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Stewart's Quarterly.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY

GEO. STEWART, Jr.

VOLUME 5.

ST. JOHN, N. B.:
PRINTED BY H. CHUBB & CO.

1872.

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STEWART'S QUARTERLY.

GEORGE STEWART, Jr., EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. V. SAINT JOHN, N. B., APRIL, 1871. No. 1.

HOW I BECAME MEMBER FOR MARSHBORO'.

BY THE HON. P**** W***

THE District of Marshboro' and Musselcove, which I once had the honour to represent in the Parliament of an ancient British Colony, is a very extensive District, and my constituents were amongst the most intelligent and independent of the colonial freeholders, need I say that I thought so when they elected me as their member; perhaps my readers after the perusal of this sketch may not agree with me, but however that may be there can be no possible question about the extent of the District; I proudly claimed the honour of being the largest territorial representative in the Colonial Assembly. In the map of Marshboro' drawn by my own hands and which my friends jocularly declared I had drawn out to no end of a length, Marshboro' appeared to be a long extensive line of coast extending nearly one hundred miles in front, whilst in the rear it extended just as far as I liked to draw it, if you chose to draw upon your imagination, no white man had ever travelled beyond a few miles from the coast, consequently any map of it would have been purely fictitious. The electors, at the time I refer to, were not numerous, but they had been less so; an old gentleman called Billy Barlow, a primitive inhabitant of the District, used to tell me of the time when his and Jim Stakes's family were, as he termed it, "the only liviers on the shore"—need I say that my constituents had no advanced views in political matters, there had never been a contest in the District, very few of the Marshburghers had ever seen a live member in the flesh, and still fewer knew where he came from, where he went to, or what his business was. The country town, Marshboro', where the elections were held, boasted of a church, a minister, a merchants' establishment, the returning officer's house, and one other house not belonging to the said mercantile establishment, but on this latter point I am not quite clear; when the election time came round, the J. P. walked proudly out in front of his porch at the legal hour, and read the proclamation; the head cooper and the master carpenter proposed and seconded the member, and then all three had a glass of grog; at four o'clock the member was declared duly elected, and then they had one or more glasses of grog in honour of the great

constitutional work they had just performed; all hands in the town had glasses of grog, and three cheers were given for the new member; there used to be a story that when they elected a former member called Bryan Porson, the constituents did not catch the name very accurately and instead of giving three cheers for Bryan Porson they gave three cheers for *Blind* Porson. In those blest days neither politics nor law disturbed the even tenor ot my noble constituents' lives, they certainly had a Justice of the Peace, my worthy friend the Returning Officer, but as he never had tried a case in the long course of his official career, and his whole legal reputation was based upon the fact of his looking very wise, and being the owner of a very old edition of Burns' Justice, and his greatest exercise of magisterial authority once having locked up a drunken lumberman in his ice house; I am afraid the majesty of the law was not conspicuous in Marshboro', strange to say however my constituents got on very well notwithstanding these drawbacks, they fished, they shot, they paid their way, they married and were given in marriage, and had children to their heart's content. They were sound church and state men like their forefathers from the old country, and their love and respect for the Royal Family of King George and all his descendants were unbounded.

Well gentle reader I represented these model representatives for many years, and I think that I was a model representative; I belonged to the same church, I was descended from the same old English stock, I had the same choice taste in liquors, I knew all the babies, good points, and could talk critically to their mothers about them, and I had painted all the churches and school houses in the District, what more could be expected of me? But lest any of my readers should think of standing for Marshboro' and indulge fond hopes of vaulting into legislative honours over the backs of my honest old voters, I must hasten on and tell how Marshboro' became changed, and how under those changed circumstances I won my last election; when now I gaze from the lofty serenity of private life upon the Marshboro' of to-day with its stipendiary magistrate armed with the last edition of Okes' Magisterial Guide, its paid constable, its excitable politicians, and its newfangled ideas about the responsibilities and duties of members of Parliament, I begin to realize what a conservative of the old school must have felt, as he saw the ruthless hand of Earl Grey and Lord John destroying the time-honoured institutions of Gattan and old Sarum. The first downward step in the deterioration of Marshboro' arose from the introduction of the Circuit Court, for though the court touched but on the extreme borders of the District, and remained there but forty-eight hours, its pernicious effects soon became only too apparent; my constituents gradually became litigious, next some began to be discontented with their quiet political existence, and at last some very evil-disposed persons began to find fault with their member. Wherever a court comes, and young hungry barristers knock about, legal excitement, and next thing political excitement will ensue, as surely as the carcase draws the eagles and the vultures from their airy heights upon the mountains, (a fine simile this but I am afraid it is not quite orig-

inal.) However, to pursue my narrative, the court came, and Hsi Lordship, the presiding judge, opened Her Majesty's court with all the honours and with all the dignity that any court could assume, pent up in a little narrow school room with highly-coloured prints of Joseph and his brethren, and the prodigal son looking down upon him, and a few gaping and astonished rustics listening to him; I have no doubt they were greatly interested in his Lordship's lucid explanations of the very important changes which had recently been introduced into the laws relating to limited liability. However, to do his Lordship justice, he had nothing whatever to say, no grand jury to address, and not the infinitesimal fraction of business to do, yet he made a most able and eloquent address, if my constituents could only have understood it; but eloquent and able as this judge was, he never in my opinion came up to the high type of judicial eloquence. I once heard from another most able judge under nearly similar circumstances: it was in an address to a grand jury at a distant out station in the same colony. First his lordship discanted ably upon himself, then .. referred in moving terms to the disinterested character of the barristers, who left their homes in the metropolis to assist in the administration of justice in those distant settlements; and lastly, fixing his eye upon the constable of the village, a very old bow-legged individual, who had a magnificent salary of ten pounds a year, and part of whose ragged shirt showed through a pair of tattered breeks, as he held up his constables' staff, "gentlemen," said his lordship, with an eloquent glance of his eye towards the jury, and a magnificent wave of his hand towards the constable, "gentlemen of the jury, you see before you that exalted functionary, the executive minister of justice, holding forth his symbol of authority, clothed in all the dignity of office, rejoicing in the confidence of his sovereign, and holding his patent of precedence direct from the fountain of honour." I do not remember whether I said before that I was a politician. Well, in a very small way, I was an embryo statesman. I had a very small political hatchet to grind; there were, however, so many larger politicians than myself grinding their hatchets, I never got near enough even to give my little tomahawk one turn. Politics in our important colony ran high, but the questions that divided political parties were not always the most important as regards the interests of mankind in general; we had great constitutional battles over the contingencies of each branch of the legislature; we gave and took a fair share of personal abuse to each other; perhaps we were not quite up to the standard of the Lords and Commons of Great Britain, but in proportion to our revenue and our population, we rose immeasurably superior to those time-honoured and antiquated assemblies. It might be true that our House of Commons was a little mixed in its composition, that some of the colonial members took a more lively interest in the contingencies, and picking up of odd government jobs, than was quite consistent with their dignity, but the halo that surrounded them as the chosen of the people, the reflected glory of the intelligent public opinion that they represented covered all defects of education or character in the individual man; latterly, too, some critics might think that our

colonial House of Lords were not quite as dignified and as noble a body as the British House of Peers, when they struck work until they got two dollars a day sessional pay; perhaps Lord Derby or some of the Dukes would not have done so, but on the whole, the Colonial Lords were all honourable men, a grand and imposing body. We had been jogging along on our quiet ways for many years, when suddenly a storm arose in our colonial political tea-pot such as had never agitated it since the days when the fiat of the colonial office created our miniature King, Lords and Commons, it was a great political question, far too great a one to be discussed by such a writer as I am, or within the limits of this short article, it caused a great change of parties, and necessitated a general election, and before our party was sent to the country, the great leader of the opposition, Mr. Bones, gave us one final philippic to annihilate us in the opinion of the great public to whose enlightened opinions we were about to appeal. He commenced by referring gracefully to his own fall from power: he had been turned out of office by the governor: "The gallant ship of his (Mr. Bone's) party struck on the quick-sands of back stairs influence, she struck and he scuttled her, she went down amid the jeers and derision of his opponents, she lay at the bottom of the ocean the wild fowl screamed over her; he, the captain of that noble band of patriots now lay high and dry under the cold shade of opposition, an antiquated viper with his fangs extracted suffering from the recalcitrating influences of the gubernatorial toe; but who were the men that had hurled him from the heaven of office into the depths of opposition; he had taught them their political alphabet, they were mere tyros in statesmanship, he had warmed them into political life, and now like the frozen serpents that the shepherd in the fable nourished in his bosom, immediately the vital warmth permeated through their reptile forms, they stung their benefactors; it was a mockery to call such men statesmen, they were only fit to be carved on tea-trays and snuff-boxes, in the grotesque attire of chinese mandarians; instead of exhibiting the rapid and elegant paces of the well-bred courser, they were like the contemptible crab and lobster; he appealed to them, he conjured them in this his last, final farewell, to fling away the conservative rag that scarcely covered their nakedness, and to clothe themselves in the ample folds of the robe of the constitution." This great speech, which will give my readers a fair idea of our colonial eloquence, is copied by permission from the columns of our leading provincial organ, the Swamptown *Daily Viper*.

Well, our Colonial Parliament was dissolved and the Colony went through the throes and agonies of a general election. I had to go to Marshboro' again to "clothe myself in the ample folds of the robe of the Constitution," in plain English to get myself re-elected. All sorts of rumours were current as are usual on such occasions, many embryo politicians were twirling their mustachios and strutting about in their paletot coats in the flutter of official expectations, all sorts of queer candidates were starting, and all were quite sure of being elected; one day I heard accidentally that my friend Tommy Jones was going to stand for Marshboro', first I treated it as a joke, but finally not wish-

ing to be made a fool of I asked Jones, "well Tommy," said I, "if you are going to stand for the District you are welcome to do so, and I will gracefully retire into private life." Tommy assured me on his honour as a gentleman, that he had not the most remote idea of contesting Marshboro', that he would not interfere with me for the world; judge of my surprise then a few weeks afterwards, when on my arrival at Musselcreek, the principal settlement in the District, I found my friend Tommy, he was a small bumptious little fellow. Tommy had been engaged for the previous fortnight canvassing the District, and abusing me in every mood and tense of objurgation. My friends and supporters were all in despair, they told me in lugubrious tones that I had no chance with Tommy, he was great, as they said, with all the girls, he had won over one leader of society by admiring the china dogs on her mantle piece, which Tommy declared were as fine Master, pieces of art as he had ever seen in Italy; he sang loud in the Meeting House, he put a sovereign in the Church plate; I don't know what he did not promise, and vow that he would do for them if they only elected him. I began to feel that I must work if I wished to beat my false and faithless friend, and to work I went immediately; first and foremost I convened a public meeting. Tommy had all his friends there, and for half an hour they cried out lustily "bah an down, bah an down," however, I was not to be bah'd down. I stood firm on the platform, the head of a pork barrel, and smiled my sweetest smiles, at last they let me speak; first I told them all about Tommy's treachery; I drew a vivid picture of the weary days and sleepless nights I had spent watching over the interests of my beloved Marshboro'; I promised to do more for them than Tommy had ever dreamt of, and finally I wound up the most eloquent, humorous, pathetic, able, logical, and effective speech that had ever been heard in Musselcreek, by giving all the Company present, including Tommy, a general pressing and polite invitation to come down right straight away, and liquor up at the nearest Public House where I had unlimited credit; whatever may have been the effect of my great speech, this last eloquent appeal to take a drink, went home to the hearts of my audience; not a man stayed behind to listen to Tommy's reply; for my Constituents, be it known to you, one and all liked their liquor, and had cultivated tastes in drink; the Marshboro' and Musselcreek rum was justly celebrated, none of your fiery St. Jago, rot-gut Bourbon, or Old Rye satisfied their honest throats, their beverage was the choicest Old Jamaica, most mellow and seductive of spirits, good as an early dram, better still with a trifle of spring water, but best of all, when compounded into that drink of all drinks, that nectar for the gods, good rum punch.

Having thus fairly embarked in the contest I plunged at once into that most delightful of all sublumary occupations, canvassing a district. No doubt Tommy was a very much abler politician than myself, or at least he thought so, he did the high falutin, talked poetry, flirted with all the good-looking girls, he was a gay fellow Tommy, and made long elaborate speeches to the free and independent electors. I adopted a different line as better suited my humbler capacity; I wasted none of

my sweetness on the desert air of pretty maidens who had no votes, but I bestowed all my attentions on the comely and virtuous matrons, whose husbands had the privilege of the franchise; and to any of my young friends who are aspiring to legislative honours, especially in a Colony, I would give this piece of wholesome advice; cultivate your knowledge of babies. Believe me the man who can handle a baby well, who can talk learnedly on dry nursing and wet nursing, who can nicely discriminate between the rival merits of Mrs. Johnson's and Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, is no mean antagonist at an election; babies are a potent power in every district, the way to win the favour of the ruling power in every well ordered household is through the baby, and if the wife is on your side, you can be quite easy about the husband, if he is a proper husband he dare not give his vote against her wishes. Well in this matter of babies Tommy had no chance whatever with me, "la Sir," the women would say, "any one id know you wus a fayther by the way you handles the baby." The poet says that "a well spring of joy in the house is a baby," and as this well spring was perpetually bubbling up in my house I had great experience in babies, and many a vote I got over Tommy by my attention to and admiration of the multitudinous babies that abounded in Marshboro'. I was also great on the subject of dogs, and I believe next to their wives and children the Marshburghers loved their dogs, and dogs were almost, if not quite as numerous as babies. From my earliest youth I had been a dog fancier and knew all the canine ways. I took to the dogs always, though I did not go to them, and everywhere they took to me; in the way of dog stories, too, I believed until recently that I could beat any man in the Colony, and cap any given tale about dogs or other animals by a veracious narrative of my own. I say until recently for a short time ago I may fairly confess that I met my match. I was out shooting last fall with an old trapper named Tom McGrath, and in the course of our travels we came across an old beaver dam, this dam set Tom off talking "about the craytures," "no one wid belave," said he, "wot dey nose. Forty year agone I was trappin round this very place, and won day I found part of a baver's leg in my trap, well I did not mind it a bit, but went about my work as usual until about a month afther, I was working round about the same spot, and avery now and then I would come across the most wontherful tracs, three foot marks and a dot; this must be some quare crayture said I, and I hunted, and hunted, until at last I come up with him; and unless you saw it you'd never belave it, there was my brave baver with the most butiful wooden leg on him, and he stamping along just like any other wooden gintleman you'd see in town." I confess I was fairly shut up and have never told a dog story since.—"May be now," said Tom, "you would not belave all the wontherful tales I could tell you about bavers." I think Tom, said I, we had better be getting on, that hill beyond looks fine ground for birds. But to proceed with my story. Jones and I kept on canvassing at Musselcreek, and in the vicinity, one trying to circumvent the other, gradually Tommy felt that I was gaining on him, so one fine morning the scheming little rascal

quietly walked off to Marshboro', and no doubt thought that he had stolen a march on me; I could not follow him until some days after, and when at length I arrived there I found my bold Tommy quietly ensconced in the chimney corner at my own particular friends' house; he made his worthy host believe that he was sincerely attached to me, and Mr. Brown my friend gave him house room and hospitality entirely on the strength of his being my friend; Tommy was such a dodger that he could not help playing little games wherever he went, so first he began by canvassing very quietly round Marshboro', next he tried to get some promises of votes from the people about the mercantile establishment; here however he reckoned without his host, Brown smelt a rat, he saw it brewing in the storm Tommy was creating, (and to use a classic metaphor,) "he nipped it in the bud." On my arrival you may be sure I soon had a full, true and particular account of all Tommy's misdoings with various handsome offers, when my friends heard how things stood, all made in the most sincere and friendly manner, to pitch Tommy over the wharf, to land him on a barren rock outside the harbour, or to tar and feather him whichever best suited my particular fancy; I am afraid my worthy constitutents had only confused-notions about the liberty of the subject; however, they had very clear ideas about Tommy's behaviour to me, and they were determined, come what may, that he should not be member for Marshboro'.

I told them to leave all to me, I would manage Tommy. We met at Mr. Brown's dinner-table that day and had an excellent dinner; over our wine I rallied Tommy on his attention to the pretty girls in Musselcreek, and of all the choice stories I would have to tell Mrs. Jones about him on my return home. Tommy prided himself on being a favourite with the sex, so he took it all in good part, whilst our worthy hostess, who was propriety personified, thought Tommy must be a very Don Juan in wickedness to listen to such an account of himself without denying it. I had not seen my old friend Brown for some time, so that evening we made "a night of it," and over our punch I gave Mr. Tommy what the ladies call "a bit of my mind" about his treachery towards me. Brown told him in still more emphatic manner what he thought of him, and whether it was from the irresistible force of our arguments, or the mellowing effects of the punch, I never could tell, Tommy began to cave in, he told me he never intended to act so, that the men, and especially the women of Musselcreek had taken such a liking to him and had so pressed him to stand, that he could not resist their solicitations; only give him until next morning to consider, and he would make up his mind. Well we sealed this compact with a hand-shaking all around; we voted Tommy a jolly good fellow after all, and we got him to sing the Last Rose of Summer, which, as well as I can remember, he chanted in the most lugubrious, and melancholy of tones. After that we had sundry and various tumblers, songs and sentiments, and Tommy retired to his chaste couch in a very moist condition. I left Marshboro' at dawn to visit some outlying parts of the District and secure votes. I heard no

more about Tommy until my return. I had no faith in his promises, but I knew that I had left him in safe hands. For the next three days I canvassed and stumped, leaving pleasant reminiscences behind me of attentions paid to the numerous babies, promising predictions concerning their intellectual developments and future advancement, together with a mild but subdued flavour of rum punch. When I returned to Marshboro' I found the whole male and female population in a state of the wildest excitement about Tommy. A catastrophe had occurred in my absence, and after sifting the testimony of several witnesses, I was at last enabled to elicit the following facts:—On the eventful night that I left him, Tommy was conducted to his chamber decidedly "influenced" and quite incapable of pronouncing intelligibly the words "British Constitution," he slept heavily; but being "full of tossings to and fro," his legs at length projected considerably over the bottom of the bed. An ancient rooster that had been long in the habit of passing the night under the bed in which Tommy slept, seeing his naked extremities in such a position, was struck with the thought that here was a most comfortable perch provided for him, in a manner almost providential. Accordingly the old cock planted himself on Tommy's projecting legs and thought he never before enjoyed such a warm commodious roost. All went well until dawn, when according to custom, the rooster flapped his wings and crowed lustily. Tommy awoke. In the dim light of early morning, his brain still muddled, the sight that met his eyes almost froze his blood with terror, there on his shin-bone stood a huge bird of black plumage, far more awful than Poe's raven "perched upon a bust of Pallas just above his chamber door." It seemed to be perfectly at home; "its fiery eyes now burned into his bosom's core." It filled the little room, as Tommy thought, with wild diabolic shrieks. All his past sins flashed upon him. The foul fiend he concluded had come to take him into custody. In a moment he bounded from the bed—the rooster's screams redoubled when his perch was withdrawn—with a swiftness inspired by terror, Tommy rushed from the room—"anywhere, anywhere" from that haunted chamber—and dashed into the first door he saw before him on the landing.—Alas! for poor Tommy!—This chanced to be the bed-room of the servant maid, at the sight of the intruder in his *robe de chambre*, filled the house with her screams. Master and mistress were aroused by the disturbance, and Tommy was detected under the most suspicious circumstances. In vain did he protest and explain. The circumstantial evidence against him was too strong, and Tommy was not merely suspected; in the minds of all the Marshburgers who heard the story, he was absolutely convicted of entertaing the most nefarious designs. The story, as you may suppose, soon got abroad, the servant maid, oldest and ugliest of her sex, was connected with half the leading families in the District, and the result of Tommy's escapade with the rooster, was that he had a narrow escape of coming to an untimely end in fifteen fathoms of cold water, and being what the elegant Mantilini called "a damp noisome body," or else of being imprisoned under a criminal charge in my worthy friend the

Returning Officer and J. P.'s ice house. As soon as the Marshburgers heard the "head and front" of Tommy's offendings, the large and intelligent majority of my enlightened constituents decided that the best way to deal with him was to throw him over the wharf. If he sank he was guilty, if he escaped he was to be judged innocent; now as Tommy could not swim a stroke, I am afraid his chance of escape was small; here the worthy magistrate, however, interfered, he told them that there was no precedent for such a proceeding in Burns' Justice; his opinion was that Tommy should first be imprisoned, and handcuffed to prevent his escape, then some sort of a deposition should be taken against him, after that they might punish him in any way they thought proper, but the law should be strictly complied with in the first instance. Poor Tommy, coming down very seedy to breakfast the next morning, found nothing but black looks; he began to suspect that something must have gone wrong; he had heard wild stories about the way candidates had been treated in some remote settlements in the Colony, the mutterings of the storm of indignation outside doors which reached his ears frightened him, he did not dare to leave the house, and at last he told Brown that he had given up the idea of standing for the District, and he was only waiting for my return to go home, he thought the Marshburgers did not appreciate him and he did not care to represent so unenlightened a District. I arrived on Saturday, the nomination day was to take place on the following Monday, and on that Saturday under cover of night, I took my poor crest-fallen Tommy aboard the vessel that was to convey me home. We left Marshboro' with a whole gale of wind after us and made one of the fastest passages on record to the metropolis. On the following Monday, nomination day, I was declared duly elected with all the usual formalities, and rather an unusual number of glasses of grog, and that is how, gentle reader, I became Member for Marshboro'.

CANADIAN ARCHIVES.

By Henry H. Miles, D.C.L., L.L.D., Author of The History of Canada.

Among the earlier inventions for recording facts, we might mention writing, or, rather, *engraving*, on the surface of various solid substances, such as stone tablets, tables of lead, copper, bronze, brass, wood, ivory, and thin sheets of wax. We read in Scripture of "the law of God written on tables of stone," and in Grecian and Roman History, of laws, orations and chronicles, engraved on plates of bronze and brass. Disraeli speaks of an Icelandic historian, who built a large wooden house, on the walls and spars of which "he scratched" the annals "of his own and more ancient times;" also, of another sage or

hero, who thus had recourse to his chairs, benches, and bedstead, for the means of perpetuating the memory of his own exploits.

The Romans, however, found out, by experience that the materials which were apparently the most durable in their nature were far from being the best adapted for the permanent preservation of records. Of this they had a signal proof. The code known as "The Laws of the Twelve Tables," were kept together with other chronicles engraved on brass in the capital. By a stroke of lightning they were instantaneously destroyed, some of the plates being melted, and the inscriptions on others rendered illegible. However, the use of thin tablets, composed of wood or prepared skins, and covered with wax, was very common amongst the Romans, and continued during a long period. Not only epistolary and literary compositions were committed to these more fragile receptacles, but what we should now call official documents, as also wills, were inscribed on them. The same kinds of tablets used to be employed in the Roman schools in the instruction of youth, each scholar having his own set of implements,—one of these being the *style*, a small cylindrical instrument of iron, sharpened at one end and flattened at the other for convenience in making erasures. It seems that the style, in the hands of an irritable or combative person, sometimes became a dangerous weapon, since a law was passed, on account of its too frequent employment as a dagger, forbidding the use of iron styles altogether; so that others made of bone, horn, reeds, and so forth, came to be substituted. We read, for instance, of a school-master, who appears to have goaded his disciples into active hostilities which had a tragical termination, for his scholars felled him with their tablets, and then massacred him with their styles.

Long after the times here alluded to, even in England, tablets and styles were in use. We read in old Chaucer's writings:

> "His fellow had a staff tipped with horne,
> "A paire of tables all of iverie,
> "And a Pointell polished fetouslie, (whatever this may be!)
> "And wrote alwaies the names, as he stood,
> "Of all folke that gave hem any good."

I shall only allude, in passing, to the transition of those comparatively cumbrous modes into others more convenient for use, and even more useful in point of durability. The Egyptians made use of the bark of a plant which grew on the banks of the Nile, called *papyrus*, while the Chinese made a kind of paper with silk. In the course of time, these substances, also the prepared bark of other plants, linen, skins of quadrupeds and serpents, fashioned into parchment, came into use; and the processes of scratching or engraving on tablets gave place to the easier art of painting or writing with different coloured liquids or *inks*. Of such materials, and by such means, were composed the *manuscripts* before and during the middle ages, comprising literature, archives, and records, up to the time when the introduction of printing, and of our present papers and inks, caused the more ancient processes to be set aside for ever.

Even on the subject of ancient and modern papers and inks, it would

be well, in connection with the topic before us, to go into some useful details, if circumstances permitted. The papers manufactured in the present day are undoubtedly superior to those made two or three hundred years ago. The well known writer *Fuller* quaintly says, complaining of the preference given to foreign manufactures: "We do not enough encourage the making of paper amongst us; but, considering the vast sums expended in our land for paper out of Italy, France and Germany, our *home-spun* paper might be found beneficial. Paper participates, in some sort, of the characters of the country which makes it,—the Venetian being neat, subtile and court-like; the French, light, slight and slender; the Dutch, thick, corpulent and gross, sucking up the ink with the sponginess thereof."

But whatever may be the relative merits of the papers used at different periods, the composition of our inks is inferior to that of our forefathers. Modern records, in this respect, do not compare favourably with those made many hundred years ago. Having had occasion, during the last few years, to inspect written documents, including some despatches prepared in England and sent out to this country, and other records or copies written in Canada within the last hundred years, I have been struck by the indistinctness of many. Some, not even forty years old, present a pale, faded appearance, owing undoubtedly to the use of poor ink. On the other hand, persons who have had an opportunity in London of inspecting some of the ancient Saxon manuscripts, and the rolls and records which have been preserved of the period from the year 400 to the 12th century, see that the written characters are bright and clear, and in the finest state of preservation; while, in this respect, there is a great falling-off in records belonging to the 15th, 16th and subsequent centuries. That ancient register of the lands of England, called the "Domes-day Book," prepared by the order of William the Conqueror, bears, as the date of its completion, 1086. The first volume, a large folio of 382 pages, written in the same hand, in double column on each page, and the second, a quarto of 450 pages, single column, are both preserved to this day in their pristine freshness, "fair and legible as when first written." Sir Francis Palgrave, formerly the Deputy-Keeper of Records, says of *Domesday Book:* "In early times, precious as it was always deemed, it "occasionally travelled like other records, to distant parts. Till 1496, "it was usually kept with the King's Seal at Westminster, with other "valuable records, under three locks and keys, in charge of the audi- "tor, chamberlains, and deputy-chamberlains of the Exchequer. In "that year it was deposited in the Chapter-House at Westminster, in a "vaulted porch never warmed by fire. From its first deposit in the "Treasury at Winchester, in the reign of the Conqueror, it never felt "or saw a fire; yet, every page is bright, sound, and perfect."

It has been reasonably suggested that the less durable quality of modern inks, compared with those employed in writing the earlier records, is dependent on the neglect to use, in their composition, ingredients calculated to resist destruction by air and moisture. They are the same with respect to certain colouring matters and gum; but

whereas modern inks have usually been made up with nut-galls, sulphate of iron, and gum, those more anciently used consisted chiefly of carbon, in the forms of soot and ivory-black—that is, of materials, under ordinary conditions, indestructible.

It would certainly be worth our while, if it were possible on this occasion, to advert to numerous other points connected with the various modes resorted to in times past for making up and preserving the records of memorable events. But, however minutely this were done, the inevitable conclusion would be, that, as regards mere materials, paper and ink are, in almost every point of view, preferable to all others that have been ever employed or thought of—more generally convenient for use, cheaper, more easily set in order and preserved, more easily searched, consulted, and replaced. We must admit that a light fabric derived from linen rags, with written characters inscribed, is, substantially, of a far more perishable nature than stone, clay, metal, and several of the other materials anciently used, and still appropriately resorted to, for certain kinds of memorials. Yet the facilities which have just been indicated, and, above all the means of multiplying copies to any extent which we possess in the *Printing Press*, now place mankind in a position to guard, if they will, against all known sources of accident, decay, and destruction.

Let us now revert for a brief space, to tradition, or oral communication, including what has been commonly styled *hearsay*, which is a peculiar sort of Archive or fundamental source of information. We sometimes meet with persons, who, because they have figured as actors in past transactions, or because they have derived their cognizance of these, at second-hand, as it were, from conversation with others who did personally participate, set at nought all such accounts as do not square with their own views. It depends, it need scarcely be said, upon the nature of the transactions themselves how far evidence of that kind can be received as reliable, even when dealing with persons of undoubted veracity, intelligence, and freedom from undue prejudice. We may accept it readily enough in cases where an isolated fact, or single series of facts, is concerned. But if the case be that of a battle, a rebellion, or a course of important events implying the occurrence of many distinct incidents and the co-operation of many different actors, the oral testimony of any *one* is really valuable only so far as it serves to assist in filling up a part of the outline embracing a narrative of all the facts. When the Duke of Wellington, shortly after the battle of Waterloo, was written to for information by a gentleman who stated his intention to write a complete history of that great conflict, he replied as follows: "The object which you propose to yourself is "very difficult of attainment. The history of a battle is not unlike "the history of a ball. Some individuals may recollect the little "events of which the great result is the battle won or lost; but no "individual can recollect the order in which, or the exact moment at "which, they occurred, which makes all the difference as to their value "or importance....." The suggestion contained in this reply is obviously applicable in a great many cases of individual testimony of

the sort now adverted to. One's own personal experience or participation in a series of events may aid in correcting misstatements on certain points; but, to be of substantial and permanent value, a written record should be made at the time of or soon after their occurrence. To delay making that record until, perhaps, years have elapsed, or to leave it for a future generation to supply, is to weaken the character of such evidence, and cause it to assume more or less that of mere rumour.

In offering these last observations, we have had in view more particularly the difficulties which must encompass any attempts at present to get at the correct history of events which have transpired in this country during the past fifty or sixty years, until at least all the available written and printed records are looked up, collected and arranged, and their evidence sifted, as well as weighed in conjunction with the conflicting testimony of eye-witnesses and participators still living or recently deceased. If, however, we limit our ideas of the nature of tradition as consisting of oral testimony transmitted from father to son, or from individuals of one generation to those of another, we have numerous instances in the history of Canada, as well as that of other countries, shewing its uncertain character when not supported by written records. Believing this to be a point of some moment in connection with our leading subject, one or two examples are cited.

We have a fair instance in English History of the account to which traditional evidence might have been turned if it were in all cases good for much. It is that of the Parr family. Thomas Parr was born in 1483, and lived till 1635, attaining to the prodigious age of 152 years. He had a son who died at 113, a grandson who lived to be 110, and a great-grandson who died on September 21st, 1757, aged 124 years. The period between the birth of Thomas Parr and the death of his great-grandson, Robert, comprehended the space of 274 years. But old Parr, when he was brought to London in 1635, to be presented to King Charles I., although then in good health, and in full possession of his mental faculties, seems to have had very little to impart respecting the events which had occurred in the course of his protracted life; nor are we informed that any of his long-lived descendants ever contributed anything to the existing stock of knowledge. Thomas, however, seems to have been quite uneducated and illiterate; and if the same were the case with his descendants down to Robert, the great-grandson, we might, perhaps, be allowed to infer that defective intelligence was a cause of the loss of so fair an opportunity of illustrating the nature and value of oral tradition. Nor do we find in Canadian History that the stock of knowledge was substantially increased by the aged Iroquois woman who is reported to have come on a visit to Quebec about the year 1712, when she was 138 years old. This venerable person is said to have afforded, by her visit, immense gratification to the inmates of the Ursuline convent, who beheld in her one who was of mature age when Champlain ruled in Canada, and who, they judged, must have received from eye-witnesses belonging to her own tribe accounts of the first arrival of their foundress, Madame da la Pelrie, as well as of

many other remarkable persons and incidents connected with the rise and growth of the Canadian Colony under the rule of no less than seventeen successive governors. It is reasonable to conclude that, considering she was a savage, and acquainted with all that was known of the past to her own people, she must have been an intelligent woman, and well able to make interesting disclosures. But if she did, these have not been placed on record.

Some time since, on the occasion of a visit to the General Hospital, use was made of an opportunity of conversing with one of the aged inmates of that institution. She appeared to be in possession of her mental faculties; and as she professed to remember incidents which occurred upwards of 80 years ago; we interrogated her on the subject of what has been styled "the dark days of Canada." One of these was Sunday, October 16th, 1785, and the two others the 2nd and 3rd of July, 1814. She said she recollected them, and that there had been an interval of about 30 years between the first and last. Finding her statement, so far, as correct as could be expected, we proceeded to question her further as to particulars, but we failed to elicit any other definite information, except the mention that she thought she was in fear on those occasions. Considering that the record phenomena of those dark days were remarkable enough to make a strong impression on the minds of the most ignorant persons, occasioning general alarm, and that the accompaniments of the first, such as the lighting-up of the churches and private houses in the day time, might have been impressed on her memory, we were not prepared to find that she recollected none of the particulars.

Quite of a different nature from the foregoing cases were those of the two well-known gentlemen named Thompson, father and son, of whom the latter, at an advanced age, died in Quebec last year. Mr. Thompson, senior, had been present with Gen. Wolfe at the first battle of the Plains, in the year 1759; and from the time of the occupation of the city by the British troops, in the autumn of that year, had remained a resident of it until his death, in 1830. In 1776, when Montgomery fell in an attempt to capture the place by assault, he superintended the interment of that general's remains. Forty-two years later, when he was about eighty years old, and when the widow of Montgomery reclaimed those remains, he was able, in the most perfect manner, to recall to mind all the particulars necessary for identifying the place of burial and for superintending the disinterment. Numerous other particulars, to the point, might be mentioned; but as they are very well known, there is no occasion to pass beyond an allusion to them. But we may be permitted to offer a comment. The circumstances of the case of Mr. Thompson shew what oral tradition might do for history if only the narrators proved to be persons of irreproachable integrity, good judgment, of cultivated minds, and active mental and bodily qualities, with the additional important advantage of having passed long lives amidst scenes calculated to perpetually freshen their memories and to remind them continually of even the minor incidents concerned.

In closing this portion of the subject, we cannot forbear referring to a somewhat remarkable instance of traditionary calumny and misappre-

hension being completely refuted by means of a recourse to official documentary evidence. At the siege of Quebec, in 1759, an officer named Montgomery was concerned in certain proceedings held to be, even in time of war, inexcusable, on account of their atrocity. As a consequence, his name and the memory of the man became odious. During a long period of time subsequently, it was generally supposed that Richard Montgomery, who fell, as has been stated already, at the assault of the city on the morning of January 1st, 1776, was that same officer. Nevertheless, that was not the universal conviction. A gentleman, resident in Upper Canada, addressed an application to the War-office in England, in order to ascertain, if possible, what regiments were serving in America in 1759, their stations, and whether a Capt. Richard Montgomery had been one of the officers among those on duty at Quebec, The result was a search among the Archives of the War-office, and, in due time, an official reply to the application that had been sent from Canada. This shewed that there were, in that year, two officers named Montgomery serving with their regiments in America, of whom the one named Richard Montgomery belonged to a regiment *then with General Amherst's forces at Lake Champlain*. The other Montgomery—whether or not a brother of Richard, as some have supposed, is uncertain—was at the same time serving in one of the regiments under Wolfe, at Quebec. It was further stated, in the official reply, the said Richard Montgomery, some years afterwards, while his regiment was still in America, but before the commencement of the revolutionary war in 1775, sold his commission and retired from the service. In short, the Richard Montgomery who thus retired from the British army, and who settled down in America, transferring his allegiance to the United States, and who afterwards perished at Quebec, in 1776, was not the man whose name and memory merited those odious imputations; but under a misapprehension of the real facts, he had been mistaken for another officer whose sirname was the same as his. It may be right to mention that a copy of the letter intimating these facts was communicated to the writer by one of the vice-presidents of the Quebec Literary and Historical society, Mr. LeMoine, who had himself been mainly instrumental in thus rescuing the character of an innocent man from the odium so long resting upon his memory.

A complete collection of Canadian Archives would embrace an enormous quantity of records now scattered in localities very distant from each other, and of which many, perhaps the most valuable, are not the property of the dominion. To obtain access to them, it would be necessary to go to the capitals of several of the neighbouring States, especially to Albany, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington. We should be obliged to go to the British Museum and depositories of Archives at London, and to Paris.

To the methods of dealing with the public records in some of those places, we shall have occasion to refer. As regards the documents themselves, however, their nature and contents, our observations will be confined as much as possible to Archives actually held in Canada and belonging to it. But, in truth, owing to various causes, and amongst

these, to the former migratory character our Governments and Parliaments, and, partly, to the recent establishment of the Constitution of the Dominion, it is yet impossible to pronounce what we really have in the shape of Archives, or to point out precisely the localities in which they are lodged. Besides those to be found at the several existing seats of Government, there is a very considerable mass of them at Montreal, and, probably, some remaining at Kingston.

With respect to the Archives of the Colony, of periods antecedent to the year 1764, we may infer some particulars of their nature, and how they were disposed of, by consulting the Articles of Capitulation, dated Sept. 8th, 1760. In seven or eight of these, we find stipulations proposed by DeVaudreuil in behalf of what are concisely styled "papers." DeVaudreuil demands that those in his own possession and that of General de Lévis and Intendant Bigot, as also the Colonial Government papers and those belonging to the several public departments, shall be transported to France, without previous inspection by British officers, under any pretext whatever. In article 45, it is stipulated, on the contrary, that certain documents shall be suffered to remain behind in the offices where they had been customarily kept—these documents being the Registers and papers of the Supreme Council; those of the Provost and Marine Offices at Quebec; those belonging to the Royal Jurisdiction of Three Rivers and Montreal; the Seigniorial papers; the Notarial Deeds lodged in the towns and villages; and, generally, all Records concerning the estates and property of individuals. Gen. Amherst grants the stipulation of article 45, in full. The other stipulations about the papers of De Vaudreuil and the chief officers he also agrees to, with two reservations—namely: 1st, that all the Archives necessary for conducting the government of the country be excepted; and 2nd, that the Marquis de Vaudreuil and all officers, of whatever rank, hand over to the British authorities, in good faith, all plans and maps of the country.

From these particulars we may infer that a large number of Archives must have been removed from the colony to France on the departure of the last French governor with his officers and troops, in the autumn of 1760, but that a very large quantity must have remained behind. However important it might seem to obtain detailed information of all the ancient Records included in General Amherst's exceptions, it is matter of doubt whether any official or other person in this country is at present in a position to furnish it. But we cannot say the same of the Archives of the Supreme Council or some other public Records mentioned in No. 45 of the Articles of Capitulation. In the years 1854 and 1855, three valuable sets were printed and published at the public expense, consisting of the Royal Edicts and Ordinances concerning Canada from 1627 to 1756, the enactments of the Supreme Council since its establishment in 1663, and the Ordinances and Judgments of the Royal Intendants of Canada from 1663 to 1758. We have, besides in printed form, probably all that the most zealous Archæologist would now care to study on the subject of the Seigniorial Tenure, a result for which I believe the public is indebted to the laborious researches and professional ability of the

honourable gentleman who acted as counsel for the Seigneurs before the tribunal which adjudicated on their claims.

It would take us into too wearisome details to discuss further, or in any manner commensurate with its importance, the subject of the old Archives of Canada—that is, those which relate to its affairs prior to the capitulation in 1760. Most of the original documents left behind in the country in that year, are now in the custody of one of the Departments of State at Ottawa. Of the Canadian Archives relating to affairs of dates subsequent to that of the cession of the Colony to England, and extending to the epoch of Confederation, it is safe to say that they are in a position even less accessible than the Records of anterior periods. It is probable the ancient French public papers which may remain in the country would be found to be so far sorted and properly labelled as to require no very large amount of expense and labour in procuring catalogues of them. We cannot however, say this of the later Archives. It has been already stated that a considerable mass of them is lodged at Montreal—some, but perhaps no considerable portion of the whole, being sorted, put in bundles, though there is reason for doubting whether the terms of endorsation on each packet are suitable for all the papers within. Those which are sorted and labelled bear dates beginning with the year 1764. In some of the upper shelves and partitions bundles of documents and loose papers are to be seen unsorted; and it is impossible, without examination, to pronounce upon the nature of their contents, or whether, as regards their dates, they correspond with the labelled documents nearest them. In other receptacles and places, on shelves, tables, and large boxes or cases, are multitudes of documents, papers, engrossed sheets, petitions, addresses, printed leaves and books, and some bound volumes of manuscript. An inspection of some of these latter gives the impression that their statistical and other contents are of considerable value, and that they are well worthy of being catalogued, with a summary of their nature, if not to be printed in full. What the contents of several large cases may be, must remain matter of conjecture until they are opened, and the documents within examined and sorted. On taking up a loose sheet in the upper part of an open case, it was seen to be an engrossed copy of an address, prepared, we believe, at Three Rivers, in the year 1787. In the same case were many other papers, some in the form of rolls, others written on foolscap, which from their appearance were judged to appertain to a variety of subjects and dates. The whole of the matters which I have thus summarily adverted to are contained in vaults underneath old Government House at Montreal. We were informed by the worthy keeper, Mr. David Luck,—who has been in attendance there upon Governors and Cabinet Ministers, and in charge of Records, since the days of Sir George Provost, and who, it is gratifying to learn, has just been handsomely pensioned off by the Dominion Government,—that the vaults were usually musty and damp, and scarcely safe for the purposes of search, without the use of a stove. We gathered, in fact, from his remarks, that at least two persons had accelerated their premature decease by too assiduously prosecuting there the work of searching for

documents and sorting old papers. Considering the risks of fire, and the probability of an irreparable loss to the country, these circumstances will not seem to be unworthy of notice. Upon the whole, and in the interest of literature and the history of Canada, we cannot forbear expressing our conviction of the advantages that would be secured if these valuable historical memoranda were carefully looked after and preserved.

The regular fyling away of official documents received, and of copies of official correspondence, as practised in all our public departments, followed by the publication of annual reports, leads to the rapid accumulation of public records, of the nature of Archives. These, together with the Bills, Acts, and Returns to Parliamentary Addresses, amount, in the course of every few years, to an unmanageable mass of documents, unless there be at the same time a convenient system providing for their safe custody, and facilities of access to them for search and for future reference.

It is understood that the means of attaining these objects in France are as perfect as they could be expected under a *quasi*-despotic form of government. The Historical Society of Quebec has already profitted by those opportunities, so as to find and obtain copies of many valuable papers amongst the French Archives relating to the early history of Canada.

In England, the Public Records were formerly dispersed in upwards of sixty different places. Within a few years past, a vast building has been erected in London for the reception of them all. It contains more than two hundred distinct apartments, affording space for more than half a million cubic feet of documents, and accommodation not merely for existing records, but also for all that are expected to accrue in the next half-century. The building is fire-proof throughout, and the whole under the charge of an official styled "Master of the Rolls." He receives from the various Departments of State, the Parliament, Courts of Common Law, of Chancery, the Admiralty, and many others, Records above twenty years old. All are catalogued for convenience of reference, and any person may make a search and copy extracts on payment of a small fee; but a *bona-fide literary* inquirer can obtain searches and copies of documents in pencil without any charge, provided he can satisfy the deputy-keeper that his purpose is really of a literary nature. The extent to which this privilege is appreciated by literary persons is wonderful, it being not uncommon for a single individual to consult four or five thousand documents within one year. Such is the excellence of the arrangements, that only a very few minutes elapse before an applicant's demand is complied with, whatever be the nature and date of the document required.

There is also in London a distinct establishment for preserving Wills, called Doctors' Commons. The original wills are required to be deposited here before they can be legally administered to by executors. These date from the year 1483 down to the present time; but there are copies of still older instruments beginning with 1383. Any person, for a small fee, may procure the perusal of a will, the search

for it being completed at half an hour's notice—usually within a few minutes.* A longer notice is necessary when a copy is required. In a year, the number of searches approaches to 30,000, and applications for copies and extracts to nearly 10,000 more. The structure is fire-proof, and the arrangements such as always to secure perfect copies.

The facts here stated will suffice to shew that the public records in England are made strictly public property, and the most efficient systems have been adopted for securing safe custody as well as all necessary facilities for search and reference. Yet, an authority already cited says: "The Records of this country have no equal in the civilized world, in antiquity, continuity, variety, extent, or amplitude of facts and details. From *Domes-day* they contain the whole materials for our history—civil, religious, political, social, moral or material, from the Norman conquest to the present day."

In the United States, the public records of the several States of the Union are placed in charge of the State Librarians, who are liberally compensated. The documents, as they accumulate from year to year, are suitably numbered and placed, so as to be convenient for future access and reference A catalogue of them is printed annually. Any person, on application, can obtain access to them, whether for perusal or copying. There is no charge for making a search. In the separate States there are no distinct collections of departmental Archives, for the public documents of every department are handed over to the custody of the State Librarians. In Washington, each department keeps its own records, while those appertaining to the whole United States are placed in the custody of officials acting under the authority of the President himself. The arrangements for security and for convenient reference are stated to be of a very perfect nature; but no national document relating to the whole of the States can be procured for the purpose of perusal or copying without the President's order.

In Nova Scotia, action was taken in 1857, with a view to ascertaining the nature and contents of the Archives of the Province. The Hon. Joseph Howe moved for an address to the Governor, "to cause the "ancient records and documents illustrative of the history and progress "of society in the Province to be examined, preserved and arranged, "for reference or publication, as the Legislature might determine, and "that the House would provide for the same." In 1858 and the following year, further steps were taken to procure from England and from Canada copies of any despatches that might be needed for completing the Nova Scotian tyles. In the course of subsequent years, more than 200 volumes of manuscript were selected, arranged, catalogued, and bound.

The next step was to authorize the preparation and publication of a volume containing selections of such of the Archives as should be deem-

*Lord Campbell had once occasion, while officiating on the Bench at Westminster, to ascertain some particulars relative to the death and testamentary arrangements of a person who had left England in his youth, a hundred years before, and who had died abroad in the East. His Lordship pencilled a brief note of inquiry on a slip of paper and despatched this by a messenger to Doctors' Commons. In a very short time, and before the sitting was concluded, the reply was brought and handed to the Judge, containing full information of the particulars sought.

ed to possess the greatest historical value. Last year, under the auspices of the Commissioner of the Nova Scotian Public Records, the volume, consisting of 755 pages, was brought out. The work is of a truly interesting character. Its contents cover the period from 1714 to 1760, divided into five principal portions, with an elaborate index.*

* "Selections from the Public Documents of Nova Scotia, published under a Resolution of the House of Assembly passed March 15th 1865, Edited by Thomas B. Akins, D. C. L., Commissioner of Public Records—Halifax, N. S., Charles Annand Publisher, 1869."

CONTENTS.—I. Papers relating to the Acadian French, 1714—1755; II. Papers relating to the Forcible Removal of the Acadian French from Nova Scotia, 1755—1768; III. apers relating to the French Encroachments in Nova Scotia, 1749—1754, and the War in North America, 1754—1761; IV. relating to the first settlement of Halifax, 1749—1756; V. Papers relating to the first establishment of a Representative Assembly in Nova Scotia, 1755—1761.

THE DIALECT POETS.—BRET HARTE AND JOHN HAY.

Francis Bret Harte and Col. John Hay stand at the very head of the list of dialect poetry makers. Their style, at once quaint and peculiar, has developed a new thought and awakened something more potent than mere evanescent popularity. A chord of the heart has been touched, and the most indifferent, imperturbed reader lays down the poems he has been reading in a frame of mind new to him. A sort of "gushing" feeling passes over him, and he feels very much in the humour to grasp the first man he meets by the hand and vow eternal friendship for him forever, solely because he is human. We know of no more powerful poem in the language to create this goodly, holy feature in man's composition, this desire to love our fellow mortals with a love akin to worship, than "Jim Bludso," or "Flynn of Virginia." The simple, child-like manner in which these stories of the heart are told, is their chiefest charm. The men who are supposed to relate these narratives are the rough, uncultivated fellows who have long been thought to hold no fine feelings, who had no heart in fact, whose lives inured to hardships and trials and privations, deprived them of those gentler feelings, common to their more favoured brethren in sunnier climes. The coarse, black begrimmed Engineer of a Mississippi steamer, who lives alone on this earth, as many have done before him, to attend to his engine and make her go faster than the rival steamer just along-side, tells his story of a loved companion, half reproachfully, half sarcastically. Take from it the peculiarity of diction, and its whole pathos and beauty fall to the ground. It is one of those true pictures which can only be portrayed by strong colours under a strong light. Pretty, faintlike tints so golden in the gentle landscapes of Tennyson and Keats, lose their identity in the dialect poetry of to day. Wordsworth's "Mendicant," grand, sublime and full of kindly feeling, is told by an educated man in an easy, educated man's manner. "Jim Bludso's" life and noble death strike the public ear, from the lips of a halting wandering comrade, who almost seems to be an unbeliever, who knows not

God in fact, but who is brought by certain events just transpiring, to the conclusion that there must be *something* in the belief of the devoted Christian after all. Mr Hay's heroes do not scoff at religion, they only "don't go much" on it, they have an indistinct, unclear idea that it is a strange subject, hard to understand and wholly beyond their narrow comprehension. There is something quite startling, at times, in the form of expression used. "Little Breeches'" father, gathered from the conversation of strangers no doubt, that Angels had their habitation near the Throne of the Most High, and glad hosannahs fell perpetually from their pure and holy lips. He thought it strange when, one night his little four year-old son was saved from the harrowing storm, and in his joy at finding the little chap safe and warm in the old fold of the fleecy lambs, he knelt down and prayed. Circumstances forced him to the belief that God and the Angels had a hand in restoring to him his boy; but he spoils the glowing metaphor by the crude assertion that the deed just done by the Angels was

"A derned sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne."

The spirit of selfishness is seen here. It creeps out through his very joy. He seems to consider it no more than his rightful due, that his child, a most promising young scamp, who has learned to swear and chew tobacco like his father, should be saved, and thousands upon thousands of other children better and more worthy to live in every way, are dying a thousand different deaths. It is Human Nature after all, and wonderfully, most wonderfully have these two deservedly popular authors depicted it. Selfishness lurks beneath or behind the outward show of gratefulness.

Mr. Francis Bret Harte's earlier life is similiar to most of our more famous literary men. Of course his father was a poor school-teacher, and at his death left young Bret almost penniless on the broad earth. He is of Dutch descent, and high authority gives to Albany the distinction of being the city of his birth, which took place in the year 1837. Mr. Harte, up to his seventeenth year filled various positions, from school-boy to clerk in a New York store. At that interesting year of his age, he and his widowed mother sailed for the Pacific Coast, and shortly afterwards they settled down in California. The dreams of ardent seekers for gold reached his ears, and the pick and digging implements searched in his hands for the yellow treasures. Though he toiled long and laboriously his exertions were unrewarded, and he took up the uncongenial task of a school-master. He left San Francisco on foot one fine summer's morning, and walked to the Mines at Sonora. Golden colored pears and luscious grapes were his food, and with a light heart and lightened spirits made buoyant with the thoughts of success, and the trilling notes of joyous singing birds, he entered Sonora, and immediately thereafter opened his little school. In this pursuit also he failed, and after spending a couple or more weeks as a teacher he "pulled up stakes" and went to Eureka, and entered a small newspaper office as a compositor. During the temporary absence of the Editor he wrote an article for the journal which so exasperated a few of the ruling spirits of the town, that the Editor, returning, was forced to make some very humble apologies indeed, and

Mr. Harte thought it prudent to leave Eureka and seek another place more fitted to his taste. He, at once, returned to San Francisco and determined to stand or fall in his profession as a printer or newspaper man. He readily got employment as a compositor in the office of "The Golden Era," and shortly afterwards received an editorial position on that favourite print. Successful in his new position, he thought of trying the publication of a paper of his own, so he and Mr. Webb started "The Californian" —a paper of a lively, agreeable tone,—which enjoyed a circulation among the more cultivated classes; but through inadequate support, "The Californian" went to the wall, commercially speaking.

Two or three years ago it occurred to our brethren of the Pacific Coast that no serial presented to their Atlantic friends, the reflex of the minds of the Golden State's literati. They had a literature, new, novel and interesting to develope. Their teeming forests and hills and lakes overflowed with legendary lore. They had writers, and the vehicle to spread broadcast the emanations of these new authors, was alone wanted Accordingly the enterprising publishing house of Messrs. Roman & Co., of San Francisco, conceived the project of starting "The Overland Monthly," and Mr. Harte was asked to become its editor. He was as much delighted with the venture, and as sanguine of its success as the publishers were, and he therefore set to work with a will. The first No appeared with the usual magazine flourish of trumpets. The new Star of the west, in its pale salmon cover, so like i appearance and in design, the *Atlantic Monthly*, was eagerly welcomed as much in the East as in its native home in the West. It was fresh, original and *piquant*. No. 2 issued from the press, and subscriptions from all quarters poured in and cheered the Editor and his publishers in their work.

Just before No. 3 was published Mr. Roman was taken very ill, so ill indeed, that all communication with him on any subject, was disallowed. And at this time a very unpleasant event occurred. The *Overland* was placed in a critical and somewhat dangerous position. A row between the Editor and his assistants, prompted perhaps by feelings of jealousy on the part of some of the underlings towards their popular young master, was imminent. Mr. Harte had written a story as his leader for the third issue of his Monthly—"The Luck of Roaring Camp"—and the proof-sheets of the tale had been sent up for correction to the lady proof-reader of the establishment. She had not read more than a column and perhaps a trifle more, when in dismay and mock horror, she laid the sheets down again and declared the story must not go in the Magazine. It was shockingly vulgar and entirely unfit for a lady to read. Back to the publishers it must be sent, she ruled, and back to those gentlemen it was accordingly sent. Mr. Roman, we have said, was ill and could not be seen, but his confidential man of business glanced his eyes over the forbidden pages and shivered in his boots in horror. A careful literary critic was called in. He read the impure production, and he too, gave in his verdict with the pure minded proof-reader, and the equally sagacious and pure man of business. Mr. Harte was then sent for and the position of matters as they stood was unfolded to him. The story, said they, could not possibly be inserted in the magazine, under any circumstances. Mr. Harte, con-

scious of having done no wrong, bristled up and insisted on it that the tale must and would go in, come what may of the results. The little war raged for some moments and was finally brought to a close by the Editor's flatly declaring, that unless it was printed in the *Overland* just as it was written, he would at once resign his position on the Monthly. Mr. Harte's services could in nowise be dispensed with, and his story *was* printed. The local papers, swallowed their qualms of conscience, the religious press frowned upon the unfortunate "Luck of Roaring Camp," destined to make the fortune of the Magazine and its Editor, and in moody silence all "waited for the verdict" of the great Atlantic press. In three weeks the news came like wildfire that the story was the finest tale of the Magazines of the year, that it was a perfect gem in the matter of story-telling, and the fame of the *Overland* was immediately established. The "Luck of Roaring Camp" went the rounds of the press, and papers of every shade of politics, from the greater to the lesser lights republished it in their columns. Thus by the firmness of this man of letters, who ruled down the silly squeamish sentimentality of professed autocrats, a new phase of California life is preserved to the world. A new field, rich and full of interest to everybody, is opened up. Such delightful tales as "Tennesee's Partner," "Miggles," and the "Exiles of Poker Flat" are the result of the acceptance of a discriminating public who knew well how to divide the chaff from the wheat, of the more celebrated "Luck of Roaring Camp."

But it is as a poet that we have to deal with Mr. Bret Harte in this paper. A pleasant volume, containing all his fugitive pieces, many of which have enlivened the columns of the Canadian and American press for two or more years back, and several entirely new poems has just been issued from Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co.'s House, and a very handsome book it is. The poem with which Mr Harte's name is more generally associated, and in which his unparalleled success and reputation may be said to be based is the more familiar "Heathen Chinee." It is in every one's mouth, and the quaintness with which slang expressions are strung together is its pecu iar characteristic. This has a little history in connexion with it. During the interval-work on the magazine it was written, merely thrown off as by-play, and never intended to be published at all, certainly not in the pages of California's Magazine. It was dashed off and placed among other MSS. in the editor's desk, and there it remained for some six or eight months, until one day being in want of a poem, Mr. Harte sat down to write one. His eye fell upon "The Heathen Chinee," and he read it over. A friend was with him at the time, and he passed it over to him. He was much surprised to hear the literary man beside him go into such raptures over it, and on his recommendation and solicitation the "plain language from Truthful James of Table Mountain," came out in all the glory of leaded type in the next No of the *Overland Monthly*. It "took." One paper after another copied it, photographers eagerly took up this key-note of life in California, and prints illustrative of the "Chinee" and "Bill Nye" and "Truthful" rapidly came into market. The larger illustrated papers gave full-size pictures of the episode and no poem has, it can truthfully be said, attained so enviable a

reputation, and yet there is not a great deal in it after all. It seemed to suit everybody, however, and its lines and *dicta* are used whenever occasion admits. The great success achieved by the poet in this production induced him to publish the other day a further instalment from "Truthful James." This latter takes up the Indian. It appears a lottery was held in 'Frisco, and "Truthful James" had just seen an Indian who had a number—"72,984"—which fact he communicated to his partner, "Bill Nye." On hearing this "Bill" went for his revolver and on consulting his memoranda found the No had drawn a prize. He hastened then to the protection of the "Injin." He met the brave and together they consumed much "fire-water," and "Truthful" says:

"And we found William spread
Very loose on the strand,
With a peaceful-like smile on his features,
And a dollar greenback in his hand.

Which the same, when rolled out,
We observed with surprise,
What that Injin, no doubt,
Had believed was the prize—
Them figures in red in the corner,
Which the number of note specifies.

Was it guile or a dream?
Is it Nye that I doubt?
Are things what they seem,
Or is visions about?
Is our civilization a failure?
Or is the Caucasian played out?"

This emanation is hardly so good as Mr. Harte's former efforts. We feel that we ought to publish "The Heathen Chinee" in full, to give the readers of the QUARTERLY some idea of the scope and style of the writer of dialect poetry:

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies—
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon Willi
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour;"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand;
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand,
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

"Cicely" of Alkali Station, is very fine. A poor fellow with no soul for poetry tells to a poet the story of the birth of his child, and asks him "just to sling it into rhyme." His wife, a poor crazy thing, starts off and runs away one cold night in October. The husband tells the story thus:

One night—the tenth of October—I 'woke with a chill and fright,
For the door it was standing open, and Cicely warn't in sight;
But a note was pinned on the blanket, which it said that she "couldn't stay,"
But had gone to visit her neighbour, seventeen miles away.

When or how she stampeded, I didn't wait for to see,
For out in the road, next minit, I started as wild as she;
Running first this way and that way, like a hound that is off the scent—
For there warn't no track in the darkness to tell me the way she went.

I've had some mighty mean moments afore I kem to this spot,—
Lost on the Plains in '50, drownded almost, and shot;
But out in this Alkali desert, a-hunting a crazy wife,
Was r'ally as on-satis-factory as anything in my life.

"Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" I called, and I held my breath;
And "Cicely" came from the canyons—and all was as still as death;
And "Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" came from the rocks below,
And jest but a whisper of "Cicely!" down from them peaks of snow.

I aint't what you call religious,—but I jest looked up to the sky,
And—this 'yer's to what I'm coming, and maybe ye think I lie;
But up away to the East'ard, yaller and big and far,
I saw of a suddent rising the singlerist kind of a star.

Big and yaller and dancing, it seemed to becon to me;
Yaller and big and dancing, such as you never see;
Big and yaller and dancing.—I never saw such a star,
And thought of them Sharps in the Bible, and I went for it then and thar.

Over the brush and bowlders, I stumbled and pushed ahead;
Keeping the star afore me, I went wharever it led,
It might hev been for an hour, when suddent and peart and nigh,
Out of the yearth afore me thar riz up a baby's cry.

Listen! thar's the same music; but her lungs they are stronger now
Than the day I packed her and her mother, I'm derned if I jest know how,
But the doctor kem the next minit, and the joke o' the whole thing is
That Cis never knew what happened from that very night to this!

But Cicely says you're a poet, and maybe you might, some day,
Jest sling her a rhyme 'bout a baby that was born in a curious way,
And see what she says; and, old fellow, when you speak of the star, don't tell
As how 'twas the doctor's lantern,—for maybe 'twon't sound so well."

The "The Aged Stranger" who was with Grant, is very humorous, and "John Burns of Gettysburg" is a brilliant lyric.

Mr. Harte is now in the tide of his fame. Last year on the 29th of June he was elected an honorary member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Cambridge, Mass., of which Prof. James Russell Lowell is President, and before this scholarly society Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes delivered his masterly oration, "Mechanism in thought and in Morals."

On the 2nd of February Mr. Harte left San Francisco *en route* for Chicago. He resigned his situation as chief of the *Overland's* staff, and is to take charge of a new serial to be published in the Western city of Chicago. This Magazine is to be called the *Lakeside Monthly*, and starts with a paid up capital of $40,000. Mr. Harte as chief Editor and sole Manager, is to receive a salary of $5,000 a year. It is stated that he will assume the reins at once. An engagement had been partly entered into between

Mr. Harte and the proprietors of the *Atlantic Monthly*; but it is now understood that any such engagement supposed to exist is cancelled.*

In appearance Bret Harte is rather good-looking. He wears side whiskers and moustache, and his hair is kept of the medium length. His nose is quite handsomely formed, and in stature he is slightly above the usual height.

Col. John Hay is another gentleman who has distinguished himself in a very short time, and more wonderful still, by only two poems; but these have been so good and so felicitous in their whole arrangement, that it would be a matter for speculation if they were not successful. Mr. Hay is quite young, having just turned thirty years of age. The state of Indiana has the honour of being his birth-place, and the earlier portion of his life was spent in the wilds of Illinois. In 1858 he graduated with high class honours from that rare repository of learning, Brown University, in Rhode Island. He then went to Springfield, studied law for some years and finally was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Illinois. In 1861 he accompanied the late President Lincoln to Washington, and shortly afterwards became Assistant Private Secretary of the Executive Office. He entered the army during the late civil war and served with distinction on the staff of General Hunter during the spring of 1863, as volunteer aid, and in the following winter had conferred upon him the appointment of Assistant Adjutant General and ranked as Major. He then joined General Gillmore, who commanded the Department of the South, and accompanied the expedition which occupied the line of the St. John's River. This being accomplished he was ordered to duty in Washington, on the personal staff of the President Major Hay was made Colonel in 1865, and in 1869 he resigned from the army.

The year 1865 saw him *en route* for Heroic Paris,—fair and fickle no longer—as Secretary of Legation, the same position he filled at respective intervals at the courts of Vienna and Madrid, whence he returned to the United States a few months ago. He is now engaged on the regular staff of the *New York Tribune*. His series of papers entitled "Castilian Days," now running through "The Atlantic Monthly," have been very justly admired for the elegance and conciseness with which they are written. The descriptive portions are really eloquent. Col. Hay is therefore only beginning his literary and journalistic career. But two poems have come from his pen "Jim Bludso," the Engineer's poem, and "Little Breeches." Of course Col. Hay will throw off a few more such original poems as he has given us.

"Little Breeches" has been thought by some persons, to be a very close imitation of Harte's "Cicely"; but any one who reads both poems carefully and critically will at once notice some very material differences. There are let us admit, several of the phrases—as used by Mr. Harte in "Cicely"; but they show or prove nothing. If the poem is a faithful description of a certain class of human beings, and both writers having adopted characters of that ilk for their heroes, is it any wonder that there should

*NOTE.—Since this article was written positive information to this tenor has reached us. Mr. Harte has cancelled all engagements and has decided to remain in Boston and write exclusively for the house of James R. Osgood & Co. His productions will appear mainly in "Every Saturday," and in the "Atlantic Monthly."

be a resemblance in idiom, and in comparison to things celestial as well as terrestrial? We give both of Col. Hay's poems, and we ask the reader to compare "Little Breeches" with "Cicely," and a wide difference will be at once apparent, sufficient at all events to disarm any suspicion that may attach itself of plagiarism:

LITTLE-BREECHES.

A Pike County View of Special Providence.

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, Sir,
On the handful o'things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And Free-will, and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last Spring.

I came into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along—
No four-year-old in the country
Could beat him for pretty and strong.
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store,
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little-Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft, white mound,
Up sot, dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow critters' aid—
I just flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow and prayed.
* * * * * * *
By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheep-fold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last in a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night,
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
So warm, and sleepy and white.

And THAR sot Little-Breeches and chirped
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm
They just scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne.

Col. Hay's agreeable, pleasing and affable manners have made him a great favourite with whomsoever he has come in contact. His scholarly attainments are high, and he speaks both the French and German languages with considerable fluency. Of his two poems "Jim Bludso" is by all odds the best. It is deeply pathetic, and its rough homely termination is so true and full of meaning, that it stamps its author at once, as a poet of the heart and of our better natures.

"Christ ain't agoin to be too hard
On a man that died for men."

How beautiful are these lines, coming as they do, from the lips of a Mississippi Steamboatman? The whole Christian Religion is embodied in that simple couplet. It is eminently touching and provocative of much thought. We must quote the poem in its entirety:

JIM BLUDSO.

(OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE.)

Well, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he didn't live, you see;
Leastaways he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He waren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here, in Pike.
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row—
But he never flunked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never know'd how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississippi,
And her day came at last—
The Movaster was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed,
And so she came tearing along that night—
The oldest craft on the line;
With a nigger squat on her safety valve
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she cleared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For the willer bank on the right,
There was yelling and cursing, but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle again the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burning boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And know'd he would keep his word,
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stack fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside some pious gentleman
That wouldn't shook hand with him.
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't agoin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men!

DESTROYING OLD LETTERS.

BY LYNDON.

THERE comes a time in the life of every man,—I shall not, dare not, say woman also, for are there not lady authors, lecturers and preachers in abundance to speak for the sex?—when he finds himself in possession of a quantity of old letters, considered too good to be burned at the time of their reception and preserved since without being thought much about, which he is compelled to destroy. He is about to be married, perhaps, and he has a faint idea that there are letters among the number that his wife ought not to see; or he is leaving home to fulfil an engagement in a distant city and feels that he may never come back to the old home except on flying visits; or disease has rendered a dangerous surgical operation necessary and he knows that it is pos-

sible that he may be lifted from the operating board a corpse; or his country has called for men to fight in its defence and he has responded to the call, fully aware of the danger to which he will be exposed, and he becomes painfully conscious of the necessity for destroying the old letters which have been so long accumulating. He feels that justice to the authors, dead and alive, demand that those letters should not be left to fall into the hands of curious relations, and is haunted by the conviction that they contain much that would be considered ridiculous by the unsympathetic, and criminal by the suspicious. So at the last moment he opens the little trunk or chest, in which he kept his clothes perhaps when a boy, but which has served as a treasure-box in later years, and lifts out package after package. Some are tied with ribbon, some with twine, and some are enclosed in elastic bands. The envelopes are of all sizes, shapes and colours. Some of the superscriptions are in the bold round hand that betokens recent exercise in the copy-book, some are in the sprawling hand that is so quickly learned in mercantile or professional life, some are in the cramped hand of one who works much and writes little, but the greater number are in fine feminine hands. Some are quickly recognized, and excite various emotions, while others must be opened and the signatures examined before the authorship can be discovered. He opens a package and spreads the letters before him. They are directed in a methodical, school-ma'am hand, the envelopes are of uniform size, and they bear several postmarks. She is married now. Weary of waiting for him, or finding that she cared for him no longer, she accepted the addresses of a young farmer and became the mistress of a log house, forty acres of burnt land, seven cows and a numerous flock of sheep. How he smiles at the thought of the sufferings he endured when she was wedded to another? He has seen her selling butter and eggs in market since, the romance has been destroyed, her presence has long ceased to awaken a sentimental reflection; but around these letters the old memories cluster, and as he reads one of them he once more communes with the young girl, and forgets that the farmer's wife is in existence. Feeling that these ought to have been burned long ago, he consigns them to the flames.

And here is a huge package which he opens thoughtfully. Every letter in it contains from two to six sheets of paper. Of course it is impossible for him to read them, but he feels that he cannot destroy them without glancing over their contents. They are brim full of confiding utterances, and affectionate advice. He reads a reproof that surely could not have been given by one further removed than a sister or affianced bride, a revelation of family difficulties of a character that are usually kept secret, details of trains of thought that are seldom found out of a carefully guarded diary, expressions of tender solicitude, tearful regrets for the infrequency of their meetings, depreciating estimates of herself, and many prayers to him to pardon her faults and overlook anything amiss that he may see in her or her letters. And who is she who thus "pins her heart upon her sleeve" for him to look into its remotest depths, and witness its

every pulsation? A silent, diffident, unobtrusive, shrinking girl who is called cold, proud, and unsympathetic. Not even to him has she ever removed that icy mask of seeming indifference, and spoken cordially. The previous evening she had simply bowed him out in a stately fashion after he had said good-bye, and had not even extended her hand or wished him a pleasant passage. There are philosophers skilful enough to read aright and reconcile contradictory manifestations of the kind exhibited by the girl who wrote these letters; but he being no philosopher is sorely puzzled. He feels that it would be shocking to have any one else read them, and he has too much regard for her to leave them exposed; so they are consigned to the flames with a pang.

Next he opens a package that has not seen the light since the close of his last term at school or college. How recollections of boyish struggles and triumphs come over the years of work and toil! He is an enthusiastic boy again. He resolves to keep these. Then he thinks of the high hopes with which he and his fellows then looked forward to the future, and compares it with the result. Instead of having become lords of their fellows most of them are like

> Poor servitors
> (When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
> Constrained to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

He is entering upon a new field of labour, he must cut adrift from his boyish dreams, and work for the attainment of the humbler goal now in view, and so he destroys these records of the past.

Now his brow clears as he examines another correspondent's offerings. There is nothing in these letters to mystify, or awaken sad recollections. They were written by an earnest-minded, educated, thoughtful woman, whose friendship never wavered, whose language was never stilted, whose utterances were always clear, intelligent and candid. She is married now, and has something else to do. Surely he can keep these treatises on art, nature and society—these quaint descriptions of travel—these charming pictures of out-of-the-way people. No; life is too short for living over the past, and performing the part he has marked out for himself. They, too, are destroyed.

Letters from mother full of details of home life, anxious enquiries after his health, and warnings against exposing himself to physical danger or sinful temptations. Letters from married sisters and brothers, which once came regularly, but now come only when a death or the advent of a fresh olive branch is to be chronicled. Letters written in bivouacs which tell of wounds and death, of raids and pillage, and crack grim jokes concerning the awful scenes in which the writers have borne a part. Letters from cousins asking when another visit may be expected, and full of exaggerated expressions of regret that they cannot talk over the good time they had when he spent that vacation with them, instead of being doomed to write about it. Letters of all kinds, some of them love letters perhaps. Letters that would work a world of mischief if they should fall into the hands of certain parties. He smiles sarcastically as he reads in one ridicule and abuse of the man who has since become the writer's husband. The devil prompts

him to be careless of that letter, but he throws it into the fire to escape temptation. In many of the letters he finds scraps of poetry, and in one there is a forgotten photograph. In a few are amateur drawings of well-remembered or long-forgotten faces and scenes. Perhaps a lock of hair peeps from the end of an envelope. And then he takes from its resting place a package of his own letters, written years ago with infinite care to a maiden rather higher in the social scale than himself, and considered at that time to contain many brilliant, love-inspiring, admiration-producing passages of fine writing. But she had married another, and had exchanged letters by express. When they were received he laid them carefully aside, after wondering how she could be unintellectual enough not to appreciate them, with the expectation that when he should have become a great man they would be published and become more famous than Swift's letters to Stella. At the recollection of such folly he nervously casts them into the grate, and, nearly exhausted with the work he has been engaged in, but with a sensation of relief, he throws himself upon the sofa to rest, and thoughtfully watches the flakey remnants of the old letters disappear.

FAREWELL TO LIFE.

(*From the German.*)

BY J. J. CAMERON.

My wounds flow fresh, my pale lips shake,
I feel my heart beat faint and still,
Here on the shore of life I take
My final stand. Thy Holy will
Be done. Oh God, thine am I still.

How many pictures traced in gold,
I've seen to hover round my way,
Golden visions of a day!
Dissolved in dirges sad and cold,
Courage! What in my heart I hold,
So true, its life eternal shall unfold,
Shaped in beauty's matchless mould.

That which I knew as sacred here,
For which I glowed with ardour bright,
For which I spent my youthful night,
Whether I name it country's Love,
Or, Liberty for which I strove.
When bright seraphs round I see:—
And as my senses slowly flee,
Aurora-tinted heights appear,
And zephyrs waft me gently there.

IN MEMORIAM—CHARLES DICKENS.

By Rev. M. Harvey, St. Johns, N. F.

When, on the morning of the 10th of June last, the sad intelligence was flashed everywhere along the telegraphic wire that Charles Dickens was dead, it is not too much to affirm that the event called forth a more genuine and wide-spread sorrow than the death of any other individual has done within the memory of the present generation. No king, conqueror, statesman or patriot, of recent times, has gone to his grave so truly mourned, and by so many loving hearts as Charles Dickens. Many thousands, in all ranks of life, both in England and America, who had never seen his face, felt that they had lost a friend and benefactor—one who had made brighter some of their happiest hours and cheered some of their gloomiest moments; one who had taught them a deeper love of their kind, calling forth the sweetest smiles, the most innocent laughter, and peopling their world of imagination with the noble creations of his genius. Wherever the English tongue is spoken the works of Charles Dickens are read; and there is hardly a language of the civilized world into which they have not been translated. The grief evoked by his death was, therefore, not confined to his countrymen, but was felt universally; and of his departure we may say, in the language of Dr. Johnson regarding the death of Garrick, "it eclipsed the gaiety of nations." The master of our smiles and tears, the keen but gentle satirist, the genial delineator of the foibles and amiabilities, the weaknesses and vanities of our common nature—who ever discerned a soul of goodness in things evil, and struck only at the selfish and the bad, ever standing up for the weak, the poor and the oppressed—this mighty magician of the world of fancy has dropped his wand and gone over to the great majority, the mighty nations of the dead. No more shall fresh creations of his genius gladden our firesides and charm away our cares, filling our hearts with tender sympathies, fair fancies, loving thoughts, and sweet laughter. No more shall new Christmas Carols from his pen charm the hearts of young and old, and make the happy festive season brighter and happier. From his creative fancy will come no more little Nells, Oliver Twists, Paul and Florence Dombeys, Tiny Tims or little Em'lys, to delight us with their childish ways, and draw sweet tears from our eyes by their childhood's sorrows. The hand that drew the immortal Pickwick, Sam Weller, Mark Tapley, Jefferson Brick, Sairey Gamp and the ever delightful Micawber, has finished its work. But what a glorious intellectual legacy, for the delight of mankind, this large-hearted, gentle, generous soul has left, from his earliest "Sketches by Boz," till that June evening of last year, when with his "Edwin Drood" unfinished he bowed his head upon his folded hands, and the busy brain was still for ever. He died in the full flush of his fame,

his genius undimmed, his intellectual force unabated, in the midst of his toils, loved and honoured as few masters of the pen have ever been, during their life-time. His mourning countrymen laid his remains in England's Pantheon—Westminster Abbey—amid her noblest dead. There he worthily sleeps in Poet's Corner among the mighty departed —"the great of old, the dead, but sceptred sovreigns, who still rule our spirits from their urns":—

> "But strew his ashes to the wind,
> Whose sword or pen has served mankind,
> And is he dead whose glorious mind lifts thine on high?
> To live in hearts we leave behind
> Is not to die."

How are we to account for the wonderful hold obtained by Dickens over the hearts of his countrymen in particular and the world at large? That the son of a poor government clerk, who never passed through university or college, and commenced life as a newspaper reporter, should, by the sheer force of his genius, win his way to the front rank of literature, and take and keep a foremost place—that he should have for admiring readers royalty on the throne, nobles in their halls, bishops and clergy, all ranks and professions, the most learned and the most fastidious, down to the dust-begrimed artizan and the humblest toilers for the daily bread—that he should have held, for thirty years, such an audience as this enchanted by the potent spell of his genius, could only be accounted for by the possession of the rarest powers employed for beneficent and worthy ends. What was the great secret of his power over his generation? I answer, it lay far more in the heart than in the head—in his profound, all-comprehending sympathy with the joys and woes of the great brotherhood of man, rather than in his intellectual endowments, great though these were. No writer, excepting Shakspeare and Burns, has shown such a genial, healthy wide-ranging sympathy with all human feelings as Charles Dickens. Hence he is master of that "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin," and can unlock at will the fountain of our tears and laughter. Hence he looks at the world with the eye of love and the heart of charity—with gentle toleration for all foibles and frailties of character, if only accompanied with true goodness of heart, while denouncing unsparingly meanness, malignity, cant, selfishness, cruelty and hypocrisy. His beautiful creations have taught us to love our kind better, not only when adorned with all moral excellence, as in the case of the "Cheeryble Brothers," but also when crusted over with ludicrous weaknesses, outward deformities and many frailties. How he delighted in bringing to light noble, generous, heroic qualities among the poorest and humblest, in the midst of squalid poverty, among the very outcasts of society and the most terrible or grotesque accompaniments! But he never proves untrue to his high calling, by varnishing over the evil and making it seem good—never awakens our sympathies for a vile character by superadding the tinsel of noble sentiments, as too many romancers have done. Never has Dickens written a line that may not be read aloud in the family circle, and that a parent would hesitate to

place in a daughter's hand. While the kindly light of benevolence plays around all, morality and charity are reconciled, and toleration of error never sinks into unwholesome sentimentality. Great are the intellectual endowments of Dickens—marvellous his powers of observation—wonderfully captivating his narrative faculty and the artistic grouping of his characters; while his rare perception of the ludicrous element that underlies all human things—his unrivalled combination of wit and humour throw a charm around everything he has written. But underlying all, and giving an impulse to all his rich gifts, was the loving heart, the broad, genial sympathy that felt with and for all, and to which nothing human was strange or alien. This it was that inspired his pathos, and pointed the shafts of his wit, gave geniality to his humour and poetic insight into the subtlest workings of the human heart, and thus won his way to the great heart of humanity. After all, men can only be won permanently by truth, honesty, goodness and love.

The wonderful fertility of Dickens's genius is perhaps most apparent in the host of characters, all of them the creations of his fancy, to which he has given us a kindly introduction. I dare say most my readers are familiar with a good number of them. Their names have become, long since, household words, and some of them we know far better than our next-door neighbours, or even our familiar friends. More especially is this true of his humorous characters, who seem to walk in and take possession of us, and lay themselves down on the soft couch of our esteem, whether we will or not. How they shake us with mirth—how they light up our world of thought with a beautiful facetiousness, shedding a warmth over our whole being,—how some of them tumble about in a perfect ocean of fun, raining their jokes and waggeries in a ceaseless stream of merriment. That single group—Tony Weller and his son Sam with Mr. Pickwick, have proved a positive benefaction to the world. Who has not laughed at the elder Weller's Anti-Confederate views in regard to matrimony, the result of dear-bought experience, and his dread of widows? He finds his son Sam despatching a valentine to Mary, and beholding the future in the present, he bursts out into that affecting lamentation,—"To see you married Sammy, to see you a deluded victim, and thinkin' in your innocence it's all werry capital. It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelins, that 'ere Sammy." His horror of widows and railroads is summed up in his thrilling account of a journey by rail,—"I was locked up in a close carriage with a living widdur, and I believe it was only because we was alone, and there was no clergyman in the conveyance, that that 'ere widdur did'nt marry me, before we reached the half-way station." "As for the ingein, as is always a pourin' out red hot coals at night, and black smoke in the day, the sensiblest thing it does, in my opinion, is when there's somethin' in the way, and it sets up that frightful scream vich seems to say, now here's 240 passengers in the werry greatest extremity of danger, and here's their 240 screems in vun." When as to that dear, delightful old gentleman, Mr. Samuel Pickwick, with whose figure, eye-glass, spectacles and gaiters we are

all so familiar—was there ever a quiet, respectable, middle-aged gentleman so buffetted by fortune—"fainted upon, in his helpless innocence," by that stout, speculative widow-woman, Mrs. Bardell, of immortal memory,—dragged heartlessly into a court of law for breach of promise—his feelings outraged by having his private correspondence, in regard to "chops and tomato sauce" exhibited before the public, and actually tortured, by an unscrupulous, relentless Buzfuz, into proof conclusive as Holy Writ of honourable intentions in regard to widow Bardell; and then to see this ancient "Babe of the Wood" walking off to prison, a martyr to his principles, and there actually paying in his kind-heartedness the widow's law-costs, rather than let her go to jail,—ah! me! what peals of sweet, harmless laughter this memorable trial has called forth, in hut and hall, lonely chamber and crowded assembly, during the last thirty years; and it is sure to do so for twice thirty years to come! That a British jury should have brought in a verdict in favour of the widow Bardell, after Mr. Samuel Weller's clear and convincing testimony, is an outrage on our sense of justice; and we are delighted when the innocent Pickwick at length quits his prison in triumph. We are charmed too with the progress of Sam's courtship, and feel very much disposed to forgive Mr. Weller, on that memorable occasion when, looking for his hat, he quite unconsciously crowded the pretty housemaid behind the door, and then, by way of making amends, kissed her lavishly.

Then to turn for a moment to a very different comic creation—who has not a mental image of the world-renowned Sairey Gamp, as she passed along "this mortial wale, and 'owlin' wilderness of tears;" and who has not speculated on the possible existence of her rather mythical friend, Mrs. Harris. We can't, it is true, "enjoy Sairey's society without being conscious of a slight smell of spirits;" nevertheless, we can hardly decline to accept Mrs. Harris's solemn testimony to her temperate habits, as quoted by the veracious lady herself, who was so ready for all emergencies, whether at the beginning or close of life. "Mrs. Gamp" says Mrs. Harris, "if ever there was a sober creature to be got at eighteen pence a day for working people, and three and six for gentle-folks—night watching being an extra charge, you are that inwallable person." "Mrs. Harris I says to her, don't name the charge, for if I could afford to lay all my feller-creturs out for nothing, I would gladly do it, sich is the love I bears 'em. But what I always says to them that has the management of matters, Mrs. Harris, is don't ask me whether I won't take none, or whether I will, but leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and let me put my lips to it, when I am so dispoged." I think Sairey Gamp and her faithful admirer Mrs. Harris, are sure to live in literature, and to be laughed and wondered at, by an endless succession of fresh arrivals on this stage of humanity; and with them, by way of contrast and counteractive, will be linked the wonderful, the delightful Mark Tapley, who managed to be jolly even in an American Eden, in a swamp of the Mississippi.

Then take the Copperfield group—the finest, to my thinking, of all that have been drawn by the noble hand of Dickens,—the gentle boy

Davy, and his faithful nurse Pegotty, whose back resembled a modern maitrailleuse in keeping up a constant discharge of missiles, in the shape of buttons, and who at length surrenders to the "willin' Barkis"—that charming little ark on the Yarmouth sands, with its inmates, Ham, Mr. Pegotty, Mrs. Gummidge and "little Em'ly," the eccentric but kind-hearted Miss Trobwood, with her ceaseless warfare against marauding donkeys—Traddles deep in love with "the dearest girl, one in ten," his irrepressible hair ever on end, no amount of horse power being equal to keeping it flat:—but above all, that "complete letter-writer" and patient waiter on "something to turn up"—the accomplished, the Epicurean Micawber, whose lofty reference to Burns as "the Immortal Exciseman nurtured beyond the Tweed," ought to win the hearts of all Scotchmen—and whose gorgeous descriptions of his oft-recurring pecuniary difficulties are so richly ludicrous,—little Dora, the child-wife, whose, house-keeping proved such a failure, but whose innocent, affectionate ways, and early death have embalmed her in our memories for ever,—what charming personages are they all, in the light of love and humour shed over them by the great Master. It is, indeed, hard to say whether Dickens excels more in the humorous or the pathetic, when we remember that the same hand that sketched in the Old Curiosity Shop, Dick Swiveller, Quilp and Sally Brass, has also given us sweet little Nell, so tender, pure and good, whose presence is felt as an angel of light wherever she goes, and whose death-scene, as well as that of dear little Paul Dombey, has moistened many an eye unused to tears.

The limits of this brief "In Memoriam" are now almost reached, and quitting this fascinating theme, I must close with a few words in regard to Dickens as a man. Hans Christian Andersen, the great Danish novelist, who knew Dickens well, said, "take the best out of all Dickens's writings, combine them into the picture of a man, and there you have a Charles Dickens." This is high praise, and yet not unmerited, if we are to form our opinion of him from the concurrent testimony of those who knew him best. Bright, genial, sympathetic, charitable, tolerant, the firmest of friends, incapable of envy, malignity or meanness, humble, unspoiled by all his immense popularity, ready to help a friend at any cost,—such was Charles Dickens as painted by his most intimate friends. It is not wonderful to find that such a man had hosts of friends, and that they almost worshipped him. His smile was fascination itself—his manner called forth whatever was brightest and best in those with whom he mingled. What kindness of nature with which he delighted to endow his characters, was a reflection of his own loving spirit. His writings attest how keenly he felt the woes and injustices of the world, and how earnestly he laboured to alleviate and reform them. Nor have those labours proved fruitless. There are fewer Dotheboy's Halls, and brutal Squeers's, since Nicholas Nickleby appeared; Chancery suits are not quite so tedious as formerly—Fleet prisons for debtors are swept away—poor laws are ameliorated, and the Circumlocution Office with its art of "how not to do it" is falling into disrepute. Dickens's works have immensely helped forward all these wholesome reforms. A kindlier feeling too prevails

between rich and poor, since Dickens introduced the people of England to the aristocracy, and taught the latter to sympathize with their poor brethren. If ever a man loved the poor and understood them, that man was Charles Dickens; and few have done more to lift the lowly into the regards of those whose education and position enable them to render to the needy efficient help. Perhaps in all England there was no one who wrought harder than Dickens. His immense mental toils he relieved by a daily walk of twelve miles, holding this to be essential for the preservation of his health. All his life he lived by rule, and was most simple in his habits. Accurate, methodical, doing his work with his whole strength and soul, grudging no labour to make that work perfect, he conquered success as much by patient toil as by great natural gifts, and illustrated the truth that the greater the genius the greater need for hard work. Speaking of his manner and personal appearance, Arthur Helps, Secretary to Her Majesty's Privy Council says,: "His was one of those faces that require to be seen with the light of life. What portrait can do justice to frankness, kindness and power of his eyes. They seemed to look through you, and yet only to take notice of what was best in you and most worthy of notice. And then his smile, which was most charming. And then his laughter, the largest and heartiest kind, irradiating his whole countenance, and compelling you to participate in his immense enjoyment of it." I close this brief tribute to his memory with a quotation from Dean Stanley's sermon in Westminster Abbey, on the Sunday after his funeral. "Through his genius," said the Dean, "the rich man fairing sumptuously every day, was made to see and feel the presence of the Lazarus at his gate." "He laboured to tell us all, in new, very new words, the old, old story that there is even in the humblest and worst of mankind, a soul of goodness and nobleness, a soul worth redeeming, worth reclaiming, worth regenerating; he laboured to tell the rich and the educated how this better state was to be found and respected even in the most neglected Lazarus; he laboured to tel lthe poor no less to respect those better placed than themselves. And if by any such means, he who is gone has brought rich and poor together, and has made Englishmen feel more as one family, he assuredly will not have lived in vain, nor will his bones have been laid without cause in the resting-place of the great ones of the English nation."

The fine tribute of the Hon. Mrs. Norton to Charles Dickens will appropriately close this paper:

"Not merely thine the tribute praise,
Which greets an author's progress here;
Not merely thine the fabled bays,
Whose verdure brightens his career;
Thine the pure triumph to have taught
Thy brother man a gentle part;
In every line a fervent thought,
Which gushes from thy generous heart;
For thine are words which rouse up all
The dormant good amongst us found,
Like drops which from a fountain fall
To bless and fertilize the ground."

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

By Dr. D. Clark, Princeton, Ont.

PUNSHON.

One of the wonders of nature is, that of all the forms of the material world, whether the grains of sand on the sea shore,—the crystals of minerals,—the blades of grass,—the drops of dew,—the leaves of the forest, and stranger still, the multitudinous faces of humanity, no two are precisely alike. The same can be said of men's temperaments. Some are so phlegmatic that a bombshell might burst at their ears and yet, they would scarcely wink. Others are almost examples of perpetual motion. They are on the move constantly. To be still would be fatal to their longevity. Some are on the move intermittently. Their actions are spasmodic. They are all fuss and fury to-day and all *inertia* to-morrow. At one time you would think them *the* lever which moves the world of society, and at another they are so sluggish that spiders could almost make cobwebs between them and their work. The machine is good in its component parts, but, it lacks a balance-wheel to regulate the power, and moderate its *jerkiness*. Others are slow, regular, and sure. They have a certain jog-trot out of which the crash of the universe and the general mixing up of all things, could not spur them forward or backward. All these are representative men and seen every day in the walks of life. There is the same dissimilarity in mind. Many are planning but never executing. Some are born to execute what others devise. Many draw conclusions rapidly from fallacious premises and are thus constantly in trouble through ill-devised schemes, or by being the dupes of cunning cupidity, or of their own short-sightedness. Some see glory and renown in the merest delusions and follow the glimmering of every will-o'-the-wisp, which blinks over treacherous bogs, and through the murky darkness. Many love reflection not only on the stories of memorial incidents, but, also, on the rich fields of imagination and in abstraction and the phenomena of the mind chew the cud of sweet content. Others revel in the beauties of external nature. They live in the world of sensation and perception. They see loveliness in every sparkling dew-drop, and meandering and singing rivulet—in the humming-bird drinking ambrosia from every opening flower, and in every morning lark with burnished wings singing its matin song over the flowery lea;—in every insect which builds its cozy "biggins" and constructs its battlements, parapets, minarets, halls and thoroughfares on the sunny side of some miniature hillock, or in the folds of a tropical plant,—in every diamond which sparkles on the brow of beauty, and in every planet which adorns the face of night, resplendent in glory and marching in starry paths to "the music of the spheres,"—in the outlines of animal and vegetable life, fossilized in the petrified sands of time, and in the liv-

ing form and face divine of humanity; and hears not only music in the choristers of the grove, but also in the glorious strains of anthems and oratorios, and chants and hymnal melodies. These see with ecstasy the painter's cunning on the canvass, or the sculptor's genius on the block of marble. They live, they do not vegetate. They read the book of nature startling, voluminous, and beatific in every page with quickening pulse, beaming eye, and gladdened heart. The more perfect man is he who grasps in intellection both the subjective and objective —the substance in soul and the material in external nature, and who travels in wonder and delight subdued and sanctified, through the wondrous labyrinths of nature's great metropolis. Many have minds so constituted as to be incapable to analyze subjects of thought. They never use the scalpel to probe and cut into mystery. They fear to draw aside the vail which hides the known from the unknown. They climb the tree of knowledge as far as others have climbed it and they only scan the landscape which others had explored before them. They push their shallops from the shore and follow in the wake of more daring explorers. They step upon the continent of partially explored human thought, but they have no inspiration, to them there is "no pent up utica:" but, the ardent lover after truth,—the impetuous adventurer in quest of unknown regions—the fiery soldier on the advanced skirmish-line of those who do, and dare, and die, in the battles of science, and truth knows no fear and is never discouraged by disaster. What a theme is that of humanity! What a strange creation is man!

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

From this it might be inferred that different minds looking upon nature, would naturally by their idiosyncrasies have multifarious ways in communicating their thoughts to others, by words, and gesture and expression. The voluble tongue, or the ready pen, in every accent and in every word photographs the orator or the *litterateur*. These are the *exuviæ* which show the outlines of the modes of thought. Many writers and speakers delight in giving expression to bare facts and abstract thought without adornment. Metaphor, simile, and rich imagery are to such "love's labour lost." Such appeal only to the intellectual in our nature. The most powerful writer or speaker is he who plays skilfully on all the strings of our nature. The word-picturing has a response in the soul as well as the severe logic. The embellishment of the oration is the setting of the jewel. The verbal colouring of passions, emotions, desires and sensations is as necessary to fill the void of the insatiable mind as the rigid investigations of metaphysics. To this latter class belongs Punshon. He is not an extraordinary man, but he is remarkable. He is not as an orator, nor as a composer, unrivalled, but, he is far above mediocrity. He is not unique in his superiority, but, he has peculiarities not found among his compeers, and which command attention. He has husbanded his resources and used them well, and be they many, or be they few, the talents have not

been buried, and certainly have yielded abundant returns. He seems to have felt the force of the poet's song:

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

Punshon is above medium height and of full habits. He is broad-shouldered, and has a short neck, with well-developed muscles, and might be taken by a stranger for a well-to-do, healthy, prosperous, and happy farmer. His face is full and florid, yet, the facial angularities, are well defined and although rounded off, they are still prominent. The nose is thin throughout its whole extent. The nostrils are large and expansive. The eyes are small and twinkling, with an undefinable *funniness* and a sly *roguish* sparkle about them, which indicate a measure of humour running over. The brows overhang them considerably, and have appended to their lower margin eyelids thick and large. The mouth is large, but not expressive as the manner of some mouths are by nature, and the teeth —— - well, the day is past to characterize their beauty in *any one*. The forehead is retiring from before backwards, and it also recedes rapidly laterally towards the crown, but, it is wide at its base, and there is a considerable space from the ear to the front of it, indicating a brain above the average in the intellectual part if *bumpologists* are to be believed. The hair is slightly curly and has been auburn in earlier days. The temperament seems to be nervo-sanguine. He stoops slightly as too many clergymen and literary men do, from the execrable habit of crouching or stooping in writing, which many of them indulge in, and thus contract the lungs and squeeze life out in the desperate struggles to keep it in. There is nothing striking about Punshon as a whole, and yet if we met him in the street, he would catch the eye by means of the faculty which I may be allowed to call intuitive selection. His gestures in speaking are few; consisting principally of a sudden stretching out of the right-arm, and, of a raising towards the forehead the left-hand, or occasionally a sudden elevation of both hands simultaneously, during the delivery of the pathetic and devotional passages of a lecture. He indulges in no violent gesticulation, nor in contortions of the face. He seems to eschew the power of action and trusts to the inherent work of his compositions, rather than to an animated delivery. I must not be understood as insinuating that he is destitute of vivacity in speech, or flexibility of voice in speaking, or that he is a stoic and displays no more emotion than a statue, for that is not my meaning. He has those positive qualities of speech and voice and expression so necessary to orators, but not in a superlative degree. His enunciation is distinct. Every syllable is pronounced and every word and sentence is kept apart from its fellows. The *fulcrum* words of clauses and sentences are slightly emphasized, as those which give momentum to the whole. He does not confine himself to simple Anglo-Saxon words, but seems to have a fondness for classical terms, or at least those which are Anglicised. I do not say there is a redundency of such, but they are frequently used.

His style is *climacteric;* and in this respect Guthrie and he are alike. Spurgeon's force and Beecher's also, are of the epigrammatic kind. They will give a few words or sentences hissing hot, incisive, and piercing as a rifle-bullet. They go directly to the mark without circumlocution and without verbal profusion. Punshon has a style which is cumulative, and abounds in figurative language. He seems to delight in an intensity of colouring in the grand personages of his tableaux. Like the snow-ball, which begins its motion no larger than a boy's marble, on the top of the Alps, and gathers size and power as it goes, until the avalanche becomes irresistible, so he goes from one word picturing to another, dashing the colours on with a lavish brush, here, there and yonder, until the portraiture is complete. He climbs the hill of Antithesis, step by step, until one of the peaks is gained, higher by far than its fellow-crags, and from its brow of eternal sunshine a glorious prospect opens to the view. Herein is Punshon's *forte*, coupled with elegant language neatly fitted together. The voice is husky and far from pleasant in its tones, but that is soon forgotten in the surging tidal waves of beautiful rhetoric. His eloquence is that of a minor Cicero, not so much stirring as pleasing, not the heroic, but the charming, not the rousing, but the musical, and not the thrilling and soul-harrrowing, but the soothing anodyne, which does not so much stimulate to acts of noble daring, as allay the maddening and guilty fears of awakened consciences by pointing out a way of escape. The outpourings of eloquence are like the murmuring and rippling stream, flowing in silvered beauty through domestic scenery, sylvan shades, dreamy dales and misty plains. There are few majestic cataracts, impetuous cascades overtopped by grand old grey crags, the eyrie of the eagle, or dark green pines moaning the requiem of departing time in the birthplace of the tempest. The smooth flowing notes of a rhythmal chorus are there, but seldom or ever the battle scenes of a grand Oratorio. When Cicero delivered his orations, the Roman people cried out smilingly, "What a beautiful speaker." When Demosthenes uttered in irony the most bitter, in sarcasm the most cutting, and in invective thrice heated in patriotic ardour and hostility his philippics against the Macedonian king, the Greeks forgot their heart-burnings, jealousies and minor dissentions under the scathing words of the impetuous orator and roused to the highest point of daring, the sound of multitudinous voices rent the air, and above the loudest plaudits rose the battle cry "Let us go and fight Philip." The two orators were types of two classes of men, different in temperament, education and high resolve, but, each had a vocation to fulfil in this respect. Punshon has doubtless taken great pains to perfect his lectures, especially, those delivered in Canada, and which were originally spoken in Exeter Hall, London. As the painter or sculptor perfects his work by degrees and by great pains-taking and skill makes the figures almost instinct with life in appearance, so has he amended, revised, and corrected his creations until they have become models of correct taste, and faultless execution. We are surprised, however, how one of so much versatility in style is satisfied with the iteration and reiteration

of the same lectures. Ordinary mortals would find them wearisome at least, and to avoid their cloying taste, would seek in new explorations of thought a field of excitement of expansion and of investigation. An old story loses to the reciter its novelty and power in much repetition and is thus blunted in pungency and force and pathos. Not so with Punshon, he tells the oft-told truths with the same earnestness and beauty, as when first penned, and it matters not to him if his lecture is forestalled by the enterprising printer, and the audience in possession of the whole discourse in pamphlet form, he delivers his address with the same unction, unabashed and undismayed. I do not think that his mind is endowed with the analytical in an eminent degree. His lectures and sermons do not shew it. He possibly will never excel in dissecting concrete truths and in unravelling mystery, but, he will build a goodly structure on a foundation which others have laid, with material of his own devising, like LePlace on the substratum laid down by Newton in his *Principia*, or, like the busy bee, he gathers honey from the flowers everywhere, and gives to the world a rich verbiage, pleasant to the taste, if not unique to the understanding. Such men belong to no one church in reality, but, to humanity at large. They are not perfect in style, composition or delivery. Who is? Their sphere of usefulness is contracted by no walls of sectional partition, and although they do not reach the height of elocutionary transcendentalism, nor the depth of a cold and logical materialism and the pseudo-profound lore of rationalism, nor the circumference of brilliant talent, and striking genius, yet, in all enobling qualities, they stand Sauls, head and shoulders above their fellows in the entirety of manhood, and stride, with gigantic steps, in the van of rhetorical influence. What a contrast such men are to the vast majority of public speakers! This age is one marked for its much speaking, from after dinner speeches over the "flowing bowl" to the trashy political effort in the forum, and from the "them is my sentiments" of the stump orator, delivered to gaping rustics, to the classic and *icebergian* frigidity of the polished monitor, whose predelections may be clear as a winter's sky and studded as with planetary splendour, but, cold as that of a northern clime. We are glad when the Almighty in his beneficence gives to the world, men, whose words warm human hearts, and whose thoughts embodied in choicest phrases stir profoundly the "better angels of our nature."

MINKTAN PELLIDEE'S SERENADE.—A STORY OF A WRONGED HEART.

I am naturally of a timid, unobtrusive quiet disposition, somewhat nervous and easily excited. I am no coward, that is, in some things. I would feel perfectly at home on a gory battle field with bullets and dead bodies flying about like a peck of popcorn over a hot furnace. I could stand at my gun on board of a man-of-war and blaze away at

the enemy with all necessary self-possession and marvellous coolness. I could even "assist" or "go it alone" in case the commander ordered the firing to cease and all hands to "board" with cutlass and revolver the floating field of blood. Were I assaulted when the sun had gone down and the shades of evening danced upon the earth, I think I might manage to give the garroters a little hard work to do in case we came to a tussel. Yes, gentle reader, I am as brave as a lion. Its true, I have never yet in the whole course of my career in the world had an opportunity of distinguishing myself in any of the modes of warfare described above; but I think were I placed in a position where bravery of the more noble sort was required, I would not be found wanting. Perhaps I *am* a little like the individual known in ancient annals, who when kicked down stairs by an infuriated tradesman whom he had bored with so insignificant a trifle as a bill, stood upon the side-walk and rubbing the injured member of his frame with both hands, cried out "be careful sir, you may yet arouse the sleeping British Lion. There *is* a step beyond human endurance," and then seeing his debtor approach him with the evident intention of following up his advantage and thus cause a more copious use of rubefacients than was quite agreeable, moved off in a much perturbed frame of mind and a decidedly unpleasant state of moral feeling. Take my word for it, gentle reader, a braver man than myself does not exist. I have never been placed, it is true, in any of the trying positions I have stated; but I feel, in the quiet sanctuary of my own cheerful home, equal to almost any occasion.

We all have our weak spots. Achilles was invulnerable save in the heel. Samson's strength was gone when his beard no longer shadowed his face, and Charles Dickens tells us every man has a soft spot, and all that needs be done to find out precisely where it lies is to go round knocking at the door of his brains. and the required information will soon be forthcoming. Every one has a thousand times, when mingling with the human creatures of the earth, found out by a very little probing just where the exact degree of susceptibility is situated. Tradesmen or professional men too, will tell you how easily it is for a student of men to know his fellowmen, and how very rarely the mark is overstepped. Some men by their countenances indicate their whole being. The clerk in the store and the counting-room, if he be a close and careful observer of nature, can tell at a glance at his customer what sort of man he is. The stoic and the joker can readily be pointed out, and it is this particular observance of the people of the world that makes an employee really valuable to his employer. Some men enter an establishment for whom both the principals and the "hands" feel a most loathing contempt, and yet, they bow low and cringingly shower favour upon favour on these miserable specimens of humanity. Of course an object to be gained is in view, though it does seem to be a terrible lowering of self-respect, to honour a man solely because he has a super-abundance of the world's goods and chattels, and a mere modicum of those noble qualities which distinguish certain ones who have being among us. But I am, I fear, digressing somewhat. We are not

"advancing matters" as dear old Makepiece Thackeray would say with his hearty laugh, were he alive now.

I am a woman hater, not that I do not like, to say nothing of the more potent power, love, charming representatives of the fair sex: for I do most sincerely, and gratefully acknowledge and appreciate their many little kindnesses: but a kind of feeling akin to awe takes hold upon me when in their presence, and a sickening confusion is the consequence, and the invariable result of every interview I have had with them for the past twenty or thirty years of my life. I fondly hoped that this awkward bashfulness, that's the word, of mine would wear away as the years swept by, but, no, the lapse of time has had no effect, and daily I grow worse and worse until now I am a confirmed old bachelor, and my lonely hearth is not cheered by a loving wife and noisy young ones. No slippers and dressing-gowns await my nocturnal arrivals from my little old musty office or its older and mustier day-books and ledgers. Bright eyes and pouting lips don't flash and scold when I come home late to tea, neither am I ordered in a stage whisper to remove my heavy winter boots when scarcely past the threshold of the door, lest my footsteps would wake the infant joy of the house of Minktan Pellidee—but alas! all this is purely imaginary. There is no Mrs. Minktan Pellidee, though there might have been one, and I "rise to explain"—as "Truthful James" would say—why she was not a consummation, why my happiness was forever blighted, why I ceased to "put my trust" in the weaker vessels of humanity, and why I live on, a dreary blank, in single infelicity.

I once loved! There, that confession is out. I feel relieved. It was hard work for me to say the word at first; but I can hold my head up, high as Olympus, and say fearlessly *I once loved a woman!!* Need I hint here that she proved false, or am I anticipating the sequel to the story? I will proceed. Let me see, yes, I have it, its all of twenty years since I first met *her*, the poisonous destroyer of my future life, the faithless Mattie Manglethrope. Ah! Mattie Manglethrope you have much to answer for. You little know how much pain your cruel words have caused, you know not the fearful stab you inflicted upon this lacerated heart that falls bleeding at the shrine of love. Cupid, oh thou naughty Cupid, why *did* you shoot your shafts towards me. Better, ay, a thousand times better, had I never beheld the maiden Mattie.

Mattie Manglethrope was the only daughter of a wealthy green-grocer who sold vegetables and sausages in summer, and frozen fish of questionable odour, in winter. Mr. Jerome W. Manglethrope kept no store. His haughty soul towered above the shop. No, he believed strongly in locomotion, and disposed of his goods and chattels from a wheelbarrow, which he, respecting the dignity of labour, trundled in front of him, at early morn. The cocks on the wood-piles crowed their matutinal crow, the hens one by one, dropped from the legendary roost, and Mr. Manglethrope in silver tones broke the still air with the musical cry of "Ere's your fine perriwinkles and sprats, all ready

for the pan. Ring the bell Jimmy," and the one-wheeled vehicle moved leisurely along. Mr. Manglethrope is only a scene-shifter in this drama. He is a necessary part in the play, inasmuch as he is brought in to shew that Mattie was of respectable parentage, and moved in no mean sphere.

The house in which the charmer of my youthful heart lived, was not a palace by any means. It was not a brown stone front, nor yet was it frowning castle. It was a plain, I must confess, a very plain house with a decidedly bad appearance from the outside. And I fondly treasured the hope, in the silent watches of the night, that no one save myself, knew of the treasure which those four rude walls hid from the eyes of the world. I deemed myself the only possessor of the secret, and as I walked in front of the little, beastly-looking dwelling, day after day, like a sentry on his lonely beat, scarce daring to peep up at the windows, I feel certain that my eyes must have undergone some serious obliqueness of vision, for more than once passers-by stopped and looked round at me; some deemed me insane and shrugging their shoulders pitied me, while others stood staring and waited until I returned back again on my beat. Some miscreant told the senior Manglethrope that I was a Sheriff's officer watching the house at the instance of one of the old man's creditors, and of course, whenever he ventured out, he gave me a scowling glance that almost froze me to the spot with terror. It was not cowardice, oh no; but some men have that way of looking unutterable things you know. They don't mean anything by it. In the present instance I did not care to ask. I felt a backwardness in doing so, and I turned on my heel quickly and walked the other way. Occasionally I turned my head: but as rapidly brought it towards the front again for Mr. Manglethrope was watching intently my every movement.

Human endurance lasts not forever. Mattie was fearfully domesticated. She but seldom ventured out of doors. She was always in and had her venerable male parent—her mother was a freckled wizened-up old mortal, who in her youth had probably never "bathed in the softened waters of a silver dew," for I am told by certain medical men that such baths are fully equal to the husks of strawberries for these despoilers of the complexion. I say her maternal relative was a wizened-up bed-ridden lady, who with a pet feline groaned on a rude pallet of straw in the upper garret. Had my loved one's male parent, let me repeat, only remained out of doors instead of stopping in the house at the very hour in which I had time to do my courting, I verily believe, that this day would either have found me a disconsolate widower or a happy husband. But no, the proud fates were in league against me, and the demons triumphed over virtue. Mattie little knows the treasure she, in the "twinkling of an eye" lost on that blissful but very unpleasant night, (for some parties) in May 18—. Whew! how time flies to be sure. Who would think so many years could have passed away. Let me see is it so long ago? Alas! yes.

Well let us get on with our story. I would have written a note to her couched in the most classic language at my command: but strange

to relate she never appeared to understand my notes. A certain vagueness seemed to be forever associated with them; this I only learned when too late. She never wrote to me. I am glad of that for the hand she wrote was a decidedly large and disagreeable one. I don't write very elegantly myself: but I do like to see fine chirography in others.

For three whole weeks I kept dodging about the house trying to get a stolen peep at my charmer: but ill success ever rewarded my exertions. She kept herself in-doors as did the itinerant dealer in the products of the vasty deep. The suspicion forced into the hearts of the Manglethrope's that I was a bailiff's man, only waiting for a favourable chance to pounce upon my unsuspecting victim, gained new strength every day as time passed on. When I did catch an occasional glimpse of the fair one as she passed by the white curtained window, I thought I noticed a care-worn expression upon her face, and this made me love her all the more. How I loved that sad look! How it struck into my heart! Shall such misery exist long Minktan Pellidee! No, my boy if you are a man you will smite down such a thought ere it gain even the semblance of a reality. I then heroically knocked a small boy down and sallied forth to conquer or to die.

Again, let me remark human endurance is not destined to last forever. One pale evening in the merry month of May I donned my best suit of black. The coat was a sharp-pointed one, perhaps a little "gone" at the dexter tail, and the pants might have been a bran new pair say ten years ago. My hat was a conspicuous white beaver which once belonged to my respected father, the elder Pellidee, who had only temporarily loaned it to me after much solicitation. Clad in these habiliaments and taking my favourite flute under my arm, I left my own mansion about 8 o'clock on that memorable evening and went forth to serenade the bright tulip whom I was permitted to worship at a long, a very long distance. After undergoing several anxious spasms, I at length arrived upon the scene. There was the house and there was the room, the domicile, dormitory or whatever else you choose to call it, belonging to the fair but cruel Mattie. The moon was up and the playful stars twinkled mischievously as they looked down on the earth below and beheld the love-sick swain and the mission which brought him out. My first step was to examine the ground and see that my arrangements were all complete for the final grand effort. I knew just two tunes—"Over the hills and far away" and "Dan Tucker." After considerable deliberation, I at length concluded that I would begin the fantasia by a choice selection from the former melody. I sat on a neighbouring wood-pile and waited for the hours to grow small. There I sat silent and alone. No sound disturbed the placid serenity of that beauteous May evening. The clouds full and fleecy journeyed onwards, the stars peeped through the misty film, the silvery moon rolled on her course and I sat on the wood-pile! Nine! ten! ten and a half! It lacked a few minutes of the hour, so flute in hand I jumped on *terra-firma* and essayed the "poetry of motion" nearer towards the house. All was as serene and quiet as the silent grave

itself. Now for it, I inwardly ejaculated and buttoning up my coat and pressing my hat down hard on my head I made for the little window of the dormitory behind the weather-stained blinds of which the gentle Mattie slumbered, when the darkened curtain fell and divided light from sable darkness. Like the Camanche brave I bent low towards the earth and listened for a sound, but none greeted the ears of that *soi-disant* dusky warrior. All was safe then. Little *she* knew of the treat in store for her. She little dreamed that soon on the air would vibrate silver notes, blown through a yellow flute by manly lips softened by love, and a happy heart beating like an animated kettle-drum as an appropriate accompaniment. Its a wise provision that we are not always made acquainted with the hidden mysteries of the dim future.

This cursory examination of the ground being over, I at once bethought me of a suitable spot where I might take my stand and utter forth the melody of sound. Oh for some lonely wood-shed or friendly barn that I might clamber up its time-worn sides and so reach the top and there ring out my rapturous serenade of undivided love! But no such object presented itself. Softly I stole 'neath the window, and there standing close by the side of the house, as good fortune would have it, was a large brown puncheon. Eureka! I cried; and taking a running jump I was soon securely mounted on its head. I balanced myself nicely, and carefully drew out the flute from the folds of my outer garment. Here the winds mildly whistled, and the tall stately pines, on either side, swayed to and fro in gentle dalliance with the freshening breeze. This accompaniment was grand and impressive to the utmost degree. I blew a blast, and the cats on the surrounding wood-piles pricked up their ears and whisked their expressive tails high in the air at the unusual disturbance of their nocturnal meanderings. Again the trill sounded, once more the trees shook convulsively and again the playful wind moaned in softened cadences. What a grand sight for a painter was this. There was the rude hut of the Manglethrope's, here on the side facing the village road was the puncheon with its living burden wrapped in melodious unction. On the right of the whole, far as could be discerned stretched umbrageous shrubs and lofty trees. The firmament seemed lost in brilliant glory, and the hitherto locked-up elements sported gaily in unrestrained freedom. The dumb animals of the land flew about the earth in wonder and amazement, and above all this in clarion notes warbled the golden-coloured flute. I was, myself, so lost in the sublimity of the scene that I thought of nothing else. Not even my own personal safety claimed my especial attention. The reader will readily enough understand that a barrel-head with ricketty and badly fastened hoops is anything but a strong and secure foothold. Hence it was that on that sad night I, Minktan Pellidee, came to untimely grief. I had been on that unfortunate puncheon-head some five minutes, and up to that time, though I strained my eyes to undue proportions, no fair head and shoulders peeped out of the window above, and sweetly, as I expected she would, answered my plaintive wail, spoken through a pipe. I

say I was very much disappointed at not receiving some acknowledgment, however slight, of my efforts. I changed my tune to the more lively one of "Old Dan Tucker." There I stood on the puncheon—first on one foot and then on the other, keeping time to the music with the sole of the unoccupied boot beating a single tattoo on the barrel head. I was just getting myself worked into the spirit of the thing, though once or twice I confess I *did* lose heart, when suddenly the air seemed alive with ferocious yells and savage cries, and simultaneously the upper window opened and the back door was flung outwards. A wrinkled visage and a scraggy pair of shoulders enveloped in a tight-fitting red cap and dingy yellow night-gown jerked themselves halfway out of the window, and the yellow night-gown shrieked out:

"What do you mean you villain, waking everybody up with your confounded cater-wauling. Aint you ashamed of yourself? Go way with you, sir," and the terrific red cap vanished. I stood motionless as a statue. Here was all my fine serenade going for naught. The eccentric female with the sadly deficient organ of music had hardly disappeared from sight when there issued from the open doorway the elder Manglethrope armed with a flint-lock blunderbuss in one hand and a Queen Bess rifle in the other. I cried out:

"I am a friend, Sir, and not a constable, my name is Pellidee, I—," but it was too late. He had covered me with his rifle and before I could recover sufficiently to make my escape the shrill report of the rifle broke the night air. I was struck. With a howl I sprang in the air, clapped both hands upon my hips and came down again crashing and splashing through the head of the puncheon into a perfect sea of rain-water. In vain I endeavoured to scramble out. Already I felt the death-rattle in my throat. *I was drowning*, when the troupe of village lads, who were attracted by the noise and confusion, and old Manglethrope hooked a long bean pole to my coat tails, and then all combined, they dragged me out as wet and shivering a piece of humanity as could be found in a day's journey. Weak and faint I was landed on some brushwood, and weak and faint I lay for some time unconscious of everything around me, till my speedy recovery brought me pain enough to comprehend just precisely in what light matters stood. I had been shot with a charge of powder and rock-salt, and I was soon in the most violent agony possible. The huge lumps of the saline mineral had to be picked out of my flesh piece by piece and as some of the smaller ones dissolved slowly and mixed with the blood the intense pain and suffering I endured I can assure you was something really awful. If I ever moaned in my life I believe I fairly yelled long and loud on this occasion. As soon as I had strength enough left me to walk I gathered up my bruised limbs and started for home on a jog-trot, the eager crowd of men and boys headed by old Manglethrope himself, followed hooting and roaring behind me. On, on I ran, over rough stones and tangled mosses and cruel boughs, till at length tired and footsore and wounded I sank down at my own doorway helpless and sore, and in such a condition! My once unapproachable garments were covered with mud and drenched with water, my father's beaver

was lost and my long hair fluttered poetically in the breeze. Days elapsed before I was well enough to go about my customary avocations, and to this day I never think of women without a pang. I have never loved since. The very sight of a pair of black eyes makes me wince, and thoughts of loaded blunderbusses and saline charges forever flit through my brain. No, I was effectually cured, in my youth, of love-making under any circumstances, and that is how it happened that I never married.

The elder Manglethrope has long since shuffled off this mortal coil and his remains sleep in the old church-yard. Mrs. Manglethrope still lingers on her troubled couch, and the faithful Mattie, let me give credit where it is due, ever ministers to her necessities and comforts her declining years.

Years have sped on since this event of my youth occurred, and though attended by many very painful circumstances, I never think of my serenade by moonlight on a water-puncheon, without a smile. Perhaps I could get Mattie now were I to ask her hand; but old father Time has left his imprint too firmly stamped upon my brow for me to think for even a moment of such a thing. No, my line is marked out; I will remain a bachelor.

MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

What a motley spectacle—full of strange and beautiful thoughts—does a Photograph Album present. The hours glide along in swift, undisturbed serenity as we turn the thickened pages and gaze on the images shadowed on the tiny card. The wonders of science, the glory of the sun and the peculiar freaks of the camera, the singularities of variety in light and shade all flit before our glance, and new thoughts on seeming wings fill the air and patiently await their turn for examination through the eye-glass of the busy, whirling brain. How sweet are some faces and how strongly marked are others! Here is the form of one, who in life was much loved. This mirrored face is justly prized. It shines in goodness; in richness the living original far outshone the glittering albumened features of the now only present shadow. Surely that face possessed a guileless heart? That picture was taken seven years ago. The one who sat for it has been beyond the darkened vale but six years, and as the pages of the album are raised and allowed to fall in their place again, this little picture with the pure and holy countenance and sad, plaintive smile, modestly and yet how powerfully too, holds possession of our mental faculties, and long after the book is closed and the heavy outer clasps are joined together, *her* short, tearful life with its many changes is again unfolded before us. Sharp eyes pierce cruelly through the tinselled curtain as she rises from the

earth as a being clothed in a long robe of spotless white. How incomprehensible is the wonderful fascination some photographs possess!

And here is another *carte*. This one is more beautiful, not more chaste. She appears rising in the fleecy folds of a misty cloud, from murky darkness. The expression is happily sketched and good-nature, kindness and a loving heart linked to a warm, glowing affection are its peculiar attributes. There it lies fanned to gentle silence. The soft, mellow eyes seem to speak to the soul in soothing tones. She, too, no longer mingles with earthly denizens, but sleeps in a far off land beneath the whited slab.

The third figure in this group flits before the eyes in imagination. She is different from either of the others. Mounted on a small card is a pleasant thoughtful face with richly pencilled eyebrows and large bright lustrous eyes. Her mouth is like a lady's watch, small and neat and the wavy tresses of auburn hair shimmer adown her neck in a transport of unrestrained delight. She fills the right compartment of the album, and her eyes fall full upon the lovely countenance of sweet Evangeline. What fit companionship!

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Let us close our book of mental photographs and take a peep at the multifarious faces that daily throng the busy haunts of men. Tearing and rushing along at a mad pace they jostle us aside and press onward to their several goals. Money, money, crude dross, many are thy votaries and thy victims eager on every side. Anxious hearts are wrung, the weak and infirm stand aside and make room for the sturdy and strong; and all, the trembling aged and the unflinching man and the budding youth, all enter the sickening mart and strive one with another for each other's riches. The heavy eye sunk far back in its socket and the pale wan cheek tell the dismal story of earthly ruin and decay and failure. Day succeeds day but it brings no succour to the poor deluded wight, who, with fast failing strength, toils on till the grim harvester robs him at last of life itself. There he is, the once prosperous and affluent merchant, now the broken-down speculator. There lies the melancholy wreck! Coffined and alone. Alone! Coffined!! Dark is the little room of the dead: but what matters it now to him who has passed the threshold of life! The day dawns. All is cheerful without. The sun plays upon the dial and warms the cool earth, the little children trundle their hoops and skip the rope in noisy glee, the lady returns her long promised call, and the cold stern man of business who deems his mission to be that of money-getting only, all pursue their several callings unmindful of their fellow-mortal who lies unknown and unknowing upstairs in solitude. With a wild clatter the huge wheels of carts and wagons fly over the rough thoroughfares and coaches and carriages, and elegantly caparisoned horses rivalling in pageantry royalty itself, dash to and fro in eager haste and attract the gaze of every beholder: but the closed eyes of the coffined one see not the hastening chariots. The old bell tolls the hour and a few friends who had known him perhaps in his best times, who had supped at his

festal board in those old days when his cheek for thousands would have been honoured, now gather towards the pale bloodless face, to minister the last solemn rite bestowed upon the dead by the living. What a story that sad, emaciated countenance could tell, what words of sorrow could those icy lips unfold! Careworn looks the face, tearless are the eyes, gone is the fearless bold look. The Undertaker noiselessly arrives. The last glance is bestowed on the dead, the coffin is screwed down, and the burden is rolled into the crazy ricketty hearse. The mournful procession moves slowly onward till it reaches the graveyard. The services are over, and the coffin fills its allotted place. Oh how it grates on the sensitive ear when the first harsh spadeful of blackened mud and loose stones fall with a loud thud on the coffin-lid! We unconsciously shut our eyes as each successive spadeful falls with a less distinct sound till all is over. Dust is returned to its kindred dust and another frail man is swallowed up in the gaping, yawning grave.

The great and good, the wise monarch, the powerful chieftain, the munificent benefactor of his fellows all share alike. A dozen men or ten thousand people follow him to the grave, the great length of the procession, the respectability of the mourners, the bands of music, the closed-up stores in token of respect to the departed are all severally animadverted upon by the daily press, and for a few days, may be, the funeral and the beneficence of the deceased form the chief staple of conversation, yet before a month passes away, the one who has also passed away will be forgotten. He may linger in the memory of perhaps a few men: but Time soon wipes out even so little as a remembrance. The world moves on in just precisely the same manner as it has done for ages gone by. We recollect the dead one no longer back than yesterday; to-day he is forgotten. A man dies and a few hours after garrulous mouths are busy with his name at the street corners and marts of the city. His many virtues and kindly acts are commented upon, and if he be rich, wise Solomons speculate upon the probable disposal of his fortune. The cortege moves slowly along; in a little while the will is read, the bequests are doled out and the busy-bodies fight again at the street corners over other men and women who have died, and cheat and swear over the rise and fall of stocks on 'Change.

The world is one vast Lunatic Asylum: and the poor fools in it, before they get to be so violent as to necessitate their being enclosed in a secure stronghold for a time, babble and babble and chirp and chirp from early morning till late at night. Every one is more or less imbued with the principles of lunacy. All have their idiosyncracies to a greater or less degree, and melancholy vapourings and garbled ideas characterize their utterances. It is principally the violent lunatics that fill the straight-jackets and crawl on the rude prison floor beneath the weight of heavy irons. The mild fools who do no harm to their fellow-creatures are suffered to remain in the great universal mad-house and babble on unceasingly with the rest of the mad-caps.

Perhaps some wise ones may deem the present writer of this paper

insane and say "poor fellow, how he is to be pitied. He thinks everyone is crazy when it is only himself after all. How irrationally he reasons." No doubt some will be found who will say this; but let him carefully gaze into the face of the mirror of his own life and of his own actions. He will see there reflected quite enough to show him the folly and absurdity of his reasoning, and if he, for a moment, dashes the glass from his own person and turns it upon any one of his fellows he cannot fail to be struck with the multiplicity of foolish things such person has done in various stages of his life. Of course because a man is not quite rational it does not follow that he must be shut up in an asylum all his days. But when a lunatic gets outrageous and loses all control of himself, when the fearful malady grows worse, then he must be separated from those with whom he has mingled lest he, in his frenzy, might do them wrong. The great law of nature self-preservation rules it so, and it is a wise provision so far as we can see.

It seems odd that the globe should be peopled by such a race of beings. And yet it is not so peculiar after all. Has the reader ever entered a thickly populated Asylum and attended a mimic Parliament? If he has he will listen, perhaps, to as able a speech as ever was delivered from an orator's lips, a speech abounding in smooth-flowing rhetoric, grand ideas felicitously expressed and with a grasp of logical acumen surmounting the whole effort. And let him look into the eye of that speech-maker, if he be not too big a fool himself, and he cannot fail to notice the trembling and weakened eyes that nervously flash and droop and fixedly stare alternately. Who is he who has not, at some period of his life, done something or committed some breach of decorum and hours afterwards bitterly, aye, very bitterly repented himself of it, and vowed inwardly that he should do so no more? Lives there such a person? Let the reader weigh the subject well with himself and he will be fearfully conscious of the fact that he has been a natural born idiot at some portion of his life. It is a fortunate thing that this species of lunacy is only temporarily inflicted upon us. Happily for the world is it that its doors are not forever locked against "dangerous patients." Every man is at some time or other either violently or mildly affected with some type of insanity. With some temperaments the fits last longer than on others, and it affects them in divers different ways.

HIGHLAND SUPERSTITIONS.

BY ALASTOR KAYE.

The fascination with which children listen to, or read, the stories of "Jack the Giant Killer," "Jack and the Bean-stalk," and others of the same class, must be something akin to the feelings which are

awakened by fairy and ghost stories, and other tales of the supernatural, in the minds of those who are believers in them. The latter, however, are by no means so harmless as the simple tales of the nursery. It often takes years after the child has arrived at manhood, before he is able to shake off the superstitious fears by which, through thoughtlessness or ignorance, in his infancy, his imagination has been perverted.

The Celtic nations are often said to be more superstitious than any others, but it is more than doubtful if this is true. Every people has its superstitions, and as is now being ascertained, through the more extensive and profound study of the folk-lore of different countries, many of them must have had a common origin.

It is a mistake, and one not unfrequently made in this connection, to suppose that ignorance is exclusively the mother of superstition, and that as it is dispelled by the progress of knowledge, superstition must gradually die out. This if true at all, is true only partially. Superstitions linger long among the most enlightened and civilized nations; and even new superstitions often grow up, where, considering the degree of intelligence attained, they would be least of all expected. There is perhaps not another peasantry in the world, more intelligent, and more religious too, for that matter, than are the Scottish Highlanders, and perhaps there are none among whom ancient superstitions have lingered longer, and by whom they have been held with more tenacity.

Those who have visited the Highlands of Scotland, can have little difficulty in understanding, how congenial a soil they must prove for the growth and nurture of those perverted feelings of the imagination, which relate to the invisible world. Those weary moors, which stretch out, to appearance, limitless, in the twilight or moonlight, or over which the mist rolls down from the neighbouring hills, causing rock and bush and hummock to loom up to more than their natural size, how easy to people them with ghosts, fairies and witches. And those deep gloomy corries and valleys, overhung often by precipitous cliffs, and darkened by the deep shadows which are dispelled only by the presence for a few hours of the mid-day sun, how congenial to the growth of any superstitious fancy that may take hold of the popular imagination.

The Highlanders on this account, and also from the operation of other causes, are a highly imaginative people, as even the transient tourist may ascertain, who spends only a few days among them. Even their religion is deeply tinged with it. Their religious faith is something radically different, at least in many instances, from the faith of ordinary christians. They not only believe in prayer being answered, they believe that in answer to the prayers of some of the more deeply "exercised" among them, the laws of nature are sometimes suspended, and miracles performed. Those, however, who are thus favoured are only the select few,—the religious *creme de la creme*.

There are hundreds of settlements on this side of the Atlantic, where these superstitions are held to as firmly, as in the very heart of the Highlands. They have changed the scene, not their faith, who have

crossed the sea. One old man of my acquaintance, when hard pressed in argument, used to admit, that fairies might possibly not have got across the Atlantic yet,—he could not point to any well-ascertained case in which they had been met with, but as to their being in the 'old country,' only persons ignorant of the facts of the case would deny that.

It is not strange that an event which touches the feelings so deeply, and is so much fitted to awaken the mind to thoughts of the future and spiritual worlds, as that of death, should gather around it, or give rise to, many superstitious notions. We accordingly find an extensive growth of superstitions congregated around it. The feelings of the near relatives of the sick or deceased persons, are naturally at such a time, more than usually sensitive. Among a people so deeply religious as the Highlanders of Scotland, the thoughts are naturally much directed to the spiritual and supernatural, and the result is that these emotions, and conceptions of emotion, are readily embodied in sights and sounds. Sometimes these sights and sounds are grotesque enough, and absurd, but so to a certain extent are all popular beliefs in the supernatural.

At such a time, in and around the place where the person is supposed to be dying, and even to a certain extent over the whole neighbourhood, the air is, as it were, thick with spiritual beings. The members of the family, or any person more or less remotely connected with it, or almost any one, without rule or reason, may see "something," at such times. The appearance generally reveals itself in the twilight of the evening, but it is not absolutely confined to any hour. At dead of night, at day, at the early hour of morning before any one is astir, they are seen and heard.

It is peculiar to them however, to be markedly shy and retiring in their general mode of conducting themselves, on such occasions. The sounds that are heard are generally in some remote part of the house, or outside the windows, or in the shape of enchanting melodies dying away on the gently passing breeze. The shapes that appear, are generally seen flitting out of view, into some dense thicket by the roadside, or in the dim evening twilight. But any occasion of the kind is usually characterized by that weird aerie gloom, which one has felt to brood over the twilight or the silence of midnight.

Superstitions of this kind are generally prophetical in their intention. The appearances hint, suggest, or point to, by peculiar laws of their own, a death which is about to take place. One of the most common of these appearances is in the shape of a luminous ball of fire which floats a few feet above the ground, moving along the road which the funeral procession is to take. Whenever such a sight is witnessed, it is immediately considered sufficient warning to the friends of any sick person in the vicinity. And should the death take place, the connection between the sign and the event is considered evident and indisputable. But should no such event transpire any where within the community, the significancy, or rather the want of significancy of the appearance, is simply ignored, and the omen soon for-

gotten. It is not thought to be sufficient to invalidate the grounds of the reigning belief, that the sign is frequently witnessed without any after result.

That such appearances as the one just mentioned, are not unfrequently seen in mountainous and boggy districts, is well known. They are but cases of the ordinary "ignis fatuus," which by the excited fancy of those who witness them, and under the influence of the reigning belief, are magnified into supernatural omens of coming calamity. What might be the connection between them, even were they supernatural, and the cases of death which may happen to follow, is not a question considered necessary to be taken into consideration.

It is amazing how such beliefs live on in many districts, notwithstanding the dearth of materials for them to feed upon. Things are believed because they have been believed, and the tradition is handed down from generation to generation, though admitted to be never once verified within the knowledge of any whose testimony can be pointed to. Of this kind is the belief, held firmly by almost every Scottish Highlander, in the power possessed by some persons, of what is called "second sight." Persons possessed of this power, can see, when the vision is vouchsafed to them, what no one else can see. They behold and are conscious of the presence of the "wraith," when persons in their company, and looking towards the same spot, can see nothing but the empty void.

The "second sight" is a distinct faculty with which certain persons are endowed, and which I believe is possessed by them from their birth; or perhaps it might rather be called, a superadded power of vision which they possess, and by which they become conscious of certain spiritual or semi-spiritual shapes, that are present to them, and which cannot be perceived by the ordinary powers of sight. It is also a peculiarity of this endowment, that the "wraith" is said to reveal itself only to persons possessing this power of "second sight"; or should it not rather be said that such persons alone have the power of calling it into existence? It generally shews itself in the evening twilight, and appears at times as the shadow or fac-simile of the person to whom has been given the power of seeing it, advancing step by step with him on the opposite side of the road. The vision is taken as a certain warning to him that his end is near. It is similar when it is the "wraith" of some other person; this in like manner betokens the approach of death to the person whose it is. So certain indeed is this sign considered to be, that men otherwise shrewd and sensible, have been known to put their business in order at once, and make all other necessary preparations for the final summons, when it happened to be seen either by themselves or others.

It is difficult to discover what is actually meant by this "wraith" of a living person; that is to say, what they who fancy they see it, and believe in its existence, really understand by it. We can have some conception of the ghost or spirit of a dead person, after its being separated from the body, revealing itself to view, though of course it is altogether another thing to believe that it does so, but seems some-

thing very like a contradiction to say that a man can see his own spirit or "wraith," distinct from and beside himself. There seems however to be some resemblance between this fancy, and those cases so often cited, of voices being heard by the near relatives or friends of persons meeting with sudden death, at the moment the accident took place. Both are no doubt equally authentic. But, at any rate, they both imply the existence simultaneously in two different places, of the spirit appearing to reveal the solemn event to befal them.

For sufficient reasons for his belief in such a phenomenon as this, the Highlander, inasmuch as he cannot bring forward any existing facts to bear witness to it, refers you to the experience, and superior endowments of his forefathers. The power of the "second sight," may not be given now; but the present times are not like the past; the men of this day are only commonplace beings; in a word, the Highlander of this generation is very little above the level of the Saxon. Only common second-rate omens are granted him therefore; such for instance as that he sometimes hears, shortly before the death of some friend, the saw, plane and hammer at work, constructing that friend's coffin. This most generally occurs in the house where the person in question lies ill, and always at the dead of night. It is to be remarked too, that the person who hears the sounds is generally alone, watching by the bedside of the sick; or lying awake, in anticipation of the sad event which is expected to take place. I have heard sober, serious, shrewd men,—men not at all given to be swayed by their imagination in matters of ordinary life, solemnly assert, that they have heard such sounds more than once. They have heard them succeed each other too, something in their proper order; first, those of the saw, cutting the lumber its proper length; then those of the plane, dressing it; and lastly the quick sharp taps of the hammer, nailing the different parts together.

When one hears such assertions seriously made, by men who, in all matters of truth, in regard to the ordinary affairs of life, are above every shadow of doubt or suspicion, it seems hard to refuse them credence. But why the inhabitants of the spiritual world should have to resort to a pantomimic rehersal of the work of the undertaker, in order to give so needlessly, to the anxious friends of him or her who is to be called away, notice of the impending event, seems to the last degree inexplicable. And yet neither more inexplicable nor more absurd after all, than was the belief, that the gods forewarned of the future by means of certain changes in the entrails of a recently killed animal.

A belief in the advent of such visitors from the spiritual world, on occasions when the presence of death is felt to suggest the departure of the human spirit from earthly companionship, henceforward to mingle in the society of those, who thus come, as it were, to accompany it on its new and untried passage from the one region to the other, can easily be conceived and accounted for. And it is perhaps on the same principle, that there has arisen in every land, and almost among every people, a fancy or feeling that connects the presence of spirits with the place where a death has occurred. Many persons

shrink from occupying, or even from sleeping in a room, in which the solemn change has occurred, until it has first been occupied for some time by some other parties. They fear the return of the departed spirit to its former place of abode; or perhaps rather the sentiment is, if it be somewhat vague, that the spirit still lingers about the place where the body was separated from it.

Particularly is this the case when the person has died by violence. Haunted houses have generally been the scenes of murder and suicide. And usually the departed spirit is seen, when it appears to act over again all the circumstances of the horrid deed. But among the Highlanders of Scotland haunted *places* are perhaps more numerous than haunted houses. Like the latter, they too are generally scenes of suicide or murder; though sometimes places acquire this notoriety without having witnessed either. When this is the case, however, there must be something in the character of the place to give birth to the feeling; or at any rate something consonant with it, and calculated to nurture it. Generally, spots supposed to be haunted are lonely, gloomy and weird, and remote from human habitation. And not only the spirits of those who have left the living world, but fairies, and those familiars of the spiritual world, witches, are accustomed to frequent them.

According to the ordinary accounts given of these appearances, if it be true that it is the spirits who have left the world that are permitted to return, they do not seem to have been improved much in intellectual capacity, by the society in which they have mingled. They invariably appear as if unequal to anything higher, than to act over again the details of the deed by which they were separated from the living world. But sometimes when places have gained the character of being ghostly, without having been distinguished by any such acts of violence, the appearances of which they are the scene are perhaps more varied. I remember a spot thus favoured, in which the spirit or spirits presented a new aspect, each time they made themselves visible. It was a low, swampy, boggy spot, rendered dark and gloomy, particularly towards the evening twilight, by a dense thicket of bushes, which overhung the road passing to it. A number of spirits must have dwelt here, for on each several occasion, the *role* of the pantomime enacted was new. On one occasion, two women passing, were overcome with horror, at what they took to be the wails of a young infant. They described vividly to the first person they met, how upon hearing the sounds, they looked towards the spot whence they proceeded, and saw a young woman dressed in white, sitting by the roadside, with a dying child on her knee. When, however, the person to whom the account was given, reached the place, he found nothing but a waif kitten, that had been deserted by its mother. At another time, a young woman was seen kneeling upon the grass, her long dark hair thrown back over her shoulders, and crying as if her heart would break. But as the spectator advanced she vanished into thin air, and the sound of her weeping ceased. A very common sight too about this spot, was in the shape of a large black dog, which was often to be

seen trotting along the road, generally on the opposite side from the passenger observing him, and which eventually disappeared into the thicket of trees.

Scenes and deeds of darkness, gloom or death, are naturally calculated to excite the imagination, and to set it to work to people such places with visitors supposed to be from the spiritual world. There is however a different class of beings which frequent such places, sometimes, perhaps for the sake of the spiritual society they meet with, and which are familiar to all as well as to the Scottish Highlander, under the name of *witches*. The Highlandman is a firm believer in the existence of witches. He would as soon refuse to believe in his own existence as in theirs. He points you triumphantly to the story of "the witch of Endor," and to St. Paul's enumeration of "witchcraft" among "the works of the flesh." And looked at from this point of view it must be confessed; his case does not seem so doubtful, as on other grounds it might be made to appear.

But the Highlander has other proof than Scripture for his faith. He can point you to their works, as an evidence of their power. The old woman with the black cat is not with him the mere creature of romance. She is a personage as real as are any of his other neighbours. He can point you to several of them among his acquaintance, some indeed comparatively harmless, but others utterly abandoned to the devil.

It is curious that the old wizened hag, being alone with her familiar black cat, or grizzled bull-terrier dog, should be with him, as elsewhere, the usual possessor of this supernatural power. But she is by no means the sole representative of the class. Women young and fair, young men in the prime of life, old men, and even innocent bachelors, are known to have possessed and exercised it.

It is an art, which like all other arts in which men employ themselves, is capable of unlimited improvement. Whether it be, that the repeated exercise of the power, increases their capacity for its further exertion, that in this, as in other cases, "practice makes perfect;" or, whether it be, that giving themselves over more completely into the hands of their master, he returns it by a more generous endowment of this wizard power, it would be unwise for the uninitiated to assert. But it is undoubted, that while many are believed to possess the power in a limited degree, only a few give themselves over completely to the practice of it; and these become in consequence objects of terror and dread to their neighbours, who study to humour their every whim and opinion, with the utmost care, and shrink with dread from the thought of being tempted to do any thing that might cause them offence.

Witches are supposed to be endowed with the superior power they possess, purely for purposes of evil. It would seem as if they were unable to use it for bettering their own circumstances in any way, and they are consequently poor necessitous wretches for the most part, as miserable as they are depraved. Their power is exerted only to do evil to their neighbours, and that generally of the meanest, most heartless, most revengeful and diabolical kind, such as, for instance, the

murder, by some slow, invisible and undetectible means, of some one very dear to them, a child, a husband or a wife,—by depriving them by the exercise of similar invisible arts, of the means of their physical existence,—or by destroying, through disaster and accident, the most highly prized portions of the property they have accumulated.

It is curious, and not a little astonishing, sometimes, the lengths to which superstition will go, in its belief in the effects that may be produced by the exercise of this fancied power. I once knew a man religious and comparatively intelligent, and withal the very embodiment of honesty and truth, who so firmly believed himself the object, of the persecutions of a female in his vicinity, who was supposed to possess this power, that he actually sacrificed very advantageous worldly prospects, to escape from them. He possessed a very valuable farm, on which he lived, and which he devoted to dairy products. And he used frequently to describe at length, how this woman was in the habit of exerting her power to injure him. She killed his young calves by a slow lingering death, in which their physical strength seemed gradually to be exhausted, by the failure, as it were, of their vital force. She deprived his cows of the power of giving milk, and converted the nutritious fluid in their udders to a brown watery insipid liquid, which acted on any person or animal to whom it was fed, like a slow poison. She even blighted his fields; and the grain which should have turned out full and succulent, was found, without any apparent cause, to be dry, shrunken and shrivelled.

She made her appearance in various forms, but her favourite shape was that of a rabbit. She would sometimes be found, of a morning, in this form, sitting in the stable or byre, among his cows, the doors shut, and with no other visible means of entrance accessible to her. Sometimes she would be found sitting on the door-step, in the early dawn, as if waiting for the family to wake and open for her. But though they knew, as the man alleged, that this was no real rabbit, but the witch in a rabbit's shape, and that it was she who was doing them all this serious damage and injury, they dared not injure her in return, or even whisper a word in her disfavour.

On one occasion, however, being exasperated almost to fury by some disaster more damaging than usual, he resolved at all risks to avenge himself on the first opportunity that offered. He had not long to wait; before many days his enemy appeared on the scene in her usual shape of a rabbit. He took his gun, watched his chance, levelled it at her, pulled the trigger, and waited for the discharge; but no discharge followed. He tried it again, and the hammer fell, but the powder would not explode. Meanwhile, the rabbit hopped quietly away, and disappeared into a clump of bushes; from which, presently, by a small sheep path, the witch, *in propria persona*, stepped out, and walked up to him with a smile of triumph on her face.

He remembered a minute afterward that nothing but silver will shoot a witch—that is to say, that their spells are sufficiently powerful to prevent the discharge of a shot, unless it contains a piece of silver, a metal which appears, for some mysterious reason, to be possessed of

a virtue which sets them at defiance. He put this to the proof on his way home, by discharging his piece, without any difficulty, at a flock of partridges that crossed his path.

These, and a hundred other stories of the same kind, were told by him with as much sincerity as the facts were believed. He knew of many remedies and antidotes which he used against these vile arts as opportunity offered. Whether he thought they were effectual or not, it is impossible to say. But it is a curious commentary on the nature and value of testimony, that such a man, honest and truthful as the day, intelligent, too, and religious, and keenly observant of everything that transpired around him, should believe, and assert solemnly his belief, that he was day after day the witness and victim of these diabolical arts. He believed as solemnly as he believed his Bible, that the woman was a witch; and he pointed to such things as those above, in proof of it. He believed she hated him and did him all this injury. He believed she killed his cattle, took away the milk from his cows, prevented the charge in his gun from exploding because it did not contain a piece of silver: and he believed further that the shoe of an entire horse nailed over the door of his house or barn, would operate powerfully against her spells, if it did not entirely break them. He believed these things, and a hundred others, as solemnly as he did his religion, and appealed to the facts, as more than sufficient to support his belief. And I refer to his case, at greater length, as it is one which may fairly be cited, as representative of that of his countrymen generally as regards their belief in witchcraft.

Many of those superstitious beliefs, and the numerous stories corroborative of them, by which they are accompanied, though they partake largely of the ludicrous and absurd, may also be said to involve something of the tragical and pathetic. Others again are of an innocent and domestic character. To the latter class belong those which connect themselves with precognitions and hopes of good fortune and good luck. These are very numerous and varied; so much so that it would be matter of great difficulty to affect any thing like a complete classification of them. They connect themselves with certain days of the week, of the month, and of the year, with the changes of the moon and especially with the appearance of the new moon. They prognosticate the changes of the weather, they foretell good or evil fortune in business, and they are especially effectual in relation to affairs of matrimony. In a word, there is hardly a condition of life or experience, which the fates can affect, but may have some light thrown upon it, for us, by consulting the omens.

It is curious to observe, as a phase of human nature, that the religious Highlander, who would shrink with horror from the practice of the "black arts," as he calls them, of fortune-telling, or from having his future read for him by the shuffling of cards,—believing that these are simply and directly from the devil,—exercises as sincere and confident a faith in the certainty of the signs and omens which are the tradition of his own race, as he does in the constancy of nature's laws. We laugh at the simplicity of the South Sea Islander, who wears a chain of

cowrie shells about his neck, to protect him from the spells and sorceries of witchcraft; but what are we prepared to say, of a learned Professor of Divinity, once the pastor of an influential and intelligent metropolitan congregation, carrying about in his pocket for weeks for good luck, the tip of a beef tongue. How it could possibly affect his fortune, either for good or evil, he would probably be as unable to explain, as we are to conjecture. But his forefathers had handed down the belief, it was received implicitly among his countrymen, and that was enough to invest it with a character of sacredness in his eyes. It has the appearance, however, of having come down, like many other Highland superstitions, from Pagan times.

Burns has given in his "Hallowe'en," an account of a number of practices peculiar to that time, some of which are common to both the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. To those Hugh Miller, in his pleasant and curious little work, entitled, "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," has added a few others. They seem all, like "Hallowe'en" itself, to be traditions of Pagan times, retaining their hold on the untutored popular imagination, in spite of the enlightening influences of Christianity and advancing knowledge.

Of a similar character, are the beliefs which prevail among the Highlanders, in reference to the influence of the moon. The sun and moon were objects of worship to the Pagan nations of the north of Europe, the Celts among the others, and hence, no doubt, many of those superstitious notions, as to good or evil fortune, which connect themselves with the appearance of the new moon. Like the aborigines of this country, they held, that it exercised an important influence upon the weather, the season to be rainy or dry according as it occupied, a more or less vertical or horizontal position.

It is possible to conceive, however, that a belief in some connexion between the moon and the weather, might have arisen, apart from the influence of religious faith or practice. Physical phenomena might have been noticed, that would be interpreted so as to give greater or less ground for it. But when it is asserted, that the personal fortunes of men themselves, are the subjects of those lunar influences, it is improbable that the belief could have sprung from any other than a religious source. We can thus understand the tenacity with which it is even still held, and the influence exerted by it. The particular work, business or pursuit in which a person is engaged when he observes the new moon for the first time, will be that which will mainly occupy his attention while that moon lasts. To see it over his left shoulder betokens good fortune; but to see it over his right betokens ill-fortune. Whatever wish he makes will be fulfilled before the end of the moon, provided the wish is made before he withdraws his eyes from it, when he has seen it for the first time.

Another curious influence ascribed to the moon, and which shows the extensive power it must at one time have been believed to possess over both animate and inanimate nature, is, that its increase or decrease affects the growth of crops, of fruit and of animals, and also the products of the butcher's shambles. Seed planted or sown under the

growth of the moon, will be sure to yield a more abundant return, than when it is sown under decline. Fruit to yield plentifully, should be plucked when the moon is on the increase. And the flesh of animals killed during the latter half of it, it is believed, will shrink one-third in its weight and dimensions during the process of cooking, whereas if killed in the former half, it will fully hold its own. In a word, the influence of the moon is supposed to be felt by all departments of life human, animal and vegetable; and perhaps it is on this account, that so extensive a belief prevails in the power which it exerts upon the unfortunate victims of lunacy. That it is often the cause of cerebral diseases they affect to believe on the ground, that, at and about the season of the full moon, the symptoms are more marked and violent,—a belief, however, which rests upon well-authenticated facts, as little as does the other.

The superstition with regard to lucky or unlucky days, has, like those last referred to, descended from Pagan times. It is one which maintains very extensively among the Highlanders of Scotland. "The fishermen of the Orkneys" we are told by Sir John Sinclair "in many days of the year, will neither go to sea in search of fish, nor perform any sort of work at home." In times not farther back than those of Elizabeth, the most intelligent leading English statesmen, founded the rules of their own life, and the precepts they delivered to their children, upon the division of the calendar into lucky or unlucky days. These had doubtless descended in natural and legitimate succession from the *white and black days* of their Pagan ancestors.

To the same origin must be ascribed the prevalence of a belief, among the Scottish Highlanders, in the influence, upon the fortunes of men, of the first day of the year. New Year's day is regarded by them, as having a very intimate bearing, upon the experience of the twelve months to succeed it. It is a matter of serious moment, whether for good or for evil, whether the first person met on New Year's morning be a man or a woman. If a man all may be expected to go well, but if one of the other sex, the result may be regarded as serious. The kind of weather experienced on that day, is supposed to determine the weather of the remaining part of the winter; though in strange contrast to this, the weather of Christmas day is looked upon, as the reverse of that, which may be expected to follow. The employments too of the first day of the year, will be continued more or less throughout it; and in consequence, the Highlander is always careful to regulate his engagements on that day, with a view to good results.

Very similar to these, are the beliefs entertained with regard to certain events and occurrences, about the season of spring. To see for the first time the young of any animal with its face turned towards us, is considered a good omen, but if its face is turned in the opposite direction, we may anticipate some bad luck in store for us.

Thus does the Scottish Highlander live continually in a world of signs and omens, and feels himself an object of interest to the inhabitants of the spiritual world surrounding him, and from which he is continually receiving visitants on errands either of good or evil. The

belief is doubtless the result of superstition, the creature of fancy and imagination. But may not the fact that it exists, and that people of almost every degree of intelligence believe that they are surrounded by these spiritual beings, be some indication that there is a reality correlative to the belief. They may not possess the means of verification which are used in matters of science, but can it be, that where so general a belief prevails, there is no existence in any way correspondent to it? Religion asserts that there is, and science finds it difficult to prove the negative. Not that any of those superstitions shall prove true; but while perhaps they originally sprang from a wrong interpretation of facts, they even now point to a truth, in these days too little recognized, that there is a spiritual world on every side of us.

NOTES FROM OUR SCRAP-BOOK.

No. 2.

ALICE CARY.

Another sweet singer has been called by the Sovereign Ruler of destinies to her last long home. The tiny streamlet that laughed and babbled, and fumed and chafed over tangled boughs and merry brooklets, winds its sportive way no more. Ceased are its functions; the life battle is over—the mortal spring has become parched and dried up. Gentle Alice Cary—a noble-hearted, though not a powerful nor brilliant poet—after a protracted and suffering illness of nearly eighteen months, rallying at times, and then rapidly falling into that dread decay which will one day be common to us all, sank down on her pillowed couch, and ere the glorious orb broke through the azure heavens on that peaceful Sabbath morning of the 12th February, her spirit had fled, and sought a kindred place among those loved ones who had made the silent journey years before. Her age was fifty years, she being born in 1820.

Alice Cary's sister, Phebe, still survives her, and she too is a poet and novelist. Her style is considerably different. Phebe is humorous, lively and dashing: while Alice told the little secrets of the heart in plaintive, almost saddening numbers. Her poems are chiefly remarkable for the kindly flow of christian feeling which characterizes them all. A degree of labouredness pervades throughout. They were evidently written very slowly and very carefully. True to nature, true to every exalted touch of love and goodness, is her poetry. It will live only in our hearts. The author will have a place there, too. The great aim of Miss Cary was the single purpose, doing good to her fellow-mortals. This was the unselfish, grand object of her well-spent life. The weaknesses observable in her lyrics are forgotten when the

object unfolds itself. How beautiful is this one verse from her trifle, "Work!" It is full of quiet simplicity, calculated to touch our hearts. It does not arrest us—we read it only when we have time; and, indeed, all of Miss Cary's poetry has this peculiarity. A volume of her poems would be a fine companion in the cool country on a summer's day, seated 'neath the umbrageous foliage of a shady tree, o'ertopping a gliding strip of silver water.

"Down and up, till life shall close,
Ceasing not your praises;
Turn in the wild white winter snows,
Turn out the sweet spring daisies.
Work, and the sun your work shall share,
And the rain in its time shall fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all."

The terrific hurricane which swept along the Labrador Coast about two years ago, and spread such terrible devastation among the poor fishermen of that locality, will doubtless be remembered by many of the readers of the QUARTERLY. At that time, it may be recollected, an incident went the rounds of the press anent the sad calamity, and placing on record the heroic exemplar of true nobleness—a rough fisher-boy who, alone and unaided, and solely actuated by a grand and great object, lost his own precious life in the very act of saving others, strangers to himself. He sank down on the cold, hard beach a silent martyr, nameless and friendless; but his work lives, and his deed illumes the undying page of valour, bravery and heroic fortitude. Since the tribute to this noble act was written, its author—our popular contributor, Rev. Moses Harvey, of Newfoundland—has altered his beautiful and heart-felt sketch considerably: so much so that it reads like an entirely new piece. He has sent it to us thus enlarged, and we place it before the public for preservation in its new form. It can hardly be read even by the most callous without calling forth tears.

The 9th of October, 1867, will long be remembered among the Labrador fishermen. On that day an awful hurricane raged along the coast. The sea rose in many places fifty feet higher than it had ever been known to rise before. Cliffs that had stood the buffeting of the waves without perceptible change for half a century, gave way before the furious rush of the watery battalions. Hugh boulders that a dozen men could not move, were hurled from their beds, and carried far inland by the mighty swing of the ocean. Blinding snow-drifts and showers of hail and rain accompanied the tempest. In a few hours thirty fishing vessels were driven ashore or swallowed up in the boiling surges. Fifteen hundred human beings were shipwrecked, and about forty of these met a watery grave, or perished by cold and hunger on the inhospitable coast. The product of months of hard toil was swept away, and the poor fishermen found themselves flung out shelterless upon the rocks, hundreds of miles from home.

One of the fishing vessels, with a large number of men, women and children on board, was caught in the storm, and tried hard to ride out the

hurricane. After a few hours of fearful suspense she dragged her anchors and was driven ashore. With great difficulty all on board were safely landed. Drenched with rain, blinded by the snow drifts, shivering in the cutting blasts, they found themselves on an uninhabited part of the coast, the nearest huts being nearly five miles distant. The gloomy night closed in as the last of them was dragged ashore from the wreck. Their only hope lay in endeavouring to reach the distant huts; and in the darkness and storm they staggered on through the trackless wilderness. Who can picture the horrors of that night of suffering to this forlorn band! When the morning sun shone out nineteen of them lay dead along the shore. A group of three women and two children clasped in one another's arms and half buried in mud, was found, all stiff and stark in the icy embrace of death.

During the darkness and confusion of landing, a family of four young children were separated from their parents, who sought for them in vain, and at length gave them up for lost. A boy of fourteen, hearing the cries of these poor little ones, and finding they had no guide or protector, resolved to do what he could to save their lives. To reach the huts with them being impossible, he made the shivering children lie down, locked in one another's arms; then he set to work resolutely, collecting moss, of which fortunately there was a large quantity about, and piling this around them, layer upon layer, he at length succeeded in excluding partially the piercing cold. Fortunately, too, he found on the beach the fragment of an old sail which he spread over all; and collecting more moss he increased the rude covering until the poor little sufferers ceased to cry with the bitter cold and declared themselves more comfortable. Through all the dreary hours of that awful night that heroic boy stood alone by these children, replacing their covering when the wind scattered it, and cheering them with words of hope. He might have tried to escape with the others, but he would not leave his helpless charge. At length day dawned; and then he turned his tottering steps towards the settlement to seek for aid. When about half way he met the parents of the lost children, wild with grief, coming to search for their dead bodies, as they had no expectation of finding them alive. The young hero quietly told them what he had done to save them, and by his directions they soon found the spot where they lay. On removing the covering of moss, they found the little creatures snug and warm and in a refreshing sleep. What words could picture the wild joy of father and mother at that sight! But alas! on their way back, near the spot where they had parted with him, they found the noble boy who had saved their children's lives at the expense of his own, lying dead. Nature was exhausted, after the fatigue and exposure of the night, and unable to reach the friendly shelter, he sank down and expired.

THE NOBILITY OF THE DEED—TRUE GLORY.

History has glorified the names of those who have sacrificed themselves on the altar of patriotism, or who risked and lost their lives in the cause of humanity. With moistened eyes, we have read of the British soldier who thrust the despatch with which he had been entrusted into his wound, caring not that he thus invited death, if only he should prevent the

important document from falling into the hands of the enemy. We have all read with beating heart the story of "The Noble Boy" who

'Stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;'

and preferred death in its most awful form to a desertion of the post of duty. And if we sympathize with these deeds of unselfish heroism, shall we not give the tribute of our admiration to this gallant little fisher-boy of Newfoundland? Picture him in that night of storm, on the savage shore of Labrador, with the howl of the tempest and the roar of the broken surges in his ears, as they dashed themselves to death on the rocks and sands, and, all alone, struggling to save these helpless children—refusing to listen to the promptings of self-preservation, and bravely giving up his young life on behalf of others. No prospect of fame or reward sustained him through the dreary hours of darkness. No eye but His to whom "the darkness and light are both alike," marked his heroism. It was a deed of pure, unselfish love; for the children whom he saved had no claim upon him of blood or kindred. Even his name has not been preserved; but the memory of his deed survives. And when, around the winter hearth, the fishermen tell of the awful hurricane of 1867, they do not fail to repeat the story of the noble boy, at times the tears stealing down their weather-beaten cheeks; while in other lands, too, let the tale be told, as a "memorial of him," and a means of inclining other young hearts to deeds of self-sacrifice.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The forlorn survivors of that shipwreck dug a common grave on the bleak coast, and with bitter, heart-wrung tears, laid in it the lifeless forms of wives and children, of brothers and friends. No coffin enclosed the dear remains, no sheet or shroud enveloped any form. Reverently the faces of the dead were covered and earth given to earth. Then rocks were piled above, to keep off the prowling beasts of prey. This was the only memorial to mark their resting-place. The young hero whose tale I have told, was laid with the others in this lonely grave. Close beside him, as a meet companion in death, they laid another form—that of a young mother who was found dead on the shore, with a living infant clinging to her bosom, and endeavouring to draw nourishment from her breast—a sight that wrung tears from men that seldom wept. With a love stronger than death, the poor mother had stripped herself of most of her clothing, wrapping it round her babe, and then clasping it to her bosom so as to shelter it from the blast, she sank into the death-stupor. In the morning the unconscious babe was found playing with the breast of its dead mother, and looked up smiling into the faces that were wet with tears at the sight.

O mighty power of love! that often throbs most strongly in the bosom of the humblest,—those whom we in our pride pass by or despise,—prompting to deeds of heroism that show what wondrous possibilities of goodness slumber unsuspected in the human heart! How poor looks many a deed that has been sung by poet, or applauded by admiring generations, when contrasted with the self-sacrifice of this poor loving mother, and

nameless fisher boy! Dead mother!—dead boy! sleeping side by side in this rude grave—how your deeds of love brighten this scene of horrors, carrying our thoughts up to that Infinite Love who gave himself for our poor lost humanity, rebuking our cold selfishness, and kindling the spirit of self-sacrifice. O, dread mystery of sorrow, pain and death! How ye confront us on all sides, and shake our faith in the Divine Love. But with such examples of a self-sacrificing love that has been breathed into the soul of man from the source of all goodness, we will believe, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, that the universe is rocked in the arms of everlasting love, and that "Every cloud that spreads above, and veileth love, itself is love."

ADOLPH VOGT.

One of Canada's brightest lights has passed away. Adolph Vogt, for many years a resident of Montreal, and an artist of much promise and rare ability died of small pox at New York on the 22nd February last. The melancholy intelligence of his sad illness, death and burial came to his surviving friends not in their order: but at one and at the same time. Rapidly and mysteriously he sank, and the nature of his fell disease would not admit of the loved ones he leaves behind him, doing honour to his memory and attending his funeral. The authorities at Blackwell's Island performed the last solemn rite due his remains.

He was born on the 29th November, 1842, at Liebenstein Saxe Meiningen, in Germany. In 1846 his parents crossed the seas and came to America, finally taking up their abode in the city of friends, Philadelphia. Here under the tutorage of Kramer, Schmitz and other artists, masters of repute, the future painter learned to draw and sketch. He was but fifteen years of age when his works began to attract general attention. The portraits taken from life were especially admired, and these we learn from a private source are still in the possession of the family. Young Vogt, though only three and a half years old when he left his fatherland was a German at heart, and he longed to breathe the air of his native place and once more see the old home of his birth. He accordingly sailed in 1861 for home. We hear of him soon after his arrival, studying at that seat of artists, Munich, then at Zurich, under Koller, the great animal painter, until 1865, when he returned to America, this time selecting Canada as the base of his operations. His father and mother had already taken up their residence in Montreal, and he had not alighted on American soil long before his heart yearned towards his dear old parents. Railcars and steamboats were in requisition, villages, towns and cities were passed rapidly by, and in a few hours he was in his mother's arms, and received a doting father's warm blessing. He at once set to work in Montreal. His studio was opened and fastly he plied the brush on the tinted canvas. His forte lay in cattle painting, and in this particular branch he excelled. His pictures are the result of a bold, nervous Frenchy style of painting; and they all possess great artistic merit. M. Vogt left Montreal in April 1866 for Paris. On arriving at the gay capital he sought the companionship of such notable men

as Gustave Doré—now the head of the French school of art—Bonheur, Taine, Weber and Brandel. These celebrated artists acknowledged Vogt as a man of great ability and one destined to shine in his profession. He tarried in France, studying with the best masters and acquiring a taste for the French system until September 1867, when he again left the old world and sought the shores of the new. He returned to the commercial capital of Quebec and entered into business, throwing off at different intervals pictures that have since acquired a more enduring fame than their author ever dreamed of in his most sanguine moments. Among this batch may be mentioned as receiving places of distinction, "Grey Battery," a production which might hang beside Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair' in any art gallery, "Niagara in Summer" and its companion "Niagara in Winter," these two latter are very fine, and display to equal advantage the painter's skill and love of nature and of art. The "Forge" is also admirably done and it attracted much attention at the last "Canadian Annual Exhibition of Artists." His death, at this season, his early age, his kindly and lovable nature will long be felt, especially by his brother artists Much was expected of him by his friends of the new 'Canada Art Union," in which he took a warm and fatherly interest.

M. Vogt never left his dining table without placing in his pocket a few crumbs of bread for his little pets, the winged songsters who sang for him daily beneath his studio window. He loved the little warblers and they in return chirped their appreciation of him as from his hands they picked the tiny morsels of bread. His love of music was fully as equally developed as his delight in art, and the compositions of Beethoven, Mendelssohn Haendel, Mozart, and others of that ilk were as familiars with him.

A lady friend of ours who has had some forty or more years' experience in the matter of shopping, who is quite conversant with the fashion plates of say fifty years back, and who flatters herself she can tell to a minute the precise year of our Lord when bonnets were bonnets, and not the "little-one-for-a-cent" flower baskets tied with two strings which now-a-days pass for coverings for the head, thus discourses anent buyers and sellers:

"Well, Mr. Editor, I have got through *at last* and no mistake. I had a regular tramp and what with mud and slush and such like, its a wonder I have not caught my death of cold. My boots look for all the world like a Kentucky bushman's valise, and as for my dress, its ruined. I had no umbrella, and of course no one would lend me one, so I had to get along home the best way I could. I wouldn't have cared so much either, for I can stand a little wet, if I had got what I wanted; but goodness me, bless you, the good old times are over and now-a-days you can't get even served straight, let alone waited on properly. When you and I were young, Mr. Editor, (Respected Madam, there must be some mistake here. Our relative ages differ materially, but go on,) things were different A man paid more attention to his customers and less to his back hair. He kept better goods and was satis-

fied with a fair profit; but now in these degenerate days, we, the people, have to pay high prices for an inferior quality of goods and contribute to the support of a lot of conceited young jackanapes, who ought to be working on farms or driving pigs to market instead of standing from morning till night behind shiny counters. In the good old times if the "boss" hadn't just what you wanted he told you so plainly; but now so anxious is the dry goods autocrat to sell that he persists in trying to make you take a lot of rubbish whether you have need for it or not. It does make me mad to go into a store and enquire for something and then be told by the bland proprietor who steps to the front and washes his hands in "invisible water" with "invisible soap," that such a thing cannot really be had in the city; but he has a very good substitute that is sure to do as well. Why does he persist in telling barefaced falsehoods when he knows just as well as I do that not ten steps away from his own store, is a little shop, over the way, where can be had the very article I need? You remember, Mr. Editor, it was quite different some thirty-five years ago. (Come, come Madam, this is really too bad. To say the least your persistent reference to our age is getting monotonous. Our census paper is filled up and we have placed no such age as thirty-five years opposite our name.) I can understand easily enough why this wholesale *white-lying* is carried on when an object is to be gained: but why the shop-keeper of the present day should assume to know the contents of every store in his neighbourhood is beyond my comprehension.

I suppose I ought not hold the employers responsible for the actions of their clerks: but if a reform in this branch of our mercantile relations were possible, I would, for one, advocate it thoroughly. It is not too much to expect courteous treatment at the hands of these young men, and yet not a day passes by but ladies, and in some cases gentlemen also are treated with gross incivility, not to say rudeness. They appear to look upon buyers with a sort of supercilious sneer, and seem to question their right to interrupt their perhaps pleasant confab. It positively makes my blood boil when I see one of them 'slouching' along in a sort of lazy good-for-nothing style, and hear his measured 'yes and no' to the questions of the individual who tries so hard to be a purchaser. If a half holiday during the week would make these sadly 'over-worked' gentry more civil and obliging, for goodness sakes let them have it. I would get through with my shopping at any hour named; but oh ye dry goods' men give us a few gentlemanly clerks to serve us."

We can agree with our correspondent in much that she says in the foregoing letter; but she is too hard, far more severe than the circumstances warrant, on the young dry goods clerks of this or any other city in Canada. In all our experience, which does not, however, extend for a much longer period than, say, thirty-five years, we have found this class of operatives not only courteous and obliging but in many extenuating positions really affable and pleasant. The casual buyer as he or she enters a store, cannot or must not expect to find the clerk who is in waiting always agreeable. His is not at all times a happy

lot. He has many, very many sore trials and inconveniences to put up with, and all these he must bear uncomplainingly. Sometimes his burdens are more than human nature, which is often-times peevish and irritable, can stand, and it may have happened that it was in this particular mood in which the "regular shopper" found him. It is a poor rule which will not work both ways, the adage tells us and permit us to ask is the customer always a pleasant, genial, jovial-hearted fellow or is *he* sometimes overbearing in his disposition and prone to order people around, when he really has no right to do it? So far as an impartial judge may say, the present age is happy in its clerks and if our contributor had not picked out a very stormy day, and had succeeded in borrowing an umbrella and thereby keeping herself warm and dry, perhaps she would have thought twice before she passed such a wholesale slander on a class of employees who are as hard-worked as they are sometimes poorly paid.

It is, we confess, rather funny; but still for all that how often it is done. How many times as we pass along the street, do we consult the dial of our jewelled repeater and smile with satisfaction to ourselves when we think of our promised engagement and feel certain of being in time! How we change our gait as we feel conscious we have five or ten minutes to spare. And yet all this is vanity on our part. We think we know what the hour is, and let any one ask us the time and how crestfallen we appear, for the dial must be consulted again before the questioner can be satisfied. How it so happens, why it is so, is more than can be fathomed. It is true nevertheless, and we will be borne out in this assertion by every one from the small boy who wears his father's ancient verge to school to the elegant dandy in lavenders and cane who sports a diamond-faced lever.

We close our volume of scraps with a kindly letter, piquant and sharp, by our young friend, the scribe of a ladies' sewing circle. Our male readers will enjoy the little savage, spiteful thrusts which are so unsparingly aimed at their hearts. But we will allow the scribe to tell her own story:

MR. EDITOR,—You have often asked me to communicate to your scrap-book the proceedings of our club when anything out of the ordinary routine came up for discussion. Well, in the first place you must understand we don't stoop to anything unless it is outside of the regularly accepted old fogy stuff indulged in by the numerous clubs and societies which you men, who call yourselves Sir Oracles, set up as mythological deities and worship. All of our meetings are original and interesting. Our theories embrace a wide range of almost every conceivable thought and the mode of discussion is certainly unique in its way. We have disposed of so many subjects and done so much to enlighten the world that I hardly know just precisely at what place to begin. Perhaps I may as well give you an epitome of last Thursday's minutes. Well, after the meeting had been called to order by the M. S. W., (you see we give our officers ancient titles as well as you Freemasons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, and dear knows how many

other selfish societies made up I know solely for the exclusion of us poor unprotected women.) If I ever marry, well, my husband will never belong to any order, club, encampment, lodge or any thing else, if I have any thing to say about it, and I guess when I get him down on his marrow bones before me I can make him promise any thing. The wretches, how bold they get after marriage and how ridiculous they appear before it. But gracious goodness I will never get on. As I said before after the M. S. W. had called the session to order, she rose and stated that the subject for this evening's consideration was on death, rather a grave and formidable matter for us young debaters: but nothing is too difficult for our understandings, why a week ago we p lled Darwin and his theory all to pieces, and pre-historic man and the Duke of Argyll are mere commonplace matters with us. Bertha Shoeface, she's our principal talker, and I can assure you she *can* talk, the way she rings out her ideas, and pretty good ones they are too, is a caution. Bertha rose up and with a merry twinkle in her light hazel eye boldly declared that after life was extinct in her she wished it distinctly understood that none were to go to her funeral unless they were personal friends—true friends not merely acquaintances. She wanted not the extravagant burial service of the society performed over her remains, and as for bands of music and pomp and decorations, she hoped that those who loved her would keep such things far in the back ground. Her eyes kindled and her cheeks flushed as she animadverted on the puny efforts of newspaper scribblers who invaded the sanctity of the house of death and with cold-blooded ferocity described the coffin, the rose-wood furniture of the room and the very appearance of the lifeless one within the satin folds of the narrow compartment. "Oh if I were a man," said Bertha "I'd kick the sacrilegious wretch down stairs if I saw him poking around the form of any one I loved." Of course she liked proper respect shown to the dead, though to be sure it mattered little to the deceased whether a hearse with tall plumes or a hearse with no feathers at all bore him to the grave. Half the people who go to funerals do so not out of love for the departed, not because he knew and could appreciate the moral worth of him who had gone before: but all was done merely to make a show. How many think you follow a corpse the whole way? How many drop off one by one at every street corner? A thousand will turn out and parade with pomp and vanity, the streets of the city, just to make a show of themselves, and when the outskirts are reached the multitude comes back again and only the real mourners, the true friends go the whole distance.

Jane Wingberry, who is our second lieutenant, confessed she liked funerals. Certainly there was little enjoyment in one, but though they were solemn and sad and necessary operations, still she loved them for the many thoughts they always awakened. They invariably set her thinking powers at work and she could always contemplate the melancholy scene. Her heart felt more warm towards her fellow-mortals. She liked long funerals. She delighted in the sadly beautiful dead march. Oh! how she loved a band and sprigs of myrtle and rosettes of spruce. She hoped her funeral would be well attended. She confessed

in order to have a brilliant one she had joined the society. It would be a great hardship for her if she thought the club would not turn out in uniform when she died.

Susan Lagspur wondered why it was that people were buried at all. She prayed for the good old days, ages ago, when the bodies of the defunct were burned up after death and they were heard of no more forever. Perhaps it was a barbarous practice, but what is more barbarous for us to consign our dearly beloved to the noisome grave, to be food for the vile creatures of the earth, to be eaten by worms and reptiles of that ilk? Susan felt a little delicate about advocating this wholesale manner of disposing of her fellow-creatures. She only threw out the suggestion, and would ask the opinion of the society in the matter.

Maria Plush thought the burning process would answer very well for the thin relatives of Susan Lagspur; but how the fat ones would "siz."

Susan desired to know whether Miss Plush meant to be sarcastic or not, or whether she was merely personal. If the latter all she could say was that her (Maria's) relatives were as thin as hers and she considered it no one's business if they were. We cannot all be elephants, said Susan triumphantly.

The M. S. W. here claimed the right to interfere between the belligerents. The Society-room was no place for such quarrels. In regard to the manner in which the subject was treated she felt satisfied something startling was developed. Hereafter obituary notices would appear with the addenda that the match will be applied to the remains at a quarter past three, when friends and acquaintances would be respectfully invited to attend. She was here interrupted by Bertha who desired an alteration of a clause in the resolution, making it read simply "friends are respectfully invited to attend." She didn't want merely acquaintances to attend her funeral. The objection to the original resolution was noted by the M. S. W. and she went on. It was very gratifying to notice so unanimous a feeling pervading the room, and she hoped it would be productive of much benefit. The world watched with a jealous eye the movements of the Society and it was to be hoped that future sessions would be characterized by the same outspoken frankness and terse reasoning which were so closely allied to all our proceedings. The meeting then closed, Mr. Editor, and as each one of us felt that we had the best of the argument, we all felt correspondingly happy in our view of the case.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

BY E. PEILER.

Not only the Muses, but also the Fates have their favourites, and whom the former take under their especial protection is generally treated with neglect by the latter. It is very rarely that we meet a

man over whose head the two powers join hands and unite for the purpose of rounding off his existence to a harmonious completeness. One of these few fortunate ones was Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy; his lot was cast under a bright cloudless sky; his life was free from the common burdens and troubles, free from battle and dissension, which generally are the companions of every artist during his pilgrimage on earth. The flowers of his genius were thornless, his bread was not watered by tears, from him fate demanded no sacrifice of conciliation; his artistic and his worldly existence, his work and his life were alike harmonious. Hence it is that after he has passed away he continues to live in our memory as that bright apparition which once he was to those who knew him in the body; none perhaps of the great tonemasters has been more warmly beloved, more gratefully venerated—and yet there were greater than he; but more charming, more lovable, purer and nobler none of them. It is true, under a cloudless sky no hero can mature, but rather in darkness, in fight and with great sufferings; nor can Mendelssohn, properly speaking, be called a hero; we miss in him the overflowing productiveness, the titanic heaven-assaulting power for which we look in a hero, nor did he descend into the mighty depths of inward wrestling and battling; his Muse loves to dwell in a world of quiet beauty, to enjoy the pleasure of never fading sunshine. In his tones we listen in vain for the tremor of stormy passions, we hear everywhere only moderation and true proportion; no excess, no going beyond the strict lines of beauty but always delicacy and chasteness of feeling and elegance and nobleness of expression. And even where this delicacy degenerates into sentimentality, where this chasteness touches on puritanism, where this nobleness puts on the garb of a certain fine mannerism, the distinguished quality of his nature characterizes all his works to whatever class they may belong. Always charming, insinuating, sweet and dreamy, Mendelssohn is great when he speaks in the ethereal language of spirits or in the bewitching voice of nature, or when he enchants us with dreamy pictures composed of light and vapour; but he is grand in the higher walks of art, where religious faith calls forth the full power of his genius; here we recognize completely the majesty of his nature and look into the unutterable depths of his heart. If in the former tendency Carl Maria von Weber's genius was his guiding star, in the dominion of religious art he found his patterns in Haendel and Bach and utilizing at the same time the later discoveries of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, he succeeded in giving appropriate expression to more modern religious-musical wants and uniting the spirit of the past with that of the present. And this it is which entitles Mendelssohn to the claim of having materially assisted the great advances which music has lately made. Schumann says of him: "Mendelssohn is the Mozart of the nineteenth century, the musician who sees clearly through the contradictions of his times and succeeds in reconciling them." In fact it is Mozart who together with Weber had the greatest influence upon the artistic development of the master, and to both of these he is spiritually very nearly related; and these three

are at the same time the most popular tonemasters, and the German people recognize in them their most beloved favourites. Felix Mendelssohn had the rare fortune to enjoy from the moment of his first appearance to the day of his death, the warmest sympathies, the most favourable successes and the richest acknowledgments. Artists of every tendency have esteemed his merits without envy, and both the historical and the romantic schools contend for the privilege to call him their own. And to-day, after more than twenty winters have passed over his grave, his music has not ceased to exercise the old charming power and rules absolutely over the hearts of many, so much so, that they even persistently refuse to acknowledge many great and noble works which have since seen the light. And yet it is not the spirit of their hero which shows itself in this! He understood his times better and knew how to be just to their demands; he readily recognized beauty in whatever garb she might approach him, his ear was ever open to all that was new, and even when it hailed from regions which were strange to him. His heart was ruled by love and charity as his life and his creations incontestably prove; may we have a part in these graces of his character and Felix Mendelssohn will become doubly immortal.

It is a common saying that the happiest life is that which is poor in incidents. Thus the life of our master may be called so much the more happy as we miss in it those startling phenomena which have marked the lives of other great men. He was born in Hamburg on the 3rd February, 1809. His father, Abraham, the son of the great philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn, was the head of a large banking house in that city, which however he left some years later for Berlin, for the sake of the education of his children, of which he had four. His home in Berlin became, owing to his own splendid acquirements and the fine artistic capabilities of his wife, an asylum for art and science and the frequented meeting place of the most prominent men in both fields. This was as it were the soil from which Felix drew nourishment and developed early into an extraordinarily gifted boy. Talent and love for music was the common inheritance of all the children and particularly of the elder sister Fanny; Felix, however, possessed these gifts in the most eminent degree. The mother, who had been the first music teacher of her children soon recognized the necessity of better and more effective tuition for him, and Ludwig Berger, a pupil of Clementi and friend of Field became his instructor on the pianoforte and Friedrich Zelter in counterpoint; the results were so extraordinary that Felix only nine years of age was able to make his public debut with Dusseck's Concert Militaire, and had written in his eleventh year several Symphonies and Operettas; during his thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth years, he composed several works which are quite equal to Mozart's earlier productions. The ease with which the boy already treats the artistic forms in these his first trials is truly admirable, and upon some of them his individuality is unmistakably impressed. It was his privilege to take part in the public life of the residence where the most important men of the time met continually at his father's

home. Through Zelter he was introduced to Goethe and won his love by playing for him the masterpieces of Bach, Beethoven and Mozart, in a manner which opened the eyes of the poet to regions in art which had hitherto been more or less closed to him. The most prominent musicians he soon counted among his friends, and Moschelles, who came to Berlin in 1824 considered it a privilege to give him instructions in pianoforte-playing, and thus laid the foundation for a friendship which united the two artists until death parted them.

But all these many and admiring acknowledgments did not suffice for Abraham Mendelssohn. He wanted the approving judgment of a European authority ere he permitted his son to make music his calling, and for this purpose he went in 1825 with the latter to Paris to submit him to an examination of Cherubini. The great master decided favourably and even offered to undertake his future instruction. This, however, the father refused and returned with Felix to Berlin.

From this time forth the young man made music his principal study without at the same time neglecting others, tending to develope his mind. With especial love he studied ancient and modern languages and translated English and Italian authors; a translation by him of Terrence's "Andria," was even published and met with great approval. Drawing and painting, in both of which he excelled, and manly exercises of all kinds formed another part of his very liberal education.

In 1827 he visited the University at Berlin for the purpose of studying History and Philosophy, and appeared more frequently than hitherto in public, giving his townspeople the opportunity of judging him as player, composer and conductor. In Stettin also he appeared several times and earned the gratitude of the musical world by the reproduction in 1829 of Bach's "Passion according to St. Matthew." A few weeks after this, his University course completed, he followed a call of his friend Moschelles to London.

Before the English public Mendelssohn was enabled to make his appearance as the composer of several more or less celebrated works. The Overture to the "Mid-summer Night's Dream" alone, which he had written in his seventeenth year, entitled him to a position among the best masters of his art. He found the metropolis well prepared for him by Moschelles, and made his first appearance in May 1829 in the Argyll Rooms, under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society. His successes were exceedingly brilliant in spite of the dangerous presence of such artistes as Madame Sonntag and Malibran. After a journey to Ireland and Scotland he returned to Berlin enriched by new impressions and fresh subjects for work. From this time forth he continued to have the most lively sympathies for the English people among whom he found a second home.

In May 1830 Felix left the paternal roof for a long journey, which he undertook in accordance with his father's wishes; he was to become acquainted with different countries and nations, and among them gain a name and acknowledgment of the talents and select a place of residence for the future. After a long visit to Goethe in Weimar he journeyed to Munich, Salzburg, Vienna, Preszburg and finally to Venice.

Deep and strong were the impressions which he experienced on his entrance into Italy. "What I always looked forward to as the highest joy of life since I have learned to think, has come to pass at last, and my joy is inexpressible." Thus he writes home. Rome in particular, where he arrived in November after a short stay in Florence, captivated the soul and the senses of the young man completely, more so even than Naples with all its natural charms. "I feel as if I were another man since I am here; I am better and happier than I have been for a long time," he writes from Rome.

His life was divided between enjoyment and serious labour, and, while studying nature and art, he had many opportunities to come in contact with many of the prominent artists and men of science who were in Rome at that time. Through the Prussian ambassador, Bunsen, he made the acquaintance of Bendemann, Huebner, Schadow, Cornelius, Horace Vernet and Thorwaldsen. He also came into intimate contact with Baini, the master of the Sistine Chapel choir and with the Abbate Santini, whose magnificent library of old Italian music became to him an inexhaustible treasury for research. It seems that he had no desire to know other musicians, for he was forcibly and painfully struck by the decay of modern Italian music. He nevertheless felt a continual desire to create new works. To Zelter he writes: "My power to produce comes to me far more from ruins, pictures and the beauty of nature than from the music I hear." Some of his largest and best productions date from this period, and these bear witness of the exuberantly happy state of his mind. He left Rome in June 1831, after a protracted stay in Naples, and went by way of Florence, Genoa, Milano, the Borromaean Islands and Switzerland to Munich, where he played with much success before the king and his court. From December 1831 to April 1832 he stayed in Paris, but in spite of the most brilliant successes and the unprecedentedly distinguishing treatment at the hands of the greatest musical celebrities he did not feel at home there, and French manners and ways of thinking did neither then nor ever afterwards please the preeminently German nature of the master. From there he went to London, his "favourite place," where he was most enthusiastically received.

On his return to Berlin in 1832 he met with the first darkening shadow on his hitherto bright path. Three of his most beloved friends, Goethe, Zelter and Eduard Rietz, he was to see no more; they had died in the course of a few months shortly after each other. Added to this, came the depressing feeling of neglect with which he was treated by his fellow-citizens. Urged by his family he applied for the situation of conductor of the Berlin Sing-Academy, which, however, was given to a man vastly his inferior. All this tended to throw a certain seriousness over his bright nature, and we recognize in the works written at that time a hitherto never perceptible melancholy coloring, which is not so much a product of deep suffering but rather of serious thought and earnest communion with himself induced by these mishaps, which he felt all the more as his life so far had been one of continued joy and pleasure.

In the Spring 1833 we find Mendelssohn again in London; returned from there he conducted the Rhenish Musical Festival at Duesseldorf. His management and direction of this latter pleased so much that the citizens of Duesseldorf concluded to retain him, if possible, in their midst, and offered him the position of music director in their city, an office especially created for him. This offer he accepted, and after another journey to London in the latter part of the summer he went to reside in Duesseldorf.

BUBBLES.

BY LÆLIUS.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has."

We are all blowing bubbles, or chasing them. And most of us inflate for ourselves the bubbles we pursue. We begin the chase in our earliest years, and, with few exceptions among the whole of mankind, we keep it up until the end of our days. The same impulse which prompts the infant to grasp at the glittering motes that dance in the sunbeam, incites us to follow while they last the radiant dreams of our boyhood, animates our ardent pursuit of manhood's schemes and our patient endurance of manhood's toils and troubles, and still carries us forward following with tottering steps and failing vision to the very brink of the grave the bright ideal forms which may have survived so far the rude shocks of life. The earliest bubbles that arise to dazzle our minds are those airy conceptions of happiness that come to us all in our youth. It might seem that the utterly illiterate and more debased portion of mankind have very little idea of any happiness more refined than the mere gratification of their bodily senses, and that they are never induced to follow an insubstantial, dreamy plan of life. But even they pursue their bubbles, although they may be of a coarser texture and a less brilliant hue. The young man, brought up in poverty, if he has any intellectual capacity at all, is very apt, as soon as he begins to look about him, in the world, to be captivated by, and led away after, that delusion which takes possession of the great mass of men everywhere. Like Ortogrul of Bosra,* he wanders along the streets of some modern Bagdad, is charmed with the magnificent pomp and ceremony that attend the motions of some Chief Vizier, enters into, and wanders through, in fact or in thought, the great man's stately home, admires the sumptuous splendours which there surround him, and recovering from the first effects of surprise and wonder, says to himself, as Ortogrul said: "Surely this palace is the seat of happiness; where pleasure succeeds pleasure, and discontent and sorrow have no admission." Then comes, as there came to Ortogrul, the bitter sense of his own pover-

*The Idler, &c.

ty and wretchedness, and, his mind impressed indelibly by the contrast, he concludes with him: "I have long sought content, and have not found it; I will from this moment endeavour to be rich." He follows with care and diligence, throughout a long laborious life it may be, the specious scheme which is to secure to him ease and happiness at the last. He avoids everything that has the appearance of luxury or wasteful self-indulgence. He denies himself even the simple pleasures which he might enjoy as he goes along, and coins his time, his energies and even all his thoughts, in order the sooner to amass the riches that are to bring him the longed-for supreme good. If he should not stumble and fall in his ardent course, if the bubble should not burst before his eager eyes ere he could think he had overtaken it, if he should fortunately be able to heap up the riches he covets, he finds alas! that the happiness he has been seeking is as far off as it was when he set out in pursuit of it. He has been vainly chasing a bubble all his days. And now, when it appeared at length to be just within his reach, and he extended his nervous arm to grasp it, it has vanished suddenly and for ever. Though, like Ortogrul, he may employ the wealth he has with so much care and pains acquired in restless efforts to purchase pleasure, and may zealously seek the delights he once dreamt every new day would bring spontaneously to the rich, his efforts and his search are all to no purpose. He grows tired of the leisure he has so painfully and laboriously earned. He finds his bodily senses too blunted and his mind too much dimmed by their long and slavish devotion to the mere acquisition of wealth, to receive now the lively impressions or to thrill with the quick emotions that once gave him indescribable delight. His generous susceptibilities and feelings, his heart and soul have been pressed down and stifled for long, weary years; and they now refuse to respond to his summons to action. No endeavours can recall or repair the lost, uncultivated past. He becomes painfully aware of his own feelings, and of the wants that money cannot supply. He is too sensible of these defects to enjoy the praise and adulation that may be offered him by those who look up to and admire with envy his magnificence and splendour, just as he himself once gazed on and envied a similar display. And, like Ortogrul, he says at length, with a deep sigh,—"How long have I been labouring in vain to amass wealth, which at last is useless! Let no man hereafter wish to be rich, who is already too wise to be flattered."

But how many never are able to gather the wealth that is to be the basis of their fancied happiness! The pursuit of this species of bubble is that which engages the whole attention of the greater part of mankind everywhere. In whatever direction we turn we see our fellow-men patiently struggling onward in hot chase after it. To each of them it presents itself in some peculiarly attractive hue. Philosophers may reason about the matter as they have reasoned about it years ago, and may try to teach the world, as Socrates endeavoured to teach the youth of Athens, "that not from Wealth does Virtue spring, but from Virtue Wealth and everything else which is good for man in either a public or a private capacity." And Christian moralists and teachers may cite divine authority to shew the folly and emptiness and dreadful danger of the all-absorbing

pursuit of riches. The world still goes on in its old way. The mad worship of Mammon still charms and leads on to their disappointment and ruin its myriads of misguided, blinded devotees. Whole communities and nations are just as eager nowadays to grasp the glittering gold as were the Spaniards of the sixteenth century whose dreams were bright visions of untold treasures to be found in the western world. Men are just as ready as they ever were to plunge wildly into a South Sea Scheme. And though one bubble after another may burst amid the wailing and weeping of its deluded followers, mankind at large learns nothing from the victims' sad experience. It is only necessary to vary the form or colour of some fresh project, or to start it from some new point, in order to secure a crowd of ardent worshippers. The exciting chronicles of every stock-exchange throughout the civilized world are made up of the tragical stories of reckless speculations, heartless frauds, and the miserable ruin brought upon thousands by their own or others' cupidity. Indeed, by far the greater part of the follies and crimes and woes that fill the annals of every centre of trade and commerce spring directly from the insane haste to be rich,—the bewildered, headlong race after the brilliant bubble, Wealth.

But the bubble which, leading astray a large part of mankind, brings upon the world the most direful consequences of its pursuit is that which we call Fame. We all desire to fill some place in the thoughts and speech of others, and to leave behind us some record of our lives which shall survive our existence in the body. Like all our natural desires, this feeling is implanted in us for a good purpose, and when restrained within reasonable and proper limits, is productive of only good results. But when it grows beyond its just dimensions and is developed into the lust of power or dominion, as it almost always is in the breasts of those who are born into a kingly position or who acquire great political authority, it becomes the prolific source of suffering and misery to the human race. The history of the whole world up to our era has been little more than the unvaried record of wars and their consequent woes. One empire after another has risen to power and built the edifice of its glory upon the ruins of surrounding states. The pursuit of fame has led one conquering madman after another, as it led Alexander, over prostrate nations, trampling down the works and arts of peace and civilization, defiling, desecrating and destroying everything, however hallowed by age and sacred memories, that stood his way towards that place in her cloud-built temple to which Fame beckoned him onward. And this glittering bubble has dazzled the view not only of individuals but of whole, powerful communities under every form of government. The republican has been led astray after it as far, if not quite so readily and naturally, as the autocrat or the privilegd aristocrat. Not only among the nations of the East, where no kind of constitutional government has ever taken root, but among the nations of the West, where alone the ideas of individual liberty and of government under established laws binding alike upon the ruler and the subject have sprung up as indigenous, the pride of power and the lust of dominion have often triumphed over all the dictates of humanity and reason, over the teachings, the hopes and aspirations of Freedom, over the labours and the

wisdom of true patriots. Those who rise to prominent places and to power by the deplorable convulsions thus produced become famous. Their names become familiar to the speech and the thoughts of mankind as symbols of great successes and colossal ambitions. They are synonyms for strength and skill and splendour; and they are pronounced with wonder and awe by the multitude. That constitutes what we dignify with title of Fame. And on their headlong course after that empty bubble what unnumbered woes, what untold miseries have bold and unscrupulous leaders inflicted upon their suffering fellow-men! In our own comparatively enlightened age, even within the life of the present generation, we have seen the world shaken and convulsed to its centre by the operations of those engaged in the mad struggle to attain the vain glory of a celebrated name. It seems but yesterday that, trading upon a gallant people's passion for that impalpable phantom they call glory, and their infatuated worship of the memory of that great Napoleon who taught them to think they had won it, a political adventurer trampled under foot all the forms of Freedom which patriotic hands had set up in France, and built upon the ruins a despotic Empire whose chief corner stones were force and fraud. For a time, Europe, lulled into security by his false declaration that his Empire meant peace, imagined that the millennium was drawing near, and amused itself with grand Exhibitions of the products of the industrial arts. But the true colours of the bubble he was pursuing soon became apparent. And that bubble, broken by the shock of armies more tremendously powerful than ever before met for mutual destruction, has burst amid desolation and ruin which it awes the mind to contemplate. His conquerors, intoxicated with a success that appals the rest of Europe and fills all reflecting minds with gloomy forebodings of evils to come, have, in their turn, inflated their vast, ambitious bubble. They will pursue it through fire and blood, led on through all the paths of oppression and wrong until it too shall explode,—until Germany shall wake from its airy dream of unity to find that it has sacrificed its real liberties to a mere idea,—to find that the bond which holds its members in their places is a tyranny too heavy to be borne by those who would be freemen. Or contact with a world in arms to protect itself against the unprovoked aggressions of a haughty Cæsar who pretends to be a humble Christian, and who finds in each fresh wholesale slaughter of human beings only another cause for the renewal of devout expressions of thankfulness to Heaven, will shatter this latest in the long series of imperial bubbles in whose most brilliant hues has been reflected the colour of blood. Although he is an old man, the Emperor of Germany may yet live long enough, making solemn promises to his people and deliberately violating them, uttering pious prayers and issuing sanctimonious despatches while prosecuting murderous wars for the gratification of a selfish ambition, to realize, as his fallen adversary has realized, that

> "*'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;*
> *Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,—*
> *A minister of her will.*"

Many who are not led astray by the pursuit of wealth or power or fame follow after that most specious and lightest of all bubbles, Pleasure.

Assuming a thousand varied forms and colours, some comparatively refined and pure, some coarse and sensual, it allures its myriads of eager votaries. It is the deity worshipped by all the world of fashion, upon whose mad devotions we so often look with amazement. And who is not filled with grief as well as wonder when he calmly reflects upon the time mis-spent, the talents misapplied in this vain worship, and upon the misery produced by it? To pass by all those forms of pleasure which are more obviously injurious to our best interests, and which it is the more especial business of the preacher and the moralist to censure and stigmatize, could there be a more delusive bubble than the pleasure which is sought in the slavish observance of fashions in dress and personal adornment? What renders this particular delusion so serious in its consequences is the hold it has had upon the softer sex ever since our common mother found herself compelled to make an apron of fig-leaves in Eden. In a study of the varying modes of female attire during even a few generations past one may find abundant material for ridicule and satire, as well as for serious reflections upon the extravagance and lavish waste to which the capricious and unreasonable changes in the prevailing styles have led. And the fashionable styles of to-day will appear a few years hence in all their unmeaning absurdity to the eyes of everyone. At the present hour the inquiry whether they possess the elements or characteristics of usefulness and beauty is, of course, shockingly out of place. We laugh at the rig in which our great-grandmothers appeared. Our great-grandchildren will enjoy a greater degree of merriment at the strange figures our fashionable women cut. No part of the person is suffered to remain in its natural form and comeliness. From the frightfully transformed head to the tortured foot, fashion has triumphed equally over convenience and elegance, over common sense and good taste. Instead of studying the exquisite structure of the human body or the classic forms of beauty exhibited in ancient art and in the costumes of some past ages, our arbiters of fashion have merely run from one extreme in dress to another; and they generally succeed in producing most highly satisfactory caricatures of all that a correct taste approves. Look, for instance, at the monstrous head-dresses worn nowadays. The beautiful natural shape of the human head, with its gently curving lines and the soft, wavy flow of hair that harmonizes with the complexion of the face, is most horribly distorted into the ugliest forms by great masses of false, dead, lustreless hair, or of coarse, foul jute, piled upon the crown or on the nape of the neck. Nothing could be more utterly hideous than the *chignon*. It is the most abominable of all the strange devices of modern fashion. The idea of it seems to have been borrowed from the tasteful Japanese; and for its introduction among us I have always blamed,—perhaps unjustly,—Sir Rutherford Alcock's book upon Japan, in the pages of which were presented to the European public illustrations of the modes in which oblique-eyed Asiatic dames combed up and tied their locks in an unsightly heap. Contrast it for a moment with the simple elegance of the arrangement which was prevalent in the classic days of ancient Greece.

We may then have some notion of the absurdities into which the bubble Fashion has led the ladies of this enlightened age. And these absurdities appear in every portion of the woman's dress. If by chance a sensible style is introduced, it is soon supplanted by a costume remarkable only for its inconvenience and want of real beauty. No more painfully ridiculous figure could well be imagined than that displayed by the modern *belle* while she patters along the pavement as a dreadful example of that ironical misnomer, the Grecian Bend. Homer describes the gods assembled at Jove's feast as convulsed with "inextinguishable laughter" when they saw lame Vulcan limping through the courts of Olympus. The women of old Greece, accustomed to view the figures of the handsomest race the world ever saw, standing erect in their native majesty, or moving with the free, graceful action of strong, unfettered limbs, would have been excited to still more uncontrollable merriment if they could have seen the fine lady of to-day, unable to stand upright, or tottering along with irregular, stumbling steps, with helpless, motionless arms hanging idly before her, in all the glory and irresistible awkwardness of clumsy high-heeled boots, pack-horse panniers and *chignon* resembling more than anything else a great coil of old junk.

One would think that the silent but expressive protests which the best artists of our day make against the prevalent fashions, would have some effect in improving the tastes of both those who set and those who follow them. We seldom see a woman in full dress introduced now in any picture which aims at a high character and is designed to establish or to perpetuate the painter's reputation. And the sculptors are much more emphatic than their brethren of the easel in their refusal to recognize the full dress in which the reigning beauties of the hour rejoice. They still adhere to simple and natural forms, and study the models which have come down from the olden times. And they are not always silent in their protests against the false ideas of dress that now rule the world. I lately read an extract from an article in a recent number of the *Art-Review*, published at Chicago, in which the writer reports a conversation she had held with the eminent American sculptor Powers, during a visit to his studio at Florence. "You see," said Mr. Powers, "we sculptors must have a great variety of trades. We must be jewellers, milliners, mantua-makers, and even boot and wig-makers, to suit the demands of our statuesque families." Something was said, in allusion to the graceful invention shewn in his draperies, about the advantages that would arise from making artists and sculptors the arbiters of fashion: in which event, persecuted woman-kind would gain their long-delayed release from phantom bonnets, dropsical *chignons*, and 'Grecian bends.' 'I always contend that if there is anything tasteful in the changing styles, it is by the purest oversight of the fashion-conjuring fraternity;' he replied, laughing; 'and shall not, on my part, seek suggestions at Paris for my marble daughters, until the whole range of classic art, and all the intimations of schooled imagination are exhausted. Might not the ladies profitably emulate my example in this matter?' And now, I fear, this particular bubble has led me far enough.

In the pursuit of all these various bubbles that attract them men vainly suppose that they are following what will lead to happiness, if happiness does not lie in the very pursuit itself. Indeed, philosophers and moralists, Christian as well as heathen, have almost uniformly taught that in the continual, active exercise of our powers for the attainment of a desirable and worthy object consists the great end which all mankind in some way seek. Even the doctrines of Epicurus, rightly interpreted, mean clearly the same thing. While the Stoics made self-denial the root and source of all other virtues, and so the great and only means of attaining happiness, *he* taught that Pleasure was the chief end of existence, and that the highest and purest pleasure was to be reached and enjoyed only through the rational and temperate employment of our faculties both of body and mind. The systems are thus not far asunder, as at first sight they appear to be. And nearly all the elaborate definitions of happiness wrought out by the ancient masters of thought bear a similar import. When, as Herodotus tells us, Crœsus, that famous king of Lydia whose fabulous wealth passed into a proverb which still survives, asked of the Athenian sage and lawgiver, Solon, who in his voluntary exile visited the proud monarch's court, the question, Whom do you call a happy man? he got for a reply the opinion that no man could be called happy so long as he yet lived. The autocratic possessor of unlimited riches and power, had, no doubt, expected to receive from the simple but wise Greek a compliment like those so readily offered him by his slavish oriental subjects. He received an answer which conveyed a profound admonition,—an admonition whose force, if he did not feel it then, he must have sadly and fully realized when swift destruction overwhelmed his Empire at last. It told him to bear in mind what a fickle mistress Fortune is—how prone she is to turn her back suddenly on her former favourites. It suggested to him that he should remember how many rich and powerful monarchs had been hurled from their thrones of pride, stripped of their wealth and shorn of all their splendour,—how many men whose lives had begun and long gone on in the glad sunshine of prosperity had, ere the close, passed through dire adversity, and had ended their days in clouds and darkness and sorrow. It bade him take the philosopher's point of view, and contemplate human life in its true aspect and real relations. Aristotle, the keenest inquirer and most rigid reasoner the Greek schools produced, regarded it from that point. In his Ethics he brings in to complete his carefully-drawn definition of mortal happiness the element which Solon had said was necessary. Happiness is not, according to his theory a transient condition, or incidental quality. Expressed in his formula, it is *ενεργεια ψυχης κατ' αρέτην εν βίω τελειω*,—the exercise of the highest faculties of the soul throughout the whole (completed) life. According to that definition of it, how very few can ever hope to attain even a moderate degree of happiness in this world! Viewed in that clear light, what vain bubbles are those we fondly blow and make the objects of our earnest, life-long pursuit! And what mere bubbles are all our fleeting lives,—borne down upon the stream of time to burst and sink into the dark fathomless flood as they reach the broad ocean of eternity!

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

BY PUBLICUS.

As we write, the Joint High Commission, composed of representatives of the British and American Governments, is assembled in solemn deliberation at Washington. It is almost needless to remind our readers, that this Commission, considering the nations and peoples interested, the questions in dispute and the interests involved, is one of the most important that has ever been called into existence, to harmonize those national differences which the ordinary methods of diplomacy fail to accomplish. The Anglo-Saxon races of this and the European continent are deeply stirred over the probable results of the Commission's deliberations—England, America, and the Dominion of Canada. The questions in dispute are of the greatest magnitude—embracing difficult points of International Law,—the discretionary powers exercisable by neutrals towards belligerents, both as regards the recognition of the status of belligerency, and the necessary municipal police precautions in preventing the departure of armed vessels to prey upon the commerce of either belligerent power, and the proper interpretation to be placed upon treaties solemnly entered into between nations. The interests involved are of vital importance—the amicable adjustment of national differences, which have for years engendered irritation, and the settlement of which may promote international love and peace, and prevent the ghastly spectacle of horrid war.

The object of the Commission is primarily to adjust those vexed complications arising out of the "Alabama claims," so-called; and, secondarily, to define or rather confirm the rights of the subjects of both nations in the Fisheries around the shores of the Dominion. Apart from the great desire of seeing peace established upon a solid basis between England and the United States, Canadians are mainly interested in the satisfactory settlement of our rights respecting the Fisheries. With Englishmen, the interest centers in a happy termination of the Alabama embroglio; but with us, the question of the Fisheries is pre-eminent and all-absorbing.

The Fishery matter was brought into more than ordinary notice by the recent unique and very surprising message of President Grant. Our attention will be called to that discourteous and undignified production before we close. At present we pass it by.

The question of the respective fishing rights of British and American subjects is by no means new or novel; but has been the fruitful source of voluminous State correspondence, and considerable irritation between the two nations. A brief historical survey of the "fishery question," and the causes which have conspired to bring this matter, at the present time, prominently under the consideration of the two countries, will not, we think, be unacceptable to the majority of our readers.

By the treaty of 1783 the independence of the United States was fully recognized by Great Britain. Dr. Wheaton, in his great work, advances the position that "The treaty of peace of 1782 contained a *recognition* of their independence, not a *grant* of it." Let us keep this point in view, as it may tend to elucidate some of the disputed topics to be noticed hereafter. To understand fully the third article of the Treaty of 1783, we give it in full and it is as follows:—

ART. III.—"It is agreed, that the people of the United States shall continue to enjoy unmolested the right to take fish of every kind on the Grand Bank and on all the other banks of Newfoundland: also in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and at all other places in the sea, where the inhabitants of both countries used at any time heretofore to fish. And also that the inhabitants of the United States shall have liberty to take fish of every kind on such part of the coast of Newfoundland, as British fishermen shall use (but not to dry or cure the same on that Island) and also on the coast, bays and creeks of all other of His Britannic Majesty's dominions in America; and that the American fishermen shall have liberty to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbours, and creeks of Nova Scotia, Magdalen Islands, and Labrador, so long as the same shall remain unsettled; but so soon as the same, or either of them, shall be settled, it shall not be lawful for the said fishermen to dry or cure fish at such settlement without a previous agreement for that purpose with the inhabitants, proprietors, or possessors of the ground."

The rights guaranteed by the aforegoing article, were enjoyed in their fullest latitude by American fishermen until the war of 1812, which terminated the Treaty of 1783. The Treaty of Ghent at the close of the war of 1812, contained no provision respecting the fisheries. The American negotiators assumed the untenable position that the fishery *concessions* of 1783, liable to change and in many instances cease as population possessed the coasts, were perpetual *rights* and *liberties* of the American fishermen, and as permanent as the *recognition* of independence. In consequence of those assumptions, alike repugnant to national sovereignty and common sense, the British plenipotentiaries, during the negotiations at Ghent in 1814, gave notice that the British Government "did not intend to grant to the United States, gratuitously, the privileges formerly granted by treaty to them of fishing within the limits of British sovereignty, and of using the shores of the British territories for purposes connected with the British fisheries." The American plenipotentiaries answered this position by saying that they "were not authorized to bring into discussion any of the rights and liberties which the United States have heretofore enjoyed in relation thereto; from their nature, and from the peculiar character of the treaty of 1783 by which they were recognized, no further stipulation has been deemed necessary by the Government of the United States to entitle them to the full enjoyment of them all."

This unwarrantable interpretation of the Treaty of 1783 is opposed to every principle of International Law; and we can oppose to it such names as Dr. Woolsey, by express dissent, and Dr. Wheaton by fair implication—two of America's most distinguished International jurists. We refer our readers to the former's introduction to the Law of Nations, page 83, and the latter's Work by Lawrence.

No reference was therefore made to the fisheries in the treaty of

Ghent. The American fishermen, however, undismayed, flocked to our fishing grounds during the summer of 1815 and following years. A generous forbearance was exhibited on the part of the British Government, but they were firm in refusing to recognize the rights of American fishermen to be identical with those before the war and seized and confiscated some of their vessels found encroaching. A spirited and able diplomatic correspondence took place in October, 1815, between John Quincy Adams, then American Minister at the Court of St. James, and Lord Bathurst. For the substance of this correspondence, and the views advanced by each, consult Wheaton's "Elements," second annotated edition by Lawrence, pp. 463, et. seq. It may be read at length in the American State Papers, fol. edit. 1834, vol. 4, p. 352.

The correspondence resulted in the Convention of 1818, which agreed upon the following Article relative to the Fisheries:—

ART. I.—"Whereas, differences have arisen respecting the liberty claimed by the United States for the inhabitants thereof to take, dry and cure fish on certain coasts, bays, harbours and creeks of His Britannic Majesty's dominions in America, it is agreed between the High Contracting Parties, that the inhabitants of the said United States shall have forever, in common with the subjects of His Britannic Majesty, the liberty to take fish of every kind on that part of the southern coast of Newfoundland which extends from Cape Ray to the Rameau Islands, on the western and northern coast of Newfoundland, from the said Cape Ray to the Quirpon Islands, on the shores of the Magdalen Island, and also on the coasts, bays, harbours and creeks from Mount Joly, on the southern coast of Labrador, to and through the Straits of Belleisle, and thence northwardly indefinitely along the coast, without prejudice, however, to any of the exclusive rights of the Hudson's Bay Company; and that the American fishermen shall also have liberty, forever, to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbours and creeks, of the southern part of the coast of Newfoundland here above described, and of the coast of Labrador; but so soon as the same, or any portion thereof, shall be settled, it shall not be lawful for the said fishermen to dry or cure fish at such portion so settled without previous agreement, for that purpose, with the inhabitants, proprietors or possessors of the ground.

"And the United States hereby renounce for ever any liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof, to take, dry or cure fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks or harbours of His Britannic Majesty's dominions in America, not included within the above mentioned limits; provided, however, that the American fishermen shall be admitted to enter such bays or harbours for the purpose of shelter and of repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood and obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever. But they shall be under such restrictions as may be necessary to prevent their taking, drying or curing fish therein, or in any other manner whatever abusing the privileges hereby reserved to them."

From the reading of the first Article of the Treaty of 1818, it will be seen, that certain fishing rights were granted in perpetuity to American fishermen, but that some of these rights were of a fluctuating character, depending solely upon the settlement of the coasts, and the consent of the inhabitants. Nor was this all. The United States abandoned the claims they had previously pressed, and "*renounced forever any liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof, to take, dry, or cure, fish, on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours, of His Britannic Majesty's dominions in America,*" except as above stated. What words could be stronger or more

explicit? If the enumeration did not *at least* mean that the United States abandoned *forever* all claim or pretension to fish within three marine miles of the coasts of the British dominions, except as provided in article first, then we must agree with Tallyrand, that words are employed to conceal our thoughts and intentions, and not to express them. The United States undeniably abandoned the liberties and concessions they contended they were entitled to under the Treaty of 1783.

It was reasonable to suppose, after the Convention of 1818, that all disputes were at an end. But such pleasing anticipations were doomed to be dissipated by the renewed clamors of American fishermen. It had been the invariable rule for nations to assert and exercise exclusive territorial jurisdiction and sovereignty in all indentations of the coast, such as bays, estuaries, &c. The defining line extended from headland to headland, and three marine miles beyond. The American Republic claims such exclusive sovereignty in all such indentations, as for instance, Delaware Bay, Chesapeake Bay, &c., and the claim is supported by such names as Chancellor Kent, Dr. Wheaton, and President Woolsey.

New causes of dispute arose after the conclusion of the Treaty of 1818. Discussions as to the correct interpretation of the last mentioned treaty date back as far as 1823, only five years after the treaty was consummated. The British and Colonial authorities contended for the ordinary application of the rules of International Law, while the Americans sought to apply any or all rules that would permit them to rob us of our fishing rights. The substance of the correspondence may be found in Lawrence's Wheaton, p. 323. The Americans from first to last in the fishery discussions, have assumed that they were a "peculiar people," and entitled, accordingly, to have their demands complied with, no matter how incompatible with British sovereignty, Colonial rights, or common sense. We are quite willing to grant the first part of the proposition, but fail to perceive the logical sequence as deduced from their syllogistic jugglery. Great Britain relaxed the stringency of the rule of exclusive jurisdiction within three marine miles from headland to headland in the case of the Bay of Fundy, not because she abandoned the general principle, but because that bay was not a British bay, in the proper sense of the word, but was bounded on some points by American territory.

The House of Assembly of Nova Scotia, in June 1841, formally proposed certain questions for the consideration of the Law Officers of the Crown, directly in point. The questions are as follows:

"1. Whether the Treaty of 1783 was annulled by the war of 1812, and whether citizens of the United States possess any right of fishery in the waters of the Lower Provinces other than ceded to them by the Convention of 1818; and if so, what right?

"2. Have American citizens the right, under that Convention, to enter any of the bays of this Province to take fish? If, after they have so entered, may they prosecute the fishery more than three marine miles from the shores of such bays; or should the prescribed distance of three marine miles be measured from the headlands at the entrance of such bays, so as to exclude them?

"3. Is the distance of three marine miles to be computed from the indents of

the coast of British America, or from the extreme headlands; and what is to be considered a headland?

"4. Have American vessels fitted out for a fishery a right to pass through the Gut of Canso, which they cannot do without coming within the prescribed limits, or to anchor there, or to fish there; and is casting bait, to lure fish, in the track of the vessel fishing, within the meaning of the Convention?

"5. Have American citizens a right to land on the Magdalen Islands, and conduct the fishery from the shores thereof by using nets and seines; or what right of fishery do they possess on the shores of those islands, and what is meant by the term shore?

"6. Have American fishermen the right to enter the bays and harbours of this Province for the purpose of purchasing wood or obtaining water, having provided neither of these articles at the commencement of their voyages in their own country; or have they the right only of entering such bays and harbours in cases of distress, or to purchase wood and obtain water after the usual stock of those articles for the voyage of such fishing craft has been exhausted and destroyed?

"7 Under existing treaties, what rights of fishing are ceded to the citizens of the United States of America, and what reserved for the exclusive enjoyment of British subjects?

The questions were taken into consideration by the Queen's Advocate General and Her Majesty's Attorney General, at the request of Lord Palmerston, and after much thought and care they gave the following answers:

"1st Query.—In obedience to your lordship's commands, we have taken these papers into consideration, and have the honour to report that we are of opinion that the Treaty of 1783 was annulled by the war of 1812, and we are also of opinion that the rights of fishery of the citizens of the United States must now be considered as defined and regulated by the Convention of 1818; and, with respect to the general question, "if so, what right? we can only refer to terms of the Convention, as explained and elucidated by the observations which will occur in answering the other specific queries.

"2nd and 3rd Queries.—Except within certain defined limits, to which the query put to us does not apply, we are of opinion that, by the terms of the Convention, American citizens are excluded from any right of fishing within three miles of the coast of British America, and that the prescribed distance of three miles is to be measured from the headlands, or extreme points of land next the sea, or the coast; and consequently that no right exists, on the part of American citizens, to enter the bays of Nova Scotia, there to take fish, although the fishing being within the bays may be at a greater distance than three miles from the shore of the bay, as we are of opinion that the term 'headland' is used in the Treaty to express the part of the land we have before mentioned, including the interior of the bays and the indents of the coast.

"4th Query.—By the Convention of 1818 it is agreed that American citizens should have the liberty of fishing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and within certain defined limits in common with British subjects, and such Convention does not contain any words negativing the right to navigate the Passage or Strait of Canso, and, therefore, it may be conceded that such right of navigation is not taken away by that Convention; but we have now attentively considered the course of navigation to the Gulf of Cape Breton, and likewise the capacity and situation of the passage of Canso, and of the British possessions on each side, and we are of opinion that, independently of treaty, no foreign country has the right to use or navigate the passage of Canso; and, according to the terms of the Convention, relating to the liberty of fishing to be enjoyed by the American citizens, we are also of opinion that the Convention did not, either expressly or by necessary implication, concede any right of using or navigating the passage in question. We are also of opinion that casting bait, to lure fish, in the track of any Ameri-

can vessel navigating the passage would constitute a fishing within the negative terms of the Convention.

"5th Query.—With reference to the claim of a right to land on the Magdalen Islands and to fish from the shores thereof, it must be observed that by the Convention the liberty of drying and curing fish (purposes which could only be accomplished by landing) in any of the unsettled bays, &c, of the southern part of Newfoundland and of the coast of Labrador is specially provided for, but such liberty is distinctly negatived in any settled bays, &c., and it must therefore, be inferred that if the liberty of landing on the shores of the Magdalen Islands had been intended to have been conceded such an important concession would have been the subject of express stipulation, and would necessarily have been accompanied with a description of the inland extent of the shore over which such liberty was to be exercised, and whether in settled or unsettled parts; but neither of these important particulars is provided for, even by implication; and that, among other considerations leads us to the conclusion that American citizens have no right to land, or conduct the fishery from the shores of the Magdalen Islands. The word 'shores' does not appear to have been used in the Convention in any other than the general or ordinary sense of the word, and must be construed with reference to the liberty to be exercised upon it, and would, therefore, comprise the land covered with water, as far as could be available for the due enjoyment of the liberty granted.

"6th Query.— By the Convention, the liberty of entering the bays and harbours of Nova Scotia, for the purpose of purchasing wood and obtaining water, is ceded in general terms, unrestricted by any conditions, expressed or implied, limiting the enjoyment to vessels duly provided with these articles at the commencement of their voyage, and we are of opinion that no such condition could be attached to the enjoyment of the liberty.

"7th Query.—The rights of fishing ceded to the citizens of the United States, and those reserved for the exclusive enjoyment of British subjects, depend altogether upon the Convention of 1818, the only existing treaty on this subject between the two countries; and the material points arising thereon have been specifically answered in our replies to the preceding queries.

"J. DODSON,
"THOMAS WILDE."

The above opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown is sufficiently explicit, as to what was the English construction of the treaty in 1841. The law now, is the same as then.

In the Treaty of 1818, it will also be borne in mind that the American fishermen were not to enter any of the bays, harbours, or territory, devoted to exclusive British fishing, except for shelter, and repairing damages therein, purchasing wood, and obtaining water, but for no other purposes whatever. Fishing vessels found encroaching were liable to seizure and confiscation, and many were accordingly seized and condemned.

The American fishermen however continued their encroachments, apparently in defiance of law and right. Their boldness at length grew intolerable, and in 1852 a British squadron was ordered to the fishing grounds, to protect our fishermen in those rights, which the avaricious and indecent conduct of the subjects of a neighbouring and friendly Power, would not permit them to enjoy unmolested without the intervention of England's navy. The matter at length became irksome to both Governments, and to settle all disputes, and remove the possibility of future complications, a treaty, commonly known as the Reciprocity Treaty, was entered into, at Washington, on the 5th of June 1854. Our entire sea fishery was thrown open to the Americans, as

well as certain rights to land and cure their fish. They in turn gave British subjects reciprocal privileges on their eastern coast, and islands adjacent thereto, north of 36th parallel of north latitude. This did not include the taking of shell fish, nor the salmon and shad fisheries, and fisheries in rivers and mouths of river. Such were reserved, exclusively, for the fishermen of the respective contracting parties.

This treaty was "to remain in force for ten years from the date at which it may come into operation, and further until the expiration of twelve months after either of the High Contracting Parties shall give notice to the other of its wish to terminate the same." Under the provisions of the Reciprocity Treaty, the Americans, our people thought, had the best of the bargain; but to prevent trouble and dispute, they were willing to make the best of it. We should have had, in addition, the right of registry, and the coasting trade of the Union. No doubt the treaty was profitable to both countries. We cannot deny that, but more so, to the American than to us. It caused a large trade to spring up between the United States and the British Provinces, amounting in the aggregate to about $500,000,000 during the eleven years of the existence of the treaty, with a balance in favour of the United States of about $115,000,000. The Hon. James F. Joy of Detroit, at the Convention held in that city in 1865, in behalf of Reciprocity, stated that the trade, under the treaty, had been more profitable to the Union than to us, and that the balance had always been in their favour, and that they had had the benefit of our fisheries in addition, worth about $4,000,000 annually. See proceedings of the Convention at Detroit, 1865, p. 149; also the same facts brought forward in the Hon. Mr. Howe's speech, p. 177.

The Reciprocity Treaty was terminated in March 1866, at the instance of the American Government. A tremendous civil war had raged in that country; the American Government felt aggrieved at the sympathy expressed or entertained by certain classes of British subjects for the Southern rebels, and that feeling of national irritation was kept alive by unscrupulous and unprincipled portions of the American press. They seemed to forget that Englishmen had as good a right to sympathize with the people of the South in their struggle for independence, as Americans, for the cause of Russia, when grappling with Britain and France beneath the frowning fortresses of Sebastopol. But, as upon all foreign questions, not affecting national honour or existence, the sympathy of our people was divided. The writer of this article, with hosts of others that could be named, entered fully into the Northern cause, and gloried in the success of that side, which we believed, and as results proved, was the forerunner of the downfall of slavery. The abrogation of the Treaty of 1854 was the result of political combinations, and not commercial expediency. What then was the effect of terminating the Treaty of 1854? Clearly, the rights of British and American fishermen, were to be determined by the terms of the Convention of 1818. Any other construction would be wild and nonsensical.

It is almost unnecessary for us to speak of the consolidation of the

British North American Provinces into the Dominion of Canada, in 1867, and the change in the political relations ensuing therefrom. Prior and subsequent to the consummation of Confederation, the most lenient measures were resorted to, in allowing American fishermen the right to fish in our waters. A license system was adopted, exacting only a nominal tonnage charge, for the right to our inexhaustible fishing resources. A year or so was amply sufficient to demonstrate that this liberal measure would never do, if we wished to build up a country and commerce of our own. The United States determined *not* to give us reciprocal free trade, and their fishermen evaded paying the paltry sum, required by the license system.

The Dominion Government, seeing the utter futility of expecting reciprocal trade with the United States, and observing a disposition on the part of the American Government to cramp our commercial expansion as much as possible, "semi-independent" and "irresponsible" though the Dominion was, abolished the *licensing* system, and enacted a law to protect our own people in the exclusive enjoyment of our fisheries. That law gave the Dominion Government power to equip and despatch to the fishing grounds, armed vessels to act as a marine police in driving off foreign fishermen. Surely there was nothing very "unneighbourly" or "unfriendly" on the part of the Dominion in enforcing a law for the protection of its citizens in the enjoyment of their exclusive rights. This policy moreover received the sanction and approval of the Imperial Government.

Again, it must be remembered that the rule as acted on for years (fully half a century) was that of exclusive sovereignty within three marine miles from an imaginary line drawn from headland to headland. This rule had been acquiesced in by the American Government, Daniel Webster expressly admitted the right, seizures had been made under it, and condemnation of vessels encroaching, pronounced. But Canadian legislation did not go so far as it might lawfully have done. In the early part of 1870 our Government gave notice that all foreign fishermen were excluded from the inshore fisheries, or three mile limit, not from the *headland line*, nor yet from the *ten mile bays*, from all of which, they had been excluded prior to Reciprocity. This certainly was a forbearing leniency on the part of the Dominion of the most generous description. Nothing could be more friendly or neighbourly.

President Grant, however, thinks otherwise. In his recent Message, alike conspicuous for its real or intentional ignorance of the fishery question, and its painful lack of dignity, as becoming the State utterance of the Chief Magistrate of a mighty nation, he speaks of our fishery policy as "unfriendly" and "unneighbourly;" assumes the right of American fishing vessels to frequent our ports and harbours for other purposes than those of shelter, making repairs therein, purchasing wood and procuring water, and deliberately asserts that "so far as the claim is founded on an alleged construction of the Treaty of 1818 it cannot be acquiesced in by the United States," and "it is hoped it will not be insisted on by Her Majesty's Government."

This is assuredly something novel. We wish to write of this matter dispassionately, and in a spirit of fairness; but such sentences, as the above, falling from the President of the United States, directly opposed to well-established historical facts, have a tendency to stir our equilibrium. If a determination NOT to be kicked into annexation by the high prohibitive tariffs of the United States, and their petty, vexatious, trade restrictions is evidence of "unneighbourly" and "unfriendly" conduct, then, and not till then, will we acknowledge such to be the conduct of the Dominion. The Americans have only themselves to thank for the whole matter. They, in a splenetic mood, terminated a treaty, which was pouring immense wealth annually into the pockets of their citizens, and hoped to drive Canadians, through commercial necessity, into the outstretched arms of the Republic. Our people did not fancy such a coercive policy, and spiritedly resisted the attempt. The loss of trade, immediately after the abrogation of the Reciprocity treaty, no doubt, bore heavily upon many of our people, but Americans did not escape unscathed. New channels of trade have been marked out by our enterprising merchants, and every year demonstrates that we can do without reciprocity quite as well as the United States, especially the West.

In common with many of our fellow-colonists, we strenuously opposed the consummation of British American consolidation, believing its practical operation would not conduce to the commercial prosperity of the Maritime Provinces. Majorities have rights, and we bowed to the inevitable. As soon as the Imperial Statute sanctioned the Scheme, and we were fairly launched upon the course of new political existence, it became the duty of every Canadian to use his best endeavours in making our Dominion realize the highest expectations predicted by its originators. And if there is one thing more than another, that will weld together the peoples of this Dominion, in purpose, and in aspiration, it is the recent Message of President Grant. Thus far, his unfair and undignified State utterances will prove beneficial.

How can it be possible for President Grant to insist upon the right of American fishermen to frequent our bays, harbours, &c., for any other than the four purposes explicitly indicated by the first article of the Treaty of 1818? That article emphatically declares "that American fishermen shall be admitted to enter such bays, or harbours, for the purpose of shelter, and of repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood, and of obtaining water, AND FOR NO OTHER PURPOSE WHATEVER." What could be plainer? And yet the President speaks of it, as a new and "unfriendly" claim on the part of our Government, and one which cannot be "*acquiesced*" in by the United States. It is no new or unfounded claim. It is a *right*, guaranteed to us by the Treaty of 1818. It is no "alleged construction" of ours. It has been acted upon for over half a century, and sanctioned by the consent of both nations.

If President Grant had plainly said, what he meant,—that he did not intend to adhere to solemn treaty compacts, as clearly expressed in the Treaty of 1818, we would have had more respect for him than we have. A bare-faced avowal to disregard solemn engagements, is what

we might expect from a half civilized savage, but from a civilized American we look for better things.

But after all, we may be doing injustice to the volubility of Ulysses the Silent, over the fishery question. We know that a Presidential election is close at hand, and some demonstration against England is necessary to secure a certain class of America's "independent electors." It is unfortunate that such a course should be necessary to secure the Presidency, and still more unfortunate that the political system of our Republican friends is so constituted, as to allow their Chief Magistrate, for electioneering purposes, to drag their country into such dirty depths. If any combination of circumstances should arise, by which it became necessary for this Dominion to change its political allegiance, surely, such a degrading spectacle would forever deter our people from wishing to cast in their lot with the American Republic.

There is another phase of this matter, which we must not overlook. We are plainly told that our endeavour to protect our fisheries, must cease,—that American fishermen must not be hunted from our fishing grounds, or a retaliatory policy will be sought to be pursued by the United States. Great walls of commercial obstruction will be raised to prevent reciprocal purchases and the transit of merchandize, if we do not meekly submit. We supposed that commercial obstruction had been the order of the day, since the repeal of the Reciprocity treaty, but with unpleasant results to the Americans. It is contemplated then, in case of our obstinate refusal to surrender our rights, to give us another twist with this commercial thumb-screw. Let the American Government beware, lest, while applying its thumb-screw policy to our commercial digits, it sunder some of the main members of the great Republic.

How will such a petty suicidal policy satisfy the demands of the great West? A deputation of leading influential gentlemen recently visited the Dominion capital. The readiness evinced by our public men to throw down commercial barriers, and enter into fair and equitable trade relations with the United States, produced a very favourable impression upon those Western men, and, no doubt, relieved their minds of the notion, that our public men were political churls, and our policy narrow and retaliatory. Such unfounded impressions they undoubtedly would have, had they read and believed the Message of President Grant. Among their number was the Hon. Wm. Bross, of the Chicago *Tribune*. Since their return, we find the question of the fisheries and reciprocal trade discussed in a dignified, statesmanlike manner in the columns of that paper. It says:—

"The American people stand greatly in need of the privilege of fishing in British American waters. Whatever opportunities we have had for profitable fishing in those waters, we have owed to the concessions of the British and Canadian Governments. We have no right to fish within three miles of shore, nor to land for the purpose of curing or drying fish, and without these privileges our fisheries are unprofitable."

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"If the contracting parties of the two Governments will stipulate that the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals shall be enlarged to the capacity of steam

navigation, and will open the British American fisheries to our people on an equality with their own, we insist they will be entitled to a liberal treaty for reciprocal trade and commerce, and that the productions of Canada and the United States shall be exchangeable free of all duties and impositions. *Such a treaty, we know, will be of value to Canada, but it will be doubly so to us.* We want lumber, and, if the only thing we received from Canada was lumber, we should reap a profit by the exchange far exceeding any loss, if loss were possible, on other articles."

The *Tribune* is an influential organ of public opinion in the West, and its utterances are entitled to consideration, especially by the man, who aspires to the Presidency of the United States. How completely it agrees with the policy of the Dominion Government upon the question of the fisheries! It is frankly and fairly acknowledged that Americans have "no right to fish within three miles of shore," *all* that has been claimed by our Government, by its legal enactments and Orders of Council. We are assured that reciprocal trade would be of "*value to Canada but* DOUBLY *so to the United States.*" This policy of *non-intercourse*, threatened by President Grant, will find but few advocates in the Western States, especially since non-intercourse is to be enforced, if at all, on grounds directly opposed to the current of Western sentiment and commercial interest. In bidding for the suffrages of the New York rabble, the President may alienate the staunch and reliable men of the prairies.

It does not come within the scope of this discussion to dwell at any length upon the sneering taunt of President Grant, that the country "known as the Dominion of Canada," is "semi-independent and irresponsible." If he, in his exalted position, can afford to stoop to the utterance of such a petty taunt, we can afford to smile at the spiteful weakness and pass it by. There is one point, however, which had nearly escaped our notice, and which we must not omit. He contends that our officials have dealt harshly with American fishermen, and declares that "vessels have been seized without notice or warning, in violation of the custom previously prevailing, and have been taken into the Colonial Ports, their voyages broken up, and the vessels condemned." We admit, vessels have been seized when caught poaching upon our fishing grounds, and condemned. Formerly a certain length of time must elapse after a warning, before the encroaching vessels, if continuing to encroach, could be seized. This, in a measure, defeated the law, and a different course was adopted. The American Government was duly notified of the changes in the law and through the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Boutwell, an official circular was addressed to the proper authorities, whereby American fishermen were duly apprised of the new laws and regulations adopted and to be enforced by the Dominion Government. Among other things the circular states "*It will be observed that the warning formerly given is not required under the amended Act, but that vessels trespassing are liable to seizure without such warning.*" The circular was in the possession of all the vessels captured for infringing the fishery laws, and therefore want of knowledge could not be pleaded.

President Grant *acquiesced* in those laws by not remonstrating with

the Canadian or Imperial Government when he received official notice thereof; he virtually *approved* of the contemplated changes by giving his official sanction to a circular embracing their substance, and cautioning American fishermen against their infraction. Yet, months afterwards, he complains that "vessels have been seized without notice or warning, in violation of the custom previously prevailing." If Canada had no such power, why did not President Grant remonstrate immediately after being notified of the new laws and regulations, and not give the sanction of tacit consent and official circular, to our fishery laws? It seems strange and unaccountable that such novel exceptions should be taken at the eleventh hour, and that the United States should so suddenly wake up to the startling fact, that the Canadian Government had, for months, been doing grievous wrong to American fishermen, in the enforcement of a law, well known to the American Government, and which was allowed to go into operation without even a breath of expostulation from that Government.

In what manner President Grant and his confidential advisers will relieve themselves of the responsibility of passively permitting foreign cruisers seizing and confiscating illegally (as they say) the vessels of American citizens, without even a remonstrance, we leave to themselves to determine. From the assertions made and position assumed in the Message their conduct towards their own citizens, has been most negligent and reprehensible. That is a matter, however, to be settled among themselves.

We do not rest our case entirely upon the inconsistent and contradictory conduct of the American Government. We go further, and charge President Grant with mis-stating the case. All the vessels seized for the infraction of the fishery laws, with the exception of the "White Fawn" were caught in open violation of those laws, by fishing within the three mile limit. And in all the cases of seizure, with the above exception, they had either been previously warned, or the captains of the vessels admitted they were knowingly trespassing. The "White Fawn" was seized on the ground that she *was preparing to fish*. She was discharged by the Vice-Admiralty Court of the Province of New Brunswick, after a full and impartial hearing; and we feel confident, all damages sustained by the owner, direct or consequential, by reason of such seizure, will, when properly presented, be promptly paid by our Government, out of the Dominion Exchequer. All that our Government has done, has been for the protection of our exclusive and well ascertained rights. This we have a legal power to do, as fully as we have a right to legislate for the regulation of the conduct of our own citizens, either as between themselves, or in their intercourse with foreigners, upon our own territory. That President Grant has thought it advisable to lend the influence of his official sanction, to the utterance of such sentiments and unsupported assertions, as he has, in his recent Message, is greatly to be deplored. The effect upon the national feeling of the two countries, cannot but be to continue the national ill-feeling and prejudice, and we may add, national misconceptions, which less or more, have prevailed in the two countries.

We have, in the course of this article, attempted to indicate the rights possessed by the citizens of the United States under the Treaty of 1783,—that that Treaty was abrogated by the war of 1812—that the Convention of 1818 guaranteed to American fishermen certain rights, some of them perpetual, others fluctuating—that the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was only a temporary contract, liable to be annulled by either contracting party, after the lapse of a stipulated period—that the Treaty of 1854 came to a termination by the act of the American Government—that, in consequence of the termination of that Treaty, the respective fishing rights of the subjects of the two nations are determined by the Convention of 1818,—and that the interpretation put upon the terms of the Convention of 1818, by President Grant in his recent message, is directly opposed to the admitted rights under it, as acted upon by both nations for over half a century, and contrary to the well established principles of International Law. How far we have succeeded in maintaining those positions, we leave to our readers to judge. We wish, however, to note this fact, that we have throughout relied entirely upon American authorities to fortify our arguments, except in the single case of the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown. We have done this designedly. Grotius, Puffendorf, and Vattel lay down the law clearly, that national sovereignty extends three marine miles from an imaginary line drawn from headland to headland, and that war abrogates all treaties, except those made expressly for the contingency of war.

Upon the action of the Joint High Commission important issues depend. The people of this Dominion are true and loyal to the Crown of England; and it would require a tremendous revolution to alienate the feelings of Canadians from the traditions of the "old flag," and sturdy loyalty to Victoria's throne. The thoughts of nine-tenths of the population turn fondly to that little "Isle of the sea," and designate it by the name of "home." But we cannot ignore the fact, that we expect parental treatment from the motherland. We are intensely averse to having our valuable resources bartered away, to pay, even England's liability, and if her representatives now deliberating at Washington give up our fishing and other valuable rights, for the purpose of adjusting the *Alabama claims*, or purchasing the good will of America, they will commit a blunder, which, we fear, will cause a revulsion of feeling throughout this Dominion of the most serious nature. We trust *our* representative, SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, is fully alive to the grave responsibility now resting upon him. The eyes of all Canadians are turned to Washington, anxiously awaiting the announcement of the Commission's conclusions. Any disposal of our fisheries without free trade and commercial equivalents from the United States, will be an act of injustice of the most flagrant kind. We want no paltry pecuniary indemnity for the privilege of permitting American citizens to share in our "priceless fisheries." If we concede valuable national resources and territorial rights to the United States, they must expect to grant reciprocal advantages as equivalents. Any other adjustment of this matter will be extremely obnoxious to the people of

this Dominion, and engender a feeling of political and social discontent of an alarming character. That our just claims may be fully discussed, and freely conceded, is what all should desire.

We are glad to think that a happy settlement of all differences in dispute between England and America is about to be consummated. That ill-feeling or national prejudice should rankle in the breast of either nation, is to be deplored, and every endeavour should be put forth to sow the seeds of national amity and peace and love. We have a common ancestry, and we, both, can claim a right to share in the glory of the achievements and traditions, descended to us from the same parent source. With so much in common, let it be the aspiration of both countries to march forward, hand in hand, in advancing the arts of peace, commercial enterprize, and enlightened christian civilization.

PARIS AFTER THE SIEGE.

A friend has placed at our disposal the following letter received from a gentleman long resident in Paris, who left that city before the investment by the German army and returned on the conclusion of the armistice. His graphic description of the state of affairs will be read with interest, notwithstanding the many accounts which have appeared in newspapers:

Paris is sadly changed—the heart seems to be cut out of the city. Compared with July last, the city is a desert, the inhabitants are more than sorrowful, boast not of what they have suffered, but refer to the subject with a sigh. There is a deceptive, strange calm in the city, an exhaustion following on the fever perhaps, but not the symptom of a future tranquillity.

In my journey hitherward, I arrived at Abbeville where the Germans were busily occupied receiving the instalments of the ransom levied on the town, which was disputed by the people as a violation of the treaty of Versailles. The only consolation given was, that the payments would be placed to the credit of the general expenses of the war. A few miles outside of Amiens, the first evidences of destruction are met with. Telegraph posts knocked over and the wires in every variety of twist. The train commences to pick its steps. We cross a deep yawning stream, the water of which rushes madly in a foam, and are soon over the frail-looking wood work, while engineers below strain their eyes to observe the test of the temporary bridge. At Amiens, the station swarms with Germans, all smoking. On the platform a few cavalry horses stand saddled. This was the point to have one's permit stamped, to be free to enter Paris, and to take a ticket. I do neither, take chance for the first, pay the difference on

arriving, but don't leave your seat. The persons who conformed with the "strict regulations," are by this time still at Amiens, unless the authorities have had their hearts softened by a good dinner. The station at Breteiul displays still its loop-holed walls, and the enemy did not condescend to honour the stockades with a shot. Clermont is a wreck, the goods-stores a mass of ruins, and not an entire pane of glass anywhere. Creil has not suffered much, but this celebrated junction is deadness itself. The food trains for Paris here take the Chantilly route, the viaduct being blown up, the carriages pass one by one, down an incline, over the river by a pontoon bridge, and up the steep when the permanent way is regained. Our train branches off by Pontoise; on reaching the river, the passengers descend—every one carrying his or her baggage—to regain another train, after walking the eighth of a mile, and passing the boat bridge. On approaching Montmorency and Enghien, the devastation of war is but too real. What mansions remain are gutted, not a soul to be seen in the vast expanse of ruin. The beautiful lake of Enghien, that could not be seen by any chance from the station, in consequence of the charming villas nestled in arbours and plantations, is from the railway to its borders, as bare as a billiard ball; the very stones of the houses destroyed look to have been taken away. The locality recalls to mind what must be that

"Lake whose dreary shore
Sky-lark ne'er warbles o'er."

The only mansion intact, standing like an oasis in the desert, is that of the ex-emperor's cousin, the Princess Mathilde, ordered to be spared by the King of Prussia, so that it is some advantage to have a place in the *Almanach de Gotha*.

Railing up to St. Denis, the same belt of destruction continues; trees felled, houses toppled over, manufactories scattered, huge boilers here, massive machinery there, banks of earth with gun embrasures everywhere. The fort of St. Denis has not much suffered. Here and there huge slices of masonry have been carried away, but the entrance has been severely pitted. The town proper, does not display the marks of severe punishment, and the German soldiers represented the only animation to be observed, the French people stolidly looking on them, something as was Gulliver at Lilliput. After twenty minutes stopping at St. Denis, till the Prussian Commander had finished his dinner, he at last put in an appearance, and after glancing at the passengers, concluded they were sufficiently scared and humiliated, he ordered the train to move on, without calling for any traveller's papers.

Throughout the journey, it was plain to observe, great efforts were being made to cultivate the soil, but ploughs were few and far between, labourers of the male sex almost invisible; nowhere any flocks or herds; large patches of cabbages, beets and turnips rotting in the ground, killed by the frost; crops of wheat were to be met with, but of a sickly hue. Much land will remain forcibly in fallow this year in France, and the distribution of seeds by England, will be to a great measure like presenting the French farmer with ruffles when he is in need of a shirt.

On leaving the terminus you are veritably besieged by a crowd of applicants to carry your bag—men in all kinds of uniform, from the red pantaloons to the nondescript wardrobe of the *moblots*. Your feeling is a wish to employ them all. The haggard features tell the tale of their misery. Only two carriages were visible, protected each by a dozen of men, as if the expected travellers for whom they waited—some invalids—were likely to be deprived of their rights. The Post Office van was there, for our train had brought twelve sacks of mail matter from Brussels, Lille, Calais, &c., and were honoured with accommodation in a waggon, between slaughtered pigs and rolls of butter. You take in the position of the capital in a glance. It feels cold and damp, the air is heavy, positively close, but no impure smells. Every third lamp only is lighted, and of these, one in six by gas. If the shops could only blaze like the light of other days, not a little of the prevailing melancholy would disappear. The stillness of the capital is oppressive; it would seem as if the people spoke with bated breath, or avoided talking. I broke in on the Boulevards at the Porte St. Denis, and it struck me that more than half of the citizens had decamped. A 'bus passed by at rare intervals, and the few were only half filled. The vehicle had the air of a mourning coach. I entered a well-known restaurant, famous for ministering to the wants of the inner-man. The waiters were all new. The obliging Francois received a ball in the spine at Bourget, Jean was a prisoner, Pierre was buried where he fell at Champigny. "Would Monsieur take potage?" Monsieur had visions of the time when every Parisian had only quarter of an ounce of horse daily, and would not take any of the six soups he was free to select. I had a roll, roast mutton, and an omlette, with a good bottle of vine ordinaire, declined all *et cetras*, anticipating the hour of reckoning. The quarter hour of Rabelais soon arrived. My bill—I could hardly believe my eyes—was only six francs. I nearly decided to fall back on a few of the kickshaws. Next morning I proceeded to my own residence. The concierge opened his eyes on seeing me. He is an old man, was corpulent before the siege, but, like many others, has experienced a melting of the too solid flesh, by short rations. The garden had undergone a change, was included in a large earth work, pierced for cannon. The most portable of my house-hold goods had been transferred to a cellar, the door of which had been built up, as it was on the cards, the house along with others, was intended to be razed, in case Moltke carried out some of his anticipated strategy. I ordered the sepulchre to be opened, and had the pleasure of renewing the acquaintance with several objects long passed into oblivion. The next thing was to get one room rendered habitable, and above all, a fire. There was plenty of green wood, but nothing to start it. I sent the concierge to buy, beg or steal a few morsels of something inflammable, and set to splitting wood, hoping to find a few portions drier nearer the interior. With great coaxing, symptoms of a blaze appeared, some smoke and lots of steam. Bellows-blowing became fatiguing, so at last I engaged a boy by the day to blow the fire, and he is this moment at my elbow working with a will. Mon-

day next there will be a prospect of purchasing coal at 50 francs a ton. Not more than a quarter of a ton to each family, but the difficulty is to transport it, as if you do not take away your purchase at once, it is lost to you. I am to be loaned a hand-cart, and a few friendly Mobiles have promised to trundle it to the Mayor's office and back. I shall allow the braves to look at the fire when it is blazing. There is not a bit of scaffolding in Paris, and it is droll to look on houses in every stage of erection, without any sign of how the materials were put in position. Some smart coal merchants had consignments of the combustible forwarded to them, on the understanding that it was for the necessities of the city. They at once commenced selling it an enormous price, when the authorities seized it, and distributed it among the poor.

Paris now is glutted with provisions. Everyone speculated on sending supplies, and the consequence is, that not only the shops, but the the flag-ways are choked up with food of every description. The citizens promise to suffer from a plethora, as they did from the dearth. Pheasants, salmon and green peas, with the primest of beef, mutton, poultry and juicy vegetables. Mountains of butter and boxes of eggs appear at every street corner. Young children spread a napkin on the foot-path and arrange salads, peas, apples, oranges, carrots, &c., in little heaps, each for one or two sous. The red-egg so dear to Parisians in Lent, have appeared. *En passant*, I wonder has His Holiness given a general indulgence to Paris, for no one abstains, still less, fasts. Of fish, red-herrings seem to be the favourite. Hitherto they were known by the soubriquet of "*gendarme*," since the invasion, they are nicknamed "Prussians." There was no mistake about the consumption of dogs, cats and rats. The two former class of animals no longer exist here, but every family arrival brings a basket of kittens, a few hens and cage birds. I called on several of the shop-keepers with whom I have commercial relations. The poor people were truly glad to see customers coming back, and from each I received a little keep-sake in the shape of a specimen of the siege bread. It was a villainous compound—when fresh it could be glued to the wall, and when old, would knock over a couple of Uhlans. These specimens are sold in shops, with a ticket, under a tiny bell-glass. Some persons told me they hope to place that in their kepi, when the day comes to show it to the Berlinois. The poulterer's was a place to set all doubts at rest. He showed me the skins of dogs he had killed and sold, and ditto of rats, hung up in a loft to dry. Moreover, he referred to his sales' book, and there was the proof of haunches of dog and half-dozens of rats sold to persons I knew. One family, under whose mahogany I sometimes put my feet, have gone in extensively for these delicacies. I am resolved to cut these worthy people—say for a year—to put them in quarantine. It is odd to meet with men in soldiers' uniform crying "old cloe'," demanding rabbit skins and selling fried potatoes. It looks to me that the only class of people who have escaped regimentals are the undertaker's men. As for the newspapers, they exhibit all the romance of deaths, marriages, and births, are of all colours—the ma-

terial I mean—broad sheets and narrow sheets; paper as thin as could be made, or as stout as paste-board. Their politics may be similarly classed. It will be some time before the French will have any dealings with the Germans. I am aware of extensive orders sent to Parisian houses for flowers in mourning stuff, ornamental paper and fancy goods, all declined without thanks. The Germans have to command through an English commission agent.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC AND THE INDIAN WAR AFTER THE CONQUEST OF CANADA, BY FRANCIS PARKMAN. Sixth edition, revised, with additions. Two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

A little more than a year has passed away since Mr. Parkman issued to the world his glowing account of the discovery of the giant Mississippi, the trials, tribulations, successes and misfortunes of the leader, La Salle, and the French efforts towards colonization in America, in his great work "The Discovery of the Great West." That volume is especially of vast interest and importance to us Canadians, exhibiting as it does, so intimate an acquaintance with the early history of our country. Twenty years ago the same gifted author published the work now under notice and it then formed the precursor to what has, during all these later years, followed and claimed the undivided attention of the people on both sides of the mighty ocean. It was in this noble account of the dusky warriors of our early days, when cities and towns and villages were in their incipiency and huge trackless deserts filled the space they now occupy, that Mr. Parkman conceived the idea of writing the history of France in America. Heretofore the volumes have succeeded one another in not precisely the order in which the historian had desired them to follow, and he has accordingly just published a sixth edition of his admirable "Conspiracy of Pontiac," so that his great aim or design will not suffer. This work, therefore, forms a sequel and the introductory chapters are, to a certain extent, slight repetitions. This does not in any way detract from the interest or usefulness of the book; but rather tends to render it more valuable, since scarcely a copy of the original edition now remains. The "Conspiracy" has undergone many changes during these twenty years now past. New and important authentic manuscripts, letters and official documents have been examined and now it is as perfect and reliable a history as can be produced. The present series will close with the extinction of the power of France on the continent of America.

To paint the lives of the rude savages, to mingle in their wild prairie gallops and ride down the broad rivers in shell canoes, has been the

pleasant though somewhat arduous task of the historian. His love for forest life with its many and rapid vicissitudes, has tended much to make him enter on his work more in the attitude of a fond lover than of that of a cold-blooded annalist redolent of musty facts and tiresome details. He enters upon his task at a very critical time. The French soldiery vanished before the skilled veterans of Britain and the yeomanry of America. Quebec's fall changed the whole aspect of affairs. Had France been successful on that day, who can tell what might have happened in the future. The haughty redman's power and his onward march might have remained unchecked: but the French fell back and the Indian Brave was driven further towards the darkening West. As the years flew by and the Western States became colonized, further back has been driven the once proud aborigine and his numbers have been rapidly decimated: and now but five warriors respond to the call of the chieftain where a hundred danced the war dance at his bidding a century ago. The story of Pontiac, the mighty chief of the Ottawas, his fierce battles with the English, the Siege of Detroit, the total destruction of the forts and arsenals along the Great Lakes, the reduction of the Indians and the death of the lion-hearted and treacherous leader are chapters powerfully written and abounding in graphic description. No man is better qualified to throw into shape these annals. They are, more particularly, of interest to us and to the people of our country. Braddock's defeat, the death of Wolfe, the Assault at Montmorenci, the capture of grim old Quebec and the close of Montcalm's career are of absorbing interest and send a nervous thrill quivering through the soul of the reader as he lives over again the mighty deeds of daring. The lowly wigwam of the untutored savage, the peculiar warfare and nefarious treachery of the various tribes who lighten up the bloody scenes of the past, are all described with vigour and truthfulness. In short, there is no more eloquent book in the language than Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac."

MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN, BY CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

The amateur gardener will find much to interest and amuse him in his leisure moments, in this pleasant gossipy little volume. He will see mirrored before him, as he proceeds in his perusal, the exact prototype of his own experiences in garden-making. The book is faithful to the very letter in its descriptive parts—at one time really eloquent, and redolent of sweet-smelling floral beauties, rare exotics and brown mosses, at others again lively touches of graceful sarcasm and ripling dashes of genuine humour, fill the very readable pages comprising Mr. Warner's "experiences" in a fancy garden. Rarely have we seen combined such sparkling wit, and sound sense. Allied to these qualities may be added truth. Mr. Warner wields an easy and graceful pen, vigorous in its very playfulness, and his love of nature, and his honest appreciation of her generous bounteousness, all aid in making him a most agreeable, polished companion for the genial fireside of an even-

ing, or the cool refreshing breezes of a gentle spring morning. Horace Greeley's "What I know about farming," with its dry, dull details and intricate sections and suggestions appeals more to that class of our community which takes up the farm and the dairy as a means of livelihood, and no doubt if the hints so profusely given in that work of Gotham's great philosopher are carried out, gardens and farms must unquestionably be successful and remunerative to the owners who will be guided by Mr. Greeley's teachings in agriculture and in horticulture. His is the oatmeal porridge diet, while "My Summer in a Garden" is the dessert. It comprises the fruit and the pastry.

Throughout the book are many fine passages with just the merest glimmer of a little sly fun lurking about them. The chapters on weeds, particularly the references to "pusley," which appears to be the bane of the gardener whose desires to please the tastes of everybody, nearly caused his ruin, agriculturally as well as financially, are especially good and provokingly interesting. The book is divided into some twenty papers or "weeks," as they are called. Each one is succinct and may be read singly without reference to its *confreres*. These sketches are most admirably and seasonably prepared and calculated to suit the mental palate of almost every class of reader. A ramble through a well laid-out garden is at all times a pleasure and a privilege. The eye is charmed and the senses are thrilled as flower after flower, each one more varied and beautiful than the last with its delicate tints and soft green leaves opens its petals in pristine loveliness. The graceful bud peeps through its leafy canopy and suffused with blushes hides its head, and the modest, tiny violet, disturbed in its nap, turns over and goes to sleep again, and the fierce snap-dragon scowls defiance on the intruder. Mr. Warner's treatise, however, deals very little with Flora. It is with the vegetable kingdom he has to do, and the sterner produce of the earth such as potatoes, turnips, carrots, beets, and especially beans and peas, take up his entire attention, except, perhaps, Polly and the weeds. Some clever hits at the "woman's rights" question are made and humorous allusions to our every-day life abound here and there and add greatly to the enjoyment of the reader. The introductory chapter by Henry Ward Beecher is not the least attractive bit of writing in the volume, and the publishers have done their share in presenting a handsomely printed book. "My Summer in a Garden" will doubtless be exceedingly popular with old and young gardeners this season, and the earnestness of the author who tries so hard and fails so often, to work his ground so as to make it yield an equivalent for the labour, time and money expended upon its cultivation, adds much to its zest. It is a true story skilfully varnished over with a sparkling coating of good-humored fun, and its simple unpretentious style is delightfully charming.

THE WISDOM OF THE KING, OR STUDIES IN ECCLESIASTES, BY REV. JAMES BENNET. Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Co.

Ministers of the Gospel nowadays, when their predilections lead

them to a little harmless book-making, in the desire to display before the religious and secular public their great learning and intimate Biblical knowledge, get very often not only absurdly pedantic but very tiresome and unreadable. Their works frequently become "housekeepers" and after remaining on the booksellers' shelves for a time, work their way silently to the trunk-makers and there "forgotten lie." Sometimes in the effort to frame some new dogma these clerical authors get far beyond their own depths, and their books contain fully as much useless matter as Mr. Allibone's Dictionary of Authors does. That eminent divine, the late Archbishop Whately said a good thing when he explained why so many clergymen were "good shots," by saying that they usually aimed at *nothing* and invariably hit it. When Henry Ward Beecher recently announced the forthcoming issue of his "Life of Jesus," a Western paper severely rebuked the Plymouth pulpit orator by saying that a very good life of Jesus might be found in the New Testament. And the Western print was not very far wrong.

We are not one of those who question the utility of religious books. We believe that a closer acquaintance with the Scriptural writings was occasioned by the publication of Dr. Albert Barnes's "Notes," and staid old "Dwight's Theology" has had its day too, and its influence, particularly among the Scotch has been paramount. We all remember the Colenso controversy some few years back, and considerable care should be at all times exercised by parents and guardians lest books like Paine's, and others of that ilk, fall into the hands of those of tender susceptible years.

The book before us we would unhesitatingly place in the same high category as the "Notes" of the late Albert Barnes. They both breathe a pure religious air. We take up the Notes of a Sunday afternoon and examine them as one does a reference bible for some forgotten text or "proof." The "Wisdom of the King" is the pleasant Sabbath evening companion, when services at the churches are over and we retire within our own walls, when the lights are lit, and the cheerful fire sheds its grateful warmth, when the family group sits round the table and the handsome volume is read aloud. It is the poetry of theology.

The book of Ecclesiastes is perhaps the most musical and terse portion of the Old Testament. Rich thoughts and glowing ideas have all their centre here. We must join in our belief with those who maintain that King Solomon was the author. Since everyone is unanimous that the sapient monarch as the years grew upon him inclined to foolishness, might he not have written the most of Ecclesiastes when he was yet young? That he was a wise young man is beyond doubt. Equally beyond doubt is it that he was a poor foolish old man. Ecclesiastes seem to be a set of moralizing chapters written by one who had lived through numberless dissipations and passed through the various phases of life. The youth goes from his father's house and after a round of pleasure and debauchery finally settles down an old man and ponders over his ill-spent and well-spent life. We cannot therefore believe Solomon to be the author while yet young, unless he was a

prophet and foretold the after events of his life. The idioms peculiar to foreign countries observable in the compositions, is accounted for by the fact that Solomon had travelled much and had seen many countries.

This volume of Mr. Bennet's, though ostensibly a bunch of sermons, seems to us to be in reality a number of very cleverly put together essays. Each chapter is complete by itself, and may be read alone without reference to the others in the book. It is divided into some twenty-one parts. Each chapter is so well done, so lucid and yet concise in its exposition that it is somewhat difficult to determine which is the best and most interesting essay discussed. Perhaps "Wisdom, Pleasure and Work" presents the greater novelty. We ourselves were especially pleased with it, though the summing up of the whole, the "Judgment of Pleasure" may be more attractive to the general reader. Both are exhaustive and true pieces of literary workmanship. The book as a whole is easy and worth reading. Its every part is attractive and pleasing to an eminent degree, and the entire absence of clerical pedantry is commendably conspicuous. These papers were originally delivered as Sunday evening lectures to the congregation of the author, and were published in successive numbers of the *Presbyterian Advocate*. The present volume is very handsomely gotten up. The paper and press work are admirable specimens of typography, and the small sub-headings add considerably to the enjoyment of the reader. It is seldom we find author and publisher so unanimous in furnishing a finished book.

MECHANISM IN THOUGHT AND MORALS, BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

A goodly number of years have elapsed since "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table" with its curious little bits of philosophy and quaint pauky humour, first greeted us through the pages of the then incipient, *Atlantic*, which changed its proprietorship about that time. Dr. Holmes's finely flavoured humour, though the hour glass has been turned many times since then, has not become the least dim. Age seemingly makes no impression on his intellectual faculties, and his well-trained mind and deep metaphysical researches, exhibit the rare mental acumen of the skilled logician to a marked degree. The happy power of rendering abstruse and difficult problems in science, into smooth plain English, in popularizing dry and oftentimes dull, heavy subjects so that ordinary individuals who are not merely scientists may read and enjoy philosophical and scientific themes, when shorn of technicalities not always necessary, is a gift peculiarly the birthright of Dr. Holmes. The aptness of the learned professor in applying quotations, his rich fund of anecdote and the raciness of his wit, are also characteristics of his alike observable in his treatises, poetry, and in his brilliant fiction literature. The Doctor's latest contribution to the literature of thought is his handsome and interesting little booklet "Mechanism in Thought and Morals." This subject takes the form of an oration, and was delivered on the 29th of June last, before the

Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University. Since its delivery before the Society the address has undergone a complete revision, and an addenda composed of notes and after thoughts have been made. The essay was originally written to be given orally, and that same style of expression is reserved in the *brochure* before us.

The author is the man with the lantern and hammer who examines the wheels of the lumbering rail-cars, while the living freight is inside the refreshment-room solacing the requirements of the inner man, with this difference. He clinks the wheels of the intellectual machinery. The work exhibits much painstaking thought, and yet so simple withal do these various apothegms appear when explained by the author that we are left in a delightful state of entrancing wonderment at the laws of science. The relations between mind and matter do not claim our especial attention at this time, and we deal only with thought and emotion in their connection with the living body. Thought, which we ourselves modify whenever it is our wish, is mechanical, and if we are in the enjoyment of our proper senses, really necessary for our own self-government. The basis of life is centred in our thoughts. Prof. Huxley inclines to this idea and so do very many other eminent men. The brain is a double organ. According to an old idea which Cowley takes up in his "Book of Plants," the brain is shaped like an English wall-nut, divided into two halves. Both halves work, and their labours are performed independently of each other. The two seldom act simultaneously. Dr. Wigan, the celebrated theorist, in his work on the duality of the mind shows by experiment and numerous illustrations that the one-half of the brain is not in the least dependant on the other.

Dr. Holmes proceeds with his work and indulges in many conjectures regarding the amount of thought which the brain is capable of storing up and retaining, as memory. That position of his essay which treats of mechanism in Morals brings out some charming theological theories. The Dr. evidently believes that we should not suffer for the sins of our first parents. The theology which teaches us that belief, he thinks, practically transfers mechanical ideas into the world of morals.

The results of the experiments regarding the nerve and the observations anent them are of much interest and develope a considerable number of new facts, valuable to the cause of medical science, and interesting in a social aspect. Throughout the whole of this clever and important little work the natural and lively humour of the great humourist crops out, and his easy, graceful style is refreshing to read after an indulgence in the vague and unsatisfactory philosophy of the poet-Metaphysician Martin Tupper.

THE SILENT PARTNER, BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, author of "The Gates Ajar," "Hedged In," &c. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

In her story of "The Silent Partner," the author of "Hedged in" has struck out for herself a new path in literature. She no longer dwells rapturously over visions and metaphors but takes a bold, fearless dash into the powerful realities of life. The painted allegory with its rich drapery of gold and crimson fades away, and the lazy, luxuri-

ous dreamer grapples with the over-worked and heated brains of the poor and needy and mingles with want and suffering for a time. A noble purpose actuates our pleasant author, and in glowing, pictorial prose stanzas, she sketches out broadly the story of the lives of some of our hardly wrought operatives, those of the sunken eye and wan cheek and haggard woe-be-gone step, once so elastic and buoyant, who with hacking cough and feverish pulse creeps sadly on the bright green sward, an early victim to the ravages of consumption and the "slow mincings of the hectic fire." The horrors and the evils of the factory system now in vogue are brought to light and exposed in a fearfully realistic and vivid manner. There is no keeping back of anything, no mincing of matters or false delicacy in expression; a true story, founded upon facts and indebted for its framework to the authorized Reports of the Massachusett's Bureau of Statistics of Labour, is told in a free, natural and unassuming manner. It goes to the heart from the very first and stamps at once a lasting impression there. One hardly knows which to admire most the generous-heartedness of the woman whose heart bleeds for poor suffering humanity, or the thrilling genius of the clever artist who throws off so great a picture with all the naturalness and earnestness of life! Enrapt in a sort of heavenly pleasure the reader takes up this volume, nor leaves it till the last page is reached. In sorrow the book is laid down, and the mind wanders back dreamily in misty thought.

Every page unfolds some new beauties. Strange and motley are the various phases of character, all drawn as by a master hand. Perley Kelso—a noble woman—who breaks the most sacred of all engagements, that of marriage, in order that the operatives in the factory of which she is the *silent partner*, might have their lots bettered, who gives up in fact, her whole future life and its glittering surroundings for this one great aim, is a fine, rich conception. The fashionable *belle*, rich in natural attractions, rich in wealth, rich in the possession of a good man's love, sacrifices all these, and disregarding the sneers and the entreaties alike of the gilded butterflies of the drawing room, visits the low hovels of the sick and dying and as an angel ministers to their feeble wants. Sip Garth and her poor crazy deformed sister Catty are curious and real creations. Their hard circumstances, the love which Sip bears the demented "queer one," her goodness and pertness, her strange philosophy, her every action arrest the attention and enlist the sympathy of the reader. Though there are not more than some half a dozen characters in the story, the interest is so kept up and thrilling scenes come so rapidly one after the other that one reads on more and more delighted as page after page recedes from view. The novel, though it can hardly be classed in that order of literature, it seems so true, is one of the most successful of the year, and promises to attain a circulation fully as wide as either the "Gates Ajar," or the companion volume "Hedged in." The philosophical utterances of some of the employees at the factory, though perhaps a little too profound to emanate from the lips of those who are supposed to say them are nevertheless crisp, to the point and painfully correct in the main. Truly one half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth.

CHANSON.

From the French of ANTOINE COMTE D'HAMILTON,—*A. D.* 1661.

Nor dark nor blonde is she whom I adore:
By a single stroke to sketch her.
She 's the most delightful creature
The wide world o'er.

Yet of her charms 't is easy count to take:
Five hundred beauties that are seen,
Five hundred more concealed, I ween,
A thousand make.

Wisdom divine is in her mind exprest;
By thousand sweetest traits 't is told
The Graces in their finest mould
Have formed the rest.

What lustrous tints could paint her hue so bright?
Flora is not so fresh and fair;
And with a swan's may well compare
Her neck so white.

Her waist and arm do kin to Venus prove;
Like Hebe's are her mouth and nose;
And, for her eyes,—ah! your glance shows
Whom 't is I love.

W. P. D.

AMONG THE SERIALS.

"Our Whispering Gallery" is unquestionably one of the great attractions of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Every body likes to read about famous men. There is always something uncommon in their lives, and their works, talks and general deportment are invariably safe and popular things to write about. Mr. Fields is admirably adapted to write these personal sketches, having been intimately acquainted with all the important personages of the old world and the new for over a quarter of a century. His business relations with many of them have in a measure developed much that is interesting and instructive. Many a pleasant little story hid from mortal eyes for many years back now see the light for the first time in the *Atlantic*'s "Whispering Gallery." The world owes much to Mr. Field. It is through him and his good judgment that many of Hawthorne's choicest literary efforts ever advanced so far as to be printed. Think how much would have been lost to American literature had the thrilling "Scarlet Letter" never been published! Nathaniel Hawthorne is one of the few American novelists who have written a purely American tale, typical of the customs and manners of the country. Hawthorne and Bryant stand side

by side in this respect. The materials of their best writings are to be found in the new world. In the present paper the sketch of the author of "Marble Faun" is brought very nearly to a close. The most interesting portion of which is that part relating to the late President Lincoln. Nine years ago Mr. Hawthorne in an article in the *Atlantic* on "War Topics" described an interview with the late Chief Magistrate, and in his description gave some piquant, personal criticism which at the time, Mr. Fields deemed it better to exclude, from the body of the article. After some demur on Mr. Hawthorne's part, for he meant no offence, the paper appeared in the magazine with the omission. Since that time both the critic and the subject of his criticism have "mouldered away to kindred dust," and now that no harm can come to either party the story is drawn from its hiding place and revealed. It is given in full and is very interesting. "The Giant in the Spiked Helmet" is one of the finest things written about the great European Powers, since the war. It is not by any means, a powerful paper, neither is it an argumentative paper, but it is an elegant piece of writing, abounding in poetic parlance and good descriptive matter. The sketches of the rise of the great Prussian House of Hohenzollern, the men who have made Germany famous and effective are charming. The reader is at once delighted and enters as warmly into the spirit of the thing as he reads of frowning castles and dim fortresses. The paper has a quiet grandeur about it, which will enlist many readers. J. K. Hosmer is the name of the writer. Mr. Fred. W. Loring's poem of "Roundel" is only "fairish." "A. W.'s" poem of the "Children" is a fine idea: but not very good poetry. The author is capable of something better. Dr. Williams imparts much sensible advice on the subject of eyes.

EVERY SATURDAY is daily becoming more and more valuable, both as an art-journal and a literary serial. The cream of old world literature finds its way into its columns, and the illustrations which enrich its tinted pages are a faithful *epitome* of what is going on in Europe and America. Among the attractions we might mention Charles Reade's story of "Temptation" now passing through its pages, and reiterate the announcement made in another part of the QUARTERLY that Bret Harte will soon begin to write regularly for it.

OLD AND NEW keeps up in interest with its older companions in the same path. Mr. H. L. Spencer of this city has a sonnet in the current No. which is very musical. Dr. Bellows presents a broad, philosophic view in his paper on "Church and State in America." "Talk about the Tea Table" is amusing and light, as is also "Zenib Throrp's Experiments." Mr. Hale's magazine is taking the highest rank, and we hope its circulation is as large as its merits deserve.

A very appreciative and doubtless correct in the main, sketch of late Minister Adams to the Court of St. James, London, appears in the April No. of "Lippincott's Magazine." The writer, whoever he is, betrays considerable ignorance of British politics, of British Statesmen and of Britain's attitude during the civil war in America. Apart from his condemnation of the British public and his disgusting flattery

of such men as John Bright, who has done more to stir up the people in opposition to the best form of government instituted by man—a limited monarchy—and Mr. Cobden; the paper on Chas. Francis Adams, one of America's really great men, is an eloquent tribute and attractively written. Paul H. Haynes's sonnet, "Cloud-Fantasies," is refreshing to read after the great variety of trash which most magazine editors have been prone to inflict on their readers during the last three or four years. There is the true ring about it. "Our Monthly Gossip," as usual, treats admirably of a variety of subjects, and a "Western Newspaper Enterprize," by Frederick Lockley contains many good points. Mr. Charles Francis Adams's "Life of John Adams" is ably reviewed.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY is getting along finely. John Bigelow's "Breakfast with Alexandre Dumas" is a short clever paper, slightly biographical of France's great novelist. "In the Park" is an old story sweetly told in three bewitching verses, by E. C. H. "Life in the Cannibal Islands," illustrated, by J. C. Bates, treats in an exhaustive manner of the subject which the title indicates. George Macdonald's great story "Wilfrid Cumbermede" is continued. The present instalment is absorbingly interesting and written as only the author of "Robert Falconer" can write. A picture will be given of this popular novelist in the May number of *Scribner's*. In the "Old Cabinet" a "hit" is made at the expense, we presume, of Olive Logan, once the celebrated Western Actress, now the brilliant, gifted lady lecturer. It hits off, in a humorous way, the lady and her abilities for the platform, and publishes complimentary notices of the press who dispose of her lectures in a line, and make up the remainder of the notice of the lecture in a description of the lady's garments and personal attractions.

In an article entitled "Phrenology no Humbug," by the Rev. J. D. Hartley, in the March number of the *Phrenological Journal*, that gentleman strives to prove Phrenology one of the greatest of all the sciences. He deplores it much that the bulk of the people take to it so gingerly and exhibit so luke-warm a feeling. He hopes for brighter days and draws parallel cases to justify his views. Galileo, the Astronomer, Morse, the inventor of the Electric Telegraph, Harvey the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and Fulton who started in New York his famous steamboat, were all laughed at and sneered at. Mr. Hartley has his hopes, therefore, considerably strengthened. A carefully written sketch of Noah Webster, the eminent Lexicographer, with a portrait of him, is given. The papers on Gen. Prim, King Amadeus of Spain and Thos. DeWitt Talmadge, are all well done.

Prof. DeMill's story of "The American Baron" continues to occupy the place of honour in HARPER'S MONTHLY. Frederick the Great—a fine series of articles—is continued. "Bowery, Saturday Night, is a voluminous and thorough article, and written in a lively spirited style. "The Gulf Stream and the Trade-winds: their Origin and Law of Movement," by William L. Walker, is full of valuable data regarding this wonderful subject.