dull. That spicy style, which was so characteristic of him, seems to have forsaken him. We don't care much for *Banter*.

Now for the satirical and serio-comic journals. The *Hornet* comes first, and we opine it stands at the head of papers devoted to keen and biting satire. The *Hornet* has a very good way of putting things and allows a rich vein of humor to run through its remarks on the subject of which it treats. "Six months in Central Africa," is an eminently humorous paper, descriptive of that region where the fierce gorilla and tame Echiopian reside. An Irishman and Scotchman are supposed to write a journal from this place, doing the work by turns. The gent from the Emerald Isle has just rendered *hors de combat*, after a somewhat sanguinary

struggle, a huge boa constrictor and proceeds to "make a note of it" in his diary, after this fashion, "were it (the *boa*) stretched out I should think it would measure a hundred yards." He showed this entry to his friend "frac the hielands," who having a sacred regard for truth, remonstrated with his Irish friend, observing that "the snake was certainly not longer than six feet." "Av coorse," said his friend in reply, "it ud have to be *stretched* a good dale!" We agree with him, it would.

There are some first class articles and illustrations in the *Hornet*, and it reflects credit alike on Editor and Publisher.

The *Tomahawk*. With a savage yell and an Indian war-whoop, this serial entered the Satirical arena of Great Britain. Full of spite towards the Royal family and nobility, it shot its shafts here and there. The most cowardly, dastardly and scurrilous abuse was hurled at Her Majesty. So heinous and disgusting was it, that nearly every paper in the land opened forth their broadsides and fiercely denounced the *Tomahawk* and its unscrupulous editor. But this, instead of weakening its voice only served to strengthen it. The editor, taking his cue probably from Bennett of the *New York Herald*, continued his vile and slanderous attacks on Royalty and private persons. The *Tomahawk's* last disgraceful article was every week reprinted in the respectable newspapers, with the editor's unfavorable comments thereon. This occurred so frequently that every one wished to see the vile traducer, and had the proprietor paid the *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Standard*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and hosts of other papers, to advertise the *Tomahawk*, he could not have obtained such an immense circulation as he now boasts of (50,000 weekly).

With all deference to the Proprietor of the *Tomahawk* and his regard for veracity, we just think there is one 0 too many in the figures he publishes as his circulation—perhaps a typographical error.

The *Tomahawk*: throwing aside what he terms satire, which is nothing more nor less than vile personal abuse—has often a good thing or two. Some good puns and jokes are made. The cartoon, which is colored and most elaborate, is got up in good style. The appearance of the paper is all that can be desired.

In London, there is a club of literary gentlemen who style themselves the "Savage Club." Shortly after the appearance of the *Tomahawk*, it was rumored, that that journal was the mouth-piece of this club. As the report gained ground, highly indignant were the members, who hastened to make known to the public, through the press, that such was not the case and totally disavowed all connection with the "disgraceful sheet." The club added: "the vulgar and scandalous engravings on our beloved Sovereign and Heir Apparent would, but a few years since, have provoked an indictment for high treason; the taste of their designers is more than questionable, the wish to pander to

the lowest of the low, in order to secure an existence, that, after all, can only be ephemeral, is but too palpable."

To this rather "savage" letter, the *Toma-hawk* made a reply, and charged the members of the club with "drinking gin and water," "smoking long pipes," "cracking vulgar jokes" and "singing songs in a low public house."

The quarrel ends here we suppose.

The "*Owl*" is a semi-official, semi-satirical and semi-comical paper, and is only issued during the Session of the House.

Diogenes—a very good London Comic Journal, flourished some sixteen or seventeen years ago, and *Punch* was sorely tried to prevent its getting the better of him.

TWICE WON,—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY BEATRICE J.—S.

CHAPTER I.

MABEL.

"AND so you think Joseph was a good man, Mabel?"

"Yes: history represents him as being both a great Emperor and a good son."

"Humph! It was a great action, I suppose, to rob the convents, and a good one to fill his coffers with the spoil.*"

"Nay, Carrie, you are mistaken. It was to make the nuns cease their endless praying and become *useful* members of society; and, secondly, to repair by his own economy the unparalleled extravagance that presided at the court of Vienna, during the reign of Maria Theresa. But come—away with history and I'll proclaim you co-regent to write the remainder of these tiresome invitations, for my head aches fearfully."

"Thanks, your Majesty; but I would rather assume the office of Prince Kamnitz, when I could resign at pleasure, should your royal views become troublesome."

"O, I thank fortune that I was not born an Empress, as my sister would set but a sorry sample of obedience," laughed Mabel.

"Nay, I am only now awaiting your Majesty's commands to proceed."

"Well, then, write"—

"Write, your Majesty? I am ready to receive your royal mandates, but *not* to do the work of your private secretary."

"Ha, ha, ha! History has sharpened your wits, Carrie. But in consideration for your noble feelings, I deprive you of the diploma of a Prince and appoint you the office of Secretary."

"Then to whom shall I extend your Majesty's invitations?"

"To Gussie and her brother, Walter."

"O, Mabel, may I not write to Gussie and include the other?"

"No, Carrie, they must be both separate: and now, while you are writing, I'll look over mamma's account-book as I promised."

Had Carrie but once raised her head she

would have seen how very pale her sister had grown. Slowly the graceful head bent downward—downward till it rested on the tightly clasped hands. A slight shiver passed through her frame, and then, with a calm, resolute look on the sweet, classic face, she arose and walked towards the window.

The short winter day was drawing to a close, while the sun threw fitful gleams of yellow light as it gradually neared the dark clouds skirting the horizon. Suddenly, as with a last despairing effort, it shone forth in a glorious flood of light that rested like a halo o'er the snow-covered hills of "Rockmont," while the skeleton trees took up the shadows and threw them in broken reflections on the comfortable, many gabled house, that had for years been the home of Judge Elliot and his family, consisting of his wife, two daughters and one son, the eldest, now completing his studies in Germany. Though for many years a resident in New Brunswick, in some points he was essentially an Englishman, and a thorough one in his tastes, both literal and social. Like all Englishmen he was very fond of his dinner; his tea was not a matter of much moment, but supper was the meal that he most particularly enjoyed. "If" to use his own expression, "a man requires food three times during the twelve hours that comprise half of the twenty-four, it's *my* opinion that *once* in the other half is little enough for any one."

It was in accordance with his social principles that Mabel had penned the foregoing invitations for the annual Christmas gathering that was never neglected at "Rockmont." She had been busily writing all the afternoon, and now, with aching brow, stood watching the dreary winter landscape. Now and then a weary, troubled look flitted for a moment over her features; but once look into the depths of the dark grey eyes, and you would see a calm, serene light that but too truly reflected the existence of some very great joy within. Whatever it was, it shone not beyond the portals of her own

*The expulsion of the nuns by the decree of Joseph. Jan. 12, 1782.—*Muhlbach's "Joseph the Second."*

heart, and being honourable, having guessed what we already know, we must seek to penetrate no further the sweet, misty veil that guards her precious secret. Thus had she stood, while her sister, having long finished writing, had quietly withdrawn from the room;—stood, while the last gleam of day had died out, meditating, thoughtful and alone. Once more her eyes sought the window: it was now dark, and “night drew her sable curtain round and pinned it with a star.” Through a parting of the dark clouds, the moon shone forth with unusual brilliancy. As she saw it a glorious light overspread her face, while she softly murmured—“Yes, I will hope.”

CHAPTER II.

THE RETURN.

Yes, Harry was coming home. The letter received that very day, and the commotion in the otherwise quiet household, were both unmistakable proofs of the fact.

Henry Elliot had left home when quite a boy to reside with an uncle in New York, for the purpose of attending the Universities in that city. His sisters then were both too young to retain any perfect recollection of him, so that for years past, when studying at Göttingen, and his subsequent travels through Europe, the only communication with his home and family had been carried on by letter.

The lamps had just been brought in, and shed their gentle, subdued light over the family group.

Mabel and Carrie were seated at the table, occupied with some needle-work. Their father, in his easy chair, was again unfolding the precious letter, and trying in vain to master its contents. Opposite him sat his gentle, invalid wife, whose maternal heart had so often yearned for her first born, while now, from out her kind, thoughtful eyes, beamed the holy light of a mother's love, as the thought of seeing her boy filled her very soul with ecstasy. Boy he still was to her, as much as when his tiny arms first encircled her neck, though full four-and-twenty years had left their marked impressions on his brow.

“Bless my soul!” at length exclaimed the Judge, breaking the silence that had for some time reigned in the room,—“who'd ever have thought of Harry's writing a postscript? Here, Mabel, read and see whatever has caused the dear boy to commit this piece of ‘woman's folly,’ as he so often termed it.”

Mabel took the letter from her father, who, on account of his failing sight, could not peruse writing except by daylight, and read aloud the following words:—

“DEAR FATHER,—I had almost forgotten to mention that while at Uncle Robert's I have formed the acquaintance of a gentleman by the name of Thornleigh—Bayard Thornleigh. He is a rising lawyer of New York, and a first-rate fellow, though rather reserved for six-and-twenty. Having some law business to transact in St. John, I have at length persuaded him to taste of your hospitality during his stay. I know you will welcome him for *my* sake.—H. E.”

She looked up after it was finished and asked,—

“What do you think of Harry's postscript, papa?”

“Think, my dear? Why, that whoever he may bring as his friend shall be, as he says, welcomed for *his* sake with all my heart. Ah! Mary,” he continued, turning to his wife, “it almost makes me feel young again to think that we shall soon have the dear boy with us. Had it not been for his own benefit in after years, wife, be assured I would never have suffered him to be so long separated from his home. As it is, I have given him an inheritance whose riches will never desert him, whether fortune smile or frown.”

“Mamma, what day of the month is this?” eagerly questioned Carrie, looking up for the first time from the envelope she had been scanning.

“The twenty-sixth, my dear. Why do you ask?”

“Because this letter, then, was mailed in New York six days ago, and Harry should be here now.”

“Why,” replied Mabel, “the ‘New York’ is expected in to-night, and he may even now be in the city.”

She rose, and going to the window, drew back the curtains, endeavouring to penetrate the darkness of the chilly November night. Failing in this, she was returning to her seat, when a commotion was heard in the lower hall, mingling with the moving of luggage and the loud closing of doors. In a moment Carrie was peeping over the balusters; then down the broad stair-case in a flash, exclaiming, as she threw her arms round the tall, travel-stained gentleman at its foot,—

“Oh! you dear, good, tiresome Harry: so you've come at last! Come, away up stairs with you; papa is dying to see you, and Mabel—.”

By this time she had succeeded in pulling rather than leading him up the stairs and into the sitting-room, whose inmates had already risen to their feet. Not contented with her former demonstrations, she cried in an excited tone of voice,—

“See, papa, I told you I would be the first to welcome him. Oh! how I already love you, you dear old boy!”

And, as if in proof thereof, she threw up her head to bestow, on the enthusiasm of the moment, a caress that, in its muscular strength, nearly staggered him. Mabel sprang forward with outstretched hands, but as suddenly recoiled: for her brother did not move, but turned to Carrie, saying,—

“I see you are mistaken, Miss Elliot, in taking me for your brother. Believe me, I would have explained, but —.”

He stopped, seeing that she had grown very, very red,—a slight pause and he resumed,—

“Harry, having just stepped outside to settle with the coachman, I was but awaiting his return, when, seeing me there alone, nothing was more natural, under the circumstances, than

that you should also accord me the sisterly welcome intended for one whom you had never seen; and if you will allow me, it shall be treasured with those pleasant memories that cling round every heart, in which are enshrined the most trivial associations of *home*."

He spoke with an easy grace that somewhat reassured poor Carrie, while the Judge advanced and shook him heartily by the hand, exclaiming,—

"I am rejoiced to make your acquaintance, Mr. Thornleigh, for such I presume you are; and believe me, both for my son's sake and your own, you are sincerely welcome to 'Rockmont.' But hark! there is the dear boy now."

There was no mistaking but that it was Harry this time, as he bounded into the room, nearly upsetting Carrie who was standing by the door. Suddenly she found herself lifted completely off her feet, while, between the shower of kisses that rained down upon her face, a merry voice cried out,—

"So *you're*—the dear lit—the piece of humanity—and would-be—match-maker that answers to the name of Carrie—are you?"

Without waiting for an answer he released her and, with the love that shone like a glory on his handsome, boyish face, advanced quickly towards his parents.

We would fain draw a veil over this sacred meeting, for however tenderly we might guide the pen in its description, the hearts of those who have experienced the delight of such blissful moments are best fitted to imagine the tender joy of such a re-union as this.

A few moments after and he was looking anxiously round the room, exclaiming,—

"But where's my little philosopher?—she who has ever written me such motherly letters that while perusing them I have often and often found myself mingling in imagination with the 'dear ones here to-night.'"

He came hastily up to where Mabel was seated. The shadow of the open door had at first prevented her from being recognized, so she had quietly waited until it was her turn to receive her brother's greeting. In the meantime, by her gentle, lady-like manners, she had succeeded to interest Mr. Thornleigh, and divert his attention from the somewhat embarrassing situation in which he found himself placed. As it was useless to attempt any further speech with Carrie, whom he saw was painfully confused, with true gentlemanly tact he had opened a conversation with Mabel, and was in the act of replying to a question she had asked when Harry, catching her face in both hands, gazed earnestly into the truthful, loving eyes that met his own. The scrutiny must have been satisfactory, for without a word he stooped and pressed a lingering kiss upon the fair, open brow.

So it was with all, for *all* loved her; but, mingling with the affection which we must always feel towards the gentle and the beautiful, there was a reverential respect that the truly

noble and intellectual woman *never* fails to inspire.

Turning to Carrie with his former gaiety, he enquired,—

"And now, my dear, please inform me who this 'Dear! Sweet!' Gussie Maitland is, who for two consecutive years you have tried to make me regard as a perfect paragon of feminine attractions?"

"For shame, Harry!" returned the indignant Carrie, at hearing her friend thus apostrophized. "Only wait till you see her and I'll warrant that you will —."

"Fall over head and ears in love with her the very first moment; grow disenchanted in the second, and laugh at my absurd folly in the third."

"Take care, sir, that the falling does not result in your own discomfiture. Miss Maitland is not a girl to be won unsought."

"Oh, but when a fellow has such a dear little girl for a sister, you know, he is not very likely to lose the field: eh, Carrie?"

"If you mean by that that I am to sound your praises, you are slightly mistaken. I may have mentioned your name *once or twice*, as I did her's to you, but —."

"Oh, by jove! then I'm *all right*," laughed Harry. "If she has had my name dinned into her dear little ears half as often as I have her's, she must by this time have become perfectly in love with me, or else, like myself, has grown ill at the very —. But pardon me, my dear sister; I will no longer dwell on the merits which I already confess are possessed by *some* of the gentler sex, but solicit an introduction at the earliest possible moment to this most interesting young lady, who, by-the-by, has an equally handsome brother, eh, Mabel?"

A warning look from Carrie stopped him, but her sister answered gently,—

"Yes—Walter. I think you will like him, Harry, and if you wish we can drive out to 'Rothsay' to-morrow, and call at Capt. Maitland's on our return."

As this proposal met with a ready assent from all, it was arranged that they should start early on the following afternoon, so as to return in time to reach the city for the evening lecture.

As they were about to separate for the night, Mabel approached the piano, and, mingling with the low, sweet accompaniment, her finely modulated voice was soon heard singing the old, old strain of "Home again."

CHAPTER III.

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

"And this answer is irrevocable?"

"It is, Walter."

"Then, Heaven help me, for I am desolate!"

Walter Maitland stood as one who had received a mortal blow, that had for the time stunned every sense of feeling. The girl before him was pale as death, but a look of firm determination was written on her face, as, laying her hand on his arm, she said,—

"No, Walter: it may be the means, under God, of saving you; for once away from here and I feel assured you will become the honest, strong-minded man that nature and your own genius intended you should be. Go out into a field more fitted for your talents, and use that energy which, for want of stimulant, has so long lain torpid. Trust me, I do not thus speak from any pecuniary motives that would benefit me as your wife, but only to urge you to claim that social position among your fellow-men for which your many qualifications fit you, and perhaps you will some day bless me for breaking an engagement that might ultimately become a fetter to us both."

"No, Mabel: I can never bless the deed that has deprived me of the brightest hope of my life, and you are right when you say I must leave this place in order to become a *man*, for true, I could not *work* where everything recalled associations of happier times."

There was a mournful cadence in his voice that struck painfully on the ear of his listener. "Do not speak thus," she said. "You would not have me repeat vows to which my heart did not respond?"

"Then, Mabel, you love another?"

"Yes, Walter, I do, with all the strength of my being; but," in a low voice, "to God and you only have I told it."

"Fear not; the confidence thus reposed is sacred, Mabel, and may God bless you both, as he who having won your affections cannot fail being worthy; and perhaps future years may give me the fortitude to say—'His will be done.'"

He turned and left her—left her with the sorrow that was fast overcoming the firmness of the preceding moments. Thus, too will we leave her for a season, standing there in the soft summer twilight, watching the receding figure of the youth, whose stricken heart was to teach him to become a—*man*.

"James, do you know where Master Harry has gone?" enquired the Judge, entering the green-house, where the old gardener was busy with his plants.

"Yes sir: he went to 'Rothsay' about an hour ago, and told me to tell you that he would be sure and be back in time to drive you to the city."

"What horse did he take?"

"'Black Earcelandoune,' sir."

"Very well; see that the greys are harness-ed into the close carriage, by seven o'clock; and James, —"

"Yes sir."

"Tell George to be ready at the same time to drive me to town."

Without waiting for an answer, he turned to leave, muttering,—

"Always the same answer: 'gone to Rothsay, sir.' Plague take Rothsay! I wish the Captain would turn him out when he pesters him with his astronomical observations; and I

doubt with it all if he could tell the difference between a *nebula* and a constellation."

Ah! Judge Elliot, he could tell you of the declination and ascension of that constellation, which, in Gussie Maitland, shone as a star of the first magnitude, and of the *nebula* that composed the misty radiance of her smile.

Walter Maitland had reached the gates at the end of the avenue, when he came across Carrie, seated in the willow hedge that skirted the road-side, reading. She formed a pretty picture, with her beautiful yellow hair falling like a shower of burnished gold round the sweet, childish face, bent low over the book on her knee. So engrossed was she that his footsteps fell unheeded on her ear till he stood directly before her. Feeling the magnetic influence of another's presence, she raised her eyes and encountered his pale, altered face.

"Why, Walter, what has happened? You are ill."

"Nonsense, Carrie: your optical vision has been obscured, and no wonder—reading love stories by this light."

Without replying, she held the clumsy looking volume so that he might see its title.

"Shakespeare, as I live! In the name of all that's wondrous, what 'has come o'er the spirit of your dream,' or rather fancy, to study such deep literature as that of the Stratford poet? Why, if I remember aright, it is not so very long ago since you thought him the 'driest old —'"

"One's tastes may change, sir Walter," answered Carrie, with just a little pout; "and I'm much obliged, I'm sure, for your high opinion of mine. Doubtless you thought I would *not* have to study the literary gem you sent me yesterday; hence, that 'Mabel Vaughn' would be quite deep enough for my mental capacities. Is it not so?"

"Have you read it?"

"I? No indeed!"

"Then you have missed a treat, for it is a capital story, and one that I did indeed select especially for you, thinking that its sweet home scenes would best suit your kind, genial heart."

His words at once dispelled the unbecoming frown on her face, and, smiling frankly, she replied,—

"Forgive me, Walter, for being so cross, though you were right all the time. I do not like him a bit better than I did; but, hearing papa ask Mabel this morning when you were to become a Benedick, I thought I would read the play: so after all, you see, it has only been 'much ado about nothing.'"

She did not know how her lightly spoken words had pierced that poor, torn heart, nor notice the forced gaiety with which he answered her.

"Not so indeed, Miss Carrie; I think that it would be a *very* difficult matter for me to become Benedick without a Beatrice."

"But a Mabel might answer as well, Walter?"

"Carrie, — O Heaven! say no more—you madden me!"

It was no use—the flood-gates must be opened, else the wearied brain would burst; and, burying his face in his hand, great sobs shook his frame. The strong man wept like a child. Do not deem him weak and effeminate in thus giving way to the greatest sorrow his young life had ever known. All natures cannot assume that stoical composure which some term "the dignity of grief."

And Walter's was a *truly* noble one.

There is something too solemn and sacred in seeing a man weep, for other eyes to witness unmoved, and Carrie had silently withdrawn until its tempest should in a measure subside. Now she came to him and in a low, sweet voice said,—

"Walter, dearest brother, will you not let me share this trouble with you? You know I am still your little sister—you, yourself have called me so; then have I not a right to grieve when *you* grieve, as well as to feel happy when *you* are happy?"

"Bless you, little comforter! I, too, shall call you 'Dien Donnée.'"

And drawing her down beside him he told her all—told her of his broken dream of happiness; of his great, great love for her sister; and lastly, of his determination to win a place in the temple of fame that should compensate him for the lonely void in his heart.

Poor Walter; think not that the praises of your fellow-men can supply the place of affection. If your love be lasting, then will your grief be *everlasting*.

"And now," he went on, "you have seen me to-day as no other ever saw me before; and in after years you will look back to these moments with wonder, that the cross old bear I shall become could ever have been the great blubbering schoolboy now before you; yet, in order that this schoolboy should complete his education, I leave St. John in the morning for New York, and from thence to Europe; but believe me, though absent, *you* shall ever be present in my thoughts. No matter how tempestuous life's sea may be, my heart will never be so hardened by its surges as to disregard the brightest beacon that ever shone to cheer the lonely mariner—the sympathy of my darling sister Carrie."

"Then why leave your native land, Walter? You will find no truer friends in the old world than those you leave behind you here. For your father's sake I implore you to remain. Think how lonely he will be—how very cheerless the old home will seem without you."

"Urge me no more, sweet sister; my one object now is to forget the past, and could I accomplish that where everything reminds me of *her*? No: I must begin a new life, and *you* must be the one to strengthen that resolution by now wishing me good-bye, and assuring me that you will not forget one who can never think of you as aught but a true and sincere friend,

though *she* has almost destroyed my faith in women, for I can never love again."

She suffered him to wring her hands in parting, and as he kissed her lightly she answered:

"Goodbye; God bless you, Walter Maitland, wherever you may be!"

And with that blessing on his head he went forth to fight the great battle of life.

When left alone, her head sunk slowly on the clasped hands in her lap, while a long, low wail came borne on the summer breeze. The words that disturbed the stillness of night were: "No, he can—never—love—again."

Bayard Thornleigh was again in Saint John, and had now for several weeks been the invited guest of the Elliots. Though different as one person could possibly be to another, yet the strongest ties of friendship existed between him and the son of his host. Bayard was not what some might call a handsome man, as his features lacked that slightly Grecian *contour* which some critics deem so indispensable; but upon the broad, open brow was impressed the stamp of intellect, and from out the clear grey eyes shone the reflection of a master mind—that *living beauty* which time cannot fade—whose genius but hails death as the birth of immortality. Though rather reserved in manner, he possessed that nameless grace of making others feel perfectly at their ease while conversing with him; and when he smiled it was like the subdued rays of a glorious light suddenly thrown on an exquisite painting, bringing out its most beautiful features. He was a man that a woman might almost worship.

He and Harry were to start on the following morning for New York, as the latter had to see after some property, left him by a relation of his mother's, now in the possession of a distant cousin, who had disputed the claims of the said estate. Though nominally for this purpose, yet it was in reality to pay a long promised visit to his friend. Yet his increasing interest in Miss Maitland had made him less anxious to leave St. John than a few months previous.

It was a lovely clear morning that shone on their departure. The carriage that was to convey them to the city was already at the door, and, in the hall, Harry was carressing everybody that came in his way. Even Mammy, the black cook, found herself suddenly caught round the neck in his haste, while a high sounding salutation was pressed on her ebony cheek, but was as unceremoniously released with a very expressive "ugh!"

Bayard had exchanged his farewells with all excepting Mabel, who stood watching the prancing, impatient horses outside. He shook hands with her, turning at the same time to reply to something Mrs. Elliot had just said, and then a moment after was springing with Harry into the carriage, which immediately turned and rolled down the avenue.

Mabel had not failed to notice the indifference with which he bade her good-bye, and for a

moment wounded pride brought a crimson blush to her face, then receding, left it pale as marble. She went slowly up stairs, when, regaining her own room, she crossed the floor and knelt by the open window, and with her eyes fixed on the clear morning sky, prayed, and the burthen of her prayer was this:—"O Father! in mercy grant that I may win his love!"

CHAPTER IV.

CHRISTMAS.

Yes, it was Christmas Eve, and 'Rockmont Villa' presented a perfect blaze of illumination. The guests, for whom the invitations were issued in the opening chapter, had not yet arrived, so that the only occupants of the large, brilliantly lighted drawing-rooms were four persons, grouped together on one of the hearth-rugs.

"Mabel, you look queenly to-night, and Carrie, —. Place before you a tender lily, of rather questionable circumference, throw over it a golden mist, and you have her picture; while Gussie quite surpasses everything that —; but it isn't etiquette to praise one's wife is it, Mabel?"

She was prevented from replying by a slight knocking at the door, which slowly opened to about the space of twelve inches, admitting the black, woolly head of "Mammy," who spoke in a low, monotonous drawl, without once lifting her eyes, —

"Please, massa sends his 'spects and wishes to speak to young Missy Elliot right away — dis very minnet."

Augusta turned laughing to Harry as she left the room, exclaiming, —

"Now then, my dear, etiquette can have its sway; only take care, for Carrie will be my interpreter."

Five minutes after she returned, bearing in her hand a small paper roll; and hastily breaking the seal said as she did so, —

"Papa would not let me open it in the library, so I have brought it here to examine."

She spread the parchment on her lap, which, with a note, was all that it contained. The words of the note ran thus, —

"To my son and daughter, as a wedding and Christmas gift. From their affectionate father, John Elliot."

While she was reading Harry had been looking over her shoulder, and now cried with rapture, —

"By jove, Gussie, 'tis the title deeds to Clairmont."

And so indeed it proved; to the pretty cottage that had been Judge Elliot's latest purchase, likely for the present occasion.

On account of Mrs. Elliot's delicate health, much of the household responsibility had fallen upon Mabel, so that on her devolved the duty of receiving the guests on the present occasion. She did look beautiful to-night, attired in a closely fitting dress of black velvet, whose graceful folds added a charming ease to her lovely form; a tiny spray of diamonds fastened the

point lace ruffle at her throat, while cuffs of the same fleecy fabric were on her wrists. She wore no other ornament, save a richly jewelled comb, which confined the heavy masses of dark brown hair that were wreathed like a halo round the little head. She was turning to congratulate her brother and sister, when the sound of an arrival caused her to leave the room.

And now commenced the incessant roll of carriages, and the guests came pouring in without intermission.

They were of all ages on this old-fashioned Christmas jubilee. Bevy of young ladies in white tarleton and flowers; portly old ladies, in black satin; slender old ladies, in grey silks and white lace; young gentlemen, in all the glory of a very young moustache, high collars and white vests; old gentlemen in —. But, really, their costumes were so varied that it would only be giving a slight synopsis of the taste of each individual to describe it. But among them Judge Elliot moved, with that hearty hospitality that has made an English Christmas so proverbial for its enjoyment.

It was after finishing an old country dance with the little folks that Mabel, escaping from the heated rooms, crossed the hall and entered the refreshing coolness of the conservatory. She sank exhausted into the nearest seat and bent her head in reverie. She had sat thus for full half an hour, the bright winter moon shining full upon her, when a voice broke the silence, and looking up, she beheld Bayard Thornleigh standing before her.

"So you have no words of welcome for me, Miss Elliot, although I came to apologize for my late arrival?"

She arose and extended her hand, saying, —

"Believe me, Mr. Thornleigh, you are welcome to 'Rockmont,' though we certainly hoped you would come earlier."

"And did you really wish for my coming?"

She was about to pass him with something like the words, — "Harry would like —."

"Inform papa," — when he caught her dress, exclaiming, —

"I have seen Judge Elliot and Harry, Miss Mabel, but I have something to say to you that I would rather tell you here than anywhere else."

He gently reseated her, continuing, —

"Do you know why I left St. John so abruptly last summer? No; then I will tell you. Before leaving New York I had taken up a law suit, my client being a very wealthy merchant, and it was between the meeting of the courts that I paid your brother the visit. You may remember me receiving a letter from your father one morning that had lain for a week unnoticed in the post-bag. Well, that letter demanded my speedy return, as, somehow or other, the evidence had become so entangled that my client was about to give up in despair. Although I took passage in the very next boat, it was eight days later than I should have been there. However, as it proved, I was not too late to repair the chain, and ultimately to gain

the suit, which, had I lost it, would have ruined me completely: for, as I before mentioned, my patron was a rich man, and as such had a very powerful influence, which, had I failed—as he would have thought, through carelessness—would have been exerted to ruin my political prospects forever. Knowing this, I forbore to speak of that which had in reality brought me to St. John; but now I have come to tell you all, Mabel—*Will you be my wife!*”

“Call woman angel—goddess—what you will! With all that fancy breathes at passion’s call— With all that rapture fondly raves—and still That one word *wife* outries, contains them all!”

And man, “whose stormy bosom wars With every passion in its fiery might; Nor deems how look unkind, or *absence*, jars Affection’s silver chords by woman wove, Whose soul, whose business and whose life is *love*.”

It had come at last—those words for which she had so hoped and waited; but now that they were spoken, the very reality seemed to paralyze her—only for a moment though, and then she answered him even as he had asked her.

“Yes, Bayard, I will be your wife, for I love you.”

“This is bliss even greater than I dared to hope for; how I thank that fortune which enabled me to sue for it.”

“Ah, Bayard,” she answered, “after all, your love is not as true in its trust as mine. Think you I would have doubted you for the fickleness of fortune? You do not understand my heart if you would wrong it by such a doubt.”

“But I do,” replied Bayard, gently raising her; “I know it to be *faithful* and *true* and *womanly*, and would not exchange its affection for the richest jewel earth can hold. Come, Mabel: and may your trust in me never be less than it is now; while I, even in the brightest prosperity, may I never for a moment forget the precious boon I have won to-night.”

When all the company had departed, and a state of comparative quiet had taken the place of the sound of mirth and festivity which had prevailed until then, Bayard Thornleigh sought and found an opportunity to see Judge Elliot for a few minutes in private, and then in a straight-forward and candid manner, he told him exactly how matters stood between Mabel and himself. “And now,” he added, “since Mabel is willing to become my wife, it only remains for you to give your consent to our speedy marriage, in order to make me the happiest and most fortunate man on earth.”

“Aha, you rascal!” exclaimed the judge, with a tone and look of mock severity, “the same old story, just as it had been repeated from the beginning of the world; and, of course you expect me to give the same old answer.” And then, he continued, after a short pause, in a more serious tone, “Well, I shall not withhold my consent, I believe I can entrust the happiness of Mabel to your keeping, and I will only say, that if you love your wife, even as well as I have loved my daughter, she will be a happy woman.”

“God do so unto me, and more also, if I do

not cherish her more dearly than my own life,” was Bayard’s fervent reply.

Yes, Walter and Carrie were married. He had at length found consolation in her sunny smile, and she—; well, the brightest dream of her young life was now realized. But, like a gay young lady as she was, she must have a fashionable wedding: so a fashionable wedding she accordingly had, and while the fashionable world had not yet done talking of the number of brides-maids and other matters of importance, the following paragraph fell like a thunder-bolt upon its most fashionable leaders,—

“Married.—At Trinity Church, on the 16th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Hammond, BAYARD THORNLEIGH, Esq., to MABEL, eldest daughter of Judge Elliot, of this City. No cards.”

After allowing an interval of two years to pass over, we will once more take a peep at our heroine. It is a very cosy room in which she is seated. The crimson curtains—for it is winter—are closely drawn, and are thrown into all sorts of fantastical shadows by the bright, cheerful fire, before which, on an easy chair, hangs the sumptuous folds of a gentleman’s dressing-gown: while on the hearthrug are placed a pair of embroidered slippers. But the prettiest object in the room, and one most interesting to us, is Mabel, as now, standing by the little oval tea-table, she is endeavouring to light the lamp. It is done, and the light beams full on her face. She is not much changed, only three times prettier than since we last saw her; but hark! she hears footsteps in the hall, and hastily leaving the room, her merry voice is soon heard, mingled with a very suspicious sound that greatly resembles a —. But, no; we won’t tell; but again follow her as, after hanging up her husband’s coat, and seeing him duly ensconced in the garments before mentioned, they both cross over and, opening a door on the left, pass into another room, much smaller, much prettier and much dearer to them than any other in the house; for there, in a crib covered with pink silk and clouds of soft, white lace, lies little Walter, their precious son. They stoop, and both press a kiss on the brow of the sleeping child. Again they return to the sitting-room and take their places at the tea-table. Mabel is soon busy among the cups and saucers, and while handing her husband his tea, she meets the kind, thoughtful eyes in which she never fails to read an undying depth of love for herself. The tea things are removed and Bayard, bringing his book, prepares to read aloud, while his wife is making, with her own hands, the important short frock that little Walter is to assume in honour of his Grandpa and Aunt Carrie’s coming, for the first time on the morrow.

And thus, in calm domestic bliss, the evenings of their new life pass away. Happy hours! that memory will often recall as the sweet assurance of that *perfect trust* which should always enoble the love, and render more holy still the sacred ties of married life.

SKETCHES OF ACADIE.

No. 2.—FORT LA TOUR.

BY JAMES HANNAY.

IN the first of these sketches was given an account of Fort Nashwaak, a stronghold of no mean importance in its day, but which had fallen into such insignificance, that even the people who dwelt on its site, knew nothing of its history. The fort to which this paper is devoted, is one of a very different character. The history of fort Nashwaak may be regarded as a brief yet startling episode, that of fort La Tour is a great drama, extending over many years. It was built more than sixty years before the first palisade was erected at Nashwaak; it existed as a fort a century after Nashwaak had been abandoned. It sustained sieges before the battle of Marston Moor, and it was attacked during the American war of independence. Although all the contests in which it figured were not of a national character, it has witnessed deeds of heroism worthy of Thermopylæ, and instances of female constancy and courage, as great as those which have made the name of Joan of Arc illustrious. Yet its history, if not quite lost, has been entirely neglected by our own people. How few of the youths who at our public schools, are taught the most minute details of wars which happened two thousand years ago, between petty and contemptible states, whose history is enveloped in a cloud of fabulous romance, can give any clear account of the wars which resulted in the expulsion of the French from Acadie, and placed the immense territory of British North America in the hands of the Anglo Saxon race, a territory greater than that over which Xerxes reigned, or Rome held sway in her palmiest days, and peopled now by a race compared to whom the sons of the much lauded Greeks are slaves, and the descendants of the Cæsars an effeminate and wretched rabble. It may be judicious that the best years of the youth's life, should be expended in learning languages which are now spoken by no living race, but why should he be compelled to wade through the childish fables of the "father of History," and not be taught one word of the events in which the old fort figured, on the glacies of which he played when a child, or of the early history of his own country in which it was so conspicuous an object?

Charles Amador de la Tour, the founder of the fort which bears his name, was one of the most remarkable men of his time. He appears to have been born in Paris about the year 1592, and came to Acadie with his father Claude de La Tour, in 1606, when Poutrincoeur was building Port Royal. The La Tours appear to have

been huguenots, and descended from an ancient family which had been reduced by pecuniary reverses, and their object in coming to Acadie was to endeavour to retrieve in the new world, the misfortunes which had overtaken them in the old. When Argal destroyed Port Royal in 1613, Charles de la Tour fled with Biencourt (son of Poutrincoeur) who with several of the French garrison, took refuge amongst the Micmac Indians. A residence of four years with these rude warriors, in which he lived by hunting and similar pursuits, taught him constancy, self-reliance and that cool intrepidity, which never deserted him in the hour of danger. From being the trusted and faithful companion of Biencourt in his enforced exile, he became his lieutenant, when the former obtained the possession and governorship of Port Royal, and when Biencourt died in 1623, he bequeathed to La Tour his rights in Port Royal, and nominated him his successor. For some reason which is not quite clear, he removed to Cape Sable, where he built a fort, at a place which still bears the name of Port La Tour, in which he resided for some years. In 1628, Sir David Kirk and an English fleet captured Port Royal and on their return from that place seized a French vessel bound to Quebec, on board of which was the elder La Tour, who was taken to England a prisoner. While there he was knighted and entirely seduced from his allegiance to the King of France. He also received from Sir William Alexander, the grantee of Acadie, a grant of that portion of the Atlantic Coast of Nova Scotia, extending from Cape Sable to Mahone Bay, on condition that he and his son Charles for whom he contracted in his absence, would be faithful vassals of the King of Scotland, and assist him in reducing the people of the country. This grant bears date April 30, 1630. La Tour while in England, not only succeed in getting an estate, but was also fortunate enough to obtain for a wife, one of the Maids of Honor of the Queen Henrietta Maria. To enable him to fulfil the object of subjugating the country to the English, he was supplied with two men of war well equipped, and having on board a large number of Scotch Colonists. On arriving at Cape Sable some time in 1630, all his anticipations of success or favor from the English Crown were destined to be destroyed, by the absolute refusal of his son to deliver up the fort to the English. All the entreaties and tears of the elder La Tour had only the effect of making his son's loyalty

to his native country the more firm, and when the English commander attacked the fort he was beaten off and compelled to embark for England. The elder La Tour who was now in the painful position of being without a country, and afraid to return either to England or France for fear of losing his head, appealed to his son's clemency and was allowed to reside with his wife near the fort, but not permitted to enter it.

At some period previous to this, Sir William Alexander had given Claude de la Tour and his son, permission to erect a fort on the St. John River. In 1627, the elder La Tour obtained from the King of France, a grant of the St. John River, "and five leagues above, and five below, and ten leagues into the country." In 1631, the La Tours appear to have resolved to form a settlement at St. John, and a small vessel was fitted with men and materials for that purpose. Associated with them were three Recollet fathers and Captain Marot, commander of an expedition sent out by the Company of New France, for the settlement of Acadie. This Company was a powerful organization formed in 1627 under the auspices of Cardinal Richelieu.

The site selected for fort La Tour, was one which, at the present day, would scarcely strike an engineer, as being the most suitable for a fortification. Yet, the hand of man has so completely changed every feature of the harbor of St. John since then, that we can scarcely divest the place of its artificial character, and imagine it as it was when first viewed by the builders of fort La Tour. On the Western side of the harbor at that time, a long point of land extended towards Navy Island. It was then, beyond all question, the most conspicuous promontory in the vicinity, and commanded not only that portion of the harbor below it, but also the river—which bends round it at a very acute angle—up to the Falls. At the present day the whole of the flat below it, down as far as Sand Point, has been filled up with wharves so that it scarcely appears to be a promontory at all, and many acres to the South and East of the site of the fort, which were in other days open water, have been built up into streets and squares. The fort was built on the extreme end of the point just above high water mark, on land of some elevation, and was an earthwork eighty paces in diameter with four bastions on each of which six large cannon were mounted. From the time the fort was built until 1655, the elder La Tour was in command with a small garrison, Charles La Tour being still in his own fort at Cape Sable. In this year the Company of New France who were partners in the work of erecting the fort at St. John, granted to him their right to it, and the territory adjacent. In this grant he is named "Charles de Saint Etienne, Sieur de la Tour, Lieutenant-General for the King on the Coasts of Acadie, in New France." About this period Charles de la Tour removed from Cape Sable to fort la Tour in St. John harbor, and from this period

commenced the active history of this famous strong-hold. The elder La Tour no longer figures conspicuously in the history of Acadie after this time; but seems to have removed from the Province, while his place in the stirring annals of those days is filled by his bolder, more honest, and more celebrated son.

Previous to this, in 1632, Cardinal Richelieu had sent out to Acadie, a squadron of six vessels of war and four pinnaces. It was under the command of de Razilly who was a relative of the Cardinal. He appointed as his Lieutenants, on his arrival, Charles de la Tour and Charles de Menou. Seignieur d'Aulnay de Charnisay, the latter being his relation. From the mutual jealousies of these two men, the whole of Acadie was kept in tumult and war for a long period. De Razilly died in 1637, leaving to his brother Claude the whole of his estates in Acadie, which the latter, in 1642, transferred to d'Aulnay Charnisay. Previous to this transfer La Tour and d'Aulnay were constantly at variance with, reference to the boundaries of their possessions in Acadie. The latter seems to have maintained that La Tour's fort at St. John was within his territory, and he made a vigorous effort at the French Court to supplant his rival, alleging that La Tour was a heretic. He so far succeeded that on the 13th February, 1641, he obtained an order from the French King directing him, that if La Tour failed to embark and appear before the King at once, he should seize him and take an inventory of his effects. Ten days later La Tour's commission as Governor was revoked, and an order made for him to come to France and answer for his misconduct.

La Tour utterly refused to go to France, and commenced building additional works at his fort at St. John. He made an alliance with the Micmacs, with whom it will be recollected he had resided for some years, and also succeeded in interesting the protestants of Rochelle, and the puritans of New England in his favor. He seems even to have contemplated taking the initiative in the war, by attacking d'Aulnay's fort at Pentagoet, but was restrained by the failure of his emissary whom he had sent to Boston to obtain the assistance required. In the following year (1642) an order was issued from France directing d'Aulnay to seize La Tour's forts. D'Aulnay was so persevering in his persecution of La Tour, that he took the trouble of a voyage to France to obtain this order, and having obtained it he lost little time in attempting to carry its provisions into effect.

La Tour in the mean time was endeavouring, but without effect, to obtain assistance from Boston to attack d'Aulnay. The New Englanders were quite willing to trade with him, but very little inclined to mix themselves in the quarrels of the rival governors of Acadie. He next turned his eyes towards his friends at Rochelle, and succeeded in obtaining from them a ship laden with supplies and having on board 140 emigrants. Before this succor reached him, however, in the Spring of 1643,

d'Aulnay with six vessels, two ships and four pinnaces, and 500 men suddenly attacked fort La Tour, and finding that it could not be taken by a sudden assault, proceeded to blockade it. While La Tour was contemplating the melancholy prospect of being starved into submission, the *Clement*, which was the name of the vessel from Rochelle, arrived off the harbor of St. John; but d'Aulnay's vessels were so placed that she could not pass them, his ships being anchored on the South-west side of the Island and the pinnaces on the North-east side, thus commanding both channels.—the former was in those days the only channel which could be entered by ships.* La Tour's courage and resources of mind did not fail him in this extremity. He immediately embarked with his wife on board the *Clement*, leaving the garrison to defend the fort, and sailed direct for Boston. The people of that quiet place were greatly alarmed at the approach of the French ship, but La Tour's mission was to obtain assistance, not to attack the English. He now proved himself no mean hand at diplomacy. At a meeting of the authorities called by Governor Winthrop, he made out so good a case that permission was given to him, to hire whatever number of vessels and men he could obtain in New England, and although an attempt was made by some parties at a second meeting to reverse this decision, it did not succeed. Although La Tour's religion was more than doubtful, his wife was a sound protestant, and this seems to have had some effect in his favor, but the consideration which operated the most in influencing their minds, was the fact of his being much in debt to many of the people in Boston, who feared that they would lose their money unless d'Aulnay's designs were frustrated. La Tour having obtained the requisite permission, was not long in obtaining the aid he needed. He mortgaged his fort and property at St. John, and with the money thus obtained, chartered from Edward Gibbins and Thomas Hawkins, four vessels having on board 50 men and 38 pieces of cannon. In addition to this, he enlisted 92 soldiers, which, with those on board his own and the English ships, formed a respectable force, and having thoroughly

victualled and armed them, he set sail for St. John on the 14th July, 1643, having accomplished the object of his difficult and delicate mission in thirty-two days from the time of his leaving his own fort. La Tour's squadron on arriving at St. John immediately attacked d'Aulnay, who little expected the approach of such an enemy, and his fleet at once took to flight. His vessels were chased, and his two ships and one pinnace driven on shore near Port Royal, where an engagement ensued which resulted in the defeat of d'Aulnay's forces and the capture of a rich booty in furs and other valuable goods by La Tour. Three Frenchmen were killed on each side, but the English vessels returned to Boston without having lost a man. Thus disastrously ended the first siege of fort La Tour.

D'Aulnay's hatred of La Tour was not lessened by the result of his first enterprise, and he at once went to France to collect additional forces for the destruction of his enemy. La Tour also sent his wife, who was a woman of remarkable courage and resolution, to Europe to obtain supplies for his fort. Having obtained these she chartered an English vessel in London to carry them to St. John, but the master of the ship, whose name was Bailey, instead of going direct to his port of destination, made a trading voyage up the St. Lawrence and arrived at last in Boston, after a delay of several months. Madam de la Tour, who was a passenger in the vessel during the voyage, came near being captured by some of d'Aulnay's cruisers which overhauled the ship, but she was concealed in the hold and so escaped. On arriving at Boston she brought an action against the master and obtained a verdict of two thousand pounds. With this money she chartered three ships in Boston, and loaded them with supplies for fort La Tour, which she reached in the Autumn of 1644. In the mean time d'Aulnay was actively engaged in endeavouring to prejudice the English at Boston against La Tour, who was now proscribed as a rebel and traitor by the French Regent. The result of his negotiations with the authorities of Boston, was an agreement made between John Endicott, governor of Massachusetts, and M. Marie the Commissioner of d'Aulnay, in which they bound themselves and their people to refrain from Acts of hostility against each other. This document was dated October 8th, 1644, and was afterwards ratified by the Commissioners of the United Colonies of New England, but d'Aulnay, himself, with characteristic insincerity refused to confirm it.

During the early part of 1645, while La Tour was absent from his fort, which at that time was only garrisoned by fifty men, d'Aulnay embraced the opportunity of attacking it in a ship of considerable size. On the coast he captured a vessel from New England laden with supplies for La Tour, the crew of which, in defiance of his treaty with Endicott, he treated in the most barbarous manner, turning them ashore scantily clad on a desolate Island

* Morris, on his plan of the river Saint John, from a survey made by him about 1765, says: "The best channel into the harbor, is on the West side of Partridge Island, keeping near the Island you have six fathoms water. Vessels generally anchor within the Island, until the tide suits them to go further up, which they cannot do but with the tide of flood. In going up the harbor from Partridge Island, you must steer in for the point on the east side of the harbor, till you bring the point of the beach on the west side, and the house on the point in the harbor open. Then steer in for the house giving the beach a good berth, till you come within a quarter of a mile of that point, and then steer into the anchoring cove on the east side of the harbor till you come into four fathoms of water; or you may run on the flats near the fort, where you will be secure on soft mud." The "house" here referred to is laid down on the plan, and is on the Eastern side of the harbor, bearing from the fort North, ten degrees East, and distant from it three quarters of a mile. This bearing and distance shows that the old block house on Fort Howe, is the house mentioned in the plan.

while the snow was still on the ground. D'Aulnay, having committed this inhuman act, proceeded to attack fort La Tour, which he anticipated would fall an easy prey. In this he was doomed to deep disappointment. Although La Tour himself was absent his heroic wife took command of the garrison, and defended the fort with a courage and constancy which her husband could not have surpassed. D'Aulnay's fire at first did the fort some damage, but approaching too near he was received with such a murderous cannonade, that to save his ship from sinking, he was obliged to warp her round, and shelter her behind the bluff, at what is now called Negro Town Point. In this siege he had twenty men killed and thirteen wounded, besides being compelled to submit to the disgrace and mortification of being beaten off by a small and feeble garrison, commanded by a woman. On his return he relieved the English from their distressing situation on the Island where he had landed them, and gave them an old boat to return home in. This outrage was the subject of some correspondence between him and the people of Boston, but the affair ended by their becoming greater friends than before, and La Tour being effectually cut off from all hope of supplies from New England.

In April 1647, the crowning calamity, in the life of this singular man of varying fortunes, took place. He was then absent from fort La Tour seeking supplies, when d'Aulnay with a large force appeared before it and attacked it vigorously. This time the assault was made from the land side, the assailants having been taught by experience, that no cannonade from their vessels was likely to do it much damage. The garrison left in the fort was small and the attack sudden, but Madam La Tour was equal to the occasion. She was everywhere present where the danger was most imminent, encouraging the soldiers and displaying to them an example of personal bravery, which was well calculated to incite them to persevere in the defence of the fort. On three successive days d'Aulnay attacked it without success, losing many men; but on the fourth day, which happened to be Easter Sunday, a Swiss sentry whom he had been enabled to bribe, betrayed the garrison, and the enemy was already scaling the walls when the alarm was given. Yet, notwithstanding this unexpected calamity, and the disheartening effect it was calculated to have on the soldiers, she rallied them to the defence of the fort, and led them against the enemy. Then d'Aulnay fearing a second repulse, proposed honorable terms of capitulation, which she, seeing the hopelessness of prolonging the contest, and wishing to save the lives of her soldiers, agreed to accept. When d'Aulnay obtained possession of the fort, and found the number of its defenders so small, rage at the repulses and losses he had sustained by this small handful of men, overcame every other feeling. In his anger he forgot the treaty he had made with the brave lady who headed the

defence, and entirely lost sight of that nice sense of honor, which is dearer to a soldier than life itself. With a degree of inhumanity, almost without parallel in the wars of civilized men, he caused the whole of the garrison to be hung, with the exception of one man, who purchased his life by what was worse than death, becoming the executioner of his companions in arms. That no circumtance of ignominy should be omitted, and with a refinement of cruelty which must disgrace his character for all time, he compelled Madam La Tour to witness the execution of those who had shared her fortunes, standing on the scaffold with a halter round her neck like a reprieved criminal. The fortitude which had sustained her in the midst of misfortunes almost without parallel, in war and the calamities which result from war, now appears to have deserted her, for a few days afterwards she died of grief, leaving behind her a young child which was subsequently sent to France. Thus ended the career of one of the most remarkable women in history, one who, while she displayed a heroism never excelled, was at the same time a loving and affectionate wife, a woman with great capacity for business and the most indomitable courage, equal to any reverse of fortune, true to her husband in every relation of life, yet at the same time as tender as she was true. Yet within what a narrow circle are her virtues known; to most people she seems not a real woman of flesh and blood, but a romantic creation of the age in which she lived. Her dust is still with us, yet no man knows her grave. She is buried somewhere without the confines of the old fort in Carleton, yet the busy world, day after day, treads over her resting place and little dreams how much constancy and virtue sleeps below.

After this disaster La Tour, who was now ruined, poor and well nigh heart broken, went to Boston. The value of the stores of various kinds which he had lost by the capture of the fort was estimated at £10,000, and he had no means of retrieving his fortunes. From Boston he went to Newfoundland, where he hoped to receive assistance from Sir David Kirk, the Governor, but was disappointed in his expectations, although he was received kindly. He then returned to Boston where he managed to obtain a vessel and cargo worth £500 for a trading voyage, but gave up the idea of trading, and took the vessel to Quebec, where he was well received by the Governor. He afterwards went to Hudson's Bay; but this part of his life does not belong to the history of fort La Tour.

It is doubtful whether fort La Tour was occupied long by d'Aulnay after its capture. He had his own fixed establishments where he probably preferred to reside, and the presumption is that the fort was deserted for a time. He did not, however, live long in the enjoyment of his newly acquired territory, for in 1650 he was drowned in the Bay of Fundy, opposite the mouth of Digby Gut. The reputation which he left behind him is far from being an enviable one, and he was generally

detested by his own countrymen as a man of a hard and cruel nature, more anxious for his own aggrandizement and the extension of his possessions, than for the settlement of the country or the welfare of its people. In the mean time La Tour, with his usual energy, was making interest at the French Court, and had succeeded in obtaining an acquittal of the charges that had been brought against him. In February, 1651, he received a new commission as Governor of Acadie, with greater powers than before, and in September of the same year succeeded in having fort La Tour restored to him by the widow of d'Aulnay. Here he continued to reside, and in February, 1653, reconciled the long feud which had existed between the families, and centred in himself the conflicting titles to the possession of Acadie by marrying the widow of his deceased rival, d'Aulnay. During the same year he came near being starved out of his fort by certain restrictions which the Assembly of Massachusetts placed on trade in consequence of the war with Holland; but an exception was made in his favor by the New Englanders and this calamity averted. Just as La Tour was beginning to flatter himself that he was at last secure in the possession of his fort and lands after all his vicissitudes, a new and more formidable danger threatened him. D'Aulnay in his life-time had become indebted to Emmanuel Le Borgne, a merchant of Rochelle, in the sum of 260,000 livres, and judgment had been obtained in France in favor of the latter. The creditor in 1654 came to Acadie to take possession of all d'Aulnay's estates, and he seems to have entertained the design of driving La Tour out of his fort and stripping him of his possessions. While preparations for an attack were being made by Le Borgne, a third party appeared on the scene, which settled and disposed of the rival claims of the disputants very speedily. This was nothing less than an English fleet of four vessels, which had been sent by the lord protector Oliver Cromwell to attack the Dutch Colonies in America, but did not arrive in Boston until after hostilities had ceased. They had also received secret orders to attack the French possessions in Acadie, although the countries were then at peace; but as was the case a century later in India, the English and French colonists were frequently at war, when the two nations were friendly and pacific at home. In the summer of 1654, the fleet appeared before fort La Tour which was captured after a short resistance. La Tour being short of provisions and quite unprepared to contend against so powerful and unexpected an enemy. Le Borgne was also captured at Port Royal, and the result of this sudden raid was that the whole of Acadie fell into the hands of the English, except Cape Breton and a narrow strip on the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

La Tour might now have been supposed to be irretrievably ruined; but singularly enough the years of his life which succeeded this apparent misfortune were the only years of real

tranquility and comfort he ever enjoyed. In 1656, in conjunction with Thomas Temple and William Crowne, he succeeded in obtaining from Cromwell a grant of the whole of that part of Acadie from Mahone Bay to Cape Sable on the Atlantic Coast, and the entire territory fronting on the Bay of Fundy to the borders of New England. Temple was, in 1656, appointed by Cromwell governor of Fort La Tour, and La Tour, himself, appears to have sold to Temple his share of Acadie. He still continued to reside near the fort in affluence and comfort until the year 1666, when he died at the good age of 74 years after a life of such changes of fortune and various vicissitudes as is seldom read of outside the pages of a romance.

Very little is known of the history of fort La Tour during the English occupation. Temple appears to have been a great trader, and in his hands it probably degenerated into a trading post for the Indians, or it is not improbable that it was entirely deserted, for the fort at Jemseg which has been, by many modern writers erroneously credited with the events which happened at fort La Tour was, without doubt—built during the English occupation, and was probably erected by Temple, more with a view to its position as a trading post, than as a defensive work. The proof of its being built at this period, lies in the fact of its being in no way referred to previous to the time of the English occupation; and it is not named in the list of forts which were delivered up to the English in 1654. It was, however, one of the forts delivered to the French in 1670, when Acadie again passed into their hands under the treaty of Breda, and the very particular description and inventory given of it then, proves most conclusively that it was a mere trading post, and not such a fort as could have stood the repeated sieges and blockades in which fort La Tour figured. But it is quite useless to multiply proofs that the Jemseg fort was not the scene of D'Aulnay's successive sieges, or Madam La Tour's heroic defences. The whole story of these operations is utterly inconsistent with the idea of a fort situated fifty miles up the St. John river, and if any further proof were required that the fort at Jemseg was not fort La Tour, it is found in the fact that fort Jemseg was surrendered to the French on the 27th of August, 1670, by that name, by the English commissioners, Messrs. Walker and Garner. On the 2nd of September of the same year, when Port Royal was surrendered by the same parties, fort La Tour is spoken of specifically as *to be*, but not then, delivered up.—The site of fort La Tour is also given by St. Maurice, and incontestably fixed by numerous despatches and letters of that period.

When, in 1670, fort La Tour was delivered up to the French, it appears to have been in a ruinous condition; for, in the following year, we find the Chevalier de Grand Fontaine, governor of Acadie, writing to the Minister at Paris that he intended sending his ensign to the river St. John, to establish the old fort at

its mouth, (fort La Tour), and to guard it until the cannon could be brought to it from the fort at Jemseg. In the same letter he complains of the want of a person fit to command fort La Tour, in consequence of which the shore and seal fishery had been neglected. At that time his lieutenant, DeMarson, had offended him by his conduct in a mission on which he sent him to Boston, and fallen under his displeasure; but DeMarson seems to have retrieved himself from this difficulty, and been received again into favor; for, in 1672, he was in command of fort La Tour, from which we presume that Grand Fontaine's doubts, about having a person fit to command it, were set at rest. DeMarson seems, however, to have neglected fort La Tour: for, in 1674, he was established at the fort at Jemseg, where one morning he was surprised by the appearance of a Flemish corsair, having 110 men on board, by which he was carried off, without offering any resistance, and the fort plundered of everything valuable. Nothing could prove more clearly than this the wretched manner in which the affairs of Acadie were mismanaged by its governors: La Tour and d'Aulnay, at least, made the pirates keep a respectful distance from the forts they commanded.

De Marson appears to have escaped or been ransomed from the pirates, for he was, shortly after his capture, again in command on the St. John river; and in 1676 received a grant of Nashwaak and the fort at Jemseg from Frontenac, governor of Canada. Those who received grants of land in those days, from whatever king or governor, held them by but a feeble tenure: for, within the four years following the date of the grant, the English were again in possession of Acadie, which they delivered up to the French for the fourth time in 1680. The truth of the matter seems to be that the so-called forts had by this time degenerated into mere fishing stations, and became an easy prey to whatever bold adventurer chose to attack them. In this or the following year (1680 or 1681), the English for the fifth time became masters of the country, but appear to have soon abandoned it to its old masters: for, in 1682, M. de la Valliere was established at or near fort La Tour, acting as commandant, and engaged in the shore fishery—two branches of business which seem to have been frequently coupled together about this time. The number of men under la Valliere's command was only eight or ten, and he seems to have varied his employment from piscatorial pursuits to robbing the Indians, who hated him most cordially, and made several attempts to assassinate him. In consequence of his unduly favoring the English and other causes, he was removed from the command in Acadie in 1684, and his successor, M. Perrot, does not appear to have resided at fort La Tour, for in 1686, when M. de Metulles took the census of Acadie, there was not a single soldier at any of the forts on the River St. John, and the famous fort which had withstood so many attacks was thus suffered to sink into an ignoble decay.

In June, 1690, Villebon who was sent out to be Governor of Acadie, arrived at Port Royal and found that it had been captured and destroyed a few days before by the English under Sir William Phipps. Under these circumstances he decided to withdraw to the River St. John, and occupy the fort at Jemseg. He afterwards built the fort at Nashwaak, the history of which was fully detailed in the former paper. In 1695 Villebon proposed to repair and rebuild fort La Tour. The old fort still existed in a tolerable state of preservation, having been built so well at first that the excavations were almost entire. The palisades had rotted away to some extent and required renewing, and he contemplated further improving it by deepening the ditches and raising the parapets. As was before stated, the fort consisted of four bastions, each mounting six 24 pounder cannon. It was supposed that 150 men would be enough to garrison this fort and fort Nashwaak, which was a smaller work. Villebon had sagacity enough to perceive that the French commerce and fisheries in the Bay could only be protected by a fort on the seaboard, and that however important Nashwaak might be as a trading station, he could never be said to be master of the River St. John while its mouth remained without any defensive works. Early in 1696 the work was commenced, 6,000 feet of plank having been prepared during the previous Autumn. About 100 men, 40 of whom were soldiers, were employed on the fortifications, and Villebon frequently went from his Nashwaak fort to the mouth of the River to superintend the operations. The work went on rapidly for some time, but before the year closed Villebon's attention was withdrawn from it: to fort Nashwaak, which was attacked by the English, and the rebuilding of fort La Tour was consequently discontinued and not resumed until 1698, when it was again commenced and prosecuted with vigor. During this year a pirate appeared off St. John harbor and preparations were made at the fort to resist an attack which was expected, but the corsair sailed away without attempting to do any damage. Shortly afterwards a calamity, even more to be dreaded than invasions or the attacks of pirates, threatened Villebon; a famine prevailed in Acadie, so severe that many of the people had to live on shell fish, and to save his soldiers from starvation, he was obliged to procure Indian corn and meal from Boston.

Early in the summer of the next year (1699) Villebon appears to have moved his headquarters from Nashwaak to fort La Tour, leaving only two men to take care of the former fort. Fort La Tour was now a stronger and more perfect fortress than it ever had been before, (capable of containing 200 men) and Villebon spoke of it with a natural and becoming degree of pride, as one which would do honor to its defenders. He had, himself, taken an infinite deal of pains in the designing and execution of the work, and felt that whenever the

exigencies of the times would require it to be defended, the interests of his King would be well guarded by its ramparts. What then must have been his surprise and mortification to learn, as he did during the year, that this fort, which he might regard as peculiarly his own, which he had been years in rebuilding and strengthening, and on which so much money had been expended, was to be abandoned as no longer to be the seat of the Government of Acadie? He must have felt that, in leaving the great River St. John and the fertile country on its banks without any defence, the French King was pursuing a most suicidal policy, for the fort at Port Royal, which was always the peculiar favorite of the French, commanded nothing comparable in value or importance to the rich country of which fort La Tour was the key. The loss of Acadie to the French and their final expulsion from the continent, were only the natural results of their unwise system of colonization, their neglect to encourage immigration and their practice of building forts in remote and unheard of situations which commanded nothing, for the sake of a little paltry Indian trade, while they left the really rich and valuable land to take care of itself, and be settled by whoever chose to occupy it.

So contemptibly weak was the government of Acadie at this time, that it was a common event for the French farmers who lived on the Bay of Fundy to be plundered by pirates, losing their cattle and sometimes their lives by the inroads of those red-handed rovers of the sea. As has been already mentioned, they on one occasion actually captured fort Jemseg and carried off its commander; and during the autumn of 1699, a pirate mounting 26 guns appears to have been hovering off the coast of Acadie, killing cattle and doing other damage, but not venturing within the range of the guns of fort La Tour. If anything could aggravate the bad management of the French, and lessen their chances of retaining the country, it was the want of harmony which prevailed amongst the officers. Instead of uniting cordially as they might have done, they were continually attempting to supplant each other, and Villebon's lieutenants appear to have employed all their leisure time in writing letters filled with complaints against him to the governor of Canada. Some of these were the most frivolous that ever were penned by any officer against his captain.* This great and brave soldier was not, however, destined to be long a mark for calumny or complaint: nor was he fated to see the demolition of the fort which had engaged so much of his care. On the 5th of July, 1700, he died at fort La Tour, and was succeeded in the governorship by Brouillan, a rude soldier with more courage than judgment, who was always boasting of his honesty and his

Gascon blood. M. Dierreville, a French naturalist, who, in 1708, published a book about Acadie, arrived at fort La Tour on the evening of Villebon's death, and pays a well merited tribute to that soldier, calling him "a great man, well made, and full of intellect." How well he deserved this praise, his success while governor of Acadie, during the ten years he was in command, sufficiently attests. M. Dierreville also describes fort La Tour, but his description differs in no respect from those we have already given.

After Villebon's death Villieu was temporarily in command until Brouillan's arrival, which took place on the 29th June, 1701. No sooner had the new governor landed than he commenced operations with great vigor. One of his first acts was to raze the fortifications and demolish the houses of fort La Tour. The guns, arms and ammunition were all taken to Port Royal, and even the planks, which were at the gun batteries, were carried away. In his letter to the home authorities he justifies these extreme measures by stating that fort La Tour was "extremely small, and commanded on one side by an Island (Navy Island) at the distance of a pistol shot, and on the other by a height which commanded it entirely; with the disadvantage of having no water to drink without going to seek it beyond the torrent of the river St. John." For these reasons he said he determined to abandon it. If all these statements were true, it is a matter of great surprise that the fort was ever built, or that it should ever have stood a siege of any kind, much less a long blockade; or that so astute a commander as Villebon ever should have thought it worth repairing. The despatches of the French commanders in those days contained a good deal of figurative writing, and some of their statements must be received with caution, for we find M. de Fontenu stating that three vessels could not anchor in the harbor of St. John without inconvenience to each other, a statement so utterly false that it throws grave doubts on the truth of Brouillan's description of fort La Tour. The only good thing that commander could see about St. John was the limestone which he had taken to Port Royal in considerable quantities.

The history of the river St. John is now a blank for more than thirty years. Not a single white inhabitant was left to cultivate that fair domain, which is now covered with thousands of prosperous homes; not a single soldier was left to guard the famous fort which had borne the brunt of so many attacks. Nashwaak was deserted and abandoned: Jemseg was in ruins; and fort La Tour was the home of the wild animals of the forest. Year by year its ramparts were wasting away; and if now and then a stray Indian chanced to break its solitude, he only paused beside it to wonder that the white man should have raised such a structure only to abandon it. In 1710 Port Royal was captured by the English, and has been constantly held by them from that time to the present hour.

* Here is a specimen:—Desgoutens writes to complain that Villebon "keeps the water within the fort for the exclusive use of his kitchen and his maro, others being obliged to use snow water."

Then, indeed, a sloop would occasionally shoot across the bay for the purpose of bringing presents to the Indians, or carrying their chiefs to Port Royal to make treaties with the English governor; but it was only on such rare occasions that a European keel furrowed the smooth waters of the harbor of St. John.

At last the long silence was broken. In 1731 a few French from other parts of Acadie, headed by a priest, formed a settlement on the river St. John. This attempt at colonization was looked upon by the English authorities at Port Royal with great disfavor, and attempts were made to obtain English settlers from Boston for the lands on the river. To further this object, surveys were made by the English government surveyors in various places. It does not appear that these efforts at settlement by the English met with much success; but the French colony was more prosperous. In 1736 there were 77 French inhabitants at St. John, besides the missionary priest, whose name was Jean Pierre Danilo. The surnames of the others were Bellefontaine, Bergeron, Roy, Dugas, Pair and Robert. Bellefontaine was the prevailing name, no less than 30 of the inhabitants bearing that appellation, while the name of Bergeron was borne by 23 of the members of the colony. These inhabitants, who seem to have originally settled near the mouth of the river, afterwards went up and located themselves thirty leagues from its mouth, at Saint Ann's Point;* and in 1749 they numbered some twenty families. During this year two officers and thirty men from Canada arrived at the mouth of the river, for the purpose of erecting a fort and making a settlement at that place. They were accompanied by a number of Indians who came to assist them in the work. The English at Port Royal were not long in hearing of the contemplated movement, and at once despatched Captain Rous in the Albany to prevent it. In the same vessel was Mr. How, whose long experience in Indian negotiation fitted him to be a valuable assistant.—When they arrived in the harbor of Saint John they found the old fort (La Tour) deserted, and no sign of any inhabitants. They concluded that the French were further up the river, and were soon confirmed in this belief by the appearance of a French schooner laden with provisions, which they captured, but offered to release if the master would go up the river and bring down the French officers. He agreed to this and taking a canoe proceeded up the river. In the course of next day a French officer, accompanied by 30 soldiers and 150 river Indians, marched down with their colors flying, and halted opposite the Albany, within musket shot. Captain Rous, justly treating this as a menace, sent Mr. How, ordering them to strike their colors, which, after some parleying, they did. The French officers then went on board the Albany, when it appeared that the order they had originally received—to fortify the mouth of the river St. John—had been counter-

manded by a subsequent order, which instructed them to build no fortifications, but to prevent any one else from doing so until the question of proprietorship was settled between the two crowns. A treaty between the English and the St. John river Indians was the result of the Albany's mission; but this, like most Indian treaties, was very badly kept; for in 1749 we find the Micmacs and Milecetes uniting against the English, and attempting to capture the fort at Mines. Some Frenchmen appear to have been with the Indians on this occasion.

During the next year, the French force at St. John was augmented to fifty-six men, and they were aided by 200 Milecetes. They seem to have occupied fort La Tour, but it does not appear that any attempt was made to put it in a good state of defence, or repair the fortifications. They constructed a small fort above the falls, at the mouth of the Nerepis river, on its Northern bank, and on the Western side of the river St. John. This fort mounted three small cannon and appears to have been a very inferior work. It was in existence in 1765, when Chas. Morris made his survey of the river St. John, and is named in his map fort Beauhebert, but this is evidently a misnomer, for the name of the French Commander who built it was Boishebert, which resembles the name given by Morris, closely enough to shew that the Frenchman had named it after himself.

The English were not idle spectators of these events. Two war vessels, H. M. S. *Hound* and the Provincial Sloop *York*, were ordered to St. John to reconnoitre. By some misunderstanding the two vessels did not arrive at the same time, the *York* reaching St. John a week before her consort. Her captain (Silvanus Cobb), found a French brigantine lying at anchor near the shore at the head of the harbor, and on sending his men ashore in a whale boat, they were fired on by the French and Indians who were there in great force. He then took the *York* up the harbor, but was unable to get the brigantine away—but managed to capture her crew, consisting of five Frenchmen and one Irishman. He describes the French as being assembled in a small fortification, by a little hill, where their colors were flying. After the *York* had left, Captain Dove arrived in the *Hound*, but did not enter the harbor. His lieutenant, whom he sent up in a whale boat, was detained for some time by the French, but after some remonstrances released. They told him that the place was French territory, and that they had orders to defend it. During the same autumn, Capt. Rous, in H. M. S. *Albany*, fell in with a French brigantine and schooner, off Cape Sable, laden with ammunition and warlike stores for St. John. After a sharp action the brigantine was captured, but the schooner escaped.

Four years after these occurrences (1754), the French had only a garrison of sixteen men in the fort at St. John, and a year later, after the capture of fort Cumberland, when Capt. Rous, with three twenty gun corvettes and a

* The present site of Fredericton.

sloop, entered the harbor of St. John, the French abandoned the fort in a panic, after blowing up their magazine, bursting their cannon, and burning everything about the fort. The garrison appear to have gone to St. Ann's Point (Fredericton), where there was a French settlement, and where they continued to hold a post for some time longer.

The French occupation of Acadie was now drawing to a close. One by one their posts had fallen into the hands of the English and the river St. John was one of the few places where they could be said to have any regular settlements. The spirit which shone so conspicuously in the ancient founders of the Colony no longer seemed to exist. Success seemed for ever to have deserted their standard. From this time they made no attempt to rebuild or occupy fort La Tour; its ramparts were destined never again to be trodden by a single soldier of the war-like race to whom it owed its origin. In 1768 Col. Moncton was sent by the Government at Port Royal to take possession of the St. John river. The work was quickly accomplished; the few French soldiers who remained at St. Anns were driven away; the inhabitants fled to the woods and the English flag waved triumphantly over the whole river territory from the Canadian boundary to the sea. Then the old fort began to wear a new aspect, the old ramparts were raised and strengthened, and new cannon mounted on the bastions. Some slight echo of its ancient strength and grandeur seems to have returned to it, and an English garrison of 150 men gave it a livelier appearance than it had worn for many a long year. Its commander was Colonel Arbutnot, afterwards Governor of Nova Scotia. Yet, while the old fort thus obtained a new lease of existence, and something of its former war-like character, it lost its ancient name. It was now no longer fort La Tour, but a new name, the creation of another race, and an emblem of its conquest was given to it, and it became Fort Frederick.* From this time its history for some years was monotonous enough and differed but a little from that of any ordinary garrisoned post at the present day. In 1769 a great storm and high tide, which broke all the dykes in the Bay of Fundy, swept away a portion of the embankment of the fort. In the same year 200 inhabitants of the river, French Acadians, headed by their priests Germain and Coquarte, came to the fort and took the oath of allegiance, and the Milecetes appear to have been there also on the same errand. Next year 150 soldiers of its garrison, (which must have been previously augmented,) whose term of enlistment had expired, went off in

two schooners to their homes in New England. Such slight incidents as these formed the sum of the history of the fort for ten years. The garrison from being numerous was gradually reduced, until in 1766 it consisted of an Ensign's command. The name of the commander of the fort at this time was Ensign Jeremiah Meara. In the mean time English settlers were locating themselves on the river St. John, and the country was beginning to wear the aspect of civilization. A few Acadians still remained in the Province; but the greater number of them lived with the Indians, and made no pretence of cultivating any of the rich soil along the river. The Stamp Act and its attendant troubles had unsettled the powerful English Colony beyond the St. Croix, and estranged its people from their loyalty to the English Crown. Under these circumstances it was decided in 1768 to remove all the soldiers from fort Cumberland, Annapolis, fort Amherst, Louisberg, and fort Frederick, and concentrate them in Halifax, so that the garrison of the old fort was reduced to a Corporal and four men, at which number it remained for several years. The war of Independence, which commenced in 1775, afforded the fort another opportunity of experiencing the vicissitudes of fortune. Stephen Smith of Machias, a delegate to the Massachusetts Congress, conceived the idea of making a raid on St. John, and from enquiries he made, he felt satisfied that the fort was in no condition to resist an attack. In August he sailed into the harbor of St. John in an armed sloop, and of course met with no resistance. He burnt the Barracks and the fort, took the four soldiers who were in it prisoners, and captured a brig of 120 tons laden with oxen, sheep and swine, which were intended for the British troops at Boston. This sudden raid had the effect of putting the English authorities on the alert, and vessels of war were sent to cruise off St. John to protect the ports in the Bay of Fundy from these incursions. In 1777 the people of Machias, emboldened by their former success, resolved to try a bolder stroke of war-fare, and conceived the idea of fortifying themselves at the mouth of the river St. John, and holding the post as a rendezvous from which they might attack the English settlements in Nova Scotia. With this object twelve armed whale boats, full of men, landed at St. John, and proceeded to establish themselves at the fort. Intelligence of the new danger was at once conveyed to Halifax, and a body of régulars and militia from Halifax and Windsor under Major Studholm of the Royal Fencibles, and Colonel Francklin, was sent to the scene of operations and the men of Machias very speedily compelled to embark for their homes. This occurrence aroused the British to a sense of the danger of leaving the mouth of the St. John unprotected, and a post was shortly afterwards established on Fort Howe, under the command of Major Studholm, where, in the following year the Indians, both Micmacs and Milecetes, attended, and on their knees swore allegiance

* Fort Frederick is shown on a plan of the Harbor of St. John, made by Bruce in 1761, and a plan of Carleton by Holland in 1785—both in the Crown Land Office. It is represented on these plans as a square fort, 210 feet in diameter, with a bastion, 30 feet square, extending from each of the four corners of the fort, with a covert way in the land side extending back 150 feet, and joining a road which led to what is now the foot of King street, Carleton.

to King George, giving up at the same time the presents they had received from General Washington.

Here the old fort, whose varying fortunes we have been tracing through a century and a half of change, ceases to be an object of historical interest. "A splendid beginning and an ignoble end," might stand as the record of most of the works of man, and fort La Tour can scarcely claim to be an exception. Yet so glorious a dawn and so bright a noon as was shed upon it, might well prepare it to afford a temporary eclipse at the close of so long a day. It is not every mound of earth which is reared by the hand of man, that can claim for its founder, one who was incorruptible by wealth or titles, and not to be bribed from his loyalty to his country even when the tears and entreaties of a father were joined to the promises of high dignity and reward; nor does it often fall to the lot of a rude and humble fort, in a country far removed from the centres of civilization, to be the home of a heroine who may justly be regarded as one of the most remarkable women whom the world has seen. Since she was laid broken-hearted in her humble Acadian grave, more than two centuries have passed away, and the earth has had its store of heroes and heroines, of great men and noble women. Mankind has looked with awe and admiration on the brilliant career of Marlborough, Clive and Napoleon and wept with sympathy for the misfortunes of Maria Antoinette and Madam Roland; they have seen the English valour which triumphed at Agincourt surpassed in the field of Waterloo and the fame of Joan of Arc emulated by the maid of Saragossa; death has claimed all these and thousands of other great and illustrious names, but in no grave which the hand of man has closed since then, has been buried a purer, a nobler, or a braver heart than that which beat in the heroic breast of Madam La Tour. Yet whatever glory attaches to that name belongs peculiarly to the old fort, and belonging to it, to our Province also; for although born in another land, this was her adopted home, here her reputation was made and her dust rests with us. Like an aged man the old fort has passed through all the various stages from strength to decay. Its lot was cast in a cycle of perpetual changes; but the alterations in its surroundings, since it ceased to be a defensive work, have been most remarkable. In the 90 years which have elapsed since the men of Machias were driven from its bastions,

a large and wealthy city has sprung up around it. Great ships, freighted with the productions of other lands, drop their anchors in the once deserted harbor, and the wealth of a great river settled by prosperous thousands to its very source rolls past it to the sea. Almost on its very site with the clanking of hammers and axes have risen stately steamboats which plough the waters of the broad river with the speed of the race-horse, and almost every hour the whistle of the locomotive is borne o'er the tremulous wave to this relic of the olden days. Civilization has so changed the aspect of the place, that the old fort and its history have been almost forgotten by the dwellers in the busy hive around it.

It is not necessary to say much in regard to the present condition of fort La Tour. After all the materials for this paper had been collected, the writer, who previous to the commencement of his researches for the preparation of these sketches, had never heard of the existence of the fort at all, paid several visits to its site. He was accompanied at different times by Mr. H. Venning, Mr. Watten Small and the proprietor of the Quarterly. We naturally expected to be able to trace some portion of the old embankments but were quite unprepared to see them in so perfect a state as that in which we found them. Middle street, which leads down to the end of the point, cuts directly through the old fort, and the embankments are plainly distinguishable. One face of the fort facing the harbor on the right-hand side of this street, is almost entire, and nearly the whole of the face of the fort, parallel with Nelson street and the river leading up to the falls, is in a very perfect condition. One disadvantage the explorer has to contend against is, that the entire fort is covered by houses and gardens; but the most casual inspection of it from the streets in the vicinity, is enough to convince any one of its exact locality, and convey to him some idea of its size and former strength. Nothing could prove so conclusively, the massive character of the bastions, as the fact of their being in so remarkable a state of preservation to day, after being abandoned for nearly a century. While fort Nashwaak has been completely washed away, and the comparatively modern works on Bunker's Hill been all but obliterated, this grand old fort still preserves something of its former character, and seems destined to exist for another century as a monument of the man by whom it was founded.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

ONE dark and stormy Christmas Eve,
There, in a garret dark, was lying
A pauper, helpless and alone,
Of cold and hunger dying.

But half-a-dozen doors away,
A rich man's mansion stood, and there
The ruddy light from the windows bright
Streamed through the frosty air.

Within the rich man's, guests partook
Of all his money could provide;
And yet for want of food and fire
That night the pauper died.

Who may not read a lesson here?
Or who is he too poor to give
A portion of his bounty, that
Some LAZARUS may live?

DR. SINCLAIR'S COURTSHIP,—A TALE OF THE "RINK."

(THE GREAT SENSATION.)

BY PYGMALION.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH YE HERO OF YE TALE DETAILETH TO HIS FRIEND, HOW HE "LOVED HER AND SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN," BUT—

"There now, I knew it would be so!—what did I tell you Arthur Summers, that girl had no more love for me than she has for a last year's style of bonnet. Bah, woman's love—indeed."

The speaker was a young man of about the age of three and twenty. He was rather good looking and to the fair sex was an especial favorite. Although he took pride in having his smooth jet black hair neatly parted and evenly combed, his delicate moustache twisted *a-la* Napoleon, and his clothes cut in the latest style, yet he was by no means a fop,—far from it.

He had lately passed a successful examination in the Medical profession and was about entering into the duties of his new life. He had been an M. D. now about six months and as yet had not once been called to attend any one. His *practice* therefore was small and his *patients*, as a natural consequence, less. Things could not go on long in this way. He *must* and *would* have practice, so he set about his work with a will. He had his office nicely carpeted and on the outside door, placed a large plate, on which the words GEORGE SINCLAIR, M. D., were plainly discernible, full three blocks away.

At the time of our story George Sinclair and his friend Arthur Summers—a young lawyer—were seated in the former's office, discussing matters in general, and things in particular. Our hero had just given his opinion of woman's love, when Arthur exclaimed:

"Hush George, for goodness' sake. I tell you that she perfectly adores you, in fact, she has several times hinted as much to me. You must not too hastily condemn her."

"Stuff, balderdash," broke forth Sinclair, petulantly, "they are all alike, I once *did* love her devotedly, and, foolishly enough, imagined that she reciprocated my ardent affection; but now, I know she hates me and I almost —."

"Now George do calm your excited feelings. Tell me all about it from beginning to end, and then—for two heads are better than one, you know,—we can see what is the best course to pursue."

"All right then, prepare yourself, my dear friend, to hear a tale of woe, such an one as has never before fallen to my lot to relate. The 'facts of the case'—as you gents of legal

lore say—are these: I have known Miss Emily Deering about three years. Shortly after having made her acquaintance, at Mrs. Bois', her aunts', I became deeply in love with her. She seemed always before my eyes—visions of her visited me in my dreams—I thought of her night and day, and anxiously looked forward for the time to arrive, when I should lead my darling Emily, a fitting sacrifice to the altar of of Hymen. Months passed; but fleeting time, instead of cooling my love, only helped to kindle it into a flame. I somehow imagined that she loved me also—yes, I must give her her due, *she did love me*.

"About a year after this time, she had occasion to go for a few months to a small town in Nova Scotia. We promised each other that we should correspond. Well, we did: and even now I have a vivid remembrance with what joy, I each day went to the Post Office, and when the clerk handed me a letter, of the smile that illumined my countenance, and when there was no letter, of the blank despair that settled upon it. Every epistle that passed between us, was full of endearing epithets, love and such humbug. One year ago, she returned to this, her native city. You may be sure, I was overjoyed. She that was lost—as it were—was now found. I called upon every one to rejoice with me. Some of my friends did, others pitied me and asked each other if I was not a little bereft of my senses.

"Now, I feel that I was; but I did not know it *then*. Love is blind, so I 'went it blind,' sure enough. We walked out together, went to concerts, and were in each other's company nearly all the time. We (here I speak for myself), both felt exceedingly miserable, if we failed to see one another during each day.

"The winter was approaching. Jack Frost had already made sad havoc among the farmers, and the cold north winds howled piteously. We looked furtively into the future. 'When will the Skating Rink be opened?' was a question we often asked each other. What pleasure we will have there. But although it was the tenth of December, no skating was yet to be had. The poor Directors were scolded severely, just as if they could cause the weather to freeze hard enough for skating. It came at last, however, and when the hour arrived that I was to call for Emily, my feet moved as if propelled by steam, they fairly flew, until I reached the door of the mansion, where my idol dwelt. Then and then only—

I am a bashful man—I drew up, panted for breath for about five minutes, coughed, looked at my repeater, adjusted my necktie and pulled the bell—horrible suspense. A carrot-headed female, of celtic origin, opened the door and to her enquiry, 'will yez plaze come in?' replied that I would. I entered the noble edifice and on being conducted to the parlour, took a seat and calmly awaited the coming of her, who I thought was destined to make my life happy while I lived. I had not long to wait, for in a few minutes she came in, looking like a goddess and clad in a most becoming costume. I envied her stately and majestic appearance. 'Do you think we shall be too early George?' she asked. 'Oh no,' said I, 'we shall be just in time, the sleigh will be here presently,' even while I spoke I heard the bells, the prancing of the horses and the loud commands of the driver.

"We soon got in and in a quarter of an hour entered the skating palace. It was crowded, the merry throng seemed to be enjoying themselves vastly, and keeping time with the music, which was wafting upon the air, like sweet perfume, its dulcet strains of joyous melody. What a magnificent sight here presented itself. Young and old, the very picture of good health, mingling together and entering upon life's pleasures with a spirit that was really surprising. I stooped down and fastened the skates upon the almost fairy feet of the divine Emily, and fearful lest I should stop the circulation of the blood, I bound the straps over her small and neat ankle with great care.

"We are now off—oh what joy—what rapturous pleasure it gave me when I, in company with Emily Deering, glided, as if on Angels' wings, through the living mass of skaters. All passed off smoothly that night. I escorted her to her residence and then went home and sat thinking over the events of the night, until Morpheus, the drowsy god, exerted his powerful influence over me and 'tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep' rapidly overtook me and left me there to dream upon the prospect laid open before me. I did dream, and of her, Emily Deering too—I thought that we were married and had three charming, lovely children—the very image of their parents,' two boys and a girl. We were very happy together. Six years had passed away since the connubial knot was tied and we never regretted the day, when it occurred. Dreams, you know, always go by contraries, this one was no exception to the general rule.

"The next band-night I went down to the Rink, with the intention of having an immense deal of pleasure; but alas! how different was the result. When I recall the past, tears actually fill my eyes, and were I not a man I really believe I would weep. It is hard, very hard, Arthur, to dislodge the arrow that Cupid fires, when once it has entered your breast. But I must be brief; Emily was seated on a bench. The music had ceased a few moments before. I had not skated with her once that night. She

was in company with a female friend. I hastened up to her side and requested the pleasure of skating with her. 'I will,' said she, 'as soon as the music begins.' I moved on; full ten minutes had elapsed, I felt nervous, the band had not commenced to play yet. I took one quick, eager glance at Emily, there she was, sure enough, but with her was a young man. They were conversing in a merry, vivacious manner. I am sorry to say that I am of a very jealous disposition, the green-eyed monster has considerable influence over me. I was displeased beyond measure. The music began, 'Ah now,' said I, 'for Emily.' But judge of my horror, surprise and dismay, when up the two got and were off like the wind. What was I to do? To stand in the middle of the ice would excite suspicion. I skated round a few times, passed and re-passed the faithless one and took good care to let her see that I did not like her conduct at all. The young gentleman soon led her to a seat and departed. I saw her sitting alone, but did not offer my services to her. She noticed it at once. She had evidently forgotten her engagement with me, and thoughtlessly engaged herself to another. I fire blazing near, and in front of it sat, with should have overlooked it, but *then* I could not.

"Since that time we have never been the same towards each other. She imagined herself slighted, for did not I engage her and then after doing so leave her sitting during the playing of the band? Yes, all true enough, but she also did wrong. Why did she get up and skate with the other gentleman first? Answer me that Arthur quickly."

"Well, yes George, I believe you are about half right; but depend upon it, unless the facts greatly deceive me, you shall yet be the husband of Emily Deering."

"I hope so, but I fear not," responded Sinclair, gloomily, "time alone will tell."

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH "YE YOUNG LADYE" RELATES *her* VERSION OF "YE SAD STORIE;" BEING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FROM YE "OTHEHR SIDE."

Reader, come with me to the residence of the "gushing damsel," spoken of in our last chapter, and see what is going on there.

In a handsomely furnished apartment, on a sofa, sits the object of George's fondest affections. The hour is half-past ten, and she has just returned from the Rink. She holds a handkerchief up to her eyes, and hot, burning tears flow fastly. What is the meaning of this grief? Has she met with an accident, or has unpleasant news been received from absent friends? We shall see.

Ah, no; 'tis something different far, and yet quite as painful to that young heart. These are the tears of slighted love, which bespeak the feelings of a "loving woman scorned." Ten minutes pass, and her elder sister Alice enters the room. Seeing Emily weeping, she

asks "What's up?" and receives for a reply—"Nothing."

"Come, come, dear, that's no answer. Tell me, won't you? Did you not enjoy yourself to-night at the Rink?"

"No."

"Well, that's certainly a short answer."

"Forgive me, sister, and I will tell you all; but you must promise me that you won't tell anyone."

"I promise; now dry your eyes, compose yourself and proceed to enlighten me with your heart-rending tale."

"I will, Alice. Now, to begin with, I hate George Sinclair."

"What! hate George Sinclair? Surely you are dreaming. Why, what's the matter now? Another little love spat, I guess, which will be forgotten the next time you meet. Remember, the 'course of true love ne'er yet ran smooth.'"

"Oh, bother your quotations; I am in real, sober earnest. I utterly detest him; he's a fool; he's —" Here a flood of tears prevented her from finishing her sentence.

"Emily—sister—tell me what has wrought this change over your feelings. Why, no later than yesterday you told me you loved him devotedly."

"Yes, Alice. I know I did; but I did not know him then as well as I do now. I imagined he loved me, but I am certain he don't care a straw about me."

"Oh, that's all nonsense; I am sure he is very fond of you. You've just got him jealous with your flirtations with other young men, and, because he don't break his neck after you, you run away with the idea that his love for you has ceased; but I know him too well: he may outwardly appear indifferent to you, but, rest assured, in his heart he adores you. Emily, my love, you do him a grievous wrong in thinking he loves you not. Forget your temporary hatred, apologize to him, tell him you've wronged him, and everything will turn out well."

"Well, upon my word you're a great one! What on earth is the matter with you? There you go on spinning a yarn as long as my arm, before you know anything about what you're saying. Wait, can't you, until you hear the particulars, and then if you like I will listen to your advice."

"I'll be as quiet as a mouse; begin."

"Well, to-night I went to the Rink quite early, intending to have a splendid time. The band was there and the music was excellent; nothing more was wanting to complete my happiness but George. I skated round the circle several times with different gentlemen; the hour was getting late, and yet he did not come. I was so excited that I must have deeply offended my partners, for hardly any words passed between us; I replied to questions in monosyllables, and began no converse. I was constantly looking towards the door, trying to see him."

"Oh, he didn't come: that's the cause of your woe."

"I wish you would shut up. You're wrong—he did come eventually, but he might as well have stayed away altogether. The band had stopped playing and I sat down upon a bench. His Excellency Sir Tardiness came up to me and asked the pleasure of 'Next Music;' of course I readily assented. He then skated off to the centre. He had just left me when Fred Andrews came up and sat beside me and asked me to skate with him, but I told him I was engaged and could not. He then entered into conversation. It was the same old hackneyed subject—'Fine evening,' 'Yes.—' 'Ain't the ice in capital condition?' 'Perfectly splendid.'—'The music is excellent to-night, is it not?' 'It is.'—'Do you think we shall have snow to-morrow?' 'I do.'—'How is your ma?' 'Pretty well, thanks; how's yours?' and so on. The band at this moment commenced; Fred rose and offered me his hand, which I took, and we skated round the Rink three times before I remembered that I was engaged to George. I felt a chill running through me at this discovery, and told Fred to conduct me to a seat, which he did, and then skated off. I looked round for George, but could not see him for a few minutes; but when I did he was skating alone, and just as our eyes were going to meet he cruelly turned his head in the opposite direction. Oh, how mad I felt towards him! Well, he never offered to skate with me again during the whole night—not even took off my skates or escorted me home, and I had to go with that horrid Arthur Summers. How George can associate with him is beyond my comprehension."

"Emily, you will greatly oblige me by saying nothing derogatory towards Arthur; you know I like him very much. Go on."

"I felt too proud to explain matters to George when I met him as he was going out, so I turned my head, too, and looked in as defiant an attitude as the Queen of Spain ever did. I could not speak to Arthur all the way home—my heart was too full. I really think, Alice, the fault was entirely my own; but ought he not to have overlooked my skating with Fred, particularly when I sat down so soon after discovering my error?"

"How could George know that? You did not even explain matters to him, but, according to your own story, sailed out, arm in arm with Arthur Summers, *a la* the Queen of Spain. You acted very foolishly, my sister: but try and see him to-morrow and make it all up again."

"I will; but you know George is so very quick and sensitive, and I also have a tendency in that direction. If he could only meet me half way, then I would have no objections whatever; but when two of similar proclivities meet, it is really very hard to be the first one to approach the other to apologize and explain,—especially when one is entirely blameless."

"You are not entirely blameless."

"I know it, but what I did was not intentional."

"That's all right enough; but you must tell George that, and then he will apologize for his conduct towards you: then will the whole affair be settled to the satisfaction of each."

"You are right, Alice. Oh, what a load you have removed from my heart!—how can I thank you?"

"By saying nothing against Arthur Summers; and now, dear, let's retire. Pleasant dreams to you."

"Good night."

CHAPTER III.

RELATES TO—WELL, THE READER HAD BETTER PERUSE IT, AND FIND OUT FOR HIMSELF.

"I say, Sinclair, are you going to the Rink to-night? The Band of the 15th will be there; everybody's going, and a great time is expected."

"What's the use of me going? No one will be there that I care about skating with."

"Don't be too sure of that, old boy. I have just seen Alice Deering home, and she and Emily are to be at the Rink this evening. Now a hint that an inducement?"

"Oh yes, for you certainly."

"Aye, and for you also."

"How do you make that out? I've not skated with either of the ladies you name for over three weeks, and what's more, have no desire to."

"Why, George, is it possible you haven't forgotten all about that little unpleasant episode? Well, you do hold resentment long enough, I'm sure."

"It's all very well for you to talk in that strain, Arthur; but were you situated as I am, you would just act in precisely the same manner as I do now."

"I am sure I would not. Besides, Emily is very sorry for what little she contributed towards your unhappy state of mind."

"What's that you say?" said Sinclair quickly, for a ray of hope began to gleam.

"I say," replied Summers, "that Emily Deering will apologize to you, provided it can be done decently; or, in other words, all will be amicably settled between both of you, if we only play our cards rightly. Now, tell me whether you'll be at the Rink at eight o'clock to-night?"

"I'll try my best to go; but you know I am so busy now."

"That's right George. Well and bravely spoken. You certainly deserve to win the 'belle of the Rink.' Upon my word any one hearing you speak, would imagine that you felt considerable antipathy towards the young lady instead of being nearly 'dead in love' with her, as you are, you sly fox you. Good morning."

"Good morning Arthur."

* * * * *

"Well Alice dear what news of George? I see you have been walking with Arthur. Why didn't you make him come in? What did he say and —."

"Oh goodness how your tongue rattles. I pity your husband—if you ever get one. Here take my hat. Put some coals on the fire. I walked so slow I'm nearly frozen to death. Its all arranged."

"What? the fire?"

"No you goose; but our marriage. Won't this look splendid in all the papers:

'On the 15th January, by the Rev. Dr. —, ARTHUR SUMMERS, Attorney-at-Law, to ALICE, eldest daughter of Henry Deering, Esq., all of the City of St. John. No cards.'

"Then the wedding—oh my—what a time we'll have."

"Talk about my tongue, Alice; but really it sinks into insignificance beside yours. You had better go into the law courts and help Arthur with his clients. But you're a nice one. I sent you to transact my business and instead of that you and Arthur have been building 'castles in the air' and talking of nothing but weddings, bridal outfits and honey-moons. Really its enough to break my heart. Nearly a month gone and he has not even spoken to me."

"Oh yes Emily, I almost forgot to tell you, Arthur will endeavour to bring George to his proper senses. He will contrive to get him down to the Rink to-night, tell him about our contemplated marriage and ask him to stand up for him in company with you. Of course George cannot refuse his friend this request, and then everything will be as 'merry as a marriage bell.' Arthur says he will do his best and by to-morrow, you and George Sinclair will be as friendly as ever you were."

"Oh thanks my dear sister. You can form no idea as to the extent of my love for him. Sorry am I indeed for my foolish conduct; but you know it was unintentional on my part. When are you going down; about 7 o'clock I suppose?"

"Yes, we will leave the house about that time. Arthur will call for us with the coach."

* * * * *

George Sinclair several times during the day looked at his watch. Never before did the hours appear to go so slowly. He would have sworn that it was five o'clock when it only wanted ten minutes to three. He was excited. With a nervous hand he seized the poker and frantically dug it into the grate among the coals. He took down a ponderous volume and read an essay on "diseases arising from a disordered state of the stomach"; but it did not interest him much, for ever and anon he arose, laid down the book and walked across the floor of his little office with quick, impatient steps. Then he would stop and look out of the window for a while. Then out came the watch, again would his eyes be bent on its face and latterly his arm chair would receive him. The book was opened and commenced again and then the same scene would be enacted once more "with variations." It was palpably plain that he longed for the evening to come. The trouble with him, was love in its worst stage. There is nothing so pleasant to a man as when

he falls in love for the first time. The "object of his affections" is an angel of most classic origin, her walk is superb, eyes ecstatic, teeth pearly, nose Roman, lips ruby, hair ambrosial, and her mouth —. Then, her laugh: how clear and musical it is. Yes, there is not one in the whole world like my "sweet Angelina!" sighs the young lover.

There is nothing so unpleasant to one of the *genus homo* as to be *cut* by a fair friend. How he writhes and smarts under it. The remarks he utters concerning the young lady, of whom, only a few moments before he was so lavish in his praise, are too harsh and coarse for reproduction. The many vows he makes—that he will be revenged; and a thousand other things rush to his head in a somewhat indistinguishable shape. Oh yes, he hates and detests her *now*; always *knew* she was a flirt; never cared a snap about her. Oh no, not he. Was only trying to kill time by going into her society.

Then, latterly, there is nothing so semi-pleasant and unpleasant to a man as when he is going to do what is familiarly known as "making up friends," with the fair one who has so cruelly wronged him. He knows exactly what he wants to say to her; but unfortunately he can't for the life of him get the proper words to fit. He stammers, begins again, fares worse and finally blurts out the outpourings of his heart. All his fine apologetic speeches have failed him at the last moment and he feels very foolish and spooney. This is at present the position of our friend Dr. Sinclair. A similar scene occurs on this fatal day at the *Maison d' Deering*. The sweet Emily is seated near the window; in her lap lies her sewing, whilst in her almost fairy and lily-white hands, she holds a volume of poems. In vain she endeavours to fix her mind upon the book. Her eyes care not to perform their office, tears unrequested, rush into her visual organs and course down her peach-like cheeks. To the casual observer it would seem that some poem of a deeply affecting nature caused this little rivulet from the eyes to flow; but to the philosopher or love-sick youth, "the reason why" would be plainly known. Yes, Cupid with his darts of love is again the cruel one who occasions this outburst of feeling on the part of her who is "too pretty to cry."

Leaving this precious pair, each in their respective rooms, to enjoy their present attack of the blues, we will precede them to the "Rink," and enjoy the ice until they arrive to settle the little dispute about which so much ado has been made. The ice is luckily in splendid condition, being neither too hard nor too soft, but about midway between each and easy to skate upon. A goodly number of ladies, gentlemen and the "little folks" have arrived, and with their skates buckled on to their feet they gracefully glide round and round. The bandsmen have just gone up stairs to the dome, and will shortly delight us with their sweet melodious strains.

It is now nearly eight o'clock. Dr. Sinclair enters, hastily adjusts his *Acmes*, and skates off towards the centre, eagerly searching among the vast crowd for his friend Summers, and perhaps his fair companions. He has not long to wait, however, for on looking in the direction of the entrance he sees the door open and Arthur, Emily and Alice enter. With a smile upon his face he approaches the platform on which the tryo stand, and putting out his hand to Alice wishes her a "good evening," then to Arthur he does the same. Emily looks a little disappointed but says nothing.

"Doctor allow me to introduce you to my Sister-in-law—in prospective,—Miss Emily Deering," said Arthur.

"How do you do Miss Emily," raising his hat and extending his hand.

"Good evening, Doctor."

"Miss Deering may I have the pleasure of putting on your skates," said Sinclair.

"Thanks, I should be much obliged," replied Emily.

With a trembling hand George Sinclair, M. D., buckled the straps over the tiny and pretty little feet. This 'operation'—which George afterwards termed his most difficult one—being performed, he requested the pleasure of the company of the fair Emily for a skate round the Rink, which was readily granted. Then:

"Hand in hand around they went,"

each one fearing to break the silence which was now becoming embarrassing. At last, Sinclair thinking he should "break the ice," (this is a mere figure of speech and no damage to the ice on which the skaters were enjoying themselves, is intended) in a tremulous voice said:

"Emily, dear Emily, will you forgive me for my very ungentlemanly and unpardonable conduct towards you. Oh only say that you will and we will forget the past."

Emily's eyes filled with tears, real *bona-fide* tears, of true forgiveness and in reply she said:

"Yes, George, I freely forgive you and trust that you, in the same spirit, will pardon me for my share of the unpleasantness between us; for I greatly fear that I was more to blame than you."

"Say no more about it love. We were both wrong and foolish and have been punished enough already. Oh! what a fool I was to doubt you; even for an instant."

"You had, I must admit, cause for the manner in which you acted; but I really forgot at the moment Fred Andrews asked me to skate with him, of our engagement, and as soon as I became aware of it, I told him and he at once conducted me to a seat, where I awaited your coming. Then when you didn't come I thought you intended a slight or an insult—forgetting at the time that I had caused it all—and I felt very angry; but it is all past now, we'll forget the whole affair and be wiser in the future. Arthur and Alice are to be married on the 15th."

"Yes I am aware of it. He asked me to stand up with him but I declined; as I am thinking of getting married myself on that day."

"You?"

"Provided Emily says so," said Sinclair, archly.

Emily's face turned scarlet, then pale, and she would have fallen had not Sinclair supported her in his arms. A crowd of skaters gathered round breathlessly enquiring "what's the matter," "any one hurt?"

"No," said the Doctor, "nothing, only a little excited, she'll be all right in a minute or two. Ah, I'm glad you've come," as Arthur and Alice skated up to the spot where the little drama was enacted, "here Alice take Emily to the dressing-room, she'll be well presently."

"Oh Emily what's the matter, tell me," said Alice when they were alone and her sister recovered from her temporary unconsciousness.

"Dr. Sinclair has asked me to be his wife."

"Of course you accepted—."

"I was so taken by surprise and the shock was so sudden that I said nothing whatever. What shall I do?"

"How's my patient," said the Doctor, as he and Arthur entered the room, "how do you feel now? What think you of my proposition?"

"I accept," replied Emily, colouring.

"Name the day."

"What's all this," said Arthur, laughing, "another marriage? How did you ever become friends again; you hated each other so much. Alas! alas! lover's quarrels, oh this is a good joke truly. Say Doctor, ain't you glad you came to the Rink to-night?"

"Hold your tongue, Summers, you're always interfering with other people's business and talking about things you don't understand. It's all settled, ain't it Emily?"

"Yes, we both erred most egregiously and are sorry for it. The Doctor has asked me for my hand and I have given it to him. Now Arthur, you and Alice say no more about it. We'll all four get married on the same day and have a double wedding. What say you all?"

"Agreed, agreed."

Yes, the double wedding took place and two more happy and contented couples it would be difficult to find.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

BY J. G. C.

THE close of one year and the beginning of another, is a period of universal interest. It is the great mile-stone in life's journey, around which we all thankfully cluster to mingle our congratulations for the past and to pour out our hearts warm hopes for the future. Old and young, rich and poor, regard it as a sacred duty, to distinguish this season of the year from every other. Much of the work and worry of everyday life is laid aside, and the toil and moil of hands and heads is forgotten in the merry greetings of friends and relatives. The wrinkles on the brow of age grow fewer and fainter, and the long careworn furrows on the cheek of grief, are shortened and shallowed, as this festive season comes round, and bids us summon up every latent spark of joy and gratitude in the human breast.

Even the poorest poor succeed in making this a prominent season of the year, even though it be the prominence that springs from the more sumptuous fare of a New Year's dinner. But, besides this, there are other and nobler things that lend an interest to this season; for it is not a season wholly given over to the idolatry of pleasure and amusement. For although merry-making and kind wishes and feasting be prominent features of the new year time, there are considerations of weightier moment that demand and receive the attention of every mind not wholly destitute of reflection. The time

of which we write, is a time when most of us pause in the race of life to review what is past, and brace up our energies and prepare for the future. It is a season when good resolutions are formed and bad ones rescinded; when we make up our minds to turn over new leaves, and resolve with Heaven's help to live better and happier lives in the future than we have lived in the past.

The title of this brief essay is one with which we are all familiar. Memory can carry our thoughts back to school-boy days when the proverb of "turning over a new leaf" was often coupled with serious consequences; when a wrathful dominie stood over us, and pointing to the page blotted and blurred, on which were visible our earliest efforts at penmanship, bade us turn over a new leaf, and on the clean white page before us display greater care and attention. We can recall many times when the irregularities and excesses of youth rendered it necessary for the stern parental decree to go forth that "a new leaf must be turned over," and that the follies and vices that blotted the pages of the past should not be repeated on the fresh pages of the future.

We have long ago observed, too, that nature has the fashion of turning over a new leaf every year, and perhaps the origin of the proverb may be traced to the changing seasons, that bring the leaf young and tender from its cradle, and

when it has received the impressions from the hand of time, carry it back dry and sapless to its grave. It is not our intention at present to preach a New Year's sermon on this subject; but rather to refer to a few things concerning which it would be well to turn over a new leaf.

The readers of STUART'S QUARTERLY, I am sure, do not expect dry sermonizing in the pages of a periodical professedly "devoted to light and entertaining literature," and we can easier imagine than describe, the feeling of disgust that our young readers would feel, when they had sought to bury the stern realities of the day's toil in what purports to be cheerful and amusing, and yet turns out to be a leaden sawdusty sermon. And this brings us at once in contact with a subject that we humbly think requires turning over a new leaf. If there is one class of speakers and writers more chargeable with violence to religion than another, it is surely those who are constantly trying to gull people into being religious by insinuating sermons into places where people least expect to find them. It is for this reason that we dislike those who hawk their professional preaching into our streets and market places, that they may be seen of men, and we do not hesitate to regard the man as a foe to true piety, who is ever seeking to inflict the merry hearts of the social circles with the most serious and gloomy reflections. We think Solomon spoke wisely and well, when he declared that to every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under Heaven. A time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance; a time to love and a time to hate. And we may ask are there not times and places to play in and to pray in, to teach in and preach in? But that everything may be done decently and in order, it is necessary that everything, whether it be teaching or preaching, praying or playing, should be found in its proper time and place. "Dirt," says a shrewd Englishman, "is matter out of place." The filth that disgusts us on dirty hands and faces, would be differently regarded if seen in the immediate vicinity of cabbage plants or potato hills, in the months of April and May. The same matter when it meets us on human hands and faces, and clothes, &c., is at once seen to be out of place and absolutely injurious, and while we loathe those who harbour it, we feel a sort of sympathy with certain members of the vegetable kingdom that would be wonderfully improved by having the same matter within grasp of their hungry fibres. And thus it happens that many good things lose all force and utility by being out of place and season. We have heard excellent sermons from the pulpit, that we are sure would lose all their good qualities if delivered in a theatre or a ball room; and we have listened to plays and tragedies that we are equally certain would sound very much out of place if spoken and acted in our churches. By all means, therefore, let us have consistency.

There is, however, another subject that at this season, more perhaps than at any other, comes

under consideration and it is one which we believe requires turning over a new leaf. This is a season when the poverty and beggary of the poor, as well as the feasting and fat living of the rich, reach a climax. It is a time when our door bells and knockers are more frequently in the hands of "wee ragged laddies" than at any other and when pathetic tales of little brothers and sisters dying of hunger in lonely garrets and cellars, are vended from door to door. It is a season when our hearts are most full of the milk of human kindness, and when a tale of distress sinks deepest into the warm places of the human breast. This is equivalent to saying that it is a season when deceptions are most frequent, and Christian charity most abused.

We may expose ourselves to the charge of being thought cynical, when we affirm that the present system of giving charity is a mistake and that it tends to foster, rather than prevent, the very misery that it aims at removing: but experience has driven this home with the full force of conviction. We are well aware, that there are many kind ladies who are wont to credit themselves with a large amount of christian almsgiving, who can count up scores of beggars they have relieved at front doors, and many gifts in food and money that they have bestowed in charity to needy applicants—but we have often thought that if these kind hearted ladies would take the trouble of following some of those capacious begging baskets they are in the habit of filling, to their destination after a successful raid on the public, how amazed they would be to find that they had all along been nursing up a swarm of idle lazy loafers to prey upon the liberality of the public. In many cases they would find that instead of aiding the deserving poor, they had been contributing to swell the tide of idleness and vice, and paying a heavy premium on beggary and indolence. They would certainly discover that the deserving poor are not those who hawk their poverty and rags from door to door, but are those who are careful to conceal their wants from the public gaze, and who will prefer to suffer keenly the pangs of cold and hunger, in their miserable garrets, rather than expose themselves or their little ones on the public thoroughfares.

My readers will more readily perceive the truth of these remarks on street-begging and the necessity that exists for turning over a new leaf in the method of giving charity, if they will accompany me to one of those wretched dens that regularly received a huge basket that was daily carried through our streets and supplied at front doors. Among the numerous begging children that infested the streets of Portland and St. John last winter, there were two in particular, whose little dirty faces, ragged garments and tales of woe, made them more conspicuous than the rest. Other baskets might be carried home half empty, but theirs was always well supplied with scraps of beef and pork, and fish and vegetables of all kinds for the relief of the poor sick father who lay

helpless at home waiting the return of the little ones with a supply of food and something to purchase medicines. My curiosity to know more of this little couple, prompted me to follow them some one cold evening in January last. On turning up the road leading to the Suspension Bridge I saw them both disappear in a low cellar to the right, at about a hundred yards from Main Street. Making sure of the entrance, I walked past without manifesting any intention of paying them a visit. In about an hour after, I returned and presented myself at the door for admission. A huge slab laid against the inside, was its only fastening. I knocked, and was answered by a low growl in which I imagined I could hear a sort of "come in." I pushed hard but found the slab too much for me. The well known clump clomp of a pair of huge boots across the floor told plainly that one of my little friends of the big basket was hastening to my relief. The end of the slab was raised, the door half opened, and a little "tousey curly pow" protruded. In a moment after, I was standing before a scene of filth and rags such as I have not witnessed since my last visit to the Cowgate in Edinburgh. On a low dirty bed full of rags, lay the father of the two children. It is possible he may have been sick, but it is quite certain that when I saw him he was dead-drunk. The basket was empty and I soon discovered the whereabouts of its recent contents. A large pan received the scraps of beef, pork, fish and vegetables and when moistened with water, the whole mass was put on to stew. When stewed, the pan was taken off and laid upon the top of an old trunk, and when sufficiently cool, the members of the household gathered round and with the aid of fingers and thumbs gorged themselves with its contents. The wretched father then crept back to his den in the corner, having first swallowed the sixpence worth of medicine procured by means of the money given by some kind old lady, who perhaps was at the moment repeating to herself the beautiful verse of Scripture "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." I took occasion before leaving, to tell the man my opinion of his disease, and prescribed a remedy which I strongly recommended him to try, at the same time assuring him that if he failed to do so, I should use my efforts to obtain for him a month's lodging at the public expense. The result was that the little pair were prevented from begging, the father refrained from taking the usual medicine and of course recovered, and I soon after had the pleasure of seeing him exercising his muscles with a saw at a city wood pile.

Now we should like very much to see a new leaf turned over in this indiscriminate giving of charity. The instance I have given is only one of many that I could give from my own brief experience of beggars and begging, for the ingenuity displayed in the inventions of plots and plans to deceive the charitable is quite wonderful. One remarkable instance of this ability to deceive was recently given me

by one who assured me of its truth. A poor woman (as the story goes) knocked at the door of a very hospitable family belonging to our city, and informed the lady of the house that her husband was dangerously ill, and that her helpless family were suffering for the necessities of life. Touched by her story, the kind lady at once gave her the means of procuring relief. Some days afterwards she called again in great grief and informed the lady that she was left a widow and her children fatherless. Her husband had died the previous evening and her family was left in great distress. The kind lady again hastened to relieve the sorrowing widow and fatherless little ones. She also promised to visit them at their homes in the course of the afternoon and supply all that was needed in the way of burial expenses. She kept her promise, and found the widow and children bathed in tears. In a dark corner of the room was a table and on the table lay the corpse, washed and dressed, ready to be laid in the narrow house. The eyes were closed and coppers laid upon them. The chin was supported by a band fastened on the top of the head. The hands and arms lay straight and stiff by the side. The lady was deeply moved and spoke all the words of comfort and sympathy she could command. Before leaving, she patted the fatherless little ones on the head, shook the widow's hand warmly, and giving her sufficient to defray the burial expenses, bade her good evening. She was scarcely seated in her carriage when she remembered something she had forgotten to say to the afflicted widow. She hastened back; quietly ascended the stairs and softly entered the chamber of death. But imagine her horror, when bolt upright before her sat the corpse, busily employed in counting over the very money she had just left to pay for its interment.

The whole plot lay unravelled before her and the kind lady's horror was soon overcome by her intense disgust at the way in which she had been swindled. Another case of a similar kind came under my own notice last winter. A mother and child were the parties chiefly concerned in the plot, and to the sickness, death and burial of the latter several persons contributed sums of money before our suspicions were roused and the whole plot discovered. But the point we are chiefly concerned about at present is an improved method of distributing our charities to the poor. The present system of giving indiscriminately to all comers, is a very bad one, for it tends to foster idleness and vice, and it is well known that it does not reach the deserving poor. Those who hawk baskets about the streets are usually catering for idle profligate parents, who are thus supported at home in intemperance and vice. What we require, therefore, is a system of visiting the poor in their houses where the real cause of their poverty will be seen; the imposters will be detected and exposed, and the deserving poor discovered and relieved. An effort of this nature was made with considerable success last

winter by the clergy and some of the laity belonging to several congregations of the City and Parish. Owing, however, to several causes, the result was not so successful as was anticipated. One chief cause of this was the fact that the clergy were called upon to do nearly all the work of visiting the numerous families and administering to their relief, and this along with their usual parochial duties was more than could reasonably be expected. To preach two sermons a week, conduct a bible class and prayer meeting, visit the sick, bury the dead, baptise the young, marry the betrothal, attend meetings of schools and seminaries and in short pull stroke oar in every society of a religious and charitable nature, are some of the duties that the public demand of the unfortunate being, who is expected to interest, if he dare not instruct them, twice a day on Sunday's, and for doing all this he is rewarded, in many instances, with a sum at which a hod-carrier would snap his finger and thumb with plebeian contempt. Under such provocations we are not astonished to hear that a clerical strike is expected to take place, and that an association for the protection of preachers who refuse any longer to be blown about as straws or ecclesiastical weather-cocks by the popular breath, is about to be formed. It is confidently expected that under the protecting mantle of the preachers club, the clergy will be able to resist the experiment that has been long continued, of determining the smallest possible amount at which the bodies and souls of a family can be kept together. Congregations, also, may expect to be informed that there are sinners among them, and that some of those burdens, grievous to be borne, that they have mercilessly bound on the shoulders of the clergy, are to be thrown off and a fair and equitable adjustment of christian duties insisted on. But to come back to the subject in hand. What is to be done for the poor and who are to visit them in their houses? To this important question we reply, that we cannot tell who is to do it, but we can tell who is best fitted to undertake it, and that is the ladies; for of this we are certain, that whenever it has been successfully done, the ladies have been the back bone of the movement. We do not mean that those who have families requiring their care and attention can visit the poor in their houses, but we are persuaded that there are numbers of young ladies in St. John and Portland, who would be greatly improved by having their attention directed to such a noble purpose. We could count up scores of young ladies who, mentally and physically, are rusting in parlors and drawing-rooms for the want of proper exercise, and of whom we might say as was said of the lilies of Palestine by Him who went about doing good among the poor, "they toil not neither do they spin." Now we have often thought that if the young ladies whose sympathies are exhausted on sensational novels, to the making of which there seems to be no end, and the reading of which soon brings weariness

to the flesh,—if their warm, generous natures, so full of all that is sweet and gentle and kind, could be got to expend their sympathies in visiting the sick, imparting simple lessons in domestic economy to the poor, and teaching them to make the most of the little they have at their command, we are persuaded that much poverty, indolence, misery and vice would be swept from our midst. This is what the poor want more than anything else. It is not our old cast off garments, nor the cold victuals left from our tables, nor the garret or cellar to lie in and die in, that the poor require at our hands. It is rather the word of comfort and cheer, the smile of hopeful encouragement, a living personal interest in them and the desire to go and lift them from their despondency.

There are many other things that require turning over new leaves, but our time and space will only allow us to refer to one, and that has to do with our young men and their employers. Business men are constantly heard complaining of a want of honesty in the young men they employ, and we have abundant reason to fear, that in some cases, these complaints are too well founded. Without, however, for a single moment wishing to offer shelter to anything approaching dishonesty in young men, we may take the liberty of suggesting an old maxim to their employers, "Physician heal thyself." We know of some establishments whose proprietors do not hesitate to take advantage of the public when a favorable opportunity offers, and perhaps there are young men who could make exposures of business transactions that would not reflect much credit on the characters of their employers. But apart altogether from this there are other points on which new leaves ought to be turned over at this season of the year. We know of no class of persons in the community who are so badly dealt with as the young men in our mercantile establishments. It is no uncommon thing for some employers to exact from 14 to 15 hours work daily from the parties they employ, and even in cases where this is acknowledged to be extra time, we have not heard of extra payment being made for the extra hours of labour. We hold, therefore, that so long as employers do not hesitate to take advantage of others and exact from young men an amount of time and work they have no right to expect, and which cannot be given without physical and mental injury, they occupy a position in which they must find it inconvenient to bring charges against those who serve them. But, when in addition to this, we remember that the salaries paid to young men for the long weary hours of labour and confinement are contemptibly mean and in cases barely sufficient to insure decent protection from the weather, we are amazed that while other trades and professions have been taxing their best endeavours to regulate the just claims of employers and employed, no attempt has been made on the part of young men to define the amount of salary they ought to receive and the numbers of hours they are to be confined

in their establishments. We by no means advocate the formation of clubs where there is danger of one class infringing on the rights of another, but in the case we have just referred to, there certainly appears a necessity for the existence of some method by which our young men may protect themselves from the unreasonable exactions of avaricious employers. We shall feel disappointed, therefore, if in this as in the other matters referred to, there be not some change for the better, for we are confident that every unbiassed observer will agree with us in thinking that there is great necessity for "turning over a new leaf."

ON THE ICE.

I am a horse-trader. People consider me extremely sharp, and think every effort of my life has been to swindle. Although I once deserved the reputation that still tenaciously clings to me, since the occurrence of the incidents I am about to relate, no man can conscientiously say that I have wronged him in a trade. Honesty has been my policy since then; and those who have ever been loudest in condemning me, may now read this "plain, unvarnished" story profitably, and, perhaps see the mote in their own eye.

For three days, business of an important nature had kept me trudging almost incessantly through the muddy streets of St. John, and the disappointments and vexatious delays I had been compelled to submit to, made me fully appreciate the pleasure I felt at having escaped the necessity of spending that time-honored festival, Christmas, in the fog-bound city. It was, therefore, with a feeling of satisfaction that I seated myself in the elegant and comfortable cars of the E. & N. A. Railway, and was soon speeding towards — station, my destination, which I safely reached.

As I had plenty of time at my disposal. I determined to call on my old friend Deacon Guffy, and arrange, if possible, the preliminaries of another trade. My black filly had been too long in my possession; did not altogether suit me—and as the applications I had tried for ring-bone had failed. I felt convinced that my reputation as a skilful trader would suffer should she remain longer on my hands.

I found the Deacon in his stable, as usual looking after his own interests in horse-flesh, and immediately proceeded to broach the subject as carelessly as possible.

"Well, squire," said he in reply to my inquiry about his health. "I can't say that I'm as well as I might be. These cursed rheumatics still trouble me; besides, my head aint altogether right, and my wife says it never will as long as I give you any encouragement to swop hosses."

This certainly was a poser; but it did not disconcert me, and I continued to press the matter, praising, all the while, the action, step and movements of my filly. I knew from the old gentleman's countenance that he was not averse to trading; my lessons in phrenology and

physiognomy having given me an insight into the "human face divine." At last having thoroughly discussed the merits and demerits of our respective animals, we came to an understanding, and to seal the contract I consented to take dinner with the Deacon. During the performance of that delectable task, I observed a sly twinkle in the Deacon's eye that I did not altogether like. But the actions of the Deacon's wife surprised me; while pretending to show the greatest kindness and civility for her guest, it seemed to me that she could hardly suppress her laughter, which I attributed to the exuberance of her spirits. But then, Mrs. Guffy was notorious for churlishness, and why she exhibited only her gentle traits was a mystery I could not fathom. The Deacon was pretty old—perhaps, she intended to take time by the forelock in the hope of having me for her third husband.

At last I parted from the Deacon and his interesting family, promising to have the filly at his place to exchange the following morning. But, alas! how little we know the mishaps Providence intervenes between us and our idols. Reaching the bank of the Kennebecasis, on the opposite side of which I resided, I prepared to cross. For some days previous it had rained very hard, and the river, consequently, had risen considerably, and on the surface of the ice I had noticed dark-looking spots; while a thick fog completely concealed from view the opposite bank. Nothing daunted, I rolled up my inexpressibles, and was soon splashing through the slush and water on the surface of the ice, and only thinking of the advantageous terms of my last trade. Completely oblivious to surroundings, my only thoughts were of horses—fast horses, not the slow, old coach style in vogue in Roseland, and of all the horses my subtle fancy conjured up, the Deacon's colt was foremost. What expressions of delight and admiration the motley crowd at Kingston would exhibit next election day when I drove up to vote! How gayly I would trot past the Parson's sorrel in coming from church next Sunday, and with what a wondering eye my co-worker and fellow-enthusiast, Friend Fuddle, would examine that noble specimen of a noble brute, were the thoughts that passed quickly through my mind, and scenes that

appeared panoramically before my sight. And then the long story I would have to relate to Fuddle, and the penance then and there imposed, justly, by being compelled to listen to his Richibucto adventure. Raising my right foot higher than usual, and bringing it down with increased force, to emphasise, as it were, these thoughts, it went from beneath me, and I was thrown forward on my face, fortunately on stronger ice than that I had just been on. Recovering my equilibrium, I at once perceived the perils that surrounded me, as I could at almost every step, push the short pole I carried through the ice. I determined to return, but the fog had thickened to so great a degree that I could not see the shore I had left. However, I struck out in what I considered a backward course, exercising as much caution as possible, which I then deemed absolutely necessary. After continuing this course for some time, the fog for a moment raised and disclosed the shore, and then shut it from view. This I considered extremely fortunate, but within a few yards I discovered an opening that appeared to run parallel with the shore I had left, too wide to jump, and which to my horror appeared to be momentarily growing larger. I then remembered having stepped across this "creek," as these openings are called, but a short time before, and having since widened, now seemed to confirm the awful thought, that I was drifting, I knew not where, on a sheet of ice in the Kennebecasis, and enveloped in an impenetrable shroud of fog, while every moment the ice beneath my feet was becoming thinner and thinner, caused by the action of the current. Oh! the inexpressible agony of these moments, as I stood gazing at the gap before me, were indeed awful; for the first time in my life I realized that "in the midst of life we are in death." A sickly feeling crept over me, and the perspiration, cold and clammy, began to ooze out on my brow. Death seemed inevitable. What a boon it would have been then to see the grey and bleak banks of my native river, it would have given me hope; but, alas, although near to them, even the satisfaction of beholding the noble peaks that towered above the waters was denied me. Thoughts of home and my young wife Millie, ran rapidly through my mind, and the tears, unbidden, began to course their way down my cheeks.

But to stand calmly and await a fate that appeared imminent, was no part of my nature; life was yet sweet, and my first effort was to shout as loudly as possible, with the hope that some one on *terra firma* would hear, and thus cause an effort to be made to rescue me. Although I shouted until nearly hoarse, yet no answer was returned, while an ominous stillness pervaded the gloom by which I was surrounded.

Convinced at last of the hopelessness of this course, I determined to try and reach, if possible, the opposite bank of the river.

Slowly and cautiously I began a journey that appeared then the last I should ever have an

opportunity of performing in this world, and as I pursued it, strange and conflicting indeed were the doubts that occurred to me. Was I proceeding towards the opposite side, or whether, following the course of the river, I was journeying to the great Bay that stretched out in front of Rothsay, I was unable to decide; something urged me forward.

To describe accurately the feelings of one momentarily in expectation of death, is impossible; and only those who have passed through that trying ordeal can realize the horrors of my situation,—pen can never do justice to it. The soldier meets death on the battle-field, amid shouts and cheers, and the fierce conflict causes him to forget the terrors of the carnage; the sailor battling valiantly with the mighty elements, exhausted, becomes an unconscious victim; but I had neither enthusiasm to sustain nor labor to exhaust, nothing but my own feelings, and must meet death alone, with no eye, but that above, to witness my struggles, and no kindly ear but His to receive my last message of love. I would sink into oblivion, and my deeds, whether of good or evil, soon be forgotten by a busy and heartless world, except one, whose warm heart would throb in anxious expectation of my return, and over whose young life there would hang a mantle of gloom, as impenetrable as that which surrounded me; while the insatiable monster that reigns over the waters would not even allow my inanimate form to rise to the surface, or a friendly wave bear it to the pebbly shores of the river. Down, down, into the mysterious caverns beneath my feet, hundreds of fathoms, my body would rest in company with the whitened bones of forms that were once full of life and hope, and whose voices awoke the echoes in the glens and vallies that bordered on their gloomy sepulchres; and my epitaph only be written by the skater's steel clad heel on the congealed and glassy covering of my vault; the shiny eel would kiss my cold and pallid lips, or coil around my neck; shoals of strange fish gaze in wonder at their unconscious but once implacable enemy; and fields of eel-grass wave round me, with the ever varying currents, and be my couch until that mighty trumpet would sound, and cause even these mysterious caverns to give up their dead. Slander, with its tainted breath, would not allow my memory to rest in peace, but would attribute my disappearance to motives of selfishness; and the superstitious would imagine they heard voices, borne on the chilly wintry blast, and concoct legends of horror to relate at their firesides.

When dangers confront us we mentally give up all reliance on our own efforts, and turn to that great unseen and mysterious Providence for assistance; our own feebleness is then apparent, and we feel the utter insignificance of our endeavours, unless His hand is stretched forth to our aid. Every bad action committed comes forcibly to our minds; while the good in our natures is not thought of.

In Providence then was my only trust, and

murmuring a prayer for strength, I grasped my stick more firmly and treaded the slippery surface of the ice still more cautiously. My chief care now was to keep from falling, as I felt certain, that should this mishap occur, the ice was not strong enough to resist the shock. As I proceeded it was becoming worse, until at last I was compelled to turn in another direction; after a moment's consideration I decided to pursue a course at right angles with the one I had been on, still exercising the same caution as heretofore. My journey now was becoming an exceedingly painful one; the excited state of my feelings at first had given place to a more cool and determined attempt to preserve, if possible, my existence, and the silent prayers I had uttered were not without their effect.

The water on the surface of the ice lay in "ponds;" in some places it did not reach to my ankles, but in others it came up nearly to the tops of my boots. Several times I was on the point of retracing my steps, as the water would continue to deepen, and then grow shallow again. The stout boots I wore were not sufficiently water proof to prevent the moisture from penetrating, and my feet had, in consequence, become quite cold and benumbed, a feeling, indeed most disagreeable and unpleasant. I dared not stamp them briskly on my feeble support, as the result must have been fatal, and how to devise means to contribute to them the warmth so necessary I knew not; I was literally at my wit's end.

It now seemed almost an age since I first realized the dangers of my situation, and how much longer the suspense and agony would have to be endured, I could not form the slightest estimate. The horrible stillness of the gloom was becoming more and more painful, and it seemed as if nature itself was watching, breathlessly, my silent and cautious journey to I could not and dared not think where. To stop a moment when the ice beneath me was slowly but surely melting away seemed folly; and still to continue a course that, perhaps, was only leading me farther and farther from that goal which contained all that made life dear. I had to acknowledge almost a delusion. But this was a risk I had to run, and self-preservation urged me on.

As these fears were beginning to depress more than ever my spirits, and, as I thought, taking a more tangible form, a dull, muffled sound broke through the solemn stillness, causing me to pause, and listen attentively for a repetition. Again, and at regular intervals, came the sound, which I recognised as the noise made by an axe in the hands of a woodsman. Never to human ear was sound more welcome or hailed with more joy. The soft and weird notes of the Eolian-harp, the grand and measured tones of Cathedral music, or the inspiring strains of martial melody, have their admirers, and I have listened spell-bound, to each; but the homely music of that axe rang in my ear a still sweeter and a nobler peal. But my joy was short, for again in my front appeared another open space,

stretching to the right and left. Hope and despair had alternately been mine, and as I followed this opening, the sound broke ominously on my ear as the bell did on Guy Fawkes'. As I continued the sound appeared to become each moment more distinct. Was I approaching the opposite shore, and had Providence intervened that space to more surely guide my wandering steps to a haven of rest? Yes, thank God, it was so; for now there arose to my excited fancy, almost a babel of sounds. In my joy I forgot all else, and, with a shout, pushed boldly forward; already, in thought, I felt Millie's warm kiss upon my lips, and heard young voices lisping papa's return. The caution that a short time before marked my conduct, I forsook, and looked forward hopefully to a speedy termination of my perilous journey. Joy caused the tears to roll as freely down my cheeks now as despair did a short time before; and I hurried on, almost blindly, until ere I was aware, my feet sank beneath me, and I was immersed in the water, and had it not been for the short pole I carried, must have sunk. For a time I struggled to regain my foothold on the ice, but it proved rotten, and broke under my weight. Concluding at last my efforts to be vain, I looked in the direction of the sound that had filled me with hope, and which I had followed as steadfastly as the belated wanderer would the Wil-o-Wisp. The fog, to my great joy, was rolling slowly away, and objects were becoming, each moment, more distinct on the shore. Wistfully I watched from my watery bed, the smoke curl gracefully above the peaceful farm-houses, and prayed earnestly for strength as I remembered my own quiet home beyond those hills. But another maddening idea took possession of me; perhaps I would not be observed from the bank, or if seen, might perish with cold before I could be rescued; and then, with only the energy of a drowning man, I made another attempt to crawl upon the ice, but failed, and sank back, nearly exhausted. Raising myself and bringing the pole as far as was necessary under my chest, so as to sustain the weight of my body, I ceased all struggles, and began shouting, as loudly as possible, but failed at first to attract attention. At last a figure came down the bank, and then another, and another. I soon felt confident that efforts were being made for my rescue, as two persons appeared on the ice, and advanced slowly, oh! so very slowly, it seemed, toward me. My strength was fast failing, my hands were almost useless from cold, and I felt my hold on the pole gradually relaxing; darkness appeared stealing over all objects around me; I thought I heard voices whispering words of encouragement; something grasped my hair, and I remembered nothing more. When I again became conscious, I was lying on a couch in a strange room, a cheerful fire blazing near, and in front of it sat, with arms folded, and legs spread out to their utmost extension, my poetical friend Sniffies, determined, apparently, to absorb within himself,

the genial warmth thrown out by the burning maple, I coughed, and he was at my side, and soon overpowered me with questions and advice, while his handsome countenance beamed with genuine satisfaction at my recovery. His loud tones attracted the attention of the whole of Squire Morchington's family, in whose hospitable mansion I had been kindly cared for, and among the rest my old friend Fuddle, who declared, triumphantly, that he knew I wasn't dead, notwithstanding Dr. Clay's professional opinion to the contrary. Before the skill of that distinguished personage could be satisfactorily decided, his long nose appeared above the heads of all present, and an avenue to my couch was at once opened for him. Reverentially his left hand was laid on my brow, while his right drew my jaws asunder; minute, indeed, was the examination my tongue underwent, and when he (playfully I hope) poked me in the ribs, it seemed as if a galvanic battery had been applied to those parts, so sudden and severe was the pain.

"Yes," he ejaculated solemnly, "the patient must be kept very quiet, otherwise his symptoms may be dangerous in less than twenty-four hours."

I paid no attention to the Doctor's orders, but beckoned Fuddle to approach, as I wished to unburden myself of a load of guilt that had now become unbearable.

"Fuddle," I feebly exclaimed, "listen to my story;" and I related, without extenuation, the incidents I have written. "Now, Fuddle," said I in conclusion, "go tell Deacon Guffy

my black filly has an incurable ringbone, and that my conscience compels me to acknowledge the game I intended to play on him."

At this, Fuddle broke out into a most immoderate fit of laughter, to the astonishment of all present.

"Young man," he began, when his mirth had subsided somewhat, "you are too conscientious. The Deacon would have had the best of that trade, as his colt is as blind as a bat, and spavined into the bargain."

This declaration caused all present except myself to join in his mirth, while my feelings, as a sensational novelist would say, can be better imagined than described.

The cause of the Deacon's conduct and his wife's kindness was at once explained. How easily we poor mortals of the masculine persuasion are flattered!

My recovery was speedy, and my "adventure" caused, as is usual in such cases, a great deal of talk for a short period among the inhabitants of that rural district, and was then almost forgotten; but upon myself its effects were lasting, as my business relations will testify, and the grey hairs scattered thickly through my head since then.

Since that occurrence Fuddle has ceased to acknowledge me as an oracle in horse-flesh; and when we meet, as we often do, and horses become the theme of conversation, Fuddle's favorite topic, I then remember some business I had forgotten, lest the Deacon's colt be mentioned, and the company indulge in a laugh at my expense.

CLIFTON.

LUMBER SONG.

BY MISS M. A. S. MASSMAN.

Away to the woods—the sougning deep woods,
The maple's leaves are brown
And sad dry and cold, with deep grief untold,
They're slowly drifting down,
To slumber beneath the pure white snow
While the Woodmen's axes ring,
'Till sunny showers, and jocund bright hours,
Shall welcome back the spring.

CHORUS,—

Then away to the woods—the lumber woods,
Where the camp-fires burning bright,
Where laughter and song, the loud wit prolong,
And cheer the wintry night.

Away to the woods—the grand old woods,
They wear their tropic crown,
And scarlet deep decayed, with autumnal pride,
And green, and gold, and brown.
But winter's wild blast, swift away will cast,
Their robes of royal state,
And leave them all cold, and withered and old,
And grim and desolate.

CHORUS,—

Away, away, at the first peep of day,
The drives to labour go,
And while they clank, and the horses tramp,
Their passage through the snow,
With many a hitch, o'er each frozen ditch
In the fire's ruddy glow,
While the shadows dim, from limb to limb,
Dance softly to and fro.

CHORUS,—

Away to the woods, where the tall trees fall,
Swift through the frosty air,
While the merry men shout, "Look out! look out!
Of your heads boys, have a care."
When night comes down, on wings vast and brown,
And broods o'er the woods in gloom,
'To the Camp they go, with a gay hillo,
While they fondly think of home.

CHORUS,—

Of sweet-hearts and wives, the light of their lives,
While burns the camp fire low,
Their warm fragrant beds, of green boughs they
Without the snow drifts blow,

HESTER.

BY JESSIE MCKAY.

"This way, Sir."

Dr. Lee followed his guide, a sharp little hotel runner, up long flights of stairs—through halls and corridors—past rows of numbered doors—till at last he stopped suddenly.

Before he could notice his arrival the door was opened quickly, yet softly, from within, and a lady's maid gazed anxiously and inquisitively at the doctor. She was about to usher him in when the boy grasped her apron.

"Well?" she demanded, interrogatively.

"Didn't I bring the doctor to yer all right?"

"Yes," she replied, rather tartly.

"Then, miss, don't you never go for to call a 'spectable boy names agin. Himp, indeed; what's a himp I'd like to knc^w?"

It was the dubiousness of the term—the entire ignorance of cockney freedom with that particular rudiment of literature, the letter *h*—that had thrown a weight of mysterious inquiry on the lad's mind.

The girl drew a small bit of silver from about her person, and tossing it contemptuously on the carpet, said—"There, go and buy more marbles;" and immediately closed the entrance with the same cautious promptitude as before. Dan looked despondingly at the coin; but the love of evil conquered his disgust, and lifting it protestingly, he departed, with visions of "stonies" and other elaborate varieties firing his ambition.

Dr. Lee glanced inquiringly at the maid who responded—"My mistress was taken suddenly ill a short time ago—a fit it seemed; when she was able to speak she called your name. I ran out at once and asked that urchin—for I am a stranger in this city—if such a doctor lived here, and immediately sent him off for you.—Please to follow me, Sir."

She led the way into an adjacent room, where a lady in an elegant *dishabille* was lying on a couch.

The moment the girl had withdrawn the invalid arose with a low cry of joyful recognition, and, holding out her hands, exclaimed softly, lovingly, lingeringly,—

"Charlie!"

Dr. Lee paused, and a flush overspread his face; but it was only for a moment. He advanced courteously, and taking the proffered hand, said gently, "I am sorry to find you ill, Mrs. Maynard."

"Only Mrs. Maynard!" she murmured, with tremulous lip, and a shadow almost of despair stealing over her lovely face, "Oh, Charlie!"

"Quiet yourself, my dear madam," urged the Doctor, in the soothing tone one uses to a sick child, "I have come for the purpose of al-

leviating, not increasing, your illness. Pray tell me how you are afflicted?"

"I am better—it was nothing—oh Charlie—"

"But there must have been a cause," interrupted the Doctor, doubtless wishing to change the tenor of her thoughts.

"Yes, yes; there is a cause," she repeated with thrilling accent, "and it is not removed. When I went away so sad and desolate, and you blaming me—"

"I never blamed you, madam. When you transferred your love to another, it was only just to give him your hand also."

"Transferred my love!" she iterated scornfully, "you know I never loved him—you know it was only to please my parents that I gave up *your* love, Charlie. I can't bear to speak, or even think of those ten dreary years that followed. But they were gone at last—I was free, and I returned to my old home, where I am almost a stranger. I knew you had never married, and I hoped your heart had been true to me, even as mine had been true to you. To-day I called on an old acquaintance, Mrs. Grame, and there I heard what it would kill me to repeat, and it sent me back to the hotel blind with anguish. I went in hysterics, I suppose, and called on you in my agony. Margery heard me, and in her fright sent for you. But I am glad to see you, Charlie, and it can't be true—tell me that it is not true!"

Her plaintive, imploring utterance might have moved a less impressible man than Doctor Lee; it certainly affected him powerfully, though not, perhaps, in the manner she had intended.

Did this grave, high-minded gentleman imagine it a pretty delusion—a scene acted by the mistress, and abetted by the maid?

Perhaps so. And yet it cost an effort to throw the mantle of truth over that Cireen vision, not that the kind Doctor would for one moment have gone back to his old bonds; but his heart was tender towards the suffering, and he would gladly have spared pain and confusion to the woman who had once been his betrothed bride,—who had broken the contract for wealth and fashion. Those gilded apples of fortune had since fallen into his own hands, but he valued them less than the glance of a dark eye that watched for his coming.

"It is quite true," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "that I have offered my heart to Miss Moine, if that is what you heard at Mrs. Grame's," and his voice was full of tender compassion.

"A plain, quiet girl, without style or beauty; so they told me. But you cannot, cannot love

her, Charlie, and she will certainly release you if you tell her the truth."

"When you married Captain Maynard, madam, it would have been disgrace, crime, for me to think of you as it had once been my privilege to do. My love was swallowed up in regret. It was hard to see the impress of clay on what I had imagined gold—very hard it is to see the sunshine fade out of your path, to gather uprooted hopes and plant them in a new soil. For a while I walked sorrowfully, but the time came when I could look back with wonder on much that was past. I did not condemn myself to a single and lonely life because one of love's saplings was uprooted. When I found the plain, quiet girl you speak of—when accident threw me daily in her society, I learned to appreciate true worth—I found she was like gold tried in the furnace, and I learned to love her with a strength unknown to my earlier manhood. I believe she returns my love. I have offered her my hand, and I hope and believe she will accept it. But did my love of to-day refuse me, I could not dig up the old love that was buried ten years ago. Love once dead is dead forever. Time has been munificent to you, Alice Maynard; you were a lovely girl; you are a more beautiful woman. I am not the Charlie Lee of your memory. You will find others more appreciative of your charms, golden as well as personal, and more congenial to your nature."

"You must forgive me if I have touched your pride—your love is but a chimera; but I wish you to be assured, even as I am, that our lives, having once diverged, can never commingle again."

Alice Maynard had sunk back, and her suppressed sobs almost shook the couch she rested on. She lifted her face, where tears lay like a shower of pearls, when his voice had ceased. There was no anger in those melting eyes—no reproach on those rose-stained lips—nothing but an intense hopelessness. She pointed one white finger towards the door, and whispered sorrowfully, "Go, go."

Doctor Lee turned reverently, just as one leaves the dead—just as one turns aside when a grave is before him. He looked back once—looked pitifully at that drooping, prostrate figure before the door hid it from his sight.

Did he believe in the pearl-stained face,—the hopeless eyes—the patient mouth? Who can tell? Beauty is the Circe before which the most heaven-born attributes yield, and will be to the end of time. So who dare blame him, if while conscious of the mockery, he felt its influence?

When evening was folding its twilight haze around the earth, Hester Moine paced her little chamber with impatient steps. The most exalted fancy had never attempted to beautify this girl's face; but it was more than beautiful, for a light was in her eyes that shed a rainbow-like glory around her. Her figure was lithe and erect, and her step elastic. Her mind soared above such narrow limits, and

bounded away to fields of unknown, and, till lately, undreamed of ecstasy.

She stopped at last, and lifting an open sheet from the table, held it up to the fading light, and her lips murmured audibly as she read,—

"You refused to come to me before, Hester, because I am rich and you poor; but you will refuse me no longer, for oh! what poverty is mine! It exceeds the want of gold and silver, for I cannot buy the love and protection of my lost Henry. Hester, I long for you; I am weak and low, and my physicians say I must travel. Come to me, then, my darling, and let me lean on your true heart, just as I used to do before I was so blest and so desolate."

"My poor Flora," said Hester, mournfully, "how can I tell her that it is not in my power to go? That I have a heart offered for me to rest in—that one, noble and good above all computation, loves me—me—it seems impossible. I never dreamed that he, of all men, would stoop to care for me."

A tap at the door interrupted her soliloquy and the head of Mrs. Barnes, her landlady, immediately followed.

"A lady wants to see you, Miss; she looks weak-like, and is dressed like a widow."

"It must be my own poor Flora," cried Hester, and before the amazed dame could ejaculate "Bless me, what ails the girl?" she was down the narrow stairs and stood before the stranger.

But she was not Flora. An unknown lady, with a heavy crape veil thrown off a face of wondrous beauty, and whose eyes entranced her as she gazed into them, grasped the back of one of careful Mrs. Barnes' cane-seated chairs for support. Yes, a stranger whose beauty was the Circe again that chained Hester's imagination with a bondage she had no power to break, and that clung to her long after.

"You are Hester Moine," she said in accents smooth and thrilling. They haunted her with a weary pertinacity long after. She remembered them as she would the sighing of the wind among cemetery trees—as she would the moaning of the waves over rocks where a life-freighted ship had gone down. But she replied, as we will sometimes when habit predominates over will—

"Yes, madam."

"And you expect to marry Doctor Lee?" And now the sweet voice trembled.

"Madam!" exclaimed the girl in surprise, and with a slight gesture of remonstrance.

"You have no occasion for denial," intimated the visitor slowly, "he told me so."

"Doctor Lee told you—" Hester stopped suddenly.

"Yes; he said that he had proposed for your hand, and expected he should gain it."

"I cannot understand why you should come here to tell me this." A cold avalanche of dread seemed to press upon her heart and freeze the current in her veins.

"Shall I satisfy your curiosity?" suggested the stranger.

Hester bowed.

"Charlie Lee and I were lovers; but a cruel

fate separated us, and we never met again for ten long, miserable years, till to-day. Accident threw us together—accident did I say?—no, 'twas fate once more. But the suddenness, the surprise of the meeting over-balanced the composure he has cultivated so assiduously—the love that had clung round his heart so long, in that first rapturous moment could not be concealed. Do not blame him, for he is honor itself. He would not break a promise—he would not deviate from an intimation, even though the burden it should bring might be life-long. You feel what I would say. Ah, I see that my words have proved themselves arrows, though I have endeavoured to convey my meaning without a wound." Yes, Hester had grown white and rigid beneath those softly winged shafts.

"Pardon me," she continued, "I hope I have not offended you. Yet I am sure you are too generous—too noble to come between two hearts so long parted—hearts that nature intended to be one."

"What would you have me do?" Hester enquired, and her voice had a far-off, hollow intonation, and she did not realize it as her own.

"Your own integrity—might of soul," insinuated the guest in softly aspirated tones, "will tell you. Why should I lay out a path for one so exalted above me? But should you present the subject to his notice, he would not listen—he might even in his heroism convince you that the past is but a shadow—the present all he had represented it, when he sued for your favor. But oh! my dear, your whole future would be a painful confutation—a spectre of regret and remorse. I could have suffered again—women can 'suffer and be strong,' but it is for *his* sake I have done this. It is the answer to your question. If *you* can do more for him, then—God bless you, forever." There was a touching, cadence in her voice, and she met Hester's ashy cheek with her warm lips as she passed silently out—she was aglow with life and her marvellous charms, but the spectre was already left behind. It was the ghost of Hester Moine's love. Self-government had been this girl's life lesson. All the passions that are a part of our nature had been subjugated by it. She did not mourn or weep outwardly now. She only turned, bowed and crushed, but not broken, towards her room. The vision of graceful loveliness seemed to radiate before her—the beguiling melody of speech penetrated into her very soul. That delicious susceptibility that drew other minds into its own vortex, seemed to preclude all possibility of deception. She had left her elasticity of mind and body behind as she shut herself into the narrow space she called her room. She gazed long and inquiringly at her face in the small mirror, and then turned away with a warm smile. She never thought of blaming him—never dreamed that one so fair as her late visitor might be self-silently officious, intrusive, or malignant—even though her words were true. She sunk, almost crouched, on a

low seat and covered her haggard face. The twilight crept out of the room, and the starlight glanced in, but she did not heed it; she only moaned once, "Flora, my poor darling, my poverty is kin to yours; we will go away together."

Weeks waned into months, and months into years, and Flora had recovered her health, while Hester no longer bent beneath that avalanche of sorrow. A critical eye might have detected traces of the storm; but the halo of peace overshadowed them. It was like the rainbow of promise.

"I shall be alone, again," murmured Hester thoughtfully, as she glanced at the bridal ornaments that lay scattered around her. "My gentle Flora! she cannot live without love. She is the pliant willow that bends to the breeze—I am the stunted oak that has ceased to regard it."

The door opened, and Flora, accompanied by a gentleman, entered. "An old friend," she said, "I met him just now in the hall." Her face was radiant.

Hester gasped for breath, and then sunk powerless, not on the floor, but in Dr. Lee's strong arms. She had not fainted—she only lay stricken by memories she had thought to shun, on his breast, while he looked down with dim eyes on her pale face.

"Now," he said gravely, "I want you to tell me what offence I committed that you should punish me by going away without even a farewell?"

"You never offended me till now," replied Hester constrainedly, "I went away because I thought it best for us both."

"But you had no power to represent my welfare; that was my particular business. Besides, I had made you a proposal, which I certainly had a right to expect an acknowledgment of—if no more."

"I could not answer it," she cried with a burst of grief.

"Can you answer me now?" he said gently.

"Do you not love *her*? Are you not *her* husband?" The girl looked up at her stately inquirer with a new wonder in her eyes.

"I am no one's husband, Hester, and I love *you*. Did I not tell you so before?"

"But after that—" she hesitated and then stopped.

"I can understand what 'after that' means very well. *She* is a beautiful woman, and I loved her before she was Captain Maynard's wife—but never since. Having gratified her ambition, she was willing to satisfy the small cravings of love that her nature allows. When she failed to allure me, she went to you; and you, Hester, believed her—believed a stranger in preference to one who loved you tenderly, and who had reason to hope his love was returned."

"She was so bewilderingly lovely, I could not imagine any man would turn from her to me—and I am so plain, so altogether different—"

"So you are, my dearest, and it is the difference that makes you so dear to me. But you have done me a great wrong, and there is only one way in which you can atone for it."

Condemned and abashed, Hester did not attempt to exculpate herself.

"Will you agree to the reparation I am going to propose, Hester?"

"Yes," she sobbed.

"Then," said the Doctor, glancing round the room, "Mrs. Chester, you will be kind enough to order another bridal outfit. We will have a double wedding."

TWO OR THREE AUTHORS OF OUR OWN.

THE sermon preached by the Rev. James Bennet, of this City, before the Synod of the Lower Provinces, the Hon. T. D. McGee's paper on "The Mental Outfit of the New Dominion," and Professor Jardine's Inaugural Lecture on entering on the duties of the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of New Brunswick, deserve particular notice in our columns. Mr. Bennet is one of our best thinkers and most polished writers, Mr. Jardine enters, with much promise, on the duties of a new and important chair, and Mr. McGee's comprehensive mind and learned and eloquent pen grasp the interests of the whole Dominion.

The title of Mr. Bennet's sermon is "The Logical consequences of the acquittal of Jesus; or His Divinity deduced from his character and claims." Mr. Bennet's theme is based on the action of Pilate in declaring that he found no fault in Jesus, and yet delivering him up to death. It was very inconsistent and very wicked of Pilate to do so. Yet something of the same kind is done by the unbelievers of the present age. We quote a short presentation of the scope of the preacher's argument:

Pilate is not alone in his inconsistency. There are many even in the present day who after examination of the charges which have been brought against Christ, have pronounced his character faultless, and yet with strange conclusion they condemn his claims. They would not crucify him, but they would consign him to a place in which he will hurt the world no longer with his superstitious. Covering him with the mockeries of royalty they even pretend to bow to his sceptre, and, while acknowledging his superiority, they reduce him to a rank to which he refuses to descend, coupling his name with that of Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates or Mahomet. Such judgment Christ deems only another sentence to crucifixion, and he will hold those who pronounce it guilty of his shame.

The burden of the discourse is the elaboration of the argument here indicated; an argument which rises from the moral purity of Jesus, as admitted by sceptics, to his veracity, and thence to his claims to have performed miraculous works and to possess true Deity. This is a line of argument which has recently been much more cultivated than that derived from the Historical Evidences, especially by such writers as Ullmann, Young in his "Christ of History," Bushnell on "The Character of Jesus," (a reprint of a chapter from one of his larger works), Channing, Pressense and Schaff, though these writers deal less with the con-

cessions of unbelievers than directly with the argument based on the character of Jesus. In the somewhat novel and striking form in which Mr. Bennet deals with the subject, he does not seek directly to establish the moral perfection of Jesus. He accepts the admissions of sceptics who virtually say "We find no fault in him," and who yet refuse to recognize the claims which Jesus puts forth. It is an argument in which unbelievers are pressed with their logical inconsistencies, and which is fitted to affect the hearts and consciences of nominal, yet professing, Christians. It is true that in following out this argument, Mr. Bennet is compelled to encounter the *a priori* objection to the possibility of miracles. This position he argues, at length, can only be consistently taken by Atheists. If God exists, if he has called the worlds into being, who will say that he cannot interfere, or has never interfered, with what appears to be the ordinary course of nature as regards the works of his hands? This is entirely a question of fact, and consequently a question of evidence. The whole argument is sustained with great ability and eloquence in a fresh and vigorous style, displaying the high culture and extensive reading of the preacher. It is rare to meet with such a sermon; the thoughts which it contains might readily be expanded into a treatise which would take high rank as a contribution to Christian Evidences. In saying so much we do not wish to convey the idea that the method of the preacher is perfect or that his logic might not be improved. The idea of the discourse being that of an argument based on the admission of sceptics, and mainly addressed to them, it ought to contain little or nothing which they would refuse to grant. But would they concede the validity of the preacher's argument in support of miracles? In point of method the introduction of this argument spoils the unity of the discourse, and, what is more, introduces an element which mars its cogency as addressed to professed unbelievers. There are two other points which may be raised as to the argument of the discourse. Is it good as against the sceptics whose admissions form the premises on which the preacher basis his conclusions? Is it good absolutely and without reference to mere admissions? It is not the latter simply

owing to the form in which the leading arguments is cast, though, if it be the former, it may be admitted to be no small service rendered to the cause of Christian Evidences to have demonstrated that Infidelity, taking its own grounds, ought to fall down before Jesus and worship. This the preacher well understands. We doubt, however, if his argument be good as against Rousseau, Theodore Parker, Renan and others. The point is, Have they admitted the moral purity of Jesus, his absolute perfection and sinlessness in terms which warrant the preacher in holding that their position is one in which they virtually say "we find no fault in him?" Mr. Bennet does not quote the well known passage from Rousseau's *Emile* because of its triteness. It is that in which he ends by saying that "if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God." The quotations made in the sermon from Parker and Renan are the following:

Parker says, "he unites in himself the sublimest precepts and divinest practice, thus more than realizing all the dreams of prophets and sages; rises free from all the prejudices of his age, nation, and sect; gives free range to the Spirit of God in his breast. sets aside law, sacred and true,—honoured as it was,—its forms, its sacrifices, its temples, its priests, put away the doctors of the law, subtle, irrefragable, and pours out a doctrine beautiful as the light, sublime as heaven, true as God. . . . Eighteen centuries have passed since the sun of humanity rose so high in Jesus. What man—what sect has mastered his thought, comprehended his method, and so fully applied it to life."—Then Renan says: "Jesus had no visions. God is in him; he feels that he is with God, and he draws from his heart what he says of His Father. The highest consciousness of God that ever existed in the breast of humanity was that of Jesus."

The meaning of the terms in which Rousseau wishes to assert the superiority of Jesus to Socrates may admit of some dispute. If we were to ask the question did Rousseau hold that Jesus was free from every stain of sin and answer it in the light of his writings, we are convinced that we would not do so in the affirmative. The passages from Parker and Renan do not assert the absolute moral perfection and purity of Jesus, nor did either believe that he was free from sin. We have not a copy of Parker's Works at hand, but the readers of Renan will remember that he says expressly of Jesus, "*He was not sinless*; he conquered the same passions which we combat; no Angel of God comforted him save his good conscience; *no Satan tempted him save that which each bears in his own breast.*" The italics are ours. Renan shocks us not a little by such utterances and by frequently attributing to Jesus somewhat akin to pious frauds, yet his views do not on these points seem to differ essentially from those of Parker and others of the sceptical school. Who can say that such men "found no fault with Jesus?" It appears to us that we must blame their want of moral discrimination even more than their logical inconsistency. These are a few of the points on which we venture to think that the method and cogency of this discourse might be improved; they do not, however, detract

much from its great value and rare excellence so far as the general reader is concerned.

Having found in Mr. Bennet's sermon a discourse not only worth analysing but worth criticizing, and noticed it at greater length than we intended to have done, we must compress into very small space what we intended to say of Mr. McGee and Professor Jardine. Mr. McGee's object is to estimate the mental culture, the learning and genius of the people of Canada, as exhibited in their writings. Our material resources are well known, but how is it with our literary, scientific and philosophic capacity? What answer might be expected to the question, "Who reads a Canadian book?" In dealing with these points, Mr. McGee goes into the statistics of the Press, the Post-office and the Schools and Colleges of Canada. He points out what hopes the existing indications of reading and culture excite, and enters into some details as to the actual extent of Canadian authorship. Unfortunately, however, it does not require much space to enable Mr. McGee to say all that he finds to say on this subject; nor does he do full justice to it. We quote a passage in which he takes a cursory glance at Canadian authors, and which deserves to be put into a form in which it can be permanently preserved:—

From all these sources—our numerous reading class—our colleges—our learned professions—we ought to be able to give a good account of the mental outfit of the new Dominion. Well, then, for one of those expected to say what he thinks in these matters, I must give it as my opinion that we have as yet but few possessions in this sort that we can call our own. We have not produced in our Colonial era any thinker of the reputation of Jonathan Edwards or Benjamin Franklin; nor any native poet of the rank of Garcilaso de la Vega—the Spanish American. The only sustained poems we have of which the scenes are laid within the Dominion are both by Americans, Longfellow's "Evangeline," and Mr. Streets' "Frontenac"—the latter much less read than it deserves. One original humorist we have had, hardly of the highest order, however, in the late Judge Haliburton; one historian of an undoubtedly high order, in the late Mr. Garneau; one geologist, Sir William Logan; but, as yet, no poet, no orator, no critic, of either American or European reputation. About a century ago an eminent French writer raised a doubt as to whether any German could be a literary man. Not, indeed, to answer that, but many others, arose as a golden cloud, that gifted succession of poets, critics and scholars, whose works have placed the German language in the vanguard of every department of human thought. Thirty years ago a British Quarterly Review asked, "Who reads an American book?" Irving had answered that long ago; but Longfellow, Cooper, Emerson, Prescott, Hawthorne, Holmes, and many another, has answered the taunt triumphantly since. Those Americans might, in turn, taunt us to-day with "Who reads a Canadian book?" I should answer frankly, very few, for Canadian books are exceedingly scarce. Still we are not entirely destitute of resident writers. Dr. Dawson has given the world a work on his favourite science, which has established his name as an authority; Dr. Daniel Wilson's speculations on Pre-historic Man have received the approval of high names; Mr. Alphens Todd has given us a masterly and original treatise on Parliamentary Government, which will be read and quoted wherever there is constitutional government in the world; Heavysedge, Saugster, and McLaughlin, are not without honour. An amiable friend of mine, Mr. J. Lemoine, of Quebec, has given to the world many *Maple Leaves* worthy of all praise—the only thorough Canadian book, in point of subject, which has appeared of late days, and for which, I am ashamed to say, the author has not received that en-

couragement his labours deserve. If he were not an enthusiast he might well have become a misanthrope, as to native literature, at least. Another most deserving man—in a different walk—a younger man, but a man of untried industry and a very laudable ambition—Mr. Henry J. Morgan, now of Ottawa, announces a new book of reference, the *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, which I trust will repay him for the enormous labour of such a compilation. These are, it is true, but streaks on the horizon, yet even as we watch others may arise; but be they more or less, I trust every such book will be received by our public less censoriously than is sometimes the case; that if a native book should lack the finish of a foreign one, as a novice may well be less expert than an old hand, yet if the book be honestly designed, and conscientiously worked up, the author shall be encouraged, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of the better things which we look forward to with hopefulness. I make this plea on behalf on those who venture upon authorship among us, because I believe the existence of a recognised literary class will by and by be felt as a state and social necessity. The books that are made elsewhere, even in England, are not always the best fitted for us.

This, it must be confessed, is a stimulating passage. It discloses the literary nakedness of the land and puts the New Dominion on its mettle. We might take exception to it on the ground that it does not do justice to the literature or the literary men of what we used to call Canada East. The same is true, to a less extent, of Mr. McGee's estimate of the literary men of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces. Haliburton and Dawson, now President of McGill College, are the only names in the Acadian provinces mentioned by Mr. McGee. When he mentions with approbation the name of that industrious young gentleman, Mr. Henry J. Morgan, we might expect from him a pretty extensive list of celebrities, and one that might, at least, include the Hon. Joseph Howe, orator, statesman, author. He is an "orator" of both "European and American fame." Our own Judge Wilnot is another genuine orator, members of the English House of Commons being judges. They have quoted some of his eloquent speeches, and eulogised them very highly. Mr. McGee pays a deserved compliment to Mr. Todd, Parliamentary Librarian, for his work on Parliamentary Government; but M. Lajoie, Librarian in the same library, author of "Jean Rivard," etc., etc., is an author of marked genius; yet Mr. McGee takes no notice of him. Professor James DeMill, a native of the city of St. John, author of "Helena's Household," "The Dodge Club;" and whose very original and very striking story of "Cord and Creese" is now passing through "Harper's Bazar," ought to have received a passing notice from Mr. McGee; but he is overlooked—quite unintentionally we are sure. We might point out many other apparently capricious omissions made by Mr. McGee; but, after all, the great fact remains, that the literary "outfit" of the New Dominion is rather beggarly, and that there is an ample literary field for Young Canada to cultivate. The "mental outfit" of the Dominion may be held to be superior to its literary achievements, inasmuch as many persons of confessedly great powers of thought, and also of expression, have not entered the domain of authorship. As literature is the ex-

pression of national life, and is influenced by national aspirations, we shall hope that ere long Canada may, in this as in other respects, be found worthy of the traditions of the races from which its people are descended and take no mean place in the world of letters. The words of Mr. McGee are well fitted to stimulate the efforts of our youth, more especially as they are enforced by the example of one whose genius and eloquence make him one of the greatest ornaments of the Dominion of Canada.

A few weeks after the issue of our last number, namely on the 5th of November, 1867, the Rev. Robert Jardine, Doctor of Science, was installed as Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of New Brunswick, and delivered his inaugural address, which was subsequently published in two of the *Fredericton papers*. Professor Jardine treats, at length, of the history of Philosophy, meaning thereby Metaphysics, in its restricted sense as occupied with the reality and grounds of our knowledge. The Professor briefly sketches the history of Philosophy, dwells on the advantages of the study of it and the spirit in which it should be carried on. In doing so he manifested a strong sympathy with the studies proper to the chair and makes a pretty just estimate of existing schools. Though some attention had previously been given to the subject by Professor D'Avray, the Prelections of Professor Jardine must form a somewhat novel and striking addition to the studies of the University and one well fitted to develop the minds of the students and imbue them with a generous love of Metaphysical studies. What strikes us as the most remarkable feature of the Inaugural Lecture is the fact that it is occupied almost exclusively with Metaphysics. This is not the department of mental philosophy to which youthful students are first introduced, nor is it the only one which should be taught from the chair. The nature of the case ordinarily constrains Professors to begin with an enquiry into the nature of the mental faculties, a branch of study which, in recent philosophical nomenclature, is usually called Psychology. The nature of the Mental faculties having been considered, the process of the mind in reasoning comes next to be analysed. This introduces the student to Formal Logic, as it was taught by Aristotle, and as it has been taught since his time, with very slight modifications on the original system. But though the mind may be possessed of certain faculties, and though when it reasons it follows certain laws and processes of thought which may be pointed out, does it follow that its conclusions, either in relation to what we call matter or mind are trust-worthy? This is the problem, with which the Metaphysician grapples. We were prepared to find in the Inaugural Lecture, at least, a brief *rationalle* of the course of studies through which a Professor of Logic and Metaphysics might be expected to conduct his students, as well as of the course and tendencies of Metaphy-

sical Philosophy, itself, the more so, as the chair is a new one, and the students are both young in years and comparatively unacquainted with the nature of the studies upon which they are invited to enter. While the omission to which we refer is noticeable we have been pleased to learn from other sources that Professor Jardine does not confine his prolections to the history or problems of Metaphysics but that the proper preliminary studies are taught in the class. They are, it is hardly necessary to say, quite indispensable. They are not only useful as a means of mental training but are, in themselves, an end. The students who frequented Sir William Hamilton's class-room, were accustomed to look on the motto "on

earth there is nothing great but man: in man there is nothing great but mind." It is with this great and noble study, that the ingenuous youth who repair to the class-room of our Professor of Logic and Metaphysics should begin their course; thence they pass onwards and upwards to the highest themes which can engage the minds of men, grappling with the problems which have, in all ages, exercised the minds of the master spirits of our race. We rejoice that such a chair as that of Logic and Metaphysics has been added to the curriculum of the University, and we shall watch the influence which it may exercise upon the youth of our country with the greatest interest.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MAGAZINES, JUVENILES and PAMPHLETS.

Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, Saint John, have laid on our table the CHILDREN'S FRIEND. It is full of illustrations and reading for that singular class of human beings—the juveniles.—PICTURE BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY will, no doubt, be received with favor by the "little folks" at this season of the year. Both of the above books are neatly got up. McMILLAN'S ALMANAC for 1868 is well printed and useful for reference. We have assigned to it place on our office desk.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY offers a brilliant programme for 1868. Chas. Dickens will contribute a story, entitled "George Silverman's Explanation;" Dr. Hayes, the Arctic Voyager, James Parton, the historian, Dr. Holmes, Bayard Taylor, E. P. Whipple, and many other popular writers, are engaged, and will furnish some of their best articles. In addition to the other matter, two serial stories will be commenced in the No. for this month.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC for 1868 has just reached us. Its table of contents embraces, besides much valuable information, stories, articles and poetry, original and selected. The illustrations do credit to the engravers. This Almanac will be issued every year, and may be considered the "holiday number" of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for January opens with a Juvenile serial by Charles Dickens, written expressly for this magazine, which is a great favorite with the junior portion of our citizens, as well as those of more advanced years.

EVERY SATURDAY.—This weekly journal is rapidly rising into favor with our people. Its reading matter is always selected with great care from the best British and Foreign publications, and as an epitomizer of current literature it has no equal. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, publishers. We have just received the Christmas No. of EVERY SATURDAY, which contains NO THOROUGHFARE, the Christmas story by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins. This

is by all odds the best Xmas tale that has appeared for many years. It is told in an easy, graceful style, and will have many readers on this side of the Atlantic. It is on sale at several of our bookstores.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—This old established and well conducted publication furnishes its readers with choice essays, reviews, tales, poems and literary items, selected from the prominent magazines and periodicals of the Old and New World. It has been before the public so many years, that it would be out of place for us to say anything further concerning it, other than that it is "up to the mark" in point of excellence, as usual. Published at \$8.00 a year by Messrs. Littell & Gay, Boston, Mass.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is as attractive and interesting as ever and will be found very amusing and instructive reading, not only by the believers in the Science; but also by the sceptics. In entering upon its new volume, many inducements are held out to subscribers. \$3.00 a year. Fowler & Wells, New York. We have also received from Messrs. F. & W., Pope's "Essay on Man," and the "Gospel among the animals." They are well printed and the phrenological notes added to the former must increase its value considerably.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST has just arrived and contains some capital articles. The illustrations which embellish this monthly are creditably done, and the typographical department is got up with great care.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE continues to enjoy its high and enviable position and daily increases its, now enormous, circulation many-fold.

THE NORTHERN MONTHLY.—The prospectus for 1868 promises many new novelties. Mrs. Harriet Spofford contributes a story in the January number, and Wirt Sikes writes up the City of Philadelphia. Besides these, other writers of note will, from time to time, contribute to its pages. Terms \$3.00 a year.

Our Puzzle Department.

This department is exclusively devoted to ladies, and none but they are permitted to compete for the prizes. To the lady answering the most puzzles we will award a copy of the *Diamond Edition* of the Poems of **TANNYSON** or **LONGFELLOW**. All solutions must reach our office before the 1st of March next. The name of the successful competitor will not be inserted without her sanction.

REBUSES.

1.—A county in Scotland, a city in England, a country in Asia, a county in New Brunswick, an animal.

The initials of these spell my whole, which is a young lady's name.

2.—A lady's name, another, ditto, ditto, a gentleman's name, a lady's name.

My whole is a lady's name.

ACROSTICS.

3.—A plant and its fruit—

1. A fish.
2. A toy.
3. An animal.
4. A fruit.
5. Are often on hand.

4.—A liquor, and the flower of a fruit—

1. A man's name.
2. ditto.
3. ditto.
4. ditto.
5. ditto.
6. A tree.

5.

A HOLIDAY ENIGMA.

I am composed of 61 letters—

My 1, 7, 40, 31, 38, 61, 12, 53, 30, 15, 32, 49, 43, 3 affords to the young much pleasure at this season of the year.

“ 48, 55, 18, 11, 34, 56, 17, 47, 25, 10, 51, 20, 52, 36 14, 50 is an aged gentleman, usually “around” about Xmas times.

“ 59, 58, 27, 28, 44, 19, 5, 50, 22, 21, 4, 60, 46, 26, 15 often occur in the evening of the first of January.

“ 16, 51, 8, 9, 38, 61, 41, 13, 30, 50, 45, 10, 59, 25, 29, 9 invariably takes place on the 25th of December.

“ 61, 17, 33, 37 is sometimes seen on Christmas day.

“ 39, 42, 44, 20, 48, 35, 10, 45, 19, 24, 11, 3, 30, 15, 52 is what we are now enjoying.

“ 2, 38, 59, 7, 43, 54, 56, 29, 50 are sometimes eaten at this season.

“ 57, 33, 25, 3, 6 is plentifully used during the holidays.

“ 23, 10, 3, 11 are not bad to take.

My whole is what you had better find out.

6.

A CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I consist of 49 letters—

My 27, 2, 32, 39, 16, 35, 18, 37 was a celebrated Athenian general. [Cos.]

“ 4, 15, 39, 23, 8, 6, 20, 38 was a sophist of

“ 46, 5, 9, 30, 18, 1 was a king of Pylos.

“ 41, 23, 18, 7, 35, 11, 36 was cured of madness by Melampus.

“ 43, 40, 20, 28 was ancient island near Italy, famous for its iron mines.

“ 33, 17, 28, 46, 31, 29, 20, 3 is a river noted for a great battle fought between Alexander the Great and Darius.

“ 26, 21, 47, 36, 32, 14, 9 was a king of Ethiopia, who, to save his own life, killed all the priests of Jupiter. [trogler.]

“ 10, 28, 24, 45, 40, 20, 3 was a Roman As-

“ 13, 25, 1, 20, 38 a very ancient city of Phœnicia, built by the Sidonians, on a small island at the south of Sidon.

“ 12, 25, 16, 35, 37, 37 was a giant, whom Juno produced by striking the earth.

“ 19, 28, 40, 42, 48, 18, 16, 22 the daughter of Ætes, king of Colchis.

“ 49, 36, 44, 8, 20, 9 was murdered at Lanuvium, for an act of cruelty to the Ambassadors of the Lauresites.

“ 34, 25, 15, 39 was one of the Nereides.

My whole is an old and true saying.

7.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 49 letters—

My 3, 20, 5, 31, 8, 46, 14, 36, 34, 40, 21 is a town in France. [sia.]

“ 45, 11, 24, 9, 15, 5, 2 is a province of Russia.

“ 6, 17, 30, 28, 43 is a river in Wales. [land.]

“ 45, 9, 48, 4, 41, 39, 3, 3 is a lake of Scotland.

“ 7, 12, 47, 42, 10 is a river of Kentucky.

“ 37, 26, 44, 48, 14, 9, 3, 20 is one of the Azores.

“ 33, 9, 49, 34, 25, 41 is a province of China.

“ 22, 1, 5, 31, 44 is a river in Russia. [land.]

“ 32, 9, 13, 27 is a river in Derbyshire, Eng-

“ 18, 9, 19, 41 is a county in Ireland. [many.]

“ 35, 38, 23, 31, 29 is a principality of Ger-

“ 16, 20, 36, 44 is a town in Syria.

My whole are the names of three American writers, now deceased.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1.—Satin—ant—inn—nail—ton—John—on—hat—not—
—SAINT JOHN. Mary—Alice—Ruth—Ida—Olive—
Nellie—MARION. 3. TABLE-CLOTH—Tent, Apple,
Bee, London, Eagle. 4. FLOUR-BARREL—
Fredericton, Lunenburg, Ottawa, Utah, Rochester.
5. Sewer—ewer. 6. Fannie—Annie. 7. Trout—
rout. 8. The way to Babylon will never bring you to Jerusalem. 9. James Fenimore Cooper, Charles Dickens, William Harrison Ainsworth and J. C. Brough.

10. The boy stood on the burning deck,

Eating pea-nuts by the peck.

CLOPE.