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VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1870.

No. 4.

(ORIGINAL.)

KOLSEY HALL.

BY _____

CHAPTER VII.

THE BETROTHAL.

The day after Lenwood's arrival at the Hall, he enjoyed with Emma a long and interesting walk, revisiting scenes where six years before, they had loved so much to loiter and converse. The scenery of Kolsey Hall and its surrounding, though rough and primitive, in no wise lacked beauty or picturesqueness; the forests that surrounded the Hall and crept down nearly to the edge of the promontories, were expansive and beautiful and were now clad in a robe of spring-time verdure, while wild flowers of the rarest perfume and most extravagant hues abounded everywhere, beautifying every hill and dale, nook and corner. Their conversation was varied, as might well be imagined after a separation of six years. For days afterwards, they enjoyed these pleasant strolls, not unfrequently descending the precipice to the ocean shore.

It was during one of these daily excursions, about the first of June, that a

conversation took place in the result of which was bound up much of the history of their future lives. They left the Hall early in the afternoon, and chose one of the trodden paths that led down to the waters, edge by a circuitous course among the rocks. They knew the pathway well for often before they had descended it. The conversation began on circumstances connected with their lives during the past years of their separation. Franklin Lenwood was now a man of twenty-five. He had not lost any of his ardor or perseverance, although the enthusiasm and impulsiveness of his youth were now modified, owing to his experience in business life. How memory clings to the idols our hearts worshipped in youth, and how we cling to the little joys and hopes that lived so gloriously in the years of our past life. Verily "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and so it was with Lenwood. Not a jot or tittle of the love he had for Emma had faded, and he returned only to feel the more intensified in his affections for her. And well he might. Emma had grown a queenly and amiable woman, and was cherished and loved by an indulgent, but careful training father; her life in the recluse hall had not rendered her melancholy or inexperienced.

Of course both Franklin and Emma, in common with humanity, had their shortcomings, but of these we care not to speak, choosing rather to acknowledge them in

silence and tell the world of those more noble traits they possessed, which may adequately prove an example to those who may read this little biographical sketch. We feel, as all feel when they begin to recall the past, or when some gentle influence, as the distant strains of music, the gentle gurgling of a rill, the faint notes of a singing bird, or the passing zephyr, awakens in the mind a strain of thought that we cannot repel, and we sink in a reverie, not the mournful things of life in our memory, but the happy. It is in times such as these, that a host of memories arise and we live a life of peace and joy again. We recall circumstances from our youth up, but how particularly noticeable it is that only the sweet, good and beautiful things, demand attention. The ills, pains and disappointments all remain in oblivion, for they pass from our memory, but the beautiful things can never die.

As we previously remarked, Emma Vanners was now a beautiful woman and amiable, and, having read a great deal, she lacked not a high order of intelligence. An only child, her father had paid particular attention to his daughter's education, and being himself a man of refined tastes and feelings, his daughter inherited many of the desirable traits from him. Franklin and Emma reached the shore and here they wandered back and forth, gaining at last the pebbly beach beyond the promontory, seating themselves on the identical rock where, ere he had departed for New York, they enjoyed repeated pleasant conversations. It was a glorious June day, the sun shone brightly: but they were protected from his scorching rays by some overhanging cedars. A mild, refreshing breeze was blowing, while, at their feet, the miniature waves cantered and went carelessly but musically. Above them hung long, trellised ivies, clinging to the unfriendly rock, yet rendering the same much more beautiful—clinging as cling those faithful, loving ones in this world to thankless, ungenerous and unappreciative companions. In the crevices of rock, where the winds had scattered seeds, were blooming flowers of various hues all adding loveliness to the scene, which, with all its apparent

barrenness, was cheered by verdant ivies and heavenly flowers—emblems of those virgin souls who unscathed pass through an unfriendly and cheerless world, and, though oft trodden down by the iron heel of oppression, pass away all pure and guiltless to that beautiful home of God. They were not ignorant of each other's feelings for a reciprocity of affection abounded to the fullest extent in their hearts. Franklin loved Emma for her amiability and generous worth, Emma loved Franklin for his nobility of character and honorable integrity. This to them was a season, a day-dream of rapture. It is at times such as these that the soul inspired out-soars the confines of mundane affairs and freely traverses realms sacred only to the mind:—

A thousand beauties rise to bless the sight
To rise the thoughts in an affinity with heaven.

Franklin at this time mentioned to Emma his intention of soon returning home to England, and, as her uncle was also intending to go, he prevailed upon her to urge her father, with herself to accompany them. In this she was acquiescent, in fact, it might be presumed quite naturally, she would like to revisit the scenes of her childhood, and renew the friendships of early years.

For a couple of hours following, an earnest, low and indicative conversation was carried on, of which we may not here speak, suffice it to say that they shortly afterwards arose, Lenwood's countenance beaming with satisfaction and delight and Emma wearing an expression of agitation and concern. They soon afterwards returned to the Hall, just as the sun was declining in the west.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARRIAGE.

The following day, Franklin requested Mr. Vanners to accompany him for a walk. They wandered down a serpentine path through the adjoining wood, into a pleasant glade, thence up the precipice and around by the shore. We may judge of the purport of their conversation. At their return the face of Franklin was flushed with very satisfaction. Reach-

ing the Hall, he repaired to Emma's sitting room and drawing her to his side, imprinted on her lips a tender kiss, whispering,—

"Your father is willing, darling."

She smiled in satisfaction and these two happy souls passed pleasantly the remainder of the day. Her uncle held Lenwood in great esteem and considered most favorably their intended marriage. Mr. Vanners and Franklin almost immediately after this time, started on a tour of business and pleasure combined, visiting many cities and towns in the course of their journey. Their visit occupied a fortnight, after which they immediately returned to the Hall.

The marriage of Franklin and Emma was fixed for an early day, the ceremony to be performed by the presiding minister of the parish. They were to be married in Kelsey Hall, the spot where Emma had spent many happy days, in fact the greater, and up to this time, the most important part of her life, the spot where Franklin was attended to by Emma, in the hour of his severe illness, and where, together, they had spent many long-to-be-remembered hours, and which now was to be the scene of the consummation of that affection which had so closely bound their hearts for all the long, past years. It was not without feelings of sadness that Mr. Vanners entertained the idea of Emma leaving him, yet he well knew that she was entrusting herself to a noble, generous heart, one that would shield his beloved child in all seasons and under all circumstances, and moreover, it was specially stipulated that he was to come and make his home with them, wherever they might fix upon a residence.

Preparations were immediately commenced for their marriage. Mr. Vanners invited up a number of his intimate friends from New York, and a few surrounding acquaintances were also to be present at the ceremony.

The appointed time at last arrived—a bright, lovely and clear day about the middle of June. The old sitting room was elaborately decorated and at nine o'clock Franklin Lenwood and Emma Vanners stepped forward, and the minister in solemn and impressive tones re-

peated the imposing service and the responses came "I will," "I will," and they were bound in holy bonds of wedlock "until death did them part." Their friends advanced and warmly and heartily congratulated them. Yet greater was to be the welcome they were to receive. All nature seemed to lavish upon this happy couple her myriad congratulations. The sun arose this morning in glorious splendor and cast brightness and gentle, cheerful light over all the earth; the birds pealed forth their morning carols of praise, their melodious strains stealing down the precipices only to be echoed back with a soft, sweet tenderness that enhanced their rich music; they stole near the Hall, as though they were cognizant of the joy reigning within, and wished to add to it by their warbling melodies. Zephyrs played with ease, causing every leaflet and flower to dance for joy, and waft their aroma on every sighing breath of air. The auspicious day passed quietly yet gloriously away, fading into night with a dream-like stillness and heavenly resignation and Franklin and Emma were one for evermore.

A few days after this, the keeping of Kelsey Hall was entrusted to Mr. Vanner's two servants, who, a few years previous to this, had been married. Having served him faithfully for many years, he determined to fully repay them by granting them funds enough for their future sustenance. Mr. Vanners, his brother, Mr. Lenwood and wife bid a long and sad adieu to the old hall, and proceeded direct to Portland, from thence to Boston at which place they embarked *per* steamer for Britain. Many cherished associations were left behind them in America, and it was not without many sad regrets that the last vestige of the land of their adoption faded from their sight. The season was an admirable one for ocean travelling, and their trip across the broad Atlantic proved quick and agreeable. Nine days passed and they safely landed in Liverpool, from which city they soon reached London by rail and thence they proceeded to Edenville, their native town.

Here Franklin and Emma feasted their memory and imagination amid the

scenes of their early life. Their stay was brief but pleasant and interesting. Old friendships and acquaintances were revived and their visit to Edenville was indeed a cheerful one. Accompanied by Mr. Vanners, they soon began their intended tour over England and Scotland, returning to London *via* Ireland. They then immediately crossed over to the Continent, where for several months they remained, visiting all the principal cities and places of interest to be met with in Europe.

The trip up the Rhine was indeed an enjoyable one, and from day to day they lingered among the classic old fortresses and cities, famed for their historic note, which are so frequently met with along the banks of that noble river. Having completed the tour of France, Spain, Germany and Italy they then proceeded to Switzerland, where, at Geneva, Mr. Vanners was so favorably impressed with the beauty of the scenery, that he concluded to remain for a season, in that most beautiful of the beautiful scenes of Europe. He bade adieu to his daughter and her husband, who shortly afterwards returned to America. Mr. Vanners remained several months at Geneva thence proceeded to Florence, where he remained for some time, but has since joined his daughter in their Bostonian home.

Upon arriving in America, Mr. Lenwood and his wife settled in a beautiful mansion in the Suburbs of Boston, a delightful seat, presented to Emma by her father as a bridal gift. This was in the year 1865. There they now reside, passing a quiet and happy life. Franklin has obtained his longed for ambition. Besides being an author of much celebrity, he is a constant contributor to several English and American literary publications. Emma is happy. One fine child, the image of his father, graces the household, supplying Emma with much amusement and lisp- ing company.

During the summer months they repair to Kelsey Hall, to revel in the picturesque scenery that surrounds the place and to enjoy the exhilarating sea-breeze. Franklin, with Emma and little Charlie,

wanders forth along the same old road, mingling in the same scenes of the long ago. Down the rugged pathway to the sea, they repair, and along the pebbly shore exist the same weird beauties that they once loved so well to gaze upon. Emma at such times looks into Franklin's face with a smile of contentment and thankfulness, as she recalls the horrible night of the wreck in which her own Franklin was a victim, rescued by faithful Fido. Fido still lives, and always accompanies them in their rustic excursions. They are both thoroughly happy—happy in each others love. May their golden bowl be not soon broken, or their silver cord loosed; may the gentle spirit of peace and health continually hover about their pathway, bestrewing it with the flowers of contentment and holy, mutual love, and may the choicest blessings ever follow them. May God add strength and length to their days, sending His angels as ministering spirits to gently cheer them as they travel down the pathway of their earthly pilgrimage, guarding them carefully to the end of life, and at last may they be received in joy to Himself.

(THE END.)

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

A SUNSET REVERIE.

I am gazing away on the sunset,
In the glorious golden west,
Where clouds of amber and purple
Are lying asleep on its breast.
I see the bright rays gilding
The tops of the lofty pine,
And casting o'er all a halo,
In this our western clime.

It is threading the shady forest,
With lines of glittering gold;
Awakening the evening primrose,
To lift its head; and behold
The Lord of the day is hiding
Neath a curtain of rosy light,
And closing his sleepy eyelids,
On pillows of fleecy white.

And as I am thus gazing
On the fading light of day,
Memory recalls a vision
Of one who has passed away.
One who was gazing with us,
But one short year ago,

Has since cross'd o'er the river,
And left us, who are here below.

He has gone where there's no twilight,
But all is wonderous day,
Where Christ himself is the rising sun,
And the streets are gold, not clay.
We strew o'er his grave rare flowers,
We moisten the grass with our tears;
But our flower has been transplanted
To the garden of eternal years.

How many homes are desolate,
How many hearts that mourn
O'er the memory of loved ones called away,
And laid in their lonely bourne,
But weep not as forever,
God has a promise given,
If we but serve him here below,
We all shall meet in Heaven.

And when we're safely anchored
On the rock of Evermore,
We'll send the boatman back again,
For those who are on the shore.
And when they, too, have landed,
We'll enter hand in hand,
To meet the loved ones gone before,
And to join the angel band.

LILLIE VAILE.

THE VALE OF MORVEN.

BY G. V. L.

In the "everlasting sunshine,"
With its bright and genial skies,
Breathing gales of spicy sweetness
Yon green vale of Morven lies.
How I love that spot of beauty,
Tongue of mortal ne'er can tell;
Yet I go impelled by duty,—
Vale of Morven, fare thee well.

Sleeping in the clouds of Heaven,
Are thy mountain summits seen,
And thy murmur'ing waters—flowing
Midst meadows of fairest green,
Land of aromatic bowers,
Shady nook and sunny dell,
Gorgeous fruits and fragrant flowers,—
Vale of Morven, fare thee well.

There the lovely maid of Lora
Softly tunes her sweet guitar,
While her blue eye rich in beauty,
Twinkles like the evening star.
As the motion of the billow
Is her bosom's gentle swell,
There let my head find a pillow.—
Vale of Morven, fare thee well.

Though to other lands I wander
And no more thy beauties see,
Still never shall be forgotten
Joys that I have known in thee.
To thy dells shall memory bind me
Evermore—with mystic spell;
Sadly now I gaze behind me,—
Vale of Morven, fare thee well.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

HENRY ODDFIELD'S WIFE.

"Why Charlie, old friend, how do you do? What a stranger you are! Haven't seen you for years. When did you come to town? Where are you stopping?" cried Harry Oddfield, as he unexpectedly met his old friend, Charles Hastings, who had just returned from far-distant India, where he had been for several years, adding gold to gold, in mercantile pursuits. He had been very successful, and had now returned to his native town, to enjoy his wealth among early friends and associates.

Answering his friend's questions, as rapidly as they were asked, he, in his turn, had many inquiries to make, as they walked down the street together. Harry was on his way to his store then, but Charles accepted his invitation to call and talk over old times at his home. "I am anxious to introduce you to my wife. Did you know I was married? Oh, yes, I have got the dearest little wife in all Christendom, said Harry Oddfield, as they parted.

Yes, Charles Hastings knew he was married. He had heard from a friend that Harry Oddfield, unfortunate man that he was, had married a literary woman. Oh, how he pitied him; bound for life to one who, neglecting her home and her household duties, devoted all her time to books and papers.

In imagination, he had already pictured that home, cheerless and uninviting, that wife, untidy in attire, caring nothing for her husband's comfort or happiness, only sighing for the admiration and praise of the outside world.

He should like, to call on Harry; it would be pleasant to go back with him, in thought, to the old days, with their

minglings of pleasure and pain, bright hopes realized, or occasionally dashed with disappointment—but there would be that women, with her dictionary at her finger-ends, she would mar all the pleasure. He had half a mind not to go at all; but then he had promised. Yes, he would go and see for himself. It might be a warning to him, if he should ever think of honoring any lady with an offer of his heart and hand, which he thought very doubtful.

So a few days later, having been more than usually attentive to the matter of gloves and hat, having given his hair an extra brushing, his tie a last twitch, not a nervous one of course, Charles Hastings started for the home of his friend, Harry Oddfield, pitying him and despising his wife.

A glance, as he stood at the door of their unpretending cottage home, revealed small beds of flowers, guiltless of weeds, with neatly trimmed borders.

His knock was promptly attended by the tidy little maid-of-all-work. Mrs. Oddfield was at home. Mr. Oddfield had not yet returned from the store. Yes, he would see Mrs. Oddfield, and was accordingly ushered into their parlor, which, though not at all grand—for Oddfield was far from wealthy—was tasteful in all its appointments, and temptingly cozy to one wearied with the day's cares and anxieties.

Hastings noted it all, from the dainty lace curtains to the carpet that was delicate in colouring and pattern, though neither brussels nor velvet, from the music on the piano, to the flowers on the table—Ah, there's a work-basket, it's been used lately too; there's a piece of work half-finished, needle left in it, scissors and thimble on it, must have a small hand to wear that thimble, wonder what the stitches are like!

The rustle of a lady's dress in the hall prevents our friend gratifying his curiosity, and committing, an egregious breach of politeness.

Turning as the door opened, Mrs. Oddfield stood before him. Can it be possible, that, that elegant looking woman, plain but faultlessly dressed, cordially welcoming her husband's friend, of whom she

had often heard him speak, to their home, is Harry Oddfield's wife?

But, wait, she has been expecting company, is on her guard now, cloven-foot will surely peep out bye and bye.

She expects Mr. Oddfield home very shortly, so they will endeavour to while away the time in pleasant converse, until his arrival. Of course Hastings expected she could talk, he only hoped she wouldn't bore him with her excessively learned views.

(Chatting pleasantly of the lands he has visited, of his life beyond the seas, of his boyhood's home, the many changes in it, vacancies in the home-circles, added mounds in the cemetery, new faces, new associations, time passes more pleasantly than he is aware of, and he has already made a long call, when his old friend Harry arrives and insists upon his staying to dinner. He reluctantly consents, for he enjoys a good dinner, is very particular, even fastidiously so, regarding his dinners and, although Mrs. Oddfield is very different from what he expected to find her, he feels sure she would be incapable of either preparing, or directing the preparing of such a dinner as he would enjoy.

Harry is very glad to see his friend, but has little more than time to tell him so, before dinner is announced.

Though prepared to find fault with everything, Hastings could not in justice do so, for the meats were neither scorched nor too rare, vegetables, pickles, salads to suit the taste of an epicure, light, white, home-made bread, surely, that little girl, their only servant, never made that.—Table-cloth and serviettes, snowy enough to bear the closest scrutiny, and one glance at the little two-year old prattler, who was introduced with the desert, convinced him that it knew nothing of neglect.

"Why Harry, I thought you had married a blue stocking" exclaimed Hastings, when Mrs. Oddfield had left them to enjoy their cigars after dinner.

"So I did Charlie, but, I didn't know it at the time. I told you I had the dearest little wife in all the world. Do you wonder that I think so? Let me tell you one reason why I think so. A few years ago I was ill for several months.

I had only a clerk's salary to depend on then, and what little I had laid up for a rainy day, was soon spent; had it not been for what my wife earned by her pen, we must have suffered for the necessaries of life.

She paid my doctor's bill, a heavy one it was too, procured delicacies to tempt my capricious appetite, provided for the house, and had money to spare to keep the wolf from the door, until I was well enough to earn more; and in that time, no duty was neglected, nothing slighted, my home was, as it has ever been, comfortable and inviting. She still writes occasionally, though I am thankful there is now no necessity for her doing so."

The entrance of Mrs. Oddfield, abruptly closed the conversation, and soon after, Charles Hastings departed, uncomfortably in love with a blue-stockings.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

SKETCH FROM FRENCH HISTORY DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

PROLOGUE.

In looking back into the vista of bygone years, we cannot thoroughly realize the secret springs which led to the facts which history has embalmed for us. 'Tis true, the facts stand out in bold outline, but the lights and shadows which form the background of the picture are not so easy of recognition, and in comparison as more light and less shadow, or more shadow and less light are inserted so does the picture assume the kaleidoscopic tendency.

It would not do for us to write the History of our own age, it would of necessity be biassed by one individuality, so we wander backward, and by chance, lighting upon the *so called* age of chivalry find food for thought and reflection.

'Tis an age fraught with Philosophies; 'tis the age during which art, the great handmaid of life, made her most rapid progress in Western Europe, and alas! also the age when religion lapsed into a state of rabid fanaticism on the one hand, and on the other was neglected entirely, or replaced by a philosophy which to charac-

terize as "heathenish" would but meekly express the virulence of its opposition to all that good men have ever held sacred and dear.

Our intention in giving SKETCHES of this era, is not to systematically furnish a copious history of the age, but in a desultory and *suggestive* manner, to retell the already oft told tale.

REIGN—LOUIS XV.—DATE 1753.

TIME,—EVENING.

A young man, shabbily dressed with his head bowed down, walks with restless activity the streets of Paris.

His dress ill accords with the splendour of the streets through which he passes, nor do the allurements of the imitative arts seem to attract his attention, though it is the most luxurious age of the world, and every mansion he passes is prodigal in its display of the most costly and precious gems of art.

Yet he cannot be insensible or phlegmatic, for ever and anon, as he raises his head, we see under densely shaggy eye-brows an eye that flashes, with a pent up genius—It is easy to see however, that he has not yet wrung from the world, the meed of praise which his genius deserves, but that he is determined to do, or die, is told by the fixed and heroic expression of the mouth, and, as we study the face which can only be seen now and again, when he for a moment raises his head and takes, as it were, a "sniff of mundane affairs, we cannot at once determine whether, if fortune should smile upon him, he would thrive under her too often enervating influence. Yet the width of brow and length of head, seem to betoken determination and energy, while the fitful smile and now, and again the fierce baffled look, which flashes across his face, speak of passions of no ordinary force, and not easy of control. It is a face which once seen is not easily forgotten, and one that makes us long to know more of the life and history of its possessor.

That his course through life has been eventful we are sure, but what the events are we are allowed only to conjecture. The spell is however upon us, and we follow him till he comes to the Opera

House, where he enters at the Green-room door, and is lost to our view.

From the placard on the walls of the Opera House, we see that the "*piece de resistance*," in the "*Devin du Village*" is to be played, that it is its first representation, and that the King of France, Louis XV., and scandal whispers, his mistress Madame de Pompadour, the greatest wit, and most accomplished woman of the times, are going to be present, that the composer, who is yet young, is also to be there, and that this is his first introduction to a Parisian audience.

Introductory music ceases, the King enters, yes, scandal is right, Madame de Pompadour accompanies him. The audience rises, salutes the King, and with a second ovation to his companion resume their seats. In two minutes more the curtain will rise, and as our eyes wander round the house, they light upon the face which has excited our curiosity, strained and waiting with an eager, hungry, yet fearful expression, looking earnestly for the rising of the curtain. Something seems to say this is the composer himself, and as the curtain slowly rises we feel sure of the fact, for we mark how impatient he is at the actors, whom he thinks do not render justice to the parts assigned them, (what authors ever did) and as some silly women render their feeble praise, he turns round and looks at them, as if they were angels instead of insensate dolls. He is not used to the presence of royalty, and wonders that the applause does not come, forgetting that it is a breach of etiquette in the divine presence of Kings, and thoroughly disheartened he rushes from the house to the poor attic in which he lodges, and throws himself upon the trundle bed, thoroughly tired of life, feeling a second Ishmael, as if every man's hand were against him, and he in return could defy every man.

As we turn our gaze from the seat just vacated by the composer, our glance rests upon the royal box, and we can easily perceive that the piece is a success. The King is in ecstasies, while the face of De Pompadour seems bathed in sunlight and her eyes, (that friends and enemies alike acknowledge are the most fascinating

which ever graced mortal woman) fair dances with enjoyment at the intense luxury of harmony which has been deluged upon her ear. The King beckons an attendant and sends him to bring the composer, and finding he had left the Theatre, a messenger is despatched to the poor, lonely, desolate, heart-broken composer, with the command that he should appear before the king. Words cannot express the revolution of feeling that came over this *Bohemian* and *Republican* as he appears before the king, who is no shabby Brunswick, Hanoverian George who would pat such an one on the back and slip a half crown piece into his hand, but a royal and generous Bourbon, who gives him one hundred louis, out of a purse anything but well lined. And Madame de Pompadour, is she less generous than her royal protector? not a whit! She dives her fair hand into her satchel and produces the last 50 louis piece she possesses, and presents it with a queenly grace to the young man, whom she makes feel as if she were receiving the favor, not he. She who was counted covetous in all else, (we believe most unworthily), whenever it was a question of encouraging art, was the ever ready and kind friend of genius, disregarded and despised, toiling patiently and hopefully on, knowing its latent abilities, but lacking the opportunity of convincing the world, which is always incredulous of genius, which it pities and treats like an amiable madman, until the flame becomes too powerful, and its divinity springs into being, defying alike time and space, and compelling men to fall down and pay worthy homage at its feet. And she, Mrs. Grundy, who had piously shrugged her shoulder and puckered her mouth into a gesture of half pity and contempt, falls upon her knees, and pays that which she before despised, the most fullsome of adulation. But while we thus moralize, we are keeping our hero looking with mute amazement and admiration at the woman who fascinated alike voluble Courtiers, grim statesmen, and, rumour even asserts, solemn dignitaries of the church. His admiration however gives way to gratitude when she, the greatest actress of the age, offers to act the part of *Colin* at Bellevue, her re-

ence so frequented by the wits of this most witty age, and from that time, *Colin* became the height of fashion, and our hero, whose name our readers have already guessed,—Jean Jacques Rousseau,—no longer had to contend with a world incredulous of his genius.

* * * * *

Success came, and for twenty years he drank of its intoxicating cup, and then came the bitter end.

* * * * *

The suicide sleeps until the trump of the archangel shall sound, but the fruits of his genius ever live.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

ANTIPODEAN REMINISCENCES.

ARRIVAL AT MELBOURNE.

BY "GRAPH."

Nearly twenty years ago, a low state of health rendered it advisable for me to make a long voyage to some more congenial climate, and, as at that time reports were constantly arriving, of the fabulous riches of the great Southern Eldorado, my mind was soon made up to go there in search of health, and at the same time, as opportunity offered, pick up some of the superfluous golden stones that were supposed to be lying about everywhere, waiting for anybody to gather them who would only stoop down for the purpose: thus, as the old saying is, "killing two birds with one stone." I therefore propose giving you Canadian readers a series of "Reminiscences," descriptive of the adventures and hardships of the earlier seekers for gold in that far off and then comparatively unknown land.

It was on a lovely spring morning, about the first of September, 185— that we obtained our first view of the "promised land." The sun rose from the broad bosom of the Pacific, as if his night's peaceful slumber there had invigorated his energies, not a cloud obscured the clear rich blue of the Australian sky, scarcely a ripple disturbed the surface of that element through which our gallant little ship had ploughed so far, and, with just breeze enough to give her steerage way, we

rounded to, beneath Cape Otway, waiting to see what probability there was of our obtaining the services of a pilot to take us through the narrow and difficult entrance leading into Port Philip.

What a noble sight it was on that fine spring morning! Far as the range of vision extended, East, South, and West, more than thirty vessels were in sight, all with their prows steadily set toward the same point; each crowding on every stitch of canvass, in order, if possible, to arrive first at the common goal, as if they feared that all the hidden treasures would be abstracted before they could participate in the eager search; while to the North, in the bight between Cape Otway and French Islands, at least a dozen large ships were before us, pressing forward to the Heads, each trying to be there first to secure one of the supposed indispensable pilots, of whom it was suspected there would not be sufficient to meet the unprecedented demand.

Carrying on under easy sail, we arrived about five o'clock in the evening, off the mouth of the harbour, in the midst of quite a fleet, and here to, while our Captain boarded the "*Commodore*,"—which had just received her pilot after waiting for a week—in order to see what prospect we had of being taken into port within a reasonable time. On his return, calling all the passengers on the quarter-deck, he informed us, that we should have to wait at least ten days, before we could obtain the services of a pilot; but looking around the horizon which, toward the South-east began to assume rather a threatening appearance, he said, that if we were prepared to hazard the consequences in so far as they might affect ourselves, he was determined to run the ship in without the aid of a pilot, in preference to risking her outside, subject to the dangers of the usual spring storms and a lee shore.

Of course we were all very anxious to be once more on *terra firma*, and therefore, with the exception of a few timid ones, gave our unanimous consent to the proposition: on which he once more went on board the other ship to make his final arrangements for carrying out the hazardous venture thus determined upon. He returned, as night was setting in, with the

intelligence that he had arranged matters satisfactorily with the Captain of the "Commodore" who was to keep a light in one of the stern windows, unknown to the pilot, giving us the option of following or not as we pleased.

As the tide would not be full until eleven o'clock, our Captain had plenty of time in which to put his ship in proper trim for the occasion. Furling all sail except the fore and main top-sails, spanker and jib we, to use nautical phraseology, "stood off and on," keeping as near to the "Commodore" as we could, without attracting too much attention and anxiously waiting for the vessel to start direct for the dangerous entrance before us. About this time also the moon rose, casting every now and then, as she shone between the heavy broken clouds, a fitful and uncertain light over the scene, and, as the wind was gradually rising with the prospect of a heavy "blow" before morning, our anxiety to be safe within the Heads was increasing every hour.

Shortly after ten o'clock, we heard the orders given in the other ship, and as soon as her stern came within the line of vision, lo! our beacon light was there as promised. Immediately our Captain sprang on the fore-castle to con the vessel's course and he quickly gave his orders, "Haul in the weather-braces," "Port your helm" and ready was the answer, "ay, ay, sir, port it is," and off we went in full pursuit. In about an hour we were abreast of Port Nepean and sufficiently near the other ship to be able in the dim obscurity to note her slightest change of course. On she went in charge of a skilful mariner, who apparently had no more uncertainty, than if he were navigating the streets of a well lighted city, and we plunged blindly forward in her wake. It was however while passing through the "Rip" i e, the narrow entrance between "Point Nepean" and "Shortlands Bluff," that we ran the greatest danger and realized the most intense anxiety, for the moon becoming more than usually obscured, we did not notice as promptly as was desirable a change in the "Commodore's" course, and in two minutes more our ship would have been on the same reef on which a few years later the ill-fated "Sa-

cramento" was lost, had it not been for the care and skill of our gallant Captain. "Port your helm," "hard a-port" he called in quick succession, and sharp was the answer "ay, ay, sir, hard it is," as the vessel slowly sheered off and passed safely the dangerous spot.

In another hour we had passed the "Swan Spit" light, and the morn having attained sufficient altitude to render our sight more certain, we soon discovered the line of buoys, marking out the channel: thus making our future course easier and less dangerous. We now began to breathe freely, and our congratulations to the Captain were such as his skill well merited.

Having a clearly defined channel before us and being a much faster sailor than our useful pioneer, whose invaluable services were no longer required, we became impatient to arrive at the end of our long voyage; so shaking out more sail we very soon left her behind, exchanging as we passed, several verbal courtesies, such as bidding them good bye with a promise to report their safe arrival, and various others not usually heard by ears polite. Passing each other within easy hailing distance the pilot on board of the "Commodore" gave vent to his over-wrought feeling of indignation, at our imprudence in daring to enter the harbour without a pilot of our own, in a nautical "blessing" much more emphatic than elegant, in spite of which, however, we arrived quite safe in Hobson's Bay, about an hour after day-light, and thus our voyage was brought to a close.

What a marvellous change has been wrought within a comparatively short time in Melbourne and all its surroundings. Then, where the thriving port of Sandwich now stands with its fine railway piers and extensive wharfage, only one house stood on what was called in those days Liardits Beach and I well remember how a few of us landed in a shore boat after breakfast on the morning of our arrival in order to make a short-cut overland to the City before finally leaving the ship. Then the whole distance from the beach to the city, about three miles, was an open waste without the slightest evidence, or intimation of the presence

of man beyond a few cart wheel tracks; now the towns of Sandridge and Emerald Hill are fast approaching each other, and the latter will soon form a junction with the suburbs of the southern metropolis. Then all communication between the city and harbor was by means of the narrow and tortuous river, Yarra-Yarra, which, after a devious course of six or seven miles, falls into the upper end of Hobson's Bay; and all the imports of the country had to be introduced through the tedious and expensive process of lighterage, now the ships lay alongside the railway pier and cargoes are lifted direct from the hold into the trucks without any change whatever.

The day after our arrival in port, our Captain had completed his arrangements to land the passengers, and just before noon, a dirty black little Steamer came snorting and puffing alongside, on the deck of which we all gathered, to be taken up the river to Melbourne. That steamboat! Shade of Fulton, or who ever else it really was who conceived the useful invention, to think that the result of his creative thought should have been so travestied by the filthy little craft beneath our feet. Never shall I forget the concentrated contempt of my fellow passengers, all of whom, Americans and Canadians, bore fresh in their memories the remembrance of the splendid lake and river steamboats of this continent. How they did ridicule the "dirty little tub" and all connected with it. And then the manner in which the "little tub" was navigated, what a fund of amusement that short trip up the river furnished us for our future evening gatherings around the camp fires.

Let me attempt a feeble description of this specimen of colonial naval architecture. Undoubtedly it was not of the form technically termed "Clipper built" and were it not for the presence of a rudder, we should at first sight have had some difficulty in deciding which end ought to go first. The engine being below deck, of which there was only one, the engineer was consequently out of sight, and all communications between the Captain and him were made through the medium of a boy stationed at the open

hatchway, whose duty it was to echo the official orders from the Captain on the bridge, which consisted of a single plank, to the engineer beneath. These orders seldom if ever exceeded the following,— "Go ahead," "Ease her," "Stop her" and "Stern ahead" and though none of them were specially of a nautical character, yet they each possessed the merits of bearing a very obvious meaning and needing no explanation. Ye whales and little fishes, only imagine our fine steamer the "City of Toronto" being navigated under such conditions. If Noah had possessed the same motive power for his celebrated boat, I am quite sure he would have discovered before two days were over some readier means of making known his wishes to Ham in the engine room.

To our American fellow passengers this evident deficiency of constructive skill was undoubtedly attributable to the sad fact that the country was now groaning under the frightful tyranny of the British Government, at the bare thought of which the free republican soul of Mr. Nicodemus Smalljanus, a gentleman from the Nutmeg State, was so exercised that he mounted the capstan of the steamer and announced a new era as having dawned, with our advent upon this benighted land. He declared that before five years were over the country would cast off the hated yoke and claim the protection of that glorious republic of which he was so worthy a citizen, and that in him (that is Mr. S.) we beheld the future first President of the great republic of the South. Great cheering followed in the midst of which we arrived in front of the city and were landed upon the muddy banks of the river, where we all separated to our respective temporary lodgings and from that day to this I never saw or heard again of our "future first President of the great Southern Republic."

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

NORSEMEN.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M.D., PRINCETON, ONT.

We read somewhere that modes of thought, or in other words education,

affects climate, and climate, the physique of the inhabitants, either for good or evil. Education and intelligence drain marshes and choke off miasma—clear forests and level mountains—drain cesspools and ventilate by-lanes, and thus improve health and morals and manliness. This to a certain extent is true, but I have often thought that isothermal lines might indicate different conditions of men, as well as different temperatures. The climatic lines drawn by the thermometer are really boundaries for differences in humanity, independent of nationality. The temperate zone produces the more perfect man, in all his parts; and the further north in that zone, the higher is the mentality, the more powerful is the physical frame and the more enduring is the nervous force. We do not lay out this zone by distance from the equator, but, by the degrees of heat or cold: for the mountains of Afghanistan, Upper India, Circassia, Switzerland, can be classified to be in the same zone as Wales or the Highlands of Scotland. All these cold countries, wherever they may be, produce a hardy race; and even level countries, if they possess an invigorating climate may be classified in the list. Hot climates enervate, cold climates brace up. The Torrid Zone deprives the human system of torosity, the moderate gives recuperative power and increased vitality. The former gives flaccidity to muscle, but the latter gives cumulative strength. The former destroys sustained efforts of the brain, but the latter is constantly bringing to the rescue, on life's battle-field, powerful reserves. The former scarcely ever permits the mind to rise above mediocrity, but the latter has produced brain power whose manifestations in literature, art, science, and on the gory field, as well as in the political arena, are the heritage of immortality. As conquerors, the northern nations have a wonderful record. Greece might have its petty jealousies, Athens might vex Sparta, and Bœtian Thebes, look in proud disdain on Corinth, and schisms, heartburnings and intestine wars might be the order of the day, but all had one bond of union, and that was being Greeks. No sooner did the *Southern* Persians display their glittering spears and burnished

shields on the European side of the Hellespont, than minor differences were forgotten; and shoulder to shoulder and foot to foot they showed a noble heroism: for the bloody gates of Thermopylae, the gory plains of Marathon, and the ensanguined waves of Salamis told to the wondering nations, that Greece was living Greece still. But, mark the sequel, victory made it eliminate and the hardy *Northern* Macedonians swept it with the besom of destruction, until "none so poor as do it reverence." Rome, the home of the stately, prosaic and stern, rose by absorption from a small city to be the mistress of the world. The *Southern* Carthaginians almost knocked for admission at their gates, yet Roman hands finally sowed over Carthage, the salt of desolation. But its day of doom came, and the *Northern* Gauls, athletic, brave "giants upon the earth" put their heels upon the necks of the conquerors, whose Empire stretched from Britannia to beyond the Ganges, and from Mount Atlas to the walls of Antinus. The Gauls had their conquerors in the still more northern, Scandinavians or Hanoverians. The fiery Danes carried fire and sword and victory into England. The Normans followed at his heels, and after many a bloody battle Scotland remained unconquered. Bonaparte found his match in Moscow, and in British troops at Waterloo. In the recent struggle in the United States, the splendid muscle of the northern troops told against a brave foe, and were it not for the strong right arm of those southern sons of the mountains of Western Virginia, Kentucky, Georgia, Tennessee and other rugged districts, the struggle would have been of short duration. Prussia has at the present time a race of Teutons which must, other things being equal, conquer in the end its more southern neighbours. Canadians are the Norsemen of the continent and have the mental power and muscle and courage that can conquer equality and repeal superiority. The mighty eagle of the *South* may flap one wing in the Atlantic and daintily dip the other in the Pacific, and open its capacious maw for southern prey, but if it spreads the gorgeous plumage of its tail north of its legitimate domain, a truncated

appendage may be the result, which will not add to the beauty of the noble bird.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THEIR PAST HISTORY AND FUTURE DESTINY.

(BY G. VICTOR LE VAUX, F.C.T.)

(Formerly Professor of Geology, Merston College, England.)

There are strange fascinations about the Falls of Niagara, which every visitor feels, and but few can resist. The longer we gaze on these mighty Cascades, the longer we would wish to gaze; the more frequently we visit them, the more earnest is our desire to increase the number of our visits, and to prolong our stay; when we turn to leave, we unconsciously look behind again and again to take a "last fond look" at the scenes we love so well; we look back on "the mighty front" of Niagara as upon the face of a dear familiar friend: it irresistibly draws us back when we would leave—it allures us to return; we are enticed, enchanted, fascinated; and again we linger on its classic shores, finding it almost impossible to turn our backs on such beauty, such power—upon the high priest of Nature who speaks to us of other worlds, and day and night offers up a never ending sacrifice of incense and praise to the Creator of the universe. Standing on its shores we imagine that the great and good of other ages speak to us from "amidst the roar," whilst the dear departed friends of our early days look out and smile upon us from amidst that ethereal cloud—that impenetrable veil fringed with the rainbow—which shades the mysteries of the awful Cataract from the outer world. Then we experience our own insignificance, a feeling of utter loneliness steals over us, a pleasing sleep seems to enshroud us. We forget the present, and have no recollection of the past or anxiety for the future. Oblivious of earthly things, we look across that gulf which separates this world from the next, and a fancy mingle with its happy "incumbents;" again our eye reverts to the shin-

ing flood, a strange power impels us to jump over the precipice and join in the "dreadful revelry;" we step nearer the verge and in doing so awake to consciousness. We remember we are mortal and the pleasing spell is broken. We retreat from the abyss and yet, like Lot's wife, we would fain return. Can we wonder that, in days gone by, the red men of the forest sacrificed to the Great Spirit of the Falls, and regarded the vicinity as "holy ground."

The history of Niagara Falls is clearly and indelibly written on the rocks, though to some extent shrouded in mystery. The hieroglyphics of this classic region are more legible than those upon any Egyptian monument. Here Nature has been her own recording scribe. Man may mis-interpret, mis-understand, or mis-apply her records, but the writings are immutable. In studying her works—especially those of olden time—we should pursue our investigations and advance our inductions with all due humility. Her language may be difficult to understand, just now, but in due time she, herself, will furnish us with a key whereby we can correctly interpret her immutable writings.

In the following sheets we have returned to advance some ideas, that may be new to the scientific student as well as to the general reader. The ideas alluded to are the results of considerable investigation; and should any one be inclined to question our theory, we venture to express our hope that he will be pleased to submit that which, in his judgment, is more probable or more correct.

In former ages the whole of Upper Canada, and a considerable portion of the adjoining states were under water, and formed the bed of a vast lake or inland sea, more than three times the size of Hudson Bay. The surplus waters of this lake escaped to the sea *via* the St. Lawrence. In doing so they thundered over a Cataract of much greater width and height than the modern Falls of Niagara. Ages past away and at last Upper Canada slowly rose above the waters. The Niagara River then came into existence, being at first a broad, shallow channel devoid of falls or rapids. During the

early ages of this period the waters of Ontario were on a level with the escarpment at Queenston, being between two and three hundred feet higher than at present. The Country between this line of cliffs and the shore was a portion of the ancient bed of the lake.

Other ages past away during which the Falls of the St. Lawrence gradually disappeared. As they diminished in height the lake diminished in area and depth, until its waters attained their present level.

As these ancient Falls disappeared in time past, so will those of the Niagara disappear in time to come—when its waters leave eaten their way back to Lake Erie. More than two thirds of the bed of that lake will then become dry land, and falls will, in all probability, be formed in the Detroit River. In the course of other ages a gorge similar to that between the Falls and Queenston will be formed in that and the St. Clair Rivers. Then Lake Huron will be contracted in dimension, as the lakes Ontario and Erie were.

As the Falls of St. Lawrence disappeared those of Niagara came into existence at Queenstown; and as the level of Ontario decreased, the height of the newly formed Cataract increased.

The Niagara River flows over two flat table-lands. One of these is of considerable extent, embracing large portions of Ontario and the adjoining states. It terminates suddenly in an abrupt line of Cliffs at Queenstown or Lewiston, where the second table land commences. The latter extends all round the shores of Lake Ontario, its breadth varying from a few feet to several mil.s. The escarpment which forms the line of demarcation between these table lands was, as aforesaid, the former shore of the lake. The waters of Ontario were then many yards higher than they are at present, and on their way to the sea tumbled over falls in the St. Lawrence which were of greater altitude than are those of Niagara. The Lachine Rapids may be the modern representation of these "defunct" cataracts. Lake Erie, situated in a depression of the first, and larger of the two table-lands alluded to, had then an elevation of about

220 feet more than Lake Ontario. That is to say, the Niagara River from its source in Erie to its termination in Ontario, had a descent (plus a small fall at Queenston) of more than 70 yards. There were then no Falls in the Niagara River, but as the level of the Lake decreased the Falls at Queenston increased in height from a few feet to more than one hundred yards. There are numerous indications on either bank of the existence of an ancient River bed, more than 300 feet above the water mark in the present gorge. The shores of this original channel can be easily traced along the line of the River; and the soil on their margins contain shells of creatures of the same species as those which may still be found in the waters of the Upper Niagara. The river at that time was on an average, about a mile wide, or about eleven times its present width below the Falls. The following table exhibits the probable descent of the River in former times compared with that of the present day.

ANCIENT.		MODERN.	
Descent from Erie to Queenston	160 ft	Descent to Chippewa	15 ft
Fall at Queenston	60	Thence to Falls	40
Total	220	Falls	165
Ontario higher than at present	100	Thence to Ont.	100
Total	320	Total	320

Before the Falls of the Niagara had eaten their way back to any considerable distance from Queenstown, the Falls of the St. Lawrence had totally disappeared, or nearly so, and the waters of Ontario rushed away to the sea until the lake had contracted to its present dimensions. While the area of the lake was thus becoming less and its waters more shallow a series of rapids and cataracts appeared in the Niagara river between Queenston and the lake. The sandstone rocks which formed these cataracts, being of a soft nature, were rapidly worn away by the action of the water. They therefore gradually overtook the upper falls, because the strata of which they were composed were of a harder and more compact nature than those of the former. After some time the action of the water and spray

caused the softer formation to crumble away along the whole base of the precipice, just as it does now at the base of the present Falls, but to a much greater extent. The overlying stratum, over which the water thundered, being of a hard, compact nature, remained comparatively unaffected. As a necessary result, it projected over the boiling caldron beneath, like the leaf of a table, and fell from time to time from the united effects of its own weight and that of the waters, it having no support below. As the Falls receded other strata became in turn the basis of the group and the recipient of Niagara's thundering tide. This followed as a necessary result of the dip to the south of the compound strata. Hard strata retarded the retrogression and soft ones favored it; so that the retrograde movement varied in speed as the rocks over which, and on which, it fell varied in composition. The stratum, on which the waters now fall, is a grey limestone formation, and those on which they act with the greatest effect are the overlying formations of calcareous shale. Overlying them are some limestone strata of a hard and compact nature. The stratum which is now at the top of the series and over which the waters roll into the abyss beneath is probably the hardest of the series. It is capable of resisting erosion to a very considerable degree. As aforesaid, the strata immediately underlying it are comparatively soft and yield easily to the action of the frost and spray. They gradually crumble away and the super-incumbent rock, being therefore pressed by the water above and left unsupported below, falls in huge masses from time to time, into the boiling caldron beneath. This process continued from day to day and year to year, is continually altering the appearance of the Falls.

The rate of retrogression is a matter of much dispute. In fact, from the causes alluded to, it is very irregular. The Canadian or Horse-shoe fall, receded five feet during the year 1867, at the point of greatest erosion. The average for a distance of more than two-thirds of its front, was about three feet. On either side of this space its retrogression varied from two feet to 0. Since then (now nearly 3

years) their total retrogression along the "front" alluded to, has not exceeded six feet. This would seem to indicate that the present rate of retrogression is very irregular and less than three feet per annum. We ascertained these facts by taking points along the front of the precipice and driving iron pins into the ground at various places, in Goat Island and on the Canadian shore, these pins (each set consisting of three rods) being in line with each other, and with one of the points aforesaid, on the verge of the precipice. Some of the pins were removed, but from those remaining, making due allowance for the variations in the volume of water, we were enabled to come to the foregoing conclusion. The volume of water passing over the precipice is much thicker, or deeper, than it was in 1868 or 1867, yet the gross height of the water and precipice remains unaltered. This would seem to indicate that the river bed has, in the meantime, suffered from erosion.

The retrogression in the American Falls has been remarkable in one or two places, but with these exceptions it is imperceptible.

In about 3000 years the Falls will have passed the "three sisters" on the one side, and the site of the present residence of Mr. Street M. P., on the other. They will then be at the site of the Rapids, and although the sea level of the precipice will be higher than at present, yet will the Falls be lower. The gorge or ravine will be formed along the Canadian shore. Its future site is well marked at present. It is much lower than the bed of the river elsewhere, although, strange to say, the waters are much higher than on either side. The rapidity neutralizes, to a certain extent, the tendency of the waters to seek their own level. The waters in this channel, from the rapids to the Falls, are literally "piled up in heaps," so that their average height is six inches greater than that of those less subject to the potent influence of the current. As the friction of the stream grooves out and deepens the channel, and as the Horse shoe recedes, the rush of water to the Canada Falls will become greater and greater, and at last the American Falls will disappear altogether. Three thous-

and years hence, there will be but one cataract, and its height will be less than that of the modern Falls.

Certain appearances in the face and surface of the rocks, on either side of the present gorge, seem to indicate that since the Falls came into being, their number from time to time, varied from one to half-a-dozen. There are three at present, including the Luna Fall, and when Niagara was discovered in 1678 by Father Hennepin, there were four cataracts. At that time a fourth Fall thundered over the precipice between the present margin and the site of the museum, on the Canada side. Table rock was part of this precipice. About eight thousand years ago the river fell in one unbroken sheet, over a precipice of 350 feet high, into what is now called "the whirlpool." Receding from this place they "divided in twain" but again united, when they had reached a point about half-a-mile above the Suspension bridge. During all this time the site of the towns of Niagara Falls were covered with water. The river was shallow and broad, and its current, comparatively speaking, not very rapid. Goat Island was then under water, and the adjoining shores were densely wooded. The current of that day heaped huge piles of sand and drift wood on the Canadian shore. It swept over the plateau on either side of the present gorge and fell in one unbroken sheet, as aforesaid, over the precipice which was then situated near the site of Bender's Cave, half-a-mile from Clifton bridge. As the river eat its way backward, the Falls became wider, and of less height, but the channel became deeper and the current more rapid. Goat Island and the site of Niagara Falls' City gradually appeared above the waters, and were soon decked with trees, &c. Goat Island at that time was a portion of the mainland. The river gradually receded until it had passed the site of Riddle's stairs—about the centre of Goat Island. About that time an unusually severe winter, or series of winters, occurred. In the spring the channel above the falls became blocked up with ice; "Gull Island" and a few smaller *confreres* forming "the resting points" which enabled the "ice bridge" to resist the enorm-

ous pressure from above. Still, the ice accumulated, and still the waters rose, and the country above the falls was inundated. The waters overflowed their banks and swept down to the gorge below, over the site of "the Niagara Falls city." They swept away the encumbent earth rocks, etc., and though soon reduced in width and strength, they gradually fashioned out a new channel nearly as broad as the original one. Thus were the falls again divided, and Goat Island, higher than the American shore, was separated from the main land. However, as the original channel was still lower than the new one, the greatest body of water continued to flow over it, and its recession was in proportion to the volume of water. The American falls did not come into existence until the Canadian Falls had eaten their way back to within a few hundred feet of their present site. These facts show how it has happened that the recession of the latter is so much in advance of that of the former.

The rocks carried over the site of Niagara Falls city by the ice and water occasionally made deep grooves (parallel to the current) in the underlying stratum. These grooves are frequently exposed during the sinking of foundations for buildings, and form an interesting study. Until quite recently large quantities of boulders carried down by the ice from the upper lakes, were piled along the shores of the ancient river bed. They have been used for building purposes, and but few now remain. Some of them were granite and sandstone, but the greater number were limestone. The mass of a granite boulder on the Canadian shore—half a mile below the new suspension bridge and about forty yards from the river—exceeds 2,000 cubic feet. It is said that a much larger one reposed on the verge of the precipice some years ago. These granite boulders were probably transported from the northern shores of Lake Huron.

Mr. Hall, late State Geologist, New York, judging by the dip of the river north, (15 feet per mile) and the dip of the State south, affirms that there is a diminution of forty feet in the height of the Falls for every mile they recede to the south. Recent investigations confirm the

truth of the statement.

The rock, exposed in the gorge are all of the middle Silurian formation and exhibit every variety of composition. Some are extremely hard and compact, and some quite the reverse. The component strata are of different thickness and overly each other like a number of boards placed one over the other. They have a dip to the south of 25 feet in a mile or about one foot in every 70 yards. This dip and the variety exhibited in the composition of the respective strata have caused the retrogression of the Falls to be very irregular during the ages past, and will have the same effect during the long ages to come.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

IMPRESSIONS FROM GOETHE.

IN THREE PARTS.

First :- *A Glance at the German and German Literature.*

BY W. F. MUNRO,

It was Jean Paul Richter who playfully said, that Providence had given to the French the empire of the land, to the English that of the sea, and to the Germans that of the *air*. Richter could hardly have imagined that the needle-gun, in the hands of his countrymen, and in the space of two short months, would have turned the beginning of his pleasant fiction into as complete an hyperbole as the end was intended to be.

There is another *jeu d'esprit* about the Germans, conceived in the same spirit, and not requiring particular qualification, as follows:—"A Frenchman, an Englishman and a German were commissioned to give the world the benefit of their views, on that interesting animal, the camel. Away goes the Frenchman to the *Jardin des Plantes*, spends an hour there in rapid investigation, returns, and writes an account of the animal, in which there is no phrase the academy can blame, but also, no phrase which adds to the general knowledge. He is perfectly satisfied, however, and says, this is an exact representation of the camel:—

"The Englishman packs up his tea-caddy and a magazine of comforts, pitches his tent in the east, remains there two years, studying the camel in its habits, and returns with a thick volume of facts, arranged without order, expounded without philosophy, but serving as valuable materials for all who came after him. The German despising the frivolity of the Frenchman, and the unphilosophic matter-of-factness of the Englishman, retires to his study, there to construct the idea of a camel, *from out of the depths of his moral consciousness*, and he is still at it.

The meaning of all this is simply that the Germans have a tendency to idealism, a tendency to look into nature for a deeper or higher meaning than she carries in her face, to disregard matter or form as the mere body, or as a rude hieroglyphic of the spirit. This tendency is also characterised by the words subjective, mystic, spiritualistic, the co-relatives of which are well known; against idealism stands realism, against the subjective tendency we have the objective. Rationalism is opposed to mysticism, and materialism to spiritualism. Writers like the French Michelet, whom John Stuart Mill calls a subjective historian, have much to say on the inherent and indelible influence of race, both on the character and destiny of nations, and go far back in the past in order to trace the birth of national life. Contrasting the Celts with the Germans, Michelet says of the later:—

"Last of the savage races which overflowed Europe, the Germans were the first to introduce the spirit of independence, the thirst for *individual* freedom. That bold and youthful spirit that youth of man, who feels himself strong and free in a world which he appropriates to himself in anticipation—in forests of which he knows not the bounds—on a sea which wafts him to unknown shores; that spring of the unbroken horse which bears him to the steppes, and the Pampas, all worked in Alaric, when he swore that an unseen power impelled him to the gates of Rome. That same spirit of personal freedom, of unbounded individual pride, shines in all their writings—

it is the invariable characteristic of the German theology and philosophy. Attila deliberating whether he should overthrow the empire of the east or west-England, aspiring to overspread the Western and Southern hemispheres, reveals that mingled spirit of poetry and adventure, from which the whole idealism of the Germans has taken its rise. In their robust race is combined the heroic spirit and the wandering instinct—they unite alone the Iliad and the Odyssey of modern times."

Perhaps you will excuse a further reference to the Germans in general, from another French writer of less subjective tendencies than Michelet. Madame De Stael in her celebrated work, *De L'Allemagne*, writes substantially as follows:—"The Germans are a just, constant, and sincere people, with great power of imagination and reflection without brilliancy in society, or address in affairs, slow in action, adventurous in speculation, often uniting enthusiasm for the elegant arts, with little progress in the manners and refinements of life, more capable of being inflamed by opinions than by interests; obedient to authority rather from an orderly and mechanical character, than from servility, too prone in the relations of domestic life to substitute fancy and feeling, for position only; not unfrequently combining a natural character with artificial manners, and much real feeling with affected enthusiasm, often exposing themselves to derision, when, with their grave and clumsy honesty, they attempt to copy the lively and dexterous profligacy of their southern neighbours."

The genius of the Celts, and above all, of the Gauls is vigorous and fruitful, strongly inclined to material enjoyments, in other words they are more realistic than the Germans, or as a Kantist would say, the French are of all European nations the most gifted with understanding, and the most destitute of reason.

The Germans are just the opposite. But the nation which is used as a standing contrast to the Germans, is the Greek, of classic history. The Greeks were thorough realists. Unlike the Semitic nations, they never attained to more

than a child's conception of deity. They, too, were an understanding not a reasoning race in a Kantian sense, they never invented anything, but everything they touched they brought to perfection. The present to them was what the life to come is to the Christian, their representative hero Achilles would rather labour on earth, toiling in the fields, than sway the sceptre in Hades. I am aware that of late very successful attempts have been made to disprove the theories of Buckle, Michelet, and other subjective writers, as to the essential difference of races—and I am inclined to accept all sweeping generalizations on this subject with a large amount of reserve. We know that if the Greeks began with Homer as realists, they ended with Plato and the Alexandrian school of writers, as the most exalted of idealists. On the other hand, the Germans in the early ages showed as much attachment to nature and to sensuous pleasure, as ever the Greeks did. The Minnesingers sang the joys of love and life with true Hellenic feeling. Their great national epos, the *Nibelungen Lied*, is as thoroughly pagan and realistic as the Iliad. The doctrine of the worthlessness of the world and the nothingness of life troubled the German warriors of the 13th century, as little as it did the followers of Agamemnon. And coming down to modern times, if we find Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel and Schleiermacher, stand out as the representatives of idealism, we also find Lessing and Goethe as the embodiment of an opposite realism.

The literature of Germany is perhaps the most characteristic possessed by any European nation. It has the important peculiarity of being the first which had its birth in an enlightened age. It is a singular fact that the country to which we are indebted for the art of printing, for the invention of gunpowder, and for the Protestant religion—the country of Copernicus and Kepler, of Luther and Leibnitz, had, to a comparatively recent period no writer in her own language known to the neighbouring nations. In the middle of the 18th century, however, when the materialism and atheism of Voltaire, D'Holbach and the Encyclope-

dists had overspread a great part of continental Europe, infecting Germany most of all, a great revolution began—a revolution almost as spirit-stirring as the one inaugurated by Luther. The nature of this revolution was still Protestant, as it had been in the 16th century. It was a protest against the predominance of French taste in literature, and against the letter of scripture in religion. The successor of Martin Luther in this struggle of the 18th century was Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, who may be said to have created a German prose, such as no writer on the whole has surpassed. With terrible wit and logic, Lessing attacked the ruling French taste in literature, and with more moderation, the letter of scripture in religion. For the next half century the course of German literature was wild and erratic. A studious and learned people, familiar with the poets of other nations, were, in the first simplicity of nature and feeling, too often tempted to pursue the singular, the excessive, and the monstrous. A metaphysical passion arose, stronger than had been known in Europe since the days of the scholastic philosophy. System succeeded system with the rapidity of fashions in dress. Metaphysical publications were as numerous as the political tracts which flooded France on the eve of the great revolution. Allusions to the most subtle speculations were common in the most trivial popular writings, and bold metaphors derived from their peculiar philosophy were familiar in common conversations, and in observations on literature and manners. The theology and philosophy of the Germans became associated in the minds of men with all that was lawless, absurd, and impious. But at length the metaphysical rage greatly subsided. The small circle of dispute respecting first principles must be always rapidly described, and the speculator who sets out with the idea that his course is infinite, soon finds himself at the point from which he began, or like the doomed host in pandemonium, reasoning high on fate, fine knowledge and absolute decree, finds no end in “wandering mazes lost.” German literature, by this means, however,

worked itself into originality; and religion emerged purified and sublimed. It is true that some of the more distinctive dogmas of evangelical belief, have been sacrificed. Neander, for instance, glories in the thought that the theology of Germany has abandoned what he calls the old mechanical view of inspiration, but we must not forget that Neander has given us one of the loftiest and purest conceptions of the Divine man that we have in the whole range of Christology, if I may be allowed the use of such a germanism. The *Leben Jesu* of Neander has long since supplanted the *Leben Jesu* of Strauss in the best minds of Germany.

It was at the commencement of this second epoch in the religious and literary history of Germany, that her greatest poet and thinker, Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe was born. Carlyle, Emerson, *et hoc genus omne*, claim for the German Goethe, that, next to our own Shakspeare, he is the first of modern poets. In our precise English way of speaking, we would never think of calling Goethe a didactic writer; and yet his great Scotch disciple and commentator just named, has ventured the assertion that the teachings of Goethe, embody the germ of a new dispensation for the world. Carlyle, deeply imbued with the German philosophy, may have acquired unconsciously some of the German extravagance of expression, and employed it in this instance, as unguardedly as when he gave his estimate of poor Quashee. To the amazement of Carlyle, however, Quashee is now a free man, and struggling hard in his simple way, to render himself worthy of freedom, and it is not at all improbable that the negro shall have attained a high degree of development before the German Goethe shall have fully vindicated his messiahship. An Englishman can never think of Goethe, but in connection with his ardent admirer and apologist, Thomas Carlyle, yet the more he knows of the characters of these great men, the more he will wonder that a connection could ever have existed between them. We partly acquiesce in Carlyle's hero-worship of Cromwell, Mirabeau, and Napoleon, but most people wonder at the homage which is demanded for the courtly, artistic, epicurean German, whose

laissez faire practice in regard to a world out of joint, stands in such ludicrous contrast to the stern, anxious menacing accents of the perfervid Scot. Emerson, the American panegyrist of Goethe, seems to be less blinded by the glare of his genius, although he rates it above that of most if not all other men. "The old eternal Genius who built the world," he says, "confided himself to this man more than to any other. I dare not say that Goethe ascended to the highest grounds from which genius has spoken. He has not worshipped the highest unity. He is incapable of a self-surrender to the moral sentiment. There are nobler strains in poetry than any he has sounded. There are writers poorer in talent, whose tone is purer and more touches the heart.

Goethe can never be dear to men. His is not even the devotion to pure truth, but to truth for the sake of culture. He has no aims less larger than the conquest of universal nature, of universal truth to be his portion. A man not to be bribed, nor deceived, nor overawed; of a stoical self-command and self-denial; and having one text for all men—what can you teach me? He is the type of culture, the amateur of all arts, sciences, and events; artistic, but not artist; spiritual, but not spiritualist. There is nothing he had not a right to know; there is no weapon in the armoury of universal genius he did not take into his hand; but with peremptory heed that he should not be for a moment prejudiced by his instruments. From him nothing was hid, nothing withholden. The lurking demons sat to him, the saint who saw the demons, and the metaphysical events took form."

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

THE LOSS OF THE "CAPTAIN."

BY J. G. MANLY JR.

Toll ! toll ! toll !

Let it be for England's dead ;
Still let the tones of sorrow roll
Down, down to ocean's bed.

Down, down, down,

Where the waves wash on the sands ;

Where sea-king Neptune makes his throne,
And the Mermaids rove in bands.

There five and twenty score
Of Britain's free-born sons
Lie low : they sank not 'mid the roar,
The deadly roll of guns.

They sank not in the flush
Of death's victorious pride,
These forms, o'er which the billows rush,
As they sleep side by side.

No sudden cannonade
The vessel's timbers shook.
No entrance was by broadside made
Through all her walls of oak.

Yet she is gone, is lost,
The tidings sad unfold,
Let the hands of silent grief be crossed
For Britain's seamen bold.

We mourn the buried ship,
O'er which the waters meet,
She lies where roving Mermaid's dip
Their softly-stirring feet.

Lead back the path of years,
And such another day
Recall, when Britain, bathed in tears
As now, in sorrow lay.

'Twas in the hour of night
When England's fleet did sail,
The bulwark of her ancient might.
All darkly grew the gale.

A sudden storm sprang up,
It raged and swept along,
It drowned earth's sense of joy and hope,
And laughed that it was strong.

It laughed as on it bore,
In its tempestuous might,
And like a knell, its wild-voiced roar
Rang in the ear of night.

Then came the dreadful scene,
To tell the tragic tale,
What heart, but would in sorrow lean?
What tongue, but what would fail?

Toll ! toll ! toll !

Toll for the untimely death,

Of those who lie where sea-waves roll,
Their emerald hues beneath.

Toll ! Toll ! Toll !

For cruel is the sea,
Its billows like stern conquerors roll
Their thunders in wild glee.

Toll ! toll ! toll !

Speak low the tidings dread,
Winds may not blow, nor billows roll,
Where rest not England's dead.

MR. PIMPLE'S OFFER.

(BY N. P. D.)

Miss Augusta Smith was wealthy. She owned the best farm in her neighbourhood, and what was more she took the entire charge of it. She might have been thirty-five, perhaps more. Of one thing I am certain, she never told her age.

She had been pretty when young. Perhaps she might have married then. As she told the story, she had had many offers, but I'm not so positive of that.

She came very near having an "offer" once. I am sure Miss Augusta was sure of that, too. I intend to tell you about it, though if she should find out that I had published the story, I cannot imagine what my fate would be.

Miss Augusta's house was built of brick and was painted red. It stood very near the road. A rail fence ran along the front of it. The cottage was only one story in height, but then there was plenty of room for Miss Augusta and her maid-servant. The hired man boarded in the village, as his mistress often said that she could not bear to have a man about the house. Of course she didn't like men. They were horrible to look upon, she said, and as for marrying one of them—

"Oh, my ! do you think I've no more respect for myself than to do such an awful thing?" she was fond of saying.

But you must know that right opposite Miss Augusta Smith's cottage stood a large square house, owned and occupied by Mr. Socrates Pimple.

Mr. Pimple was a very fine man, every one said. He owned the farm adjoining Augusta Smith's. His father and Au-

gusta's had been the best of friends. They'd traded dozens of times in the most neighbourly manner.

Old Mrs. Smith said that Augusta's heart was "set" on marrying Socrates ; and no one doubted the old lady's word. But, shortly after, Mr. Pimple brought a wife home from out of the neighbourhood.

Some said that it came very near breaking Augusta Smith's heart ; but so long as it didn't quite break, perhaps it was just as well.

However, Mrs. Pimple did not remain long in her new home. She died a year after her marriage, leaving a little daughter with Socrates.

So Mr. Pimple was a widower, and so he remained. He called often on Miss Augusta, and was always friendly ; but somehow or other he never came quite to the point, though many times Augusta felt sure there was something "right on the end of his tongue." But he always said "good night" before he could get that off.

In vain Miss Augusta had told Mr. Pimple how necessary it was that his little daughter should have some one that would be a mother to her : he never could understand her meaning exactly as she wished it to be taken.

His daughter was now fifteen ; rather too late perhaps, for a mother's influence to be of much service to her ; but still Miss Augusta never let an opportunity slip without speaking to Socrates about it.

I don't want to have you imagine that Miss Augusta would have undertaken to have been a mother to Mr. Pimple's daughter. By no means. Probably she never thought of marrying ; or, if she did, it must have been with great disgust ; because you know, she hated men.

But one night—I think it was Sunday, though I'll not be sure—as Miss Augusta Smith was sitting by the front window in the parlor, she saw Mr. Socrates Pimple come out of his house, and cross the road. He had on his Sunday clothes, and looked as neat and clean as if he had just emerged from the drawer. His new beaver glistened, and so did his boots. He had evidently put on an extra

polish on both. And Miss Augusta noticed all this, and of course her little heart was in a flutter.

She felt a premonition that her destiny was near. I haven't the slightest doubt that it was. It is certain, at least, that Mr. Socrates Pimple was near; for the next minute he rang the bell. I think he must have been very nervous, for I am sure the bell fairly trembled with his touch.

Miss Augusta opened the door, and Mr. Pimple said "good evening," and then followed the charming Augusta into the parlour.

He remarked that the weather was rather warm; and Miss Augusta agreed with him, taking his hat and handing him a chair.

"And how is your daughter?" asked Miss Augusta.

"Emily is quite well, I thank you," he answered.

"I do pity the poor dear girl," Augusta said.

"Yes; I propose to send her to school."

"To a boarding-school, Mr. Pimple?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps it would be a good plan. Does she wish to go?"

"Yes, she is quite anxious."

"And you will make preparations immediately. If she only had a mother now. Oh, Mr. Pimple, you can never understand a mother's influence in a family."

"Why I don't know," Mr. Pimple remarked. "I had a mother once."

"Yes, certainly. But it is different with girls from boys: they naturally look more to their father."

"Well, ahem! I"—Mr. Pimple was getting tired of the subject. "I came here, Miss Smith, to—make a proposal—ahem, ah—"

"Ah, indeed!"

Miss Augusta's eyes glistened. Her bosom heaved like unto the rolling ocean. Her breath came short and quick. She felt that the time had come.

"Why, you know, Mr. Pimple, that I—that is—well, ah, this has taken me quite by surprise.

"Yes," Mr. Pimple remarked, "I supposed it would. Though I've thought of

it for some time."

"Indeed! Why such an idea never entered my head, I'm sure, Mr. Pimple; although I always had a very good opinion of you, I'm sure."

And Miss Augusta blushed and looked simple.

Mr. Pimple began to look wild. He thought that there must be some misunderstanding. He didn't know how or why. He said as much.

"You don't understand me, I fear, Miss Smith."

She blushed again, while her beautiful eyes twinkled knowingly, and one little fairylike foot beat time to the throbbing of her tender heart, as she answered:

"Why, y-e-e-s, I think I do, Mr. Pimple. You wished to make a proposal of—"

"Certainly, I wished to propose, but I feared that—"

"You feared," said Miss Augusta, smiling lovingly upon her visitor. "How bashful he is!" aside.

"Why, yes; for I did not know how you might take it!"

"Could you not guess?" Miss Augusta asked, laying her hand tenderly upon his coat sleeve, and looking up into his face so affectionately.

There is no telling what might have followed if Miss Augusta's maid had not put her head in at the door just at that minute:

"Oh, Miss Smith! the cows is in the garden eatin' up all the cabbages!"

That started the pair immediately. Mr. Pimple went out to help Miss Augusta and the maid to get the cows back into the pasture. It took them some time, but they succeeded at last, and then returned to the house.

It is handy to have a man about the house, especially a farm house, and Miss Augusta had to confess it to herself.

Returning to the parlour, Mr. Pimple seated himself upon the sofa, and Miss Augusta took a seat beside him.

"What was it you were saying when we were interrupted?" asked that lady, looking up into Mr. Pimple's face so innocently.

"Why, Miss Smith," Mr. Pimple began, "you know your farm adjoins mine

"Of course," she replied, interrupting him, "there's a hundred and sixty acres in yours, and a hundred and twenty in mine; which would make two hundred and eighty, you know."

"Yes, together. But I—I had no idea of buying the whole."

Mr. Pimple looked wild.

"Why, no," smiling very blandly; "not buying, exactly. But then it would be all yours, you know."

And Miss Augusta smiled confidently in the face of Mr. Pimple.

"Miss Smith," he cried, in evident alarm, "I fear you do not understand me. I see I must speak right out, though I fancied at first that you had guessed the object of my visit."

"And I did, indeed, Mr. Pimple. But I knew that you were rather bashful, and——"

"Bashful!" Mr. Pimple exclaimed.

"Yes, rather, I think. But believe me, my dear Pimple, I love you better for it."

As Miss Augusta said this, her head drooped until it rested upon the shoulder of that gentleman.

"Love me, Miss Smith? Why, really, I—that is——"

"Oh, Socrates! I do love thee. I have loved thee for years. I felt that my passion was reciprocated. You will excuse me if it seems unmaidenly to confess it. Oh, Socrates!"

He sprang from his seat, his hair standing on end, and cold drops of perspiration standing upon his face.

"Oh, Socrates! my own Pimple!" Miss Augusta shrieked, "I will be thine!"

"Not if I know it, Miss Smith," answered Mr. Pimple.

"Sir! do you mean to insult a poor lone woman?" she asked.

"No," Mr. Pimple replied, trying to be calm, and wiping his face the while; "oh, no, Miss Smith. But there has been a mistake here. I came here to make you an offer——"

"I knew it, I knew it," broke in Miss Augusta. "And I accept," she cried.

"Will you wait till I explain?" cried Pimple.

"Explain?" Yes; explain what you

mean by using such language, in the presence of a lady."

Miss Augusta turned pale, while her eyes flashed volumes of fire.

"Well, be calm, now Miss Smith—do."

"I am calm, sir. It is you that have been excited."

"I know; but you must excuse me, Miss Smith. You have misunderstood me from the first."

"Indeed!"

"I came here to make you an offer——"

"Ah, yes! I was sure of it, Mr. Pimple; and you have my answer."

"No—not that. I came here to offer you two hundred pounds for that piece of meadow land by the pines."

"Mr. Pimple!"

"Miss Smith!"

"Oh, you base monster!" cried Miss Augusta, springing towards the unfortunate Pimple.

"Miss Smith!" cried Pimple, in alarm.

"Is this the way you meant to trifle with my affections, thou fiend in human shape!" shrieked Miss Augusta.

"Oh, you Amazon! you—you she dev——"

"I'll learn you how to make love to innocent young girls like me, and then say you didn't mean nothin." Oh, boo-hoo!"

Pimple didn't stop for more. He had business somewhere else; and he went where duty called him. So rapid was his exit from the house that lightning could not have overtaken him.

Miss Smith still owns that piece of meadow-land, and Mr. Pimple remains a widower. He's growing old fast, and people do say there's a bald spot on his head. I shouldn't wonder. He don't call at the brick cottage very often now. Miss Smith says the reason is because she wouldn't marry him when he made her "that offer"; but I don't know as to that.—*Selected.*

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.—An orator holding forth in favor of "woman, dear divine woman," concludes thus: "Oh, my hearers, depend upon it nothing beats a good wife." "I beg your pardon," replied one of his auditors, "a bad husband does."

We have been favoured, recently, with a series of Sketches, entitled "Reminiscences of a school boy," from a correspondent writing under the NOMME DE PLUME of Marcus. Had we sufficient space at our disposal, we would gladly insert a number of these Sketches, but as at present it is very limited, we can only afford room for one in the present number. Marcus after describing a few incidents in which Teddy McNulty, his School Teacher, acts a prominent part, says.—

Another day of importance, was one on which Andrew O'Brien brought some powder to the School; he said he was going to show us something that would make Teddy (the Teacher) start.

"I'll give two pennies to the bye who will toss this parcel into the stove, this afternoon, unknownst to Teddy," said O'Brien, holding up the powder,

Tom Smith was chosen from quite a number that had offered to do the deed, and was specially instructed to throw it in about two o'clock.

Well, as fortune would have it, that afternoon about half-past one the stove was filled with green wood. The fire burning rather poorly, Teddy shouts out. "Some of yees byes fix the fire or we'll fraze."

Tom rose up, went down and commenced operations, in the meantime putting the parcel containing the powder, among the sticks so that it would not explode before he returned to his seat.

The stove door being closed, Tom regained his seat, and the eyes of about twenty boys were directed toward the stove.

Nothing occuring out of the way for some time, the boys began to despair. Soon however, the fire was heard cracking and the flickering flame of expectation began to heighten in our breasts; and when we were occupied in anticipation, lo, a terrific noise was heard and the house was filled with smoke.

"Lord bless us," Teddy exclaimed; while all the urchins of the school were crying to "go home." In fact we were all afraid; 'twas

more than we had expected; the old stove was burst asunder and what little fire had been in it was scattered over the floor. We larger members made haste and put out the fire, and assisted Teddy to the best of our ability under the exciting circumstances.

The trustees were sent for and arrived shortly after the disaster. They asked Teddy if he could explain the cause.

"That I can't say" says Teddy, summing up his latent knowledge of physics, "unless it 'ud be the stame for the wood shure, was very wet.

We boys all tittered at the scientific explanation advanced by Teddy, but never gave an idea of the cause, and many a long day passed before the mystery of the stove explosion was made known. Ever after, as long as Teddy was Teacher, one of his strictest injunctions to his boys when making a fire was, "take care would ye put too much grane wood in the stove."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters for the editorial department to be addressed "Flint and Van Norman, box 1472 Toronto."

AMERICAN COUSIN.—"Seed-Sowing" is accepted. We hope to have the privilege of adding your name to our list of regular contributors.

B. EWART.—We must beg to decline the effusion entitled "A Row Across the Lake."

F. H. W.—Your article entitled "The Benefits Derived from the Study of Classics, Mathematics and Natural Sciences" is accepted."

LILLIE VAILE.—"Oh! I have sighed to rest me" is accepted.

INNOSHANON.—"Repression of Intemperance" is accepted.

LORRAINE.—"Rich and Poor" is accepted.

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