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ORIGIN OF THE ACADIANS.

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(Continued)

IV.

SECOND ERROR.

THE tradition, which was supposed to be religiously preserved by Charlevoix, Haliburton, O'Callaghan and Lafargue, being diminished to the point at which we have left it, M. Rameau need only build on such a foundation, truly of sand, to behold the whole structure, which he has raised, fall to the ground. What will then become of the opinion of M. Sulte, founded on that of M. Rameau? True, M. Moreau and the Abbe Maurault profess the same opinion; but they only repeat the words of M. Rameau, who is their authority.

However, as the author of "La France aux Colonies" (M. Rameau), in his observations on the alliances of the Acadians with the Indians, brings forward other proofs besides *the friendship resulting from mixed marriages*, it may be well to examine them.

He thus announces the fact of the blending of the races: "Everything leads us to think that marriages with Indian women were more frequent with them (the Acadians) than the Canadians." Many examples are doubtless found of Canadians marrying Quaws, not only in the West, but even in Canada, especially in

the early times; but among the Acadians, considering their number, these marriages have been much more frequent, and must consequently have exercised a much greater influence on the whole race."

"In the census of 1671 we find a Pierre Martin married to a squaw; and in 1686, St. Castin and one of his followers, besides Enaud, Seigneur of Nepissigny, and another Martin living at La Heve. Thus, in the census of 1671 and 1686, in a population of sixty or seventy families, we find five marriages with Indian women. *But from 1606 to 1671, when the population was recruited from adventurers, who, according to their custom, came alone, without families, when European women were not so numerous as men, what a number of such marriages must have taken place!*" "As the *original families* of Acadians were not numerous, it may be affirmed that, *in consequence of subsequent marriages, there are few Acadian families without some mixture of Indian blood in their veins.*" \*

M. Rameau is a little hard on the *original Acadian families*. He bestows on them the flattering title of *adventurers*. In another place he, with astounding condescension, declares that the first Acadians were not "a reunion of brigands," and Acadie was not "a penal colony;" and in the enumeration he makes of the first colony, after explaining how it was composed of "a singular mixture of sailors, fishermen in winter-quarters, and adventurous traders, etc., 'of freebooting habits,'" he adds that there were *even* farmers amongst them.† Thus he prepares the way for his great discovery, and tells us that at the present time "there are few Acadian families without some mixture of Indian blood in their veins."

It is evident to any one who has studied the history of the Acadian colony that M. Rameau here falls into a serious error. In the history of Acadie, which he is now writing, there is no doubt but that he will be more just. He is specially bound to correct this mistake, as everything coming from his pen concerning the history of Acadie or Canada is generally received as authoritative.

In the lines quoted above, M. Rameau evidently confounds the Basque, Normand and Breton fishermen and adventurers, who, from the commencement of the sixteenth century, before the

discovery of Canada colony, until Lato France, with the as he calls them.

Acadie conclusive "a reunion of brig nor Acadie "a p banished from the cause France refus had raised up again on their arrival in Biard and Lescarl Royal all kinds of before a grain of v that Poutrincourt joiners, carpenters, sawyers, sailors" ( not bring out farm succeeding his arr commendable in a Poutrincourt high of the land, and diffuse. Again he Croix, found wheat Monts had sowed nourished."\* Pou years before would ment of Acadie by Lescarbot writes:

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\* Rameau, pp. 24 and 123-4.

† Ibid, pp. 20-23.

\* Lescarbot, Vol. II

discovery of Canada by Cartier, and in the first years of the colony, until Latour's time, fished for cod on the coasts of New France, with the real Acadian colonists, the *primitive families*, as he calls them. All the documents relating to the history of Acadie conclusively prove that the primitive colonists were not "a reunion of brigands," of adventurers "of freebooting habits," nor Acadie "a penal colony." They *roved about* only when banished from their *cultivated* lands; they became soldiers because France refused to defend them against enemies her policy had raised up against them. The first care of the French colonists on their arrival in Acadie was the cultivation of the land. Father Biard and Lescarbot repeatedly inform us of this fact. At Port Royal all kinds of cereals were cultivated thirty-five or forty years before a grain of wheat was sowed in Canada! Lescarbot tells us that Poutrincourt had brought out to Port Royal "a number of joiners, carpenters, masons, stone-cutters, locksmiths, blacksmiths, sawyers, sailors" (1606). Are we to infer from this that he did not bring out farmers also? Lescarbot says that "on the day succeeding his arrival," he himself, with an ardor all the more commendable in a lawyer as he was, began to farm. He praises Poutrincourt highly for the attention he gave to the cultivation of the land, and makes reflections as philosophical as they are diffuse. Again he says: "Poutrincourt having gone to Ile Ste. Croix, found wheat ripened from that which *two years before* De Monts had sowed, which was beautiful, large, heavy and well nourished."\* Poutrincourt's voyage took place in 1606. *Two years before* would then correspond with the date of the settlement of Acadie by De Monts. At page 553, of the same volume, Lescarbot writes: "When the public rejoicing had ceased, Poutrincourt took time to see his wheat, which he had sowed, in great part, two leagues from the Fort up the river Dauphin, and also around the said Fort."†

The harvests speak well for the care bestowed on the cultivation of the soil: soon they were obliged to construct a mill to grind their grain, "because the hand-mills demanded too much labor,"‡ and, on his return to France, Lescarbot carried with him ears of wheat to show the great fertility of the soil of Acadie. To under-

\* Lescarbot, Vol. II., p. 527. † The testimony of Fr. Biard is as formal.

‡ Lescarbot, Vol. II., p. 560.

take such work laborers were necessary. The voyage across the Atlantic, alone, does not change locksmiths, blacksmiths and sawyers into farmers. Evidently, the greater number of the colonists were farmers, to whom were added artizans.

As to the *adventurers* of 1610, mentioned by M. Rameau, "historians agree in saying that *they were chosen with care among the farmers and artizans.*"\* Subsequent immigrants were chosen with equal care; the conduct, the morality, the industry of the Acadians, from the very beginning of the colony, all prove this; all the documents of these times, the *Gazette*, which says that M. de Razilly went to Acadie, taking with him three hundred *picked men*; and M. Moreau, whose testimony, on account of the researches he has made with relation to this subject, equals that of any other writer, says: "There is no difficulty in admitting what the *Gazette* declares; *the embarkation of many of the nobility* had rendered the beginning of the colony illustrious."†

By such forcible testimony the third stone of the edifice, erected with much labor, falls to the ground. By exhibiting the Acadians as the rabble of France in the seventeenth century, it was an easy matter to arrive, without transition, at the marriages with the Abenakis. Instead of these "freebooting" ancestors we have as founders of the settlements in Acadie men *chosen* by De Monts, Pontrincourt, the Marquise de Guercheville, Razilly, d'Aunay, Grandê Fontaine, and others, to whom the governments of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. added zealous missionaries—Jesuits, Capuchins and Recollets. Proof will be more freely given of this when we come to speak of the development of the Acadian race. There is hardly, in the whole of America, a people having less reason to be ashamed of their ancestors than the Acadians. This circumstance is not less important than the vindication of the charge of the mixed marriages. The honor of our ancestors is also our own; generally, we inherit the virtues of our fathers, if they have been really virtuous, the same as we bear the shame of their actions if they have been inglorious. I would be doubly satisfied were I enabled, by my humble efforts, to erase from my country's history these two stains, equally disgraceful.

## V.

## THIRD ERROR.

A GREAT poet and thinker, who might have lent enthusiasm to

\* Moreau, p. 50.

† Moreau, p. 119.

Pindar, and before whom Horace, had he known him, would never have thought of his Ode Exegi Monumentum, the King David said truly: "Deep calleth on deep." Might not this maxim be applied to the writers of history, whose errors are always followed and often preceded by others?

M. Rameau, having announced as a fact the existence of a certain number of drops of Indian blood in the veins of the Acadians, bases this hypothesis on two suppositions, whose falsity has just been shown. In fact, it would be more exact to write three, for the paragraph on the *causes of the friendship* forms a false proposition independent of the two others. Would it not have been better to have remained satisfied with the number of the soothsayers to which Pythagoras attributes such excellent qualities! "Deep calleth on deep."

To justify the date at which he fixes his mixed marriages—1606 to 1671—he informs us that many of the *primitive Acadian families* mentioned in the census of 1671 date as far back as the days of Poutrincourt. These are his words: "The general physiognomy presented by the families (named in the census of 1671), the great number of subdivisions which they already show, the numerous intermarriages,—all tend to strengthen the presumption that their existence in this country already dates back many years, *perhaps* as far as two generations, some, even, like the Martins, Bourcs, Landrys, Terriaus, Trahans, Gaudets, and Boudros, as far back as the first days of the settlements in Acadie, and they would consequently be the source of this race."\* At page 127 he says the same thing, except that for *perhaps*, he bluntly affirms: "It is *evident* that many families can count *three* generations in this country, and date, if not from the emigrants brought out by Poutrincourt, at least from those who survived the taking of Port Royal by Argall" (1613).

This passage, like all the passages for that matter, relating to this question, is full of doubts and contradictions. He first declares that it is *evident* that many families are of two and *three* generations in the country; and then, a little further on, these same families can, *perhaps*, count two generations. He had advanced, at page 123, the first mixed marriages dated back to the settlement of Poutrincourt in 1606, and relying on this hypothesis, he had discovered in the veins of the Acadians of our days

\* Rameau, p. 152-3.

a certain amount of Indian blood. When examining his data more carefully he thinks the founders of this same race date, if not from the emigrants brought out by Poutrincourt, at least "from those who survived the taking of Port Royal by Argall." And it must be remarked that all these *perhapses* and *if-nots* do not prevent him from arriving at the same conclusion, that is to say, that these families are descended from those of Poutrincourt's time.

What is to be done in the midst of so many contradictions? What is meant by "the emigrants who survived the taking of Port Royal by Argall?" Were they recent French emigrants, or the colonists carried away by Argall, who returned only to die of hunger in a colony which no longer belonged to France?\* For, after the conquest by Argall in 1612, France only regained possession of Acadie in 1632 by the Treaty of St. Germain's.

M. Moreau endeavors, in vain, to solve the mystery. Bewildered by all M. Rameau's suppositions and figures, he is unable to arrive at any conclusion of his own, and finally takes all M. Rameau writes for granted without any examination, only too happy to find relief from his perplexity even at such a price. This is the manner in which he hastens to resume: "The patient researches of M. Rameau have demonstrated that most of the Acadian families are descended from the colonists of 1610."† He repeats the same thing in different parts of his book, with slight variations. We again quote: "M. Rameau very *judiciously* remarks that it results from the census (of 1671) that many families were in their third generation, and *therefore*, they must be descended from the colonists of Poutrincourt."‡ Again: "When, by the aid of the census, giving the names of the families, we follow the order of their descent, we nearly always come to the companions of Poutrincourt."|| Always the same term. Nevertheless, no syllogism was ever less rigorous in its conclusion. Because there were, in 1671, some heads of families, whose oldest children had been married a few years, it does not follow that these aged men had

\* Haliburton and Moreau say that the prisoners of St. Sauveur, taken by Argall to Virginia, returned to Acadie. But at what time? Did they all return? There were fifteen prisoners. Where did they settle? Would they not have preferred to return to France by fishing vessels to join their companions, to remaining in Acadie, where they were not accustomed to the climate, where they had only spent six months, or to go to Quebec with those of Port Royal?

† Moreau, p. 15.

‡ *Ibid*, p. 276.

|| Moreau, p. 286.

come to Acadie with Poutrincourt. On the contrary, the families named in the census of 1671 do not date from the settlements of Poutrincourt in 1606, nor in 1610; they did not return after the expedition of Argall, but, after the Treaty of St. Germain,\* they came to dwell in Acadie, directed by Razilly, d'Aunay and others.

To make the question clearer, it will be necessary to consider the origin of the Acadian colony, and follow its developments to the families mentioned in the first census. With data so different, all leading to the same strange conclusion, it is the only means whereby the facts can be placed in their proper light, and a definite solution of the question arrived at.

## VI.

### ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE FRENCH COLONY IN ACADIE.

THE colonization of Acadie commences with De Monts. In the month of March, 1604, he set sail in company with Champlain, Poutrincourt, and a small colony, which he landed at Ile Ste. Croix, to the south of the Acadian peninsula. During the winter sickness carried off thirty-six men. The following spring (1605) Pontgravé reinforced the decimated colony by bringing out forty colonists. Shortly after, the entire colony went to Port Royal to settle. However, De Monts returned to France "with those who wished to follow him,"† and left Pontgravé in charge of the colony. Six months elapse, and De Monts, who promised them prompt relief, did not return. Threatened with famine, Pontgravé and all his companions embarked for France the 15th July, 1606, leaving only two brave men—Taille and Miquelet—to guard the French flag at Port Royal. A few days after their departure—the 27th July—Poutrincourt, an associate of De Monts, arrived at Port Royal, bringing with him a colony "of joiners, carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, locksmiths and sawyers."‡ The historian Lescarbot was one of the colonists. The day after their arrival, Poutrincourt set his men to cultivate the soil. The colony was already in a flourishing state when, in the month of May of the following year, 1607, De Monts wrote to Poutrincourt that the Hollanders had ruined him, and that the privilege of

\* The Treaty of St. Germain was only signed in 1623, but for four years the Company of the Hundred Associates made preparations for re-peopling Acadie.

† Lescarbot, p. 478. Champlain remained at Port Royal.

‡ Lescarbot, p. 528.

trading in peltry had been withdrawn from him. Therefore, Port Royal was abandoned. A party of the colonists set sail on the 29th July, and the remainder, with Poutrincourt and Lescarbot, the 11th August, "in the midst of the tears of the Indians."

None of the French remained in the Acadian colony except a few fishermen in winter-quarters, and with them was Robert Gravé, son of Pontgravé. Three years thus passed. In the meantime, the privilege of trading was restored to DeMonts, who ceded all his rights to Poutrincourt. The latter embarked, with Charles de Biencourt, his son, and a small colony, for Port Royal, where he arrived towards the end of May, 1610. Immediately they began building houses, and devoted themselves to farming, as in 1604 and 1606.

Nevertheless, the colony which Poutrincourt now founded was not a "penal colony," nor were the colonists "brigands," nor even "adventurers." "Historians agree in saying that the colonists had been chosen with care from among the two classes—farmers and artizans."\* Neither had they brought out any women with them.† In the month of July of the same year, the son of de Poutrincourt went to France, and did not return to Port Royal until the eleventh of May of the following year (1611). He brought with him thirty men, "workmen and farmers."‡ Provisions, not men, were needed by the little colony, now on the eve of being ruined. In order to procure what was necessary, Poutrincourt did not hesitate to undertake again the voyage to France. Despite his heroic efforts he was not destined to save the colony in the end. Surrounded by enemies and intriguers, he could only succeed in sending one vessel to his son, which, unfortunately, did not reach Port Royal before the 23rd of January, 1612. He was obliged to remain in France, where he spent a year in negotiations, and ended by being thrown in prison. During this time trouble arose between the Jesuits and the young Governor. The winter was one of famine for the colony, without tidings from France. In the month of March, 1613, Mme. de Guerocheville, who had become possessed of all Poutrincourt's rights, sent a colony of forty-eight souls, two Jesuits being of the party, under the command of de la Saussaye, who settled at St. Sauveur.

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\* Moreau, p. 51.

†Unica hic adest D. Poutrincourtii familia sine feminis capita sumus viginti."—Fr. Biard to his Superior.

‡ Moreau, p. 98.



Great expectations were just being entertained as to the future of the colony, when the English, under Argall, came in the autumn to destroy Port Royal and de la Saussaye's settlement. Argall carried away on board his vessels a third of the inhabitants of St. Sauveur, the others being enabled to return to France on a vessel of St. Malo, belonging to Robert Gravé. At Port Royal he burned the fort, after sacking it. When the place was attacked the inhabitants were employed in the cultivation of their fields, two leagues higher up the river Dauphin, and thus escaped from the enemy. As soon as Poutrincourt heard of the disaster, he hastened to quit France, in order to relieve the sufferers. When, on the 27th day of March, 1615, he arrived, the survivors of the Port Royal colony "had been living from All Saints (November) on roots and herbs, and many had died of hunger."\*

A party of these unfortunate colonists had made their way to Quebec in their flight from death and English domination. A few, with Biencourt, had reached, it is supposed, the south of the peninsula; for they could not have returned to France with Poutrincourt, who could not have encountered them. At Cape Sable, according to all appearances, they built Fort Lamaron, afterwards called Latour, and lived by fishing and trading with the Indians and fishermen from St. Malo. Such was the beginning, hastily sketched, of the colonies in Acadie. Abandoned in 1607, recommenced in 1610, they were finally abandoned in 1613. This being so, how can M. Rameau affirm that the filiation of the Acadians springs from the inhabitants of 1606, when, from 1607 to 1616, there was not a single French colonist in Acadie! The Abbé Maurault, who, in this matter, copies Rameau, perceived this difficulty, and thus remedies it: "The French of Acadie," he says, "did not all return to France (with Poutrincourt in 1607); a great number remained and mingled with the Indians. The majority married squaws, adopted the customs of the Indians amongst whom they spent the remainder of their days. From this period date the first marriages of the French with the Indians of Acadie."†

This remedy is worse even than the evil, and proves that in the domain of hypothesis it cannot always be foreseen to what atrocious suppositions an author may be guided by the first supposition he makes, and which he, by all means, would prove true. Where

\* Lescarbot, quoted by Moreau, p. 97.

† Maurault, p. 84.

did the Abbé Maurault find authority for stating "that a great number of French remained in Acadie in 1607, and mingled with the Indians?" It is certain that, to prove what he here advances, he cannot cite any other writers except Lescarbot and the Jesuits. They are far from making any such statement. On the contrary, Lescarbot, who was then at Port Royal, positively affirms that when De Monts' letter was received announcing his misfortune, that the privilege of trading had been withdrawn from him, and that he freed the colonists from their obligations, the inhabitants, who had been assembled to hear the letter read, "unanimously decided" on returning immediately to France. In vain did Poutrincourt seek to retain them longer by promises of happier days; his courageous resolution was not shared in by his companions, nor was it understood by them; he was obliged to obey the unanimous voice of the colonists, and give orders to prepare for their departure. They set sail on the 29th and 30th July. Poutrincourt, unable to tear himself away from the spot he loved so dearly, remained some days longer at Port Royal. And when at length he took his departure, "it was pitiful to see the tears of the Indians, who had been led to hope *that some of our people would still remain among them.* It became necessary to promise them that the following year household utensils would be sent them, as well as persons to inhabit all their lands, and teach them trades, so that they might live like ourselves."\* With such testimony within his reach, Maurault tells us that many of the French remained at Port Royal after the departure of Poutrincourt, and took up their abodes in the woods!

Biencourt, having settled at Cape Sable, where we left him, soon saw his little colony rapidly increasing by the arrival of fishermen and adventurers. He had also for allies the Indians of the Cape; and together they had become so formidable that the first Scotch settlers, brought out by Sir William Alexander in 1623, judged it most prudent to quit Acadie as soon as possible. About the same time, 1623 or 1624, according to all appearances, the death of Biencourt happened. Young Latour then took possession of Fort Lamaron, and in 1631 changed the name to that of Fort Latour.

Meanwhile, new letters patent were granted Sir William Alexander, who, with a considerable convoy of his countrymen, came to settle around Port Royal in 1628. In 1627 a company called

\* Lescarbot, Vol. II., p. 578, *et al.*

"The Hundred Associates" was formed in France for the purpose of colonizing Canada, and especially Acadie, the possession of which they anticipated.

The brothers David, Thomas and Louis Kirk, in 1628, under pretence of taking possession of Acadie, occupied the posts already belonging to the English. The affairs of the colony remained in this precarious state until 1632, when the Treaty of St. Germain's was signed, definitely restoring the country to its former masters. The "Company of the Hundred Associates," for a long time prepared to commence operations, immediately sent de Razilly, with "three hundred picked men," to drive Sir William Alexander's colonists out of Acadie, take possession, and settle therein. From this period the colony from day to day made great progress. Every year the company sent out a number of families to settle at La Heve. This company was bound to send, in the space of fifteen years, *four thousand colonists of both sexes* to Canada and Acadie. Circumstances, it is true, did not allow of this engagement being fulfilled to the letter. Nevertheless, at the death of de Razilly in 1635, forty families had been sent out, who, according to Denys, "harvested much corn."

Razilly was succeeded by d'Aunay. The first act of his authority was to transfer the inhabitants of La Heve to Port Royal. Despite the unceasing struggle he was engaged in with the English, and especially with Latour and his filibustering companions, he brought from France, during his administration, twenty families to Port Royal. These fifty or sixty families are evidently those mentioned in the census of 1671, the real ancestors, *the primitive Acadian families*. The intermarriages, of which M. Rameau speaks, had, in 1671, increased the number to sixty-seven or sixty-nine families.

## VII.

### LATOUR AND HIS COMPANIONS.

MEANWHILE, what had become of Poutrincourt's companions remaining with Latour at Cape Sable, and the adventurers who had joined them? This period of the history of Acadie is very obscure; it is here that the historians do most disagree; consequently it was less dangerous to form suppositions. And so M. Rameau and M. Moreau take advantage of this obscurity to make the adventurers of Cape Sable the ancestors of the present Acadian

race. Through them they find the root of the race as far back as 1606. What means do they employ to unite the families brought out by Razilly and d'Aunay with the wandering freebooters of Latour; to find a common origin for the colonists of La Heve and Port Royal and the adventurers of Cape Sable, while it is an historical fact that these two distinct groups, separated by the rivalry of their respective chiefs, continued to wage a deadly war until the almost total extinction of that of Cape Sable, that is, until the extermination of the father by the son? These questions will be answered further on. For the present, it need only be stated that this *presumed* origin of the Acadians, as given by Rameau and Moreau, is essentially half-breed. The followers of Poutrincourt, Latour and his adventurers, would, according to them, have contracted many alliances with the Micmacs; and the children of these unions would, in some mysterious manner, have become the fathers of the Acadians of Port Royal, named in the census of 1671.

M. Rameau did not foresee all these difficulties. He did not remark how absurd it was to make of the two groups of French in Acadie, the adventurers of Cape Sable and the "chosen" colony of Razilly, such near relations, to behold them afterwards slaying one another, without, at least, presenting at the same time the picture of maid and matron throwing themselves between the combatants, who were their fathers, their husbands, and their children, to separate them, as was formerly the case with the Romans and Sabines. But, at least, he should have cited some authority in support of his opinion, some documents proving the primitive blending of the two people, the fusion of the adventurers of Cape Sable, and the colonists of La Heve and Port Royal, with the Indians. Not a proof, not a document. M. Moreau comes to his aid. Among the important documents preserved in the Menou family,\* and discovered by him, he produces a memoir in which is written: "After the death of Biencourt (1623 or 1624), Latour lived a wandering life in the woods with eighteen or twenty followers, mingling with the Indians, leading licentious and infamous lives, like brutes, without any exercise of religion, not even causing their children, born of Indian women, to be baptized; on the contrary, abandoning them to their mothers, as they still continue to do."

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\* This Menou family is the same as that of d'Aunay, successor of Razilly. These MSS. are those of d'Aunay himself.—Moreau, p. 126.

Despite the importance Moreau attaches to the documents which came into his possession; despite the evident disadvantage, and the exaggerated blame he throws on Latour in the course of his rivalry with d'Aunay, the object of these accusations strikes him, and, contrary to his custom, he places before this passage observations which, from his pen, have a singular effect in weakening the authority of their MSS. "It must be admitted," he writes, "that all the assertions of d'Aunay have some foundation; *in form they may be exaggerated*, but they are not false." But we must not expect to learn from an extravagant admirer of d'Aunay if the accusations of this man against his enemy are exaggerated in form or otherwise; these facts must be examined, and fortunately we are in possession of authentic and impartial documents treating of the events and personages of this period.

The rivalry of Latour and d'Aunay, whose consequences were so unfortunate for Acadie, has been diversely interpreted. Denys, Lafargue, Charlevoix, Garneau, even blame Latour most; the fault was entirely his according to Moreau. Without entering into details, which would only weary the reader, it may be affirmed that the French government is to be blamed more than any one else for having encouraged this deadly quarrel by granting now to one and now to another of the two pretenders, and sometimes even to both at the same time, the government of Acadie, and that through ignorance of the geography of the country, and often condemning one rival on the testimony of the other. Afterwards, when the country was ruined beyond redemption, the court granted to one of the ruined rivals fruitless rights, which availed little towards the advancement of the affairs of the colony, and only proved with what unfortunate precipitation judgment had been given.

Latour, having become master of Fort Lamaron by the death of Biencourt in 1623 or 1624, and of Fort St. Louis, built about the same time, was confirmed in possession, or rather in the lieutenancy of the two forts, in 1631, by a commission given by Richelieu.\* D'Aunay, as we have already seen, had established

\* Latour already held, through the agency of his father, a commission from Sir William Alexander, dated November 30th, 1630. At this time, it must be remembered, Acadie belonged to England. This commission made him Seigneur "of the regions, coasts and isles from Cape and River Ingogan (near Cape Clouen) to Fort Latour, thence to Mirliguistre and beyond (near Port la Heve), the lands extending fifteen leagues towards the North." He had another commission from the Company.

himself at Port Royal after the death of de Razilly in 1635, and had jurisdiction over La Heve, Pentagoct or Penobscot,\* built by Latour, and generally over Acadie. Peace could not long exist between Lieutenant-Governors whose settlements were in such close proximity, whose boundaries were so badly determined; the one seeing his pretensions set at naught, and the other† aspiring to exclusive command in New France.

The first quarrel was settled by the courts. Latour gained the advantage: he had Acadie divided almost equally between himself and his rival. The King, in a letter dated the 10th February, 1638, named d'Aunay "his Lieutenant-General on the Etchemins coast (south-east part of New Brunswick), starting from the middle of the dry land of the Baie des Français (now Bay of Fundy) in the direction of Virginia, and the government of Pentagoct (Penobscot); and Latour his Lieutenant-General on the coast of Acadie, from the middle of the same Bay to the Straits of Canceau." In the same letter he says: "Thus the settlement on the St. John River will remain in Sieur Latour's possession, and he will make use of it, as well as of the inhabitants, as he sees fit; and the said Sieur Latour will not take upon himself to change anything at La Heve or Port Royal" belonging to d'Aunay. In this way Latour received the title of Lieutenant-General in a part of the colony where, in fact, he had no longer authority or possession, and d'Aunay was placed in the same position. What shall we say of this division in which the ignorance of the government—in relation to the geography of the countries whose limits they took upon themselves to determine—is so lamentably shown? Instead of settling the difficulties of the two rivals, it only gave a wider field for discord and quarrels. The war soon broke out—"a war at the same time carried on by pirates and lawyers; a war in which the stratagems of the law and the violence of battles mingled," and M. Moreau might have added: in which the arms of calumny were freely used.

In a second law-suit Latour lost all. The King revoked all the concessions granted a few years before in his favor. And for these reasons: "The commission heretofore given Charles de St. Etienne, Sieur de Latour, etc., is revoked *on account of his bad conduct*, with the order to Sieur de Latour to come to explain his conduct to His Majesty. \* \* \* The said Sieur de Latour *prevents the*

\* Deany's, pp. 23-4; Charlevoix, Shea's translation, Vol. III. p. 129. † Latour.

progress and advancement of Christian faith and religion among the Indians and the establishment of the French colony.\*

It was during these destructive wars and endless law-suits that d'Aunay wrote against Latour the series of accusations on which M. Moreau seizes with such avidity. Let us remark the coincidence between the clauses of the condemnation and the accusations of d'Aunay. "After the death of Biencourt, Latour lived in the woods with the Indians, leading a licentious and infamous life, like a brute beast, without any exercise of religion, not even having the care to present for baptism the children born, etc." Again, he imputes to Latour bad treatment of the Capuchin Fathers, and accuses him of having different times attempted "to cause a revolt of the Indians against de Razilly."† Latour is also accused by him of having lived three years, from 1636 to 1639, with the Indians, and of having persuaded them to give trouble.‡

As to the first accusation, Latour, in a letter to the king, dated 1627, giving him an account of his relations with the Indians, says: "I was constrained by reason of the bad treatment (the taking of Port Royal in 1613) we experienced from the English to live and dress like the natives of the country, to hunt and fish in order to gain a living." And again: "The English are commanded and intend to seize this country of New France—to which I am opposed, together with the families and my allies, the natives, and those I generally have with me, my little company of French."

These are the relations of Latour with the Souriquois, which inspired d'Aunay with the odious imputations we have mentioned. But does it become him to speak of the pretended bad treatment inflicted by his enemy on the Capuchins, and at the same time of the attempts at revolt against de Razilly, in conjunction with the Indians?

(To be continued.)

\* Second Series, Vol. I., p. 113, *et seq.* † Moreau, p. 133. ‡ Idau, p. 149.

## A DAY DREAM.

THIS mossy bank shall be my bed,  
 This stone a pillow for my head,  
 And I will dream that I am dead.

Who come? The Violets, white and blue,  
 And Buttercups of yellow hue,  
 And Mayflowers glittering in the dew.

They kiss my cheeks, my lips, my eyes,  
 They whisper, "Wake, arise, arise,  
 And put away this sad disguise."

Around my brow the South-wind plays  
 As in the old and better days,  
 And fancies strange my soul amaze.

Above my head the Robin swings,  
 And builds her nest, and building, sings;  
 And Butterflies with golden wings

Flit here and there; while 'neath the hill  
 The sun descends—the Whippoorwill  
 Pours forth her plaint—and all is still.

The days glide by—the fields are sere,  
 The snows descend, and dies the Year,  
 And no man knows who slumbers here,

And no man cares. Still ebb and flow  
 The tides of human joy and wo,  
 And it is well that it is so.

I dreamed my dream—I played my play—  
 I mourned my loss—I sung my lay—  
 My place was sought—I passed away.

H. L. S.



## A VISIT TO LONGFELLOW.

BY ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

"I longed . . . to escape . . . from the commonplace realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past. I had, besides all this, an earnest desire to see the great men of the earth."

*Irving's Sketch Book.*

"I am inclined to the society  
Of learned and excellent men; for it may be,  
That, while I work no injury on them,  
I may improve myself."

THE rain had not been content to come down, as Alexander Smith puts it, "in slanting lines;" but all the afternoon it had descended in vertical torrents, which gurgled through spout and gully, intersecting the street with mimic rivers. From my chamber I could hear and see the mammoth drops as they danced on the smooth pavement beneath, and plashed among the leaves of the horse-chestnut, the gradually encroaching boughs of which appeared to design a future entrance through my chamber window. During the afternoon services at the church, it seemed as though the shadow of an early evening had fallen, and before the monotone of the preacher had died away with the final "amen," the sexton was lighting the lamps. They were a delicious refreshment—those showers—on that sultry Sabbath day, and everybody and everything seemed to be thankful for the abundant rain. But dark and dense as were the clouds, the sun-flames at last burnt through them, leaving their ragged edges aglow; and the day rejoiced again in a new unspeakable splendor. The tramp of feet, and the rattle of street-cars were renewed again,—and the sound of music across the way, coming with wings of soft and delicate coolness to my ear, communicated to my mind a tone of unusual cheerfulness. My attire did not satisfy me that afternoon, as I regarded its threadbare scantiness,—for, albeit I am not greatly devoted to dress, neither proud of my personal charms, I did unfeignedly desire that my toilet might be complete, and that I might be well dressed for once in my life; and I had determined, with a limited wardrobe, to appear at the best advantage.

At last, giving my intractable cravat an irritable twist, without bringing it altogether into its place, or adding to my complacency, I relinquished further attempts at elegance, and descended to

the street. As I stood waiting for a car, I gazed into the distance, which shone in fair perspective, and thought the trees that hung their green canopies overhead, the smooth-washed street beneath, and the pellucid sky over all, never seemed so beautiful. Anon, the vehicle for which I waited rumbled along, halting abruptly at a wave of my hand, and in a moment I was rolling along Cambridge Street in the direction of Harvard Square. The attentive conductor having eased me of my pocket-money, I turned toward a window at the end of the car, gave myself to reverie and contemplation, and was soon engrossed with a survey of the scenery amid which I was moving. This is not to be passed lightly over by any candid admirer of sylvan beauty. Old Cambridge is opulent in trees and shrubbery; here, disposed with marked regularity, and there, again, huddled together in wilderness-like luxuriance,—forming a pleasant combination of the natural and artistic. Signs are manifest of superior cultivation; for the soil is by no means so fertile as to yield such generous returns of foliage and fruitage without the aid of the gardener. Pretty white cottages and tastefully constructed villas were peeping out of their green nests, interspersed with more pretentious looking residences, enclosed by walls or hedges, and surrounded by flower-gardens and shaven lawns. Everything seemed to bespeak comfort and refinement; and, as the trees had lost the dusty, jaded look I have seen them wear, all the way along the charm remained unbroken. It is worth while to reflect, that, from these signs, the American does not spend all his time in acquiring the “almighty dollar,” but that he takes some pains and pleasure in laying it out. Poor Richard’s *Maxims* are part of the wisdom of this country; and yet, no one here seems to think he pays too dear for his whistle. Living in the heart of this practical, money-getting age, these tasteful residents do not seem restricted to barren utilitarian views,—their principles, like their homes, being garnished and adorned. I sometimes hear our *wise* men affecting to despise beauty, and justifying their opinions by the pretended spirit of the age in which they live; but He, who belongs to all ages, has made—in the words of Dr. Hamilton—“a world of fragrance and music; a world of brightness and symmetry; a world where the grand and the graceful, the awful and the lovely, rejoice together;” and he need not consider himself the flower of mankind, whose eye is leaden and whose ear is heavy.

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Very shortly we came by the grounds and buildings of Old Harvard,—which I have seldom passed without some suitable reflections upon her classic dignity and importance. Memorial Hall, now a completed edifice,—the repository of University treasures,—was then in building; and “Tom Brown,” of Oxford, was present at the laying of the foundation stone. Dr. John Harvard did a good thing for his memory, in making his bequest to this seat of learning. It were well if clergymen in affluent circumstances, would think fit to emulate his example. It is something of a reproach, in these days, that any man of talent should be without the advantages that Harvard, Yale and Cornell afford, when educational aids are so accessible. That I have never had the discipline of such institutions is matter of regret to me, and the want of systematic and scholarly training will be my life-long disadvantage. Yet I credit some of these young sophomores with an overweening conceit of their alma mater. I am acquainted with some of these future statesmen, philosophers, orators, and poets: I have noted their dawning genius for balls and bats, and I know how far they surpass the ancients in their acquaintance with the race-course and gymnasium. How little do they expect ever to know of me? With what majestic complacency do they pass me when I walk, and with what a barbarous stare do they answer me if I accost them? Of how great consequence it is that they have the big seal put on the corner of their parchment, that they may be useful to this generation, and admirable to the next! Will they then storm the world—while common myriads perish—who have only the college mint-mark upon their coin of dull dross? Nay, verily,—as subsisting on the returns of the “old man’s” speculations, exploding powder-kegs on the quadrangle, and consorting with billy-goats in academical chambers, are not the surest guarantees of success and eminence. The man of mind and mettle, rather than the devotee to mirth and mischief comes out at last with a shining diploma written upon every feature of his intelligent countenance. According to my opinion, it would be difficult to find, at the time of which I write, a more shameless and lawless set of rattle-heads than dwelt in these classic domains. They were frequently called, by their worthy governors, to abandon their boasted retreat,—for the highest good of the institution, I have no doubt.

My attention was attracted from those fair abodes of Art and

Science, to the monument recently erected in honor of officers and soldiers who fell in the memorable Rebellion. It rises on your eye, as you approach, from the centre of a neat little square, laid out with walks, and bordered with trees. It is a granite structure, of plain design, surmounted by the figure of a guardsman on duty, robed in a heavy military cloak. Day and night, amid storm and sunshine, the poor fellow stands,—his musket resting beside him,—unchallenged and unrelieved. One Sabbath morning, not long ago, as soon as the good people hereabout were stirring, the unusual appearance of this taciturn patriot created some excitement. During the night a bevy of pale students, from over the way, scaled the monument, and rewarded the vigilant and bare-headed defender of their liberties with a superannuated beaver hat. Such benevolent inclination does the love of country beget in noble minds!

Near by is the old burying-ground, where the bones of some of the primitive colonists are lying. I lingered there one misty morning, till, under the constraint of keen appetite, I was minded to withdraw. Contrary to the custom of graveyards, this ceases to fatten upon its food, and looks as if it were smitten by a curse—or the consumption. The venerable slabs, mostly of slate, that mark the sunken graves, seem in the last stages of dilapidation; and the figures graven superficially upon them look so solemnly grotesque, one cannot but wonder whether they were intended for consolation or amusement. A death's head and cross-bones better befit a pirate's flag than the sepulchre of a Christian, as they point rather to the earth beneath than to the heaven above. In this old burying-ground is to be found the name of President Holyoke, one of the aforesaid dignitaries of Harvard College.

But, reader, you will think me a long time getting to the "Square," so minute has been my consideration of wayside objects. We have, however, arrived at last, and must leave the car, which will carry us no farther. I might have taken another car up Brattle street if I had chosen to wait; but in the face of the sinking sun, and charmed with the quietude and beauty of everything around me, I preferred to walk.

As I was going past the University Press, I paused for further meditation. Reader, in the building that I have referred to (the blank windows of which seemed staring coldly upon me), I tried at that time to earn my bread—for, know you not, I am an

unworthy disciple of Faust, Franklin and Artemus Ward. Many a late evening hour, in this den of the black art, have I grown weary of my work, and slept without a pillow, undisturbed by the heavy double-cylinders below, which one might imagine to have been a couple of preternatural bulls trying to make a breach in the side of the building. Ah! yes, I slept as sweetly then as I do now, for I had earned my repose! I remember those days, made heavy by ill-health, anxiety and drudgery, yet cheered by pleasures which minister to sensibilities rendered by pain and poverty even more intense, and think that, after all, I may have been as happy then as I need ever expect to be again. This building was designed, originally, for a hotel, and was known, while used for that purpose, as the Brattle House; but it serves a different turn now in being one of the most popular printing establishments in the country.

I chanced to be looking out over the street one day, while I was nooning and taking my lunch, when my eye rested on a very venerable-looking gentleman who was passing up, and I at once supposed him to be some professor at the College. His back was turned towards me, as he had gone far past the window, and I had not noted him in time to see his face; but I thought he walked off very briskly for a man whose *hair was so white*, and that there was a manner about him that was not common to the ordinary passers-by. I made inquiries about him of one who was standing near, and I found him to be, as I had begun to suspect, none other than the Poet Longfellow. I stood gazing after him as though he had worn the fiery face of a god instead of the rather quiet countenance of a man of letters, while he, unconscious of the impression he had made, went out of my sight. My neighbor told me that he lived up the street a little way; that he might frequently be seen passing up and down, and that he would be careful to point him out to me as soon as he made his appearance again. This did not satisfy me: I made the resolve—startling even to myself—that I would solicit an interview.

I am disposed to avoid, rather than affect, the society of eminent men; and would have considered such an intrusion as I meditated little short of presumption, in almost any other instance. But Longfellow seemed approachable, if one would be cautious in his advances; and beside, my ambition had not been of such hasty growth as you may imagine. Some few years ago,—before the dew

of youth had vanished, or the sweat of manhood had started, in the land of my boyhood,—

“In the Acadian land on the shores of the Basin of Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still,—”

one of the fairest spots the sun shines upon,—I read the sweet story of *Evangeline*,—a pastoral that might have brightened the pages of Virgil or Theocritus. It was an afternoon, early in my favorite month of September, that, book in hand, I reclined upon a moss-furred bank, in a familiar nook of the forest, and resigned myself to dreams. I was under the shadow of a hoary beech,

—“Whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along the wood,”

running over floors of slate and banks of broken gravel. Long golden strings of sunbeams were tangled among the interlacing branches and the leaves that whispered above me; and the cheery birds curveted and flourished in the air, seeming to shake melodies from their very plumes. The genial Professor at Cambridge had taken hold of my heart; and as Fancy rose supreme in my mind, and the haze of Fairy-land drifted around me, the visions of the poet seemed to become reality. I saw the maiden of his song pass down the brook-side, wearing her Norman cap and kirtle, and turn her dark, mournful eyes imploringly upon me, until I felt like crying out: “Come, *Evangeline*! I am Gabriel, son of Basil the blacksmith!” Then began this longing to see the man whose verse had wrought such a spell for me, although I did not dream then that such a thing would ever occur. I doubt not mine was a common desire, which it is not well, in all cases, to have gratified; for if our pride suffer no wound, the disproportion between the minds and manners of those whom we admire may often injure the feeling of reverence which we entertain for them.

On my return to my lodgings, in the evening, I went to my writing desk,—and, after some consideration, penned the following epistle:—

EAST CAMBRIDGE.

*Respected Sir,*

A stranger, from the land of Acadie—the home of *Evangeline*,—desires an interview with the poet who has made his country classic and immortal. Let it be at your house, when you please.

Yours,

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

\* As I considered this sufficiently taking, and likely to accomplish all that was intended, I despatched it forthwith,—and the next evening received the following reply:—

CAMBRIDGE.

*Dear Sir,*

I shall be happy to receive your visit at any time which may be convenient to you. If you can come on Sunday evening you will be sure of finding me at home, after seven o'clock. If any other day and hour should be more agreeable to you, please inform me, and I will try to meet your wishes. The evening is the surest time of finding me at home; but on Saturday and Monday next I am engaged.

I remain,

Your ob'dt Serv't,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

By this time, gentle reader, you will understand whither I am travelling, and with whom I expect to meet; and as I am not quite as intrepid as one ought to be who makes so great a venture, if you will but go with me, I doubt not, you will be well and kindly treated.

By this time evening had drawn her sober curtains about these arborescent retreats, and put ajar the door of her star-chamber, so that Venus glimmered through. I hastened on, amid the lengthening shadows that began to haunt the shady walks of Brattle street. The melodious chiming of consonant bells stole out in silvery cadences upon the air, calling every pious heart to worship, with their music. There was another witchery beguiling me. I passed by dwellings that beamed with comfort and good cheer, and were very inviting in their attractions. As I knew not how far up the street the poet lived,—I was wondering all the time, as I passed, if this or that place might not be his. One that attracted me more than the others, seemed fit to be the home of a poet. I did myself the pleasure to peep over the hedge that fronted it, and saw a light burning pleasantly in an apartment that seemed just suited to study and meditation. I would not have you suppose, guileless reader, that I make myself a common spectator of what concerns me not to see,—or that I have no proper respect for the sweet sanctities of home. I crave your indulgence, inasmuch as when people neglect their blinds and shutters, it does not behoove the passer to close his eyes; besides, I can look with pleasure, and without envy, upon a cheery and well furnished room, and, though myself a wanderer, feel benevolent towards the possessor. I spied a little girl tripping down the street; and crossing over to her, asked her if she could inform me where Mr. Longfellow lived.

Turning, she pointed out a large, old ochre-colored dwelling,—built in colonial times,—almost hidden by the surrounding trees,—a little further up the street. A few more paces brought me to the gate, and standing for a moment, I looked up at the house.

I have an engraving of this famous old mansion lying before me; but it does not enrich the memory of it as I saw it that evening. It was hedged about, and seemed, until I came to the gate, in almost impenetrable seclusion; and all about the estate there was a profusion of shrubbery and shady trees. The dwelling stood at some distance from the street, on a slight elevation, a broad walk leading from the gate to the door. It is one of the finest of those relics of Colonial aristocracy, famous in Revolutionary times, which are to New England, I suppose, what the feudal castles and monuments of her early ages are to Britain. Lowell lives, when at home, in snug retirement in another of those haunts near Mount Auburn. I think Longfellow's the largest; but from the outside, and the romantic site it occupies, I should prefer Lowell's for myself.

Were this a vine-clad cottage—or a fresh-looking villa, with traces of plane and chisel yet upon it, I might have entered with prosaic expedition; but age is more romantic than even modern novelty, and beguiles the meditative man. An aroma of the past seems to be breathed around this venerable mansion, like the odor of myrrh from clothes that have been worn by the departed. I thought upon the time when Colonel John Vassal—that devoted Tory—held this goodly estate, and made this house his habitation. But my reflections ran more upon the days when the noblest American of his time made it his retirement from the toils and perils of warfare,\* and drew around him the society of those he loved the most. If the every-day life of that truly great man could, by some magical conjuring, pass in pantomimic review before me, I might linger at the gate all night, and never enter the house at all. But how much one may conjecture. Did he pass up through this gate, this “Cincinnatus of the West,” with epaulettes and broadsword, and all the bearing of a military chieftain? Were these windows before me bright with festal illumination one night after British feet went tramping out of Boston to the tune of “Yankee Doodle?” Did the motherly face of Martha Washington ever make sweet domestic “sunshine in this

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\* When the American army was quartered in Cambridge.



shady place?" I would like to know. But all this is of the past; and we turn, bearing a ray of its glamour with us into the present. Here, in the golden autumn of his days, resides the bard, whose presence can most fitly dignify the abode of a hero, and who deems that every memorial of the past adds value to his historic possession.

A soldier may be brave till he is required to do battle, when he may chance to forget his laurels in his desire for safety. In like manner the impulse of retreat came upon me at this *critical* moment; and had I not taken the precaution to secure this privilege, I should have denied myself any such doubtful enjoyment. I censured myself for my imprudent conceit—that not content with being the butt of the simple, I must needs exhibit my folly to the wise. I was seized by the fear that I should lose my self-possession, and be unable to make such poor use, as I otherwise might, of my tongue. I have often been disconcerted in the company of men who speak in a confident and knowing manner about everything. I have been so dwarfed and constrained as not to be able to say anything. I fancied then it was a sense of their superiority that silenced me; and so I imagined the presence of Longfellow would have the same overpowering effect. Nevertheless, as I am master of many resources, I thought the same feet that carried me into a trap would bring me out again. I found myself on the last step at the doorway, with my hand on the heavy antique knocker. I announced my presence with a series of sonorous raps that sounded through hall and chamber.

A domestic appeared directly, and I was ushered into a hall as ample and airy as they made them in the good old times. It was adorned with pictures and statuettes, and, if I remember well, a few busts were arranged about the great broad staircase that led to the upper chambers and apartments. A number of dark-panelled doors led off into various rooms below,—the finish of which, as indeed of all the woodwork, has been wonderfully preserved from injury or decay. I waited for a moment, until the name of the visitor was announced, when I was conducted into the poet's study, and left alone.

A dim light, from a lamp that burned low in the centre of the apartment, made the objects it contained obscurely visible. I found myself seated in a cushioned lounging chair, gazing raptly into the arcana of this rare sanctum. It required but little effort

of the imagination to transform this into some medieval chamber which Erasmus or Melancthon might have frequented. The sombre, dreamy seclusion in which I was held brought a spell of quietude over my mind, and pervaded it with—if I may so call it—a poetic languor. I scarcely seemed to think of him for whom I waited, so downy was my dreamland. I felt as retired from the busy world outside as I would have done in my favorite grove of pines, or in the wood that shook its border of sunny leaves just back of my father's house. Books were lying about in ravishing profusion; celebrated men looked down from the walls with grave benignity upon me. Above the mantel-piece I saw Charles Sumner and Ralph Waldo Emerson looking dreamily out of their oval frames, more youthful than they can ever be seen again. The bloom has faded, the down has been brushed away; the eye has lost its lustre, and the river of this life its sheen and brilliancy. One of these companions has "finished his course." He fell, the friend of the down-trodden, in the council-chamber of the Nation; and his compeers have broken for him the sod of his native land. The other continues to spin his fine-tissued web of philosophies over in his home at Concord.

Opposite to me, as I sat in seductive ease in the lounging chair, I observed, as clearly as I could amid shadowy obscurity, what I conceived to be an excellent portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne,—evidently the work of a painter who understood his art. It seemed to have the same bewitching influence over me that his "Scarlet Letter" has since had,—so that my eyes were constantly turning to it. He must have been a very Adonis in his boyish days; and even in manhood his beauty was not altogether of the mind,—although a superior soul creates a fine fibre and a living loveliness in what were otherwise only the symmetrical outline of form and feature. How well had the artist delineated, and how exquisitely colored the oval face, the mobile features, the sweetly sensitive, delicately curving mouth; the eyes, shy, full, darkly rich—globes of fairy land; the hair—a crowning glory—no more to be described than the traditional locks of Jupiter! How all these combined to form a voluptuous picture, touched with the choicest hues of poetry and romance! I am no judge of art, but I shall always remember the impression that portrait made upon me.

Then there were two portraits of the poet himself, painted long ago, in his early manhood. The phantom, Time,—who, in his

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noiseless march, effaces the cunning of art and the perfection of nature, had dimmed them, until they had lost their freshness, and the clearness of tint and outline that they once evidently possessed. But time,—while dealing not unkindly with him,—had made more change and ravage on the natural face than on the pictured ones; for they still preserved the yet unwrinkled features of thirty years ago.

Upon a table,—at which the poet was evidently in the habit of sitting, when engaged in literary labor, and which had been made a receptacle for a variety of curious articles,—were a number of miscellaneous volumes, some of which I busied myself with looking into. Most of them I judged to be presentation copies,—as they contained the name of the author, and often some complimentary phrases, in the author's own hand. They were chiefly poems, generated by bards "unknown to fame;" yet, who were anxious to attract the attention of the great, that, perchance, they might secure a patron or an admirer. For know you, gentle reader, that we poets, even the worst of us, have a most wonderful conceit of our abilities; so that we cannot help feeling that the world which overlooks us must be very much mistaken. Several of these volumes bore the imprints of London publishers, and revealed to the curious reader the usual quantity of tolerable verse—juiceless and marrowless. It is astonishing how many of these volumes find their way through the British press in the course of the year; each one having, I presume, its little circle of admirers. In vain do the *London Quarterly*, and *Edinburgh Review* mix their deadly draughts; their venom is spent in vain. Verily

"The curse of writing is an endless itch,"

that all the brimstone, of this world, at least, fails to cure. Most of the English poets, are known to the body of the people only by reputation; but Longfellow's poems are read and appreciated,—and he is brought near the hearts, and into the minds of people who have strictly no bookish inclinations. His visits to England, likewise, have confirmed this favoritism; and this may go far to explain the reason why he is sought out by these amateur writers.

As one will sometimes happen upon a grain of gold in turning over a handful of sand; so we often find the sound and genuine mixed up with the false and artificial in literature. Unaware, I found myself opening a little volume, which contained some of the

later poems of Bryant; and among others, if my memory serves me, that on "*The Planting of the Apple Tree.*" I admire this fine ingot, plucked recently from the rich mine of thought, opened first in "*Thanatopsis*;" and find in it all the clearness, the healthy naturalness, and the lusty vigor which characterise his choicest works. The book was rather plain than elegant in its outward appearance, and upon one of the blank pages he had written his name, together with some words of compliment to his brother poet. Bryant and Longfellow are fast friends, and hold each other in mutual esteem and admiration. How delightful is that communion, which founded on the heart, is strengthened and characterised by the intellect, and which excludes all those rivalries and jealousies which in times past embittered the social life of literary men. How delicate the respect,—how elevated, how dignified the friendship of such kindred and noble spirits!

There had been a reading-room established in Cambridge, to which I was inclined to resort; and, on account of which I continue to lament the sacrifice of several valuable books, bestowed in a mood of ill-timed generosity. Let me advise you, reader, never to part so lightly with your favorite authors. While uncertain to enrich others, you are certain to defraud yourself. You will discover at last there was no benevolence in your sacrifice, and there will be no consolation in your reflections. I was about to tell you, that in the place I have mentioned, I encountered, at one time, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow—the Professor's brother—himself no inferior poet. While, in his company, turning over some volumes recently added to the library, he called my attention to a little volume of poems, written, he said, by a brother of Bryant. I should not have known this without being told, for the title page revealed only the modest initials of a name. When I read the poems I was pleased with them, and my companion joined with me in commending them. I could not help reflecting that while the "divine afflatus" or the æsthetic temperament enshrines itself distinctively in one person, it often tinctures and pervades the minds of others related to him. As gold and silver glitter in the same vein, so commanding genius and exquisite taste may be found to border on one another. Our Coleridges and Tennysons, our Bryants and Longfellows, are poetic and literary families.

Turning, at length, from all extraneous attractions, to the

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exclusive society of my own thoughts, I mused upon the life and fortunes of my—yet invisible—host. This, then, was the habitation of a poet, the abode of a genius. Not the clay-built or vine-clad cottage, the lordly castle or the monastic abbey, associated with the old world's poetry; but the classic retirement of a refined and cultivated American gentleman. As, with its many historic associations, it is the heirloom of the people,—that he possesses it may be regarded as an expression of their peculiar favor and esteem. Beneath its venerable roof the master-minds of the nation have scattered the incense of thought, the delights of conversation. It is the homestead of the kings of thought and action, the monument to noble memories, the Abbotsford of America. Here the poet dwells with his children; here he enjoyed the society of his wife, of whom he writes so tenderly:

"The Being Beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in Heaven."

Here he sits in quiet, meditative delight, entertaining such high thoughts as refined and elevated minds are alone permitted to indulge; and, when he pines for their companionship, turning to those immortal and deathless ones who bring us the spiced wine of thought and the banquet of reason. Here, surrounded by associations the most sacred and patriotic, by a literary and poetic fraternity, by his own kindred and household, he dwells in such uninterrupted peace and prosperity as falls to the lot of but few of the sons of Genius.

Reader, if I have not put an end to your patience and good humor, I pray you make a sign. Permit me to come again, one day, and finish my story, and I will try not to be disagreeable.

(To be continued.)

## MY MOUNTAINS.

I LIVE far in a prairie land  
 All undulate with grass and grain,  
 Two creeks of sea on either hand  
 Wide margined by a wooded plain;  
 Yet when the cloudy sunsets glow,—  
 Unlike the seer of Ismanli  
 I cannot to the mountains go,  
 And so My Mountains come to me,  
 And all transfigured is the plain  
 And bosomed in a mountain chain.

My Mountains come and range themselves.

Upon the far horizon's line,  
 Peak above peak, and shelf on shelves,  
 My Ural, Alp, my Appenine,  
 My Chimborazo! Pilate's cap,  
 The Jungfrau's virgin breast of snow,  
 The Shreckhorn's spire,—the earthquake's gap  
 With blue lakes gleaming all below,—  
 Balloon-borne I, I see 'neath me  
 A surf of Alps, a mountain sea!

I hear once more the *ranche des vaches*,

The north wind groaning in the pines,

The rivulet's sweet silvery plash,

The torrent's solemn psalm,—the kine's

Low homeward lowe, the Alpine horn,

The convent bell, the mountain goats,

The laugh of peasants water-borne,

The Switzer jodel's fluty notes,

The eagle on the dead pine's branch,

And distant fall of avalanche.

Here glows my Pyrenean range

— All classic with romantic story,—

I see the Cid,—Don Quixotte strange,

Wondrous Alhambra's Moorish glory,

Zingali and their king Mendoza ;  
Frey barefoot,—senoritas dear,  
The Spanish student's Preciosa,  
The contrabandist,—muleteer,—  
And hear, on road towards Grenada,  
Tales of the moira encantada.

East on my Himalayan chain  
I see hill-forts and cities,—bosques  
With sculptured caves,—barbaric train  
Of turbaned rajahs,—gay kiosks,  
Harems with gardens all aglow  
With tulips fenced by lilac-trees,  
And fern-leaved palms that murmur low,  
Stirred by the Cashmere mountain breeze,—  
Dark rivers,—idols,—temples fair,—  
Dense jungles, and striped tigers' lair.

My Arctic Mountain crests uplift  
Sharp-angled like to broken glass,  
And there I see wrecked sailors drift  
Gulf-stream-wards; and pack fields amass;  
Crushed ships, well named the "Night" and "Terror"—  
Unsetting sun and rainbowed moons,—  
Most grand endeavor,—splendid error,  
And men's white bones on black lagunes,—  
A churn of bergs,—floes tempest-tost,  
And passage neither won nor lost.

West lie my Rocky Mountains tall,  
Stern, frowning, dark, forbidding, wild,  
Where, proud, I see surmount the wall  
The emigrant with wife and child,—  
Or, camping on the cold grey stones,  
The land of promise ne'er to see,  
The snowdrifts shroud their wearied bones  
And winter winds sing lullaby.  
Like death's black arch my Rockies stand,  
Grim gateway of the Golden land.

And when the sun goes grandly down,  
 And my wood's trees grow tall and grey,  
 And lights shine from the distant town,  
 And starlight shimmers on the bay,  
 Like tired-out Alpine tourist I  
 Lie down in wearied quietness,  
 And earth and sea and starry sky,  
 And prairie land I grateful bless,  
 For with sunrise, if clouds should be,  
 My Mountains will come back to me.

HUNTER DUVAR.

## FROM STANLEY TO THE MIRAMICHI.

BY EDWARD JACK.

ONE bright September morning last autumn, a party of three prepared to start from Stanley for Miramichi Lake and River, many miles distant in the forest. Perhaps it would be well to say a little about Stanley prior to leaving it. More than forty years since, an officer of the Royal Engineers, who resided in Fredericton for a short time,—after making some astronomical observations,—reported to the War Department in Great Britain, that the point where the boundary line crossed Mar's Hill, was one half a mile too far east. Consequently, that our American cousins had quite a piece of Provincial territory; and further, that such half mile presented a most excellent location for a fort. The War Department accordingly despatched Captain Kendall, an expert astronomer, to the Province to ascertain the correctness of their informant's statement. Kendall, after ascending Mar's Hill, and making a number of observations, found the line correctly located. While in the Province he was so much pleased with its summer aspect, that on his return to Great Britain, he persuaded a number of persons to found a settlement of their poorer fellow-countrymen in this Province.

In fancy, these gentlemen saw a new Thebes arise under the Ægis of their overshadowing company. But like most of those who make plans for persons seeking a home in a distant country,

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their visions were fated to bring disappointment, not only to the projectors of the scheme, but also to many a poor broken-hearted emigrant, who, landing full of hope, soon saw all his expectations of happiness and wealth vanish before the nipping blasts of a northern winter, against whose fury he knew not how to fortify himself. Stanley, so long as English gold flowed freely, seemed to prosper; but when the supply of this ceased, labor, care and poverty drove away all such as had not the hardihood to stand the fiery and frozen trials which awaited them. Now, however, that large clearings have been made, and comfortable houses built, the land in the surrounding country, which is of good quality, is beginning amply to repay the husbandman's labors. The village proper is situated on the west side of the Nashwaak river, and is about twenty-one miles distant from Fredericton. The hills on either side at this point are high, and descend rapidly to the water. The greater part of the village, which consists of about twenty houses, is built on a steep incline. The styles of building are two. First, there is what may be called the English, exhibiting various angles and corners, which appear to have been intended more for ornament than use. This comprises the houses built by the Company. Secondly, the New Brunswick style, in which no regard is paid to ornament; most of the dwellings, with one or two brilliant exceptions, are ignorant of paint. The hand of time has pressed heavily on poor Stanley, for there are there windows innocent of glass, and nodding, tottering domicils, whose moss-covered shingles only partially avail to keep out the pelting of the pitiless rains.

The principal hotel—the “Stanley Arms”—is situated high up on the hill-side. The sign, which covers a large portion of the end of the house facing the highway, is adorned by two nondescript animals, who stand semi-erect (whether in play or fight it would be a hard matter to determine), while underneath them, on a scroll, are the words, “Dan's Changer.”

These are supposed to be the armorial bearings and motto of the noble family of Stanley. From the hotel we looked down on an ancient saw and grist mill: early as it was, we heard the saw very deliberately cutting a spruce log into boards, the end of each operation being made evident by the ringing of the millman's steel bar as he drove the iron wedge into the end of the log to steady it, while another board was being sawn.

A pig (by no means very fat) wandered rather disconsolately around the yard, occasionally pushing with his snout against the door, accompanying the action with a grunt or squeak, much in the style adopted by these animals in the County of Madawaska. Two or three fowls, draggled enough, were picking over the straw which lay around the barn-door, in hopes of finding a few oats with which to replenish their empty crops.

Looking up the Nashwaak, we could see the high hills covered by verdant forest to their summits, except where the clearings in the direction of Cross Creek and along the river's bank shewed themselves.

The mill-pond, a mile in length, lay still and calm beneath us. No sounds woke the holy quiet of early morning but those from the mill, and the calls of the river-drivers as they shoved the logs over the waste-way of the dam, the smoke meanwhile curling upwards in fleecy clouds in front of their white tent, where the cook's form was visible, bending over the meal which he was preparing, in a huge tin-kettle, for their lunch. We had got a capital breakfast of ham and eggs at the Stanley Arms, and would fain have lingered longer among the flesh-pots of Egypt, but the day was passing rapidly, and time was pressing, so we bid good-bye to the extremely polite and courteous landlady, and shouldering our packs, crossed the Nashwaak, and soon found ourselves in the forest beyond the Williams settlement.

About noon we crossed McLean brook near its head, just below where the lumbermen had built a dam for river driving purposes. There was a pool below this which had been formed by the rapid water in spring as it rushed over the dam. We had some hooks and lines, and tried our luck for trout. Sometimes, in such places, trout in midsummer, especially if the water of the brook is cool, are very abundant.

Some seven or eight years since, when crossing from the Grand Lake to one of the streams emptying into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Mr. John Casey and myself came to a dam on one of the branches of Salmon River. The stream was nearly dry, and percolated through the small pebbles in an almost invisible sheet, but immediately below the dam there was a hole, probably five feet deep. Looking down into the clear cold water we saw a very large quantity of trout swimming around; as we had neither hooks nor lines we were at a stand still as to how to secure some of them. At

last one of us thought of some coarse needles and thread which we had for the purpose of repairing damages made by the brush, so, kindling a fire, he heated one of the needles to redness, and bending it into the form of a hook, and attaching it to some twisted thread, in a short time caught enough fish to last three of us two days. These trout seemed very hungry, as the larger followed the smaller, when on the hook, ravenously to the top of the water. As the needle had no barb on it we had to land our game with especial care.

At McLean brook dam, however, we signally failed, not getting even one raise. So, kindling a fire, we made our tea, and eat our dinner on the bank of this pretty little stream, whose beauty has been much marred by the cutting away of the overhanging trees by the lumbermen, for the purpose of facilitating log-driving, as well as for that of making landings, or brows, as they are often called.

After dinner we continued our journey, following Stewart and Lewis' portage, which was filled by a growth of dwarf maples, and which, whenever it crossed hardwood ridges, rendered the walking difficult, as it had been unused for several years. Coming to their old camp, built some eight years since, we found the hovels all down, and a huge tree lying directly across the camp, which it had partly crushed in. There had been a number of teams hauling here as it was pine timber which they had got, and some of it, after having been cut on the Miramichi, had been hauled thirteen miles into the Nashwaak.

Some military gentlemen, who had been hunting in the neighborhood, had camped in one of the hovels, just where the horses used to stand. One of our party, who was a lumberman, remarked that it was just like them, and that he did not know which were the laziest—the officers, or the Indians which they had with them.

There was a large clearing around the camp, as the wood had been cut away for the purpose of firing—the grass growing in the clearing as high as one's waist, and all about raspberries grew in great profusion. Bruin, as a matter of course, had been at work gathering them, as was evidenced by the paths which he had made among the bushes in every direction. A bright spring brook sparkled and bubbled merrily within a few feet of the camp door. Sitting down on a little bridge which crossed this brook, we regaled ourselves with a refreshing draught. We were now on

the head of the Taxis river—a branch of the Miramichi—so called after Taxous, the adopted Indian brother of the Chevalier de Villebon, at one time Governor of Acadie, and who held his Court in 1696 at the mouth of the Nashwaak. Leaving Stewart and Lewis' camp, we took an old Indian hunting line which led to Nappudogan Lake, one of the few lakes which discharge themselves into the Nashwaak. We had some difficulty in following the marks on the trees, as they were nearly grown over. Sometimes there would be but a scar in the bark to be distinguished by the eye of the practical woodsman alone. At another time there would be but the stump of some small spruce bush, which had been cut down more than twenty years ago, yet the remainder of this bush, frequently dry and sound, served as a faithful guide to show the path once trod by the sable hunters. In about an hour we had crossed the high hardwood ridge, which here divides the Taxis from the Nashwaak, and at length, quite tired enough, reached a favorite camping ground of the Indians. Here we found one of their old camps, built of cedar splits placed against poles. They never take as much trouble in building their hunting camps as do the white hunters. The Indian requires less fire than the white man, as he sleeps lengthwise with it, while the woodsman sleeps with his feet to it. This spot, where we then were, had been the red man's camping ground from time immemorial. The original forest had long since been chopped down, for several acres, and even the smaller growth, which had replaced the former, had been well weeded out. Bones of moose and cariboo were lying around. Judging by the owls' feathers scattered about, the last inhabitants of the camp had partaken freely of this bird's flesh. The Indians appear to relish it, especially in the autumn, when they say that they are very fat and in good condition. A very ancient grindstone, made from a hard crystalline rock, stood near by. It was evidently the work of Indians, and must have been used for perhaps a century by its appearance. It stood on the stump of a rotten birch, which had been cut down to receive it. It was turned by a very rude wooden handle, fast falling to decay. My companion informed me that there were a number of Indians buried here. It had been a sort of depôt on the carry between Nashwaak and Miramichi. Louis, a Millicete Indian, had been here before with me, and had given me an account of how the Indians used to occupy this spot: he was quite a philosopher in

his own way. Once, when we were eating our dinner in the forest, he picked from the moss, which covered a decaying tree, a spruce about eight inches long: holding it up to me, he said, "Jack, our life is too short to see this a spruce tree." While here in this ancient Indian home, a few facts relating to this singular people may not be out of place. Their taciturnity is particularly noticeable. In travelling with them, I have seen them preserving a profound silence for hours. This is to be attributed to their being so much alone. When an Indian does ask a question, it is generally an extraordinary one—such as you would not expect at the time and place. They are in many respects a patient people, and will suffer hunger and exposure uncomplainingly. As a general thing, they are quite as honest as whites of the same station in life. They are often also shrewd observers, especially as regards natural objects with which they are brought into contact; and there often is a vein of quiet humor in the odd remarks which they frequently make. His Excellency Governor Gordon relates in his "Wilderness Journeys," that he was anxious to see the lake on the head of the Nashwaak, but that his Indian guide (Gabe), although he climbed a tree, could not discover where it was.

Some time after the publication of "Wilderness Journeys" I met Gabe going up to the Nashwaak mills; stopping him, I informed him that Governor Gordon said that he (Gabe) could not find Nashwaak Lake. "Didn't want to find it," was all the reply that Gabe made to me.

The facts of the case were simply these. Gabe knew just as well where Nashwaak Lake was and how to find it as I did; but about a mile and a half below the lake the Nashwaak forks, one branch (on which the lake is situated) tending to the east, the other heading from some high hills to the west. Now the branch on which the lake is situated consisted of a succession of dead waters, between which were short rapids; the shores were low and boggy; and the travelling through the tangled underbrush about as bad as could be, and there were no lumber roads following it up. Along the other branch led an old portage, dry and moss grown; this crossed to the Miramichi at the Black Rapids, affording a very pleasant and agreeable route to that river, whither his Excellency and party were going. In the former case they would have woods all the way, but in the latter a first-class portage road. It is therefore very evident why Gabe could not find Nashwaak

Lake. The brook up which his Excellency travelled is now called by the lumbermen—as in contempt of his ignorance of woodcraft—Governor's Brook.

As regards Indian honesty, I may be allowed to mention a circumstance which occurred some years since. When residing at Magaguadavic I gave Sebattis Joseph an old coat on condition that he should make me a pair of moccasins. The evening after I had given him the coat I was informed that two squaws were waiting in the kitchen to see me. On going out, there were two of Sebattis' sisters, one of them held out to me a twenty-five cent piece which her brother had found in my old coat and had directed these women to return to me. Sebattis is, however, an uncommonly fine fellow, with the nicest sense of honor and propriety. His father before him was a most worthy man, who, among other duties, observed the Sabbath with the greatest propriety, allowing no work to be done about his wigwam on that day. Peter (Sebattis' father) was a famous hunter, depending on that solely for a living. Having a very great knowledge of the timber lands of Charlotte, he was employed by Mr. H. to shew him various tracts of spruce land. H. said, after stopping to camp and getting tea, when night had set in, Peter deliberately got up from his berth and walked off into the dark forest. H. said he felt quite nervous, as he had some little money with him, and he did not know but what Peter had gone for his gun, which he had left standing against a tree, and that he would return and shoot him. The same thing was repeated every night. When their cruise was over and they were about parting, Peter said: "H——, you are the same as one dog, I have never known you to say your prayers since we were together." Poor Peter had only retired for the purposes of devotion. Just before Peter left, H—— asked him: "Where do you expect to go after death?" Peter pointed his hand heavenward. "What to do there?" "Hunt," was the reply.

As another instance of devotional feeling in the Indian, I may mention another fact. Many years ago, when going into the woods exploring, I had with me as factotum an Indian named Saugus. When we were close to Long Rips, above the upper mills, we met Louis Neptune, then a very old man, who had his hunting supplies with him, and I directed Saugus, who was young and strong, to place the old man's load on his Tobogan, which he accordingly did. The sky began to darken, and lowering clouds

arose at the south-east. Louis called my attention to these, and said that rain was certain that night, and that we had better stop at Lee's log house, which was across the river. There was no other house for miles, and it would be late when we would get to a good camping ground, so taking his advice, we all crossed over to Lee's. The men were all absent, and the women did not like the idea of two Indians stopping all night in the house. By dint of persuasion, I however so far overcame their prejudices, that they allowed us the privilege of sleeping on the rough floor in front of the huge fire which blazed brightly in the wide, old-fashioned stone fire-place. Placing our blankets—one in the middle for the old man—prior to lying down, he took from his bundle a bag; out of this he drew a parcel carefully wrapped up. Slowly he unfolded the various wrappings, and took from them a book bound in gilt; this was his prayer book; it was printed in the Milicete and Micmac languages, by Edwd. Dunnigan, of New York, and as is usual with some people who are especially anxious to have Great Britain hated by every one—the first engraving, of which there were several, represented the massacre of Father Rallé by the *English* and Mohawks at Norridgwock. Some time during the last century, he told me that he had heard that the Bible had been printed in Indian, and that he would like to see it very much.

Returning from the long digression which our night's residence in the old Indian hunting camp has led us into, we will, with the morning light which broke cheerfully upon us, follow our journey. So calm was the air, laden with the fragrance which Autumn extracts from the fading leaves, that not even a leaf was stirred; there was no hum of insects, such as is heard in the mornings of June and July, when the air is full of sounds of life. Indeed, the only sound that we heard save that of our voices, was the sharp quick cry of the black duck sentinel in the lake, as he heard our footsteps approaching the haunt of his charges.

The black duck is probably as shy a fowl as can be found; indeed watchfulness is required, considering their many enemies, of whom man and the owl are the chief. At the hooting of the owl they exhibit the utmost terror, and signalize the fact of danger at once to their fellows.

Napadoggan Lake is little better than a pond-hole, not half a mile long by less than a quarter wide; it was quite shoal and full

of rushes, among which were a great quantity of black ducks, nearly ready for flight.

Napadoggan Lake is celebrated among the Nashwaak lumbermen as the spot where Ned McGibbon saw the devil. It seems that many years since, when McGibbon was making pine timber in the neighborhood, he went down to the lake where he saw in the ice a huge head and horns sticking up; the appearance was so frightful that he retreated to the camp, telling the crew that the devil was certainly in the Napadoggan Lake. James Hossack, lumberman-poet, taking advantage of the incident, to inspire his muse, composed some verses which were all the rage in the camps for some time: the refrain of these was,

Ned McGibbon saw the devil,  
Ned McGibbon saw the devil,  
Ned McGibbon saw his head and horns  
On Napadoggan Lake.

It is hardly necessary to say that the evil one in this case was an unfortunate moose which had got drowned. Travelling around the lake, we found an old portage which led to the Miramichi Lake, which was distant about two miles. Taking this road, which led us through a thick forest of spruce, we soon came out in sight of the lake. Just where the road came to its shore, the beach was formed from the whitest sand, which shelved very gradually out to deep water; there were no stones visible in it. About two hundred feet from this sandy beach there was a large spring brook, eighteen inches in depth, which ran rapidly into the lake: we slaked our thirst with some of its deliciously cool water. Standing on the pure white sand, beside this glassy lake, we could see where it ended, at about a mile and a half distance. It was surrounded by high hills, which, to the eastward, rose into one larger than the rest, called Leny's Mountain, after an Indian hunter, one of whose lines started from its base. The forest growth around the lake was nearly all spruce, but here and there along the shores the dark woods were lightened up by the bark of the white birch with which the spruces were interspersed. The air was still calm and delightfully cool. A little smoke rested on the sides of the hills, changing the dark green of the woods to a neutral tint. We tried for trout at the mouth of the spring brook, but caught none, the water being probably too shoal. This lake is famous for gaspereaux; in the spring I have often heard them splashing during

the night, Palmer of told me th Where the been used of any size use spruce moon in A

One of this lake, v log canoe t he hunted our provis small one, water being close to the sand acres About half and over a person in t distance, w poor canoe

This was in the dista chi River. in similar out nearly t had been every here way to the wind struck could not h rush-covere reeds, ende bravely bat in the strug and graspin a pair of to the extra e terrified cre lookers on c



the night, when camped near the bank. One of the Messrs. Palmer of Campbell settlement, in the South-West Miramichi, told me that he had caught gaspereaux with the fly in this lake. Where the old portage came out to the shore appeared to have been used as a camping ground for many years. All the spruces of any size near the shore had been peeled, as woodsmen frequently use spruce bark for the covering of their camp, until the first full moon in August, after which time this tree will not peel.

One of our party, Mr. H. Braithwaite, who had hunted around this lake, with the Rev. Mr. Whitby, two years since, had made a log canoe the previous season, which he had hidden in the woods; he hunted it up and we soon dragged it to the shore, and, putting our provisions into it, launched it on the lake. It was a very small one, hardly large enough for three persons, however, the water being quite calm, we ventured across to the outlet, which is close to the northern boundary of the grant of five hundred thousand acres to the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Land Company. About half a mile from the outlet the water rushes rapidly through and over a quantity of granite boulders. Being the heaviest person in the craft, I had to get out and take to the bushes for a distance, which I was by no means indisposed to do, being but a poor canoe man.

This was the only time however, that I had to leave the craft in the distance of three miles, from the outlet to the main Miramichi River. The brook was tortuous in the extreme, and as usual in similar cases, fringed by pendant alders which often reached out nearly to the centre of the channel. We saw where the moose had been feeding, by the quantity of lily leaves which were every here and there cropped off. When we were more than half way to the river, the sky suddenly darkened and a fierce blast of wind struck our canoe, which of course, in the narrow stream it could not hurt. Just at the moment, and while we were turning a rush-covered point, a young bittern started up from among the reeds, endeavoring to breast the wind. With wings extended, it bravely battled against the blast, its body remaining motionless in the struggle. Braithwaite paddled the canoe hastily to the shore, and grasping at the bird's long legs which dangled behind it like a pair of tongs, he came within a few inches of catching them, but the extra exertion of the fowl at his approach soon bore the terrified creature far enough away from his murderous grasp; we lookers on clapping our hands and applauding the struggle.

As we paddled down the stream, every here and there we started black ducks from among the rushes, and could have shot plenty of them, had we have been in possession of a gun. Although in the month of September, various flowers lined the shores. Seeing one of a purple hue, which resembled the Hyacinth, lifting its head above the water, I reached out my hand and plucked a blossom: its fragrance was charming. The only flower which it resembles is a variety of orchis called *Arethusa*. Whether it has really the same name as that timid lady, I am not, botanist enough to say.

A few hours poling and paddling brought us to the main southwest, down which we glided famously, running with poles alone, as the river was rapid and stony: its general appearance is well shown by some admirable photographs by Mr. George Taylor, of Fredericton. We had not gone far before we saw a smoke slowly rising on the western bank of the stream. We had before this seen pieces of partially burnt birch bark scattered along the shores, which, in unmistakable language, informed us that salmon spearkers were at work; so, when we had gone a few hundred yards, we saw a canoe near the smoke. Poling up to it, one of the men went up to the camp, where he found several of our acquaintances, whom he informed that the fishery wardens were near by; but on telling them that he was only joking, they gave him a fine salmon, which served us very nicely for tea. The poachers had also been netting, for we saw the net, as well as the stakes which they had driven across the river. The poachers' camp was but a miserable hovel—a few poles stuck into the ground supported some dried spruce bark, which they had picked up; a few weeds, gathered from the banks of the stream, formed their bed, while two tattered and greasy blankets constituted their only covering at night. I asked them how they were off for sweetening, which is usually the first thing to give out. They said they had none, so leaving them half of our sugar, we continued our journey down stream until we found a good camping place, where we landed and made preparations for the night by cutting some wood and setting up an old bark camp which had tumbled down.

The South-West Miramichi, where we now were, was a rapid stream running over and among slate ledges. The banks were very steep, and were well covered by black spruce. A large tract, fronting on the river, is owned by Mr. W. Richards, of Nashwaak.

There are on an average more than thirty spruce trees to the acre on seven thousand acres. This portion of the Miramichi is in the great spruce belt which runs north-east from the Schoodiac, embracing the very excellent tract of timber land owned by Mr. Gibson, of Nashwaak. The South-West, owing to the dark color of the foliage, were it not for the sudden bends and rapid waters which are everywhere met with, would be a somewhat gloomy river. In the month of June it is alive with trout, and later in the season salmon are abundant, as I have seen the very expert fishermen—Messrs. Robinson and Ross—catch, in one afternoon, twenty-five grilse, varying from two to five pounds, and two salmon, the largest of which weighed fourteen pounds. It is a very easy stream to get to. By going forty-six miles from Fredericton, on a first rate wagon road, one comes to Campbellton, a little settlement on the river bank, where canoes and men are generally abundant. Some of these men are good fishermen. When the water is at its ordinary height, a canoe can be poled more than fifty miles above this settlement without the necessity of making any portages.

After we had got our camping arrangements made and supper over, we laid down, and did not wake until the morning sun streamed bright in our faces. After proceeding down the river a few miles further and completing our work, we struck through the woods for Stanley, which we reached with ease in two days, and thus ended our pleasant and profitable journey.

## MERLIN'S CAVE.

BY LOUISA MURRAY, TILSONBURG, ONT.

### VII.

“FAREWELL, sweet Ella, we must part,

But till again I see

That bright face, in thy gentle heart

One memory keep of me!”

He lightly spoke, and went his way,

And Ella's world grew dim;

The sunlight vanished from her day

And brightly followed him.

"One memory." Her life now seemed  
 A memory, nothing more,  
 Except the hope that faintly gleamed  
 Her saddened steps before.

A hope, when spring came o'er the fell,  
 With verdure and with bloom,  
 He too would seek the wild Welsh dell,  
 And joy her life relume.

And thus the winter crept away,  
 And spring made green the vale,  
 Next came the summer's golden day,  
 Then autumn's mournful gale;

And yet he came not. Ah! poor heart,  
 Why madly, blindly strive  
 To feed the hope that must depart,  
 And keep its flame alive?

Why seek with such unwearied zeal  
 Fresh omens day by day,  
 Whose blissful prophecies may steal  
 The anguish from delay?

Why look for them at morn and noon  
 And eve, from earth and sky,  
 And wildly ask from Fate the boon,  
 She, changeless, must deny.

Still faithfully the crystal spring  
 She sought as day grew dim,  
 Her heart around it seemed to cling  
 As if 't were part of him.

And softly bending o'er the brink  
 (Her heart, not lips, athirst,)  
 Her hand she'd dip, and from it drink  
 As when she saw him first.

And then with hectic flush, and eyes  
 Dilated, wild and bright,  
 She sees his form before her rise  
 Amid the waning light.

Again his mirthful glance she met  
As kneeling on the bank,  
The rustic fashion she had set  
He followed, and so drank.

Happy at last, poor faithful dove,  
She dreams that he is near,  
And words of kindest, softest love  
Fall gently on her ear.

One minute—then the vision fades;  
Night veils the cold grey skies,  
Sere leaves come rustling through the shades  
Amidst the wind's low sighs.

Thus all her senses were beguiled,  
By one o'erwhelming thought;  
Her waking dreams were not less wild  
Than those her slumbers brought.

## VIII.

Upon Carnarvon's hills and woods  
Fierce fell the tempest's might,  
The mountain streams poured down in floods  
That wild November night.

The trees of all their robes stripped bare  
Bent tossing in the blast,  
With shrieks and moans that through the air  
Like demon-wailings past.

Dark clouds at times half hid the sky,  
Then, scattered wide, revealed  
The moon, full-orbed, ascending high  
The zenith's azure field.

When one who feared no tempest's wrath,  
For frenzy made her brave,  
Climbed steadily the giddy path  
That led to Merlin's Cave.

Huge waves beat madly on the rocks  
That buttress Merlin's bay;  
The granite's strength their fury mocks  
And shatters them in spray.

Yet winding round the dread abyss,  
Young Ella's slender form  
Scaled with firm step the precipice,  
As if kept by some charm.

Slippery the stones beneath her tread,  
Spray drenched her garments through,  
But safely, swiftly on she sped,  
While fierce the storm-blast blew.

She reached the cave, and passing in  
The goblins' stairway found,  
And heedless of the fearful din  
Of winds and waves around,

Descended to the farthest stone,  
And firmly gazed beneath  
On waves that into whirlpools thrown,  
Spin round, and toss, and seethe.

No tower she saw, no gorgeous dome,  
With magic splendors bright;  
Nothing but curling wreaths of foam,  
And gulfs as black as night.

Until the moon's full radiance streamed  
Upon her dazzled sight,  
And through the heaving depths there gleamed  
A strange supernal light.

The frenzy that her spirit fired  
Still kept her unappalled,  
And, by her high resolve inspired,  
On Merlin's name she called.

"Great Master of those mystic lands  
Where magic powers hold sway,  
Whose irresistible commands  
Earth's spirits must obey,

"Deterred not by the stormy night,  
Nor by the fearful road,  
A suppliant before thy might,  
I seek thy dread abode.

“Then grant my heart’s impassioned prayer,  
For words too strong and deep,  
Or bury me and my despair  
In still and dreamless sleep!”

Touched by the force of such strong love,  
The winds fall soft and low,  
The moon smiles from her throne above  
The water’s gentler flow.

And then her ear with sound was filled,  
And faintly she could trace  
Words, whose remote vibrations thrilled,  
As borne through boundless space.

“Maiden, with such firm purpose fraught,  
So gentle, yet so brave,  
To Merlin speak your inmost thought;  
What is the gift you crave?”

“Oh, Merlin, slight the boon may be  
To thee so great and wise,  
But it is more than life to me,  
Or all that others prize.

“Then if my truth thy pity move,  
Reward it, and incline,  
The heart of him I truly love  
To be as truly mine.

“Let others open Fortune’s gate  
Rich gold and power to seize,  
The praise of crowds, the pomp of state,  
Give where such gifts can please.

“Give to ambition royal sway,  
Give vanity full store  
Of lovers light to throw away,  
And charms to conquer more.

“Give genius an immortal name  
To blunt death’s dreaded dart;  
From all the world I only claim  
One faithful, steadfast heart!”

She ceased, and then a shadow fell,  
A shadow dark and wide,  
And, through the waters' mournful swell,  
That awful voice replied:

"Alas! poor maid, in luckless hour  
Your heart its prayer preferred  
For such a gift as magic power  
Was never yet conferred.

"The only boon I must deny  
Why wilt thou vainly ask?  
To grant aught else beneath the sky  
To me were easy task.

"Ask beauty, rare from age to age,  
As is the aloe flower,  
Such beauty as in hist'ry's page  
Still lives a tragic power.

"Ask from some prince a marriage ring,  
Ask gems of priceless worth,  
But ask not for the rarest thing  
That can be found on earth.

"True Love. O'er it my power is naught,  
And vain my strongest art;  
No spell my magic ever wrought  
Can bind a faithless heart!"

Midst wailing winds the deep voice dies,  
The moon withdraws her light,  
But strangely, brightly, Ella's eyes  
Gleam through the starless night.

"The boon I ask thou canst not grant;  
All else were little worth;  
If that best gift I'm doomed to want  
There is no joy on earth!

"Then let me lay my weary brain  
On Ocean's lulling breast,  
And still these longings wild and vain,  
In death's unbroken rest!"



## IX.

Next morn the ocean calmly smiled ;  
As soft and smooth the wave,  
As if no heart with anguish wild  
Had sought in it a grave.

The grass sprang fresh, the trees grew green,  
And spring came o'er the dale,  
But never more was Ella seen  
By mountain, stream, or vale.

No more beside the lonely well  
She watches for her lover,  
Till night's cold winds ring hope's death-knell ;  
That anguish now is over.

No more that heart, so wildly stirred,  
Flutters within her breast,  
Like broken wing of wounded bird,  
Death's calm has given it rest.

'Tis said that far below the waves  
There is a realm of peace,  
Where no wild tempest ever raves,  
And angry surges cease.

There Ella lies in happy sleep,  
And soft, sweet, soothing strains  
In blissful dreams her senses steep,  
And heal her earthly pains.

And legends say that when her soul  
Shall wake from that soft spell,  
And fly to its immortal goal,  
Where heavenly spirits dwell ;

She'll find her lover there before,  
By suffering nobler made,  
His wild and wayward wanderings o'er  
And life's long fever stayed.

And in that land where all is light,  
And things are what they seem,  
The love he scorned will show more bright  
Than his most perfect dream.

The mists of earth which work such woe  
 To many a gentle heart,  
 No more their subtle veils can throw  
 To keep these souls apart.

Mingled in one, and full of bliss,  
 Their spirits then shall range  
 Where each new day still fairer is,  
 Yet nothing suffers change.

Like long-lost mariners storm-tost  
 Upon their native shore,  
 These wanderers, at home at last,  
 No winds shall harass more!

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#### JABEZ QUARLEY, THE WEAK MAN.

I AM naturally, chronically, incorrigibly weak. I have no hope of getting over my debility, for I am now one-and thirty, and weakness is as much an attribute of Jabez Quarley (that is my name—it was also the name of my father's grocer, who kept splendid Irish twist, but is now dead, and, according to his last request, lies buried at Rochester, N. Y.) as heat is of fire, or sweetness of sugar, if not sanded beyond all reason.

Weakness began with me when I was born. So at least everybody says, and all the world knows that what everybody says must be true. I have heard my mother and my eldest sister declare that for six hours by the clock after I saw the light, I seemed painfully undecided whether I would live or not. It was grievous to look at me, they said. The old woman from Samson street, who was a sort of supernumerary on the occasion (she is also dead—I suppose we'll all slip off in the course of time), was specially retained, lest it should presently be necessary to "lay me out." But after six hours' suspense I took the breast, and was considered booked for life. When down-spirited or tired, I frequently wish that I had departed at that early stage of existence; but I suppose it's all for the best: at any rate, my late teacher—I am not at school now—invariably used the self-same words when he was engaged in peppering me, which was a labor of love to him, but

to the last day of attendance it was to me more unsatisfactory than I can find adequate language to express.

I was five years old when weaned—I was such a delicate child. Mother did what she could to comfort me by telling me that most great men were sickly in childhood. However that might be, I knew my letters at four.

My sixth year was completed before I could walk to any purpose, but never venturing out of the room. Not but I was able and bold enough too for that matter, but mother—though I doubt not but she loved me as much as if the strongest and stoutest child on earth—was afraid lest some of the neighbors should see me “before I filled up;” for my body was thin as a whipping-post, and my arms and legs something like fashionable walking-canes; for which reason I still dressed in long clothes, which, under the circumstances, became me decidedly better than tight fitting costume.

With the commencement of my seventh year began a terrible epoch of diseases. Whatever complaint was in town was sure to hear of me and find its way to our house. Consequently, as one affliction was going out at the door (so to speak), it was commonly met by another on its way in. What surprised me was that half-a-dozen ailments didn't fix on me at once, but that might clean finish me, and so spoil their fun. During that frightful season, fevers innumerable burned me up, colics racked me, whooping-coughs shook me to pieces, tooth-aches drove me frantic. Mother said that it was a sure sign of a healthy manhood to suffer much in early youth—thus to get over a life's sickness in the lump. That was some consolation at least. At the same time I knew that my little strength could hold out but a small space longer. When all the disorders that had appeared in the country for many miles round had made my acquaintance, and it was unanimously agreed by the medical man and the whole household (comprising father, mother, Agnes, my eldest sister, Susan, my second sister, and Julia Millis, who was nowise related except as maid of all work) that one attack more would extinguish the vital spark, I was mercifully left to myself, being then nine years of age.

But oh, how weak I felt! You should have seen me. Talk of walking then! I couldn't speak above a whisper that wasn't a whisper nor anything else if you didn't place your sharpest ear close to my mouth; I couldn't turn myself in bed for the wealth

of Cræsus; and drinks—milk, beef-tea, and wine (under doctor's orders, for I have been ever steady)—and the softest of spoonmeats were all I could swallow; and a mouse in good health would grow lean on the rations of my first week's convalescence.

Time, however, works miracles. Six weeks after my last visitation I was on my legs again! How mother screamed with joy when she perceived that there was no doubt about the matter! how sister Agnes fainted away, the lounge being quite near, and therefore no bones broke! how indifferently Julia let a valuable washbasin drop from her hands, and never waited to pick up the fragments! (Father and Susan did nothing at the time because they were out together for a stroll; but Julia was sent off express to them with the tidings, and when they returned, breathless and perspiring, didn't they carry on rather?) My mother even forgot her commendable scruples touching exposing my bodily attenuation to the eyes of the local gossips. Julia was despatched right off for Mrs. Merritt and Mrs. Rattles, and, on her re-entry with those ladies, was again immediately commissioned to invite Miss Dilke and Mrs. Partick, and—in the generous enthusiasm of the hour—the severest and most incontinent critic in the whole street, to wit, Widow Lashlobe. Each lady asked promptly made her appearance, and after the performance was over, pronounced me the great wonder of the age. Tea was of course subsequently served, and a most agreeable evening passed, which was admittedly mainly due to the amazing stock of anecdotes, embracing the spiciest bits of scandal going, retailed by the widow, who was not only incomparable, but perfectly distanced herself.

At the age of ten a great event happened in my career—I was sent to school. The reader is already aware that when only four I could repeat the alphabet, and by this time, notwithstanding all the interruptions from sickness, there were few words of three letters in the language that I could not spell correctly. Such advancement, no doubt, saved Mr. Loresplutter (the teacher) a world of trouble, but he was a thankless and cruel-hearted man, and evinced his gratitude only by pommelling me oftener and harder than any other boy under his charge. My schoolmates, having such a good example, learned to torture me far quicker than they mastered their lessons. I was a general laughing-stock, and was nicknamed "Scarecrow" and "Shadow"—although mind, my long clothes could have nothing to do with their persecution,

for I was now attired like my equals in point of years, but in roomier apparel, to allow ample scope for gaining flesh, for which, alas, there was about as much need as ever. But I was naturally high-spirited, and brave (my maternal grandfather had served under Wellington, and was wounded at Waterloo), and one day being stung to the quick by a sarcastic allusion to my infirmity made by a young coward considerably older than myself, I suddenly sprung on him and landed him a domino pat on the bridge of the nose. My entire strength was concentrated in the stroke, yet it did no visible damage. Everybody was for the moment thunderstruck at the charge, but in a trice I found myself on my back for my trouble, and carried home two black eyes as a tangible reminder of the engagement. From that day forward, perceiving that I was such absurdly easy game, I was knocked down several times per diem, and indeed, what with the schoolmaster, and what with his scholars, I was fast becoming nearly as familiar with the horizontal position as with the perpendicular.

At last took place an occurrence that terminated for ever my connection with Mr. Loresplutter's and all other educational institutions. A few of the more cunning and unprincipled of my tormentors had secretly entered into a collusion to decoy me into a martial encounter with a youth a good deal my junior, but who, being a strong boy, was far more than a match for me, and who, they said, had been speaking most villainously of me. As a further inducement, they represented that if I defeated my opponent, who was certain to show the white feather, they would be from that time forth my sworn friends. In an unlucky moment I consented; the place selected for the contest was the north-west corner of the play-ground (where it is now impossible to wage war except within doors, and with the permission of the tenants, because every inch of space is covered with artizans' cottages), and the time, after dismissal for the day. To my great astonishment, at the first onset I overthrew my adversary; a second time he was laid low; a third time he measured his length—yet without shedding a drop of blood or giving token of a bruise. I straightway took for granted that the valorous spirit of my dead grandsire had rushed upon me, and I looked round defiantly on the spectators, expecting to see craven terror manifestly portrayed on every countenance, and almost minded to call out any half-dozen of their best men unitedly to battle with me single-handed. But I

was shocked and mystified to note, instead of a general panic, a wholesale winking and nudging of elbows, and, ere I could inquire or divine the cause, a tremendous hit on the mouth sent me sprawling, and nearly insensible, to the ground; I was raised up to have the punishment repeated; and therefore having sufficient consciousness left to cry quarter, I was pronounced defeated. Ah, then, I learned, when too late to profit by it that it was part of the cue of my foe to feign being beaten after each of the first two or three rounds, to make his eventual victory the more brilliant and exciting. As a consequence of the disastrous issue of this collision, I felt so deeply mortified that I firmly resolved on my way home that, should my parents object to my leaving school, I would run away next morning; and to provide for all possible prospective routes of travel, I, at the same time, took the precaution of tearing from my atlas, and secreting in an inside pocket, a small map of the world. My parents, however, on the contrary, were so enraged on ascertaining the facts, that, were I ever so anxious to continue under Mr. Loresplutter's tutelage, they would not allow me to do so for a single day; and I received a most energetic reprimand for having maintained silence so long on the maltreatment I had been in the habit of experiencing—a reticence that was referable on my part to pride alone; for, to be candid, I had been for long years fired with the ambition of even yet emulating the prowess of my heroic ancestor. I have no such hope now. Such is life.

After the lapse of six weeks, conjointly dedicated to rest and to the removal of my battle-wounds, it was settled that I should enter upon some business. Being a good penman, I finally, through the influence of a friend of my father's, obtained a situation as junior clerk in the office of Grundle, Whassey and Mudlark, attorneys—salary (progressive) four dollars weekly, and dress A 1. I was just turned sixteen. What I liked and what I disliked in this firm, I shall not stay to particularize. Enough, that at the close of my first month, Mr. Grundle, the senior partner, transmitted a polite note to my father, intimating in effect—in the name of the firm—that though entertaining the greatest respect for me personally, they must at once part with me, seeing that my presence at their office was proving positively detrimental to their business, inasmuch as two hitherto very profitable clients had just announced their resolution to transact no

further business with a house that, they alleged, remunerates their employèes so niggardly that one of them at least (my poor self, that means) presented every evidence of chronic starvation.

Two months further idleness followed, when I was installed as clerk behind the counter of Mr. Stinsey, grocer and general provision dealer. Here I remained eight whole months. Then came the inevitable letter. "Mr. Stinsey presents his compliments to Mr. Quarley," (it substantially ran) "and he is extremely sorry that it won't pay him to retain Master Jabez" (the most luckless of mortals again) "longer in his employment, seeing that both customers and fellow-clerks are constantly complaining that much valuable time is squandered through Master Jabez's inability to handle, unassisted, parcels of goods weighing more than a very few pounds. It wouldn't matter so much in slack seasons, but now business is particularly brisk. Mr. Stinsey will gladly furnish the highest testimonials as to willingness, but he regrets that that will be all he can conscientiously do."

My father was at his wits end. So was I. There wasn't a bit of use in thinking of any more situations, for it was, in the nature of things, impossible for me to keep them. Under the circumstances I devoted myself to private study. Among other odds and ends I learned French. I can speak French well. That is a good deal more than I will undertake to affirm of Lorespultter. I wouldn't on any account let him hear me say so when in his clutches. He may hear me now though and welcome. Circumstances alter cases.

About the advent of my twenty-fourth year I became suddenly very powerfully convinced, from extensive reading and reflection, that mankind are infinitely more governed by appearances than by realities, and I was really mad at myself for not having thought so sooner. It accordingly occurred to me that I might better myself immensely by giving, in my own person, practical expression to the belief. On the ensuing morning, therefore, I astounded every one who knew me by appearing abroad bearing all the aspect of an unmistakably corpulent young man, save perhaps in regard to the facial region, although a pair of enormous side-whiskers did admirable duty in that quarter too; a phenomenon referable to an investiture of clothing that would seriously test the powers of a man of genuine robustness, consisting, as it did, besides underclothing, of three coats, three vests, and three pairs

of pants, all of the stoutest fabric, and buttoned up tight. About the same time, too, remembering what Shakspeare says of the dare-devil swaggering gait that "gives manhood more approbation than proof itself would have done," whenever, in my movements, I came into contact with people who seemed to have the disposition to annoy, I instantly assumed an air of withering fierceness that invariably commanded an immunity from practical interference, even if it did, once in a while, raise an audible laugh as soon as I had advanced sufficiently far to secure the offender from reprisals.

An incident soon after occurred that greatly confirmed me in my belief concerning men's superficial estimate of their fellows, albeit, in the instance in question, that very shallowness placed myself in an eminently false and undesirable position. I was indulging in a solitary walk out of town, when on rounding an angle of the road I descried, seventy yards or so ahead, some men straining themselves ineffectually to restore to its place on a wagon the "horse-power" pertaining to a threshing machine that, through the vehicle upsetting somehow, had been thrown off. On noticing me, who was the only other passenger within sight, all eyes were turned towards me, and I rightly conjectured that they purposed asking me to lend a hand.

"We would feel exceedingly obliged to you, sir," said one of them, who turned out to be the proprietor of the concern, when I had come up close, "if you would kindly give us a lift in replacing this awkward piece of goods."

"O yes, the gentleman will help us. We'll soon have the article fixed now," cried two or three voices.

Of course I had no choice but to accede.

With myself there were six men altogether, and it was proposed to raise the apparatus by placing three poles or rails at regular distances underneath, and allotting to each two men, one at each extremity. Presently everything was arranged.

"Are you all ready, boys?" bawled the proprietor.

"All right," was sung out lustily from every throat save my own.

"Well, then," shouted the former, "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. Here goes!"

Up the monster went beautifully at every point but the rear corner, where it is needless to state I was located.

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"Stop!" thundered my partner, "the gentleman opposite is not ready."

"All ready now," I said feebly.

Another signal, and up again soared the horse-power, barring my hapless corner, which was still at zero, although any spectator of my writhing, foaming, perspiring efforts would accredit me with the expenditure of strength that might almost uproot a mountain.

"I beg pardon," I interjected, "but I can't catch a proper hold till I remove my gloves" (they weren't on my hands at all).

"Wait, mates, till the gentleman removes his gloves," vociferated an ironical stentor in front.

"Go ahead, now," I called.

"Now for it, lads, now for execution," yelled nearly all in chorus, and to it they went with might and main, and my own exertions were such that I was within an ace of dislocating my shoulder; but, alack, it was no use, the same story was exactly repeated.

A profound, stupid silence supervened, succeeded by tittering and a great amount of superfluous clearing of throats, which I interrupted, when I could fetch wind enough, by expressing the hope that they would excuse me—for I was indeed willing to help them, but I had simply just recovered from a long and prostrating illness. It was a horrid fib, but I felt like dropping to the earth through shame.

Before any one could reply, another wayfarer—a huge burly fellow—arrived on the scene, and being formally requested, at once took my place, and, in consequence, ere I had moved a stone's-throw off, the Herculean labor was over. I sped away as rapidly as I could without actually running, yet, as long as I remained within hearing, volley upon volley of laughter reached my ears, that my accusing conscience admonished me owed too surely their inspiration to my late shortcomings.

The misadventure, however, as I have remarked, materially strengthened my opinion of the expediency of an imposing exterior. It is only the discovery of one's emptiness that is to be deplored. But threshing machines have not to be hoisted every day, and even if they were, the weakling is not always within call.

I have been in embarrassing situations since, but in none quite equal to that related, till my thirtieth year, when a rich uncle, who had heard of my sorrows, nobly made me a participant with

his own family in his wealth to the extent of two thousand dollars. All honor to the memory of that uncle! I wish I had a dozen such. The perplexity now—and which still exists—was how to dispose of my fortune profitably, for of course it was altogether inadequate to live on. I thought of a dry goods or grocery store; but the idea was soon discarded when, in my forecasting cogitations, I pictured myself weltering in my blood beneath the murderous fists of brawny customers, who were discontented with the weight or measure or quality of my wares, and who had opportunely discovered that my exhibition of personal hugeness was a huge delusion and sham.

I thought of the medical profession, and whether I were not young enough still to enter college; but that proposition was knocked on the head as soon as Miss Vinegar or Mrs. Wormwood was represented tripping into the patient's chamber, and asking (in strict confidence) if it were true, as reported, that Dr. Quarley, who professed to make his fellow-creatures stout, long, and strong, was himself as weak as an infant, and as emaciated as a miser's skeleton.

I thought of the Church; but every hope of success therein was dissipated, on the one hand, by the vision of congregational meetings specially convoked to inquire into the serious bar to the minister's usefulness interposed by his unclerical superabundance of apparel—as offering a sort of premium to fraud, in that and other ways, in the membership; and, on the other, if the preacher appeared his natural self, by—O horror of horrors!—the image of the grinning faces and profane levity of auditors, whose ill-timed risibility the recollection of the sanctity of the service and place was utterly unable to subdue.

Finally, I thought of paying my devoirs to some rich spinster or widow with a jointure, in whose eyes, I imagined, a man with two thousand dollars, and boundless time to devote himself to his spouse, must offer paramount attractions; but then rose up the ghastly apparition of possible—only possible—domestic entanglements, of possible seasons when the pale-visaged "weaker vessel"—to wit, the husband in this history of anomalies—lay at the feet of his wrathful superior moiety, tearfully imploring mercy, or craving permission to go out or permission to come in, permission to visit Hopson or permission to invite Nagle to dinner; and, of course, I pronounced for celibacy.

Still, I am partial to wifeing. I might perchance after all get a right excellent consort, mightn't I? Well, I may perhaps marry yet, or I may not. The fact is, I don't think I know my own mind sufficiently thereanent. At any rate, the subject is somewhat delicate, so I'll offer no apology for dropping it.

I guess I had better also wind up my paper. I have written it for two reasons. Firstly, because if, as I suppose, I am the weakest adult biped living, it will be a small addition to the popular stock of useful information. Secondly, because, in the event of there being any other unfortunate in the four continents (in the annexed islands as well) equally (and constitutionally) debilitated, whose eye these presents may meet, he is hereby authorized to regard the same as a formal invitation to communicate with the writer without loss of time—while the two thousand dollars is yet unapplied—with a view to engaging to traverse the country in fellowship in order to exhibit (for a suitable consideration) to a discriminating public our unapproachable capacity for doing nothing. My task is now done, and I will even recruit my exhausted frame in sleep.

WALTER GRAHAM.

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## A STORY OF A LOST BRACELET.

BY CORINNE.

### CHAPTER I.

A BOY and girl played together during the sunny hours of childhood in a Devonshire lane. They were neighbors' children, and very near the same age; so, as they grew towards youth and maidenhood, they began to make love to each other in a childish fashion, and to look forward—very vaguely it must be confessed—to entering sometime the long, long lane, to which the Devonshire ones are compared, which has no turning—the lane called Matrimony. The boy was brave, daring, and impetuous, and his companion worshipped him with all the passion that dwells in silent, timid natures, and trembled both with joy and fear at some of his wild ideas and projects for the future. He was the only child of his father, and having been motherless from his infancy, he had no feminine influence to soften the natural

ruggedness of his character; but he possessed a deep-rooted admiration for women, that made his love for this girl a very earnest, precious thing. It grew a more and more serious thing, and when Ruth was about seventeen, they decided for the future to look upon themselves as engaged lovers. Howard's father had been dead several months then, and he had been under his uncle's care. This uncle—his father's brother—was to take care of him and his property until he arrived at manhood; and his guardianship proved to be a rather different thing to the father's easy—too easy—rule, and Master Howard grew restless under the curb. At length it grew unbearable for both parties, and once, when Howard had been guilty of some act of folly, it came to an open battle, and he declared he would no longer submit to what he termed his uncle's tyranny. That evening he met Ruth in the lane, which was still their favorite walk, and startled her with the intelligence of his banishment from home.

"But, Howard, you can't really be banished! Oh what have you done to make him so angry?" said Ruth, frightened at his passionate manner and look, and scarcely knowing what she said.

"I haven't been doing anything that I'm ashamed of," he said loftily. "I dare say it was rather foolish, but he accuses me of dishonesty. I am not dishonest, am I Ruth?"

"No, Howard," was her low-spoken but decided answer.

He stooped and kissed her. "Thank you, my darling, I am glad some one believes in me, and when I come back again you will be my dear little wife, and then I shall never do anything wrong or foolish any more. You will, won't you, my own little darling?"

"When you come back? Why, where are you going, Howard?"

"I don't know yet, somewhere to make my fortune. I think America is the best place, don't you?"

"America! oh, its so far away! What shall I do when you are gone?"

"Do you really love me so much, Ruth?" he whispered. "Will it grieve you very much to lose me?"

Ruth answered only with her tears; she could never speak of her feelings, even to him; but he had often whispered to her, laughingly, that her soft eyes said "Love me," and the touch of her hand, "I love you." She was a little shy creature, and her clinging ways made her so much dearer to Howard, whose affection

was of the protecting sort. After a short silence, Ruth managed to subdue her tears, and to ask Howard if his uncle had really banished him.

"Yes, he certainly has; we had a great row, and at the end of it he told me not to show myself there again until I had made a full acknowledgment and apology. I dare say! Acknowledgment of what I wonder? He accuses me of being dishonest and deceitful!"

Ruth asked him what his plans were, but he had scarcely formed any yet, and the interview ended in an agreement to meet again on the morrow, and then Ruth turned her face homeward. Poor girl! when she arrived there she found to her dismay that all the household had determined to set their faces against Howard. They had heard his uncle's version of the affair, and he was believed to be guilty of pursuing a most systematic course of deceit. Ruth's parents did not know whether to be most angry or grieved. They had known the boy from infancy and were very fond of him, but they could not countenance crime, and Mr. Crawford told Ruth gently but firmly that she must put an end to her intimacy with him. She quietly burst into tears and went out of the room, wondering how her father and mother could so readily be turned against him; but events proved that they did not believe Howard to be as bad as they themselves thought they did. After supper, when Mr. Crawford went and sat in the porch to smoke his evening pipe, Ruth crept to his side, and stood waiting for the word of comfort she knew he would give her, for they were remarkably good friends always.

"I'm sorry for you, my girl," he said after a while; "but I don't see how we can help it. You must make up your mind not to see him at all."

"O, father," she said, clinging to his neck, "let me see him just once more, and that will be the last time, because he's going away. His uncle has turned him out of the house, and he is going to America to"—Ruth hesitated a minute; she felt that Howard's phrase, "make his fortune," sounded rather wild, so she said—"get his living."

Mr. Crawford let his pipe fall. "Turned him out! Oh, but that's a little too much. Yes, Ruth, see him again. Turned him out! Well to be sure, and he with eight hundred a year in landed property coming to him as soon as he comes of age, and to be

turned out of his own house as you may call it; for it will be his in a couple or three years. Here, Ruth," he added, pulling out a greasy leather purse from his pocket, and taking out two bank notes, "see if you can manage to give him these without offending him; for if he's turned out he hasn't much money to pay his travelling expenses with, you may be sure. But look here, child; persuade him not to go away for a bit if you can, and I'll see Mr. Wilmot and try if it can be made right. And, Ruth, better not say anything about this to any one, for your old father hasn't eight hundred a year, and with a flock of children to provide for, mother doesn't find it any too easy to manage for you all."

Ruth kissed him and promised, and went to bed feeling a good bit happier for this sympathy. She had thought to ask what Mr. Wilmot had said of Howard, but then she thought, no, she would hear nothing about him but what she heard from his own lips. It rained heavily all the next day, and Ruth was almost in despair about keeping her appointment; but her father made an errand for her to the village, and when she had despatched it she hastened to the meeting-place, where Howard was waiting for her. As it was still raining, they took shelter in an old "linhay" that stood in the lane.

"Well, Ruth," said Howard, "we have very little time, and this is the last. I have decided to go to Liverpool to-morrow and see about starting for America. I shall go to Cincinnati. You remember my cousin, Jack Kennedy, who went out five or six years ago? Well, I am going to him to see if he can help me to anything."

"What are you going to do for money to take you there, Howard?" asked Ruth rather timidly.

"Well, I haven't much; but I think I can manage by being careful. I wish I had more, for I wanted to get something for you—a little ring to wear until I come back; but I couldn't, and this is all I have to give you. Will you have it, Ruth?"

It was only a little round card, with a bunch of primroses painted on it. "I painted it myself, Ruth. Do you remember the little bunch you gave me in the spring? the first you found," he whispered, bending his handsome, boyish face towards her.

"Yes, I remember; and I am glad you gave me this. I shall keep it always, and it is better than a ring, for I'm afraid mother wouldn't like me to wear it. Oh, Howard! why do they say such things of you?"

"What have they told you, Ruth?"

"Nothing. I have not asked any one what they had heard. I was determined not to hear anything but what you would tell me yourself."

"Well, I'll just tell you what roused uncle. I bought a picture in town the day before yesterday, and when I came home and looked into the state of my funds, I found I hadn't enough money to pay for it; and if I ask for an advance from my allowance, he always kicks up such a row, so I just went off to old Forbes the same evening and told him he could have my horse, King Alfred: he's been wanting to buy it for a long time. Well, he never asked me any questions, but gave me a check for the amount, and yesterday morning I went to town and brought home my picture, and then I told uncle what I had done, and if you'd seen what a towering passion he got into, you wouldn't forget it for one while."

"Oh, Howard, it wasn't right nor wise of you to do like that, but I don't see how he could call it dishonest."

"I know it wasn't right, but I didn't think about that. It's such a beautiful picture, but I don't want to talk of that now, nor of him. I want you to promise me that you'll always believe in me and love me. You know I haven't any one but you, and I do love you so dearly. Will you promise, Ruth?"

"Yes," she whispered timidly, feeling a little awed at his manner, which was so solemn, and trembling at the flashes of lightning that lit up his pale serious face every minute or two.

"And when I am well enough off to come home and fetch you out, you will be my wife?"

"Yes," she said again, after a little hesitation, for she thought of her father and mother, and wondered if she would ever dare to do such a thing.

"Ruth, say it again, promise me that you will be true!" he exclaimed, catching her to his breast and holding her tight, "be true to me, or I shall lose all hope of everything, and give up trying to be good."

"Oh, Howard, how can you say such things. You know I will be true. I was only thinking of father and mother, and I am sure you will be able to convince them that you are not what they think. And, Howard, I quite forgot to tell you of it before, but father asked me to give you this to help you along a little, and he thinks your uncle will get over this and be kind to you again."

This was Ruth's mild way of expressing it, but the father's last words to her on the subject had been: "You see, Ruth, if the boy is a bit of a scamp, I don't see why his own relations should cast him off and not try to make a better fellow of him, and that's what I shall try to point out to Mr. Wilmot."

"But, Ruth, I am not going to wait about like a poor beggar, or like a discharged hireling, in the hope of getting into favor again. No, thank God! I am no mean scamp. I intend to go to work and get an honest living; and, Ruth, I don't want to offend your father, but I can't take this. I shall not need it. I couldn't use it in the way he means for me to; you see it is better and more sensible for me to go right away from here. I want you to understand exactly how it is with uncle and me. I believe he has some suspicion that he doesn't like to speak out plain, and if he really believes what he says about me, why of course one can't blame him for being put out; and then, on the other hand, if he is deliberately trying to take away my character, he must make me a full apology, and set me right again with those he has blackened my character to, before I can live under the same roof with him again."

"Oh, Howard, you are good, and they will know it some day," whispered Ruth, looking up at him with glistening eyes; "but, please, you must take this. You may want it; you don't know what may happen, and I can't take it back to father again. Come, you were very earnest just now, and you wouldn't have let me say no if I had wanted to, and you ought to do what I ask."

The matter was concluded by Ruth's taking out his pocket-book and laying the notes smoothly in it. Then he prepared to depart.

"My poor Ruth!" he said, taking her in his arms. "I must not ask to be allowed to write to you, but you won't forget me, I'm sure. Dearest, I must leave you now."

They wrapped their arms round each other, and their trembling lips met in the last solemn kiss of farewell. How different to the kiss of a few months ago, when they had first agreed to love each other best of all. How bright and joyful everything had been then, and how dark now! Howard's agitation exceeded Ruth's; he seemed as if he could not let her go. She was the first to move, and then he, rousing himself by a great effort, wrapped her waterproof round her, and once more kissing her on cheek and lips, let her go, and she ran home crying all the way, and taking no heed

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of the rainbow in the sky and the setting sun shining on the wet leaves and flowers and turning them to sparkling gems. The storm had quite passed away, and when she reached home her father was sitting in a state of quiet enjoyment in the porch.

"Well, my girl," he said, in his loud, cheery voice, intended to be heard in the house, "so you got caught in the storm; but you're not very wet. Went in somewhere? That's right; now go and take off your things and go to bed at once, and mother will bring you something hot to keep you from catching any cold."

Ruth stopped to throw her arms round his neck and give him a hearty kiss, and then went in and straight up to her own room. She had been there only a few moments, and was hanging up her cloak and dress, which were both a little damp, when the door opened softly, and her mother came in.

"Ruthy, dear, did you get wet?" she asked, laying her large, sunburnt hands on Ruth's shoulder.

"No, mother, not very; but father was afraid I should catch cold, so he told me to come to bed at once."

"Yes, that's right, for I want you to get up early in the morning. I must go to town to-morrow. I want to see if Miss Penworthy can come and do some of the dress-making."

"And then you'll get your new black silk, won't you?" asked poor Ruth, trying unselfishly to take an interest in something besides her own sorrow.

Mrs. Crawford opened the door softly and looked out into the passage; then closing it again, she came close to her daughter.

"Ruth," she said, "I can't get that dress. I don't feel as if I ought to. There's one that you and I have both loved this many years—one that I promised long ago to be a mother to—"

She broke down, and putting her arms round Ruth, who was crying softly, burst into tears. There was a long silence between them, broken at last by the mother, who recovered herself first.

"Ruth," she whispered, "if I could find him, I should like to give him that money; but don't tell your father, for I know he would think I oughtn't to do it."

Ruth smiled with quivering lips; this was not the first time she had witnessed this little farce between her father and mother, and sometimes she had thought that in a future day, though perhaps not until the day when all secrets shall be revealed, each

would learn with surprise of many a deed of kindness done in secret by the other.

"Do you think I could find him?" she asked eagerly. "Have you any idea where he is?"

Ruth hesitated for a moment. "Mother," she said, in a low voice, "I saw him to-night, and he wished me good-bye; he is going away to-morrow to Liverpool, and as soon as he can get away he will go to America. He will stay in town to-night, and leave by the nine o'clock train in the morning."

Before anything more could be said, one of the children came to call Mrs. Crawford to supper.

"There, Ruthy," she said, "I've been keeping you standing all this time without your dress. Now you had better make haste into bed, and I'll bring you something by-and-bye."

She bustled away and came back very soon with a little glass of warm elder-wine and a biscuit. She sat down by the bedside in silence for some time, and startled Ruth at last by turning to her suddenly and exclaiming: "I think I shall be obliged to have this tooth out in the morning."

Ruth looked at her in sympathizing surprise. "Why, mother, does it ache again?" she asked.

"It might, you know," said Mrs. Crawford slowly, turning a rather comical face towards her; then suddenly rising to go away she added in a low voice. "If you be called up early in the morning you needn't be alarmed," and with another meaning glance went away.

The lovely summer morning roused Ruth from her slumbers just in time to hear her father's voice calling her two sisters, Ellen and Phebe, who slept in the next room, and springing up she hastened to dress and go down stairs. In the large upper kitchen she met her father, who had been out to see to his horse, and stopping to say good morning, she received intelligence that, "mother was afraid her tooth was going to ache again, and thought she had better have it out in time, so they wanted to go away early."

She hurried away to the lower kitchen to help forward, with tremulous haste, the preparations for breakfast, and before seven she had the satisfaction of seeing them start away for town in the gig. Mr. Crawford happened to have a good deal of business on hand that morning and drove fast. As they neared the town his wife trembled for fear he would insist on accompanying her to the

dentist's, but fortunately he drove straight to the inn where he always put up the horse, and after arranging to meet there at a certain hour they parted, he to go about the matters that had called him to town and to study how he could best fill up the hole in his purse that his generous gift to Howard had made without letting his wife feel the loss of it in any way; and she to hasten with a loving mother's haste in search of Howard. Poor, simple, tender-hearted woman! doomed to disappointment after all. Howard had been gone nearly an hour when she reached the place where Ruth had told her she would find him. He had changed his mind about the train, and gone by an earlier one, the person of the house told her, and she could do nothing more than pull her thick lace veil down over her face, and walk away, half blinded by her tears. When she reached the end of the street she stopped for a moment, as if trying to make up her mind, then, with a look of determination, went to the dentist's and had her tooth extracted, called on her dress-maker, and then went back to the inn to wait for her husband.

## CHAPTER II.

HOWARD had been gone a little over a week, and Ruth was thinking to herself that perhaps before another had passed he would be safe landed on the distant shores of America, when one afternoon she received a message from Mr. Wilmot, asking her to come and see him. With a good deal of wonder, and some dread, she hastened up to the house, and was ushered into the little angular room called by courtesy the library, in which room Howard had always declared it was utterly impossible to read or think of anything more interesting than farm-stock, gardening, railway shares, or the almanac, where Mr. Wilmot was sitting with one foot propped up on a footstool.

"Well, Ruth, how are you? I wouldn't have troubled you to come up, but I wanted to see you most particularly, and I've had the gout."

"Oh, it's better," he added, when Ruth began to express her sympathy; "I can walk about the house, but I can't get out of doors. Now, Ruth, tell me honestly, do you know where Howard is?"

Ruth's color changed at this abrupt question, and she did not answer immediately. Mr. Wilmot's sharp eyes were reading her face, and he noticed her hesitation and changed his question.

"When did you see him last?" he asked, still watching her closely.

She told him, and he looked very much surprised and disappointed at finding it was no later.

"Well," he asked again, in a more moderate manner, "have you any idea where he is now?"

"Yes, sir," she said, still hesitatingly. "I think he is on the sea."

"Gone to sea?" asked Mr. Wilmot.

"Not gone as a sailor," she answered; "but he has left England."

Mr. Wilmot was silent for a little while, and then looking out of the window, instead of at Ruth, he said: "Well really, Ruth, I don't know what you must all think of me for turning my own nephew out of doors—out of his own house, too; but I didn't know what to do with him. When I first came, I told him plainly that I would have no extravagance, and that he must set to work and learn to manage his affairs properly; but I never meant to stint him, nor that he should be tied down to work like a poor quill-driver, and he must needs go and systematically deceive me, and take by stealth what he was too proud to ask for."

"It was wrong and foolish of him to sell his horse," said wise little Ruth, looking down and reddening at this vehement accusation; "but he had always felt that he had a right to do as he liked with it. His father gave the horse to him, and I am sure Howard had no idea that he was doing wrong. You know, sir, he has very seldom ridden him lately, and you have said yourself that it was nonsense to keep such a useless thing in the stable, and I know that he didn't think it was any harm to sell him and buy something he wanted so very much."

"Yes, a useless daub of a picture," said Mr. Wilmot, who had listened very impatiently to this modest defence. "It was wrong and foolish, as you said, Ruth, for him to sell that horse without saying a word to me, but you don't suppose it was for that I quarrelled with him, do you? That was bad enough, but I could have overlooked it if it had been all."

"I know, sir, that you accused him of deceit and dishonesty," said Ruth timidly, raising her soft, dark eyes to his face, "but we thought it was because of that; at least, we did at first, but afterwards Howard thought that you suspected him of something

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else that you wouldn't speak of, and that if you did, of course it wasn't likely you would overlook it. I don't remember exactly what he said, but it was something like that."

"Well, but Ruth, didn't he really tell you anything about it, or has he deceived you, too. Didn't he say a word about the bracelet?"

"No sir," said Ruth, staring at him, "what bracelet?"

"My sister-in-law's emerald bracelet. Have you never seen it?"

"No, never, but I have heard mother speak of it. It was very valuable, wasn't it?"

"Very. In fact it was priceless. Having been presented to Mrs. Wilmot's mother by an Italian lady of high rank for some great service she did her, it had great value beside its money worth attached to it, and that too was very great. Well, Ruth, that's gone!"

"Well, Mr. Wilmot," said Ruth, looking straight at him.

"Well, how do you account for it?"

"I don't feel called upon to account for it, sir, in the way you mean. } Have you searched and enquired?"

"I have searched and enquired, and I have come to the conclusion that it was the work of no one but an inmate of the house, and one well acquainted with this room and its contents, for it was kept in that drawer," (pointing to one of a set of drawers under the book-shelves), "and it was some one who had the key, and unlocked the drawer in the usual manner, for the lock is in perfect order. Now Howard often had the keys, and, in fact, suspicion points directly at him."

"Did you send for me to tell me that, sir?" said Ruth, an angry flush rising to her cheek and angry tears to her eyes.

"I sent for you, Ruth, because you are a quiet, sensible girl, and because there is no one I could talk to about it as well as to you. What do you think about it?"

"I don't know, sir, what to think, only I know it wasn't Howard."

"Well, but who else could it be? Mrs. How and Jacob and the dairy-maid have served faithfully for so many years, that they are not likely to have turned out dishonest now. And there has been no one else in the house for years; no other servant I mean, but that poor Ann, who died of fits a week or two ago, and she was too weak in the head to think of stealing, and speaking of

her reminds me that there is another thing I didn't mention; the day she was buried I went into Howard's room—the room, you know, that he keeps his books and tools and things in—to see if he was there, and on the table, just between some drawings and the inkstand, there was a valuable document taken from my desk; it looked as if it had fallen or had been thrown there carelessly, evidently so as not to attract attention. Well, at first I thought that he might have taken it in mistake for something else, but on looking over my desk and about the room generally I found there were many things missing, things I had not been using for a week or two, and on examining that drawer I found that the bracelet was gone. I didn't say anything about it, but just watched, and when I found the most valuable horse in the stable walking off, I knew what to do. I went and explained to Mr. Forbes as well as I could without telling him the whole truth, and then I sent the horse back to the stable and waited until the young gentleman returned with his precious picture, and—”

The rest was left to Ruth's imagination to fill up, and Mr. Wilnot, rising slowly to his feet, took his stick, and saying, “Perhaps you would like to see this picture,” led the way out of the room and across the hall to Howard's room. This was rather larger than the library, and had been Mrs. Wilnot's bedroom at the time of Howard's birth, and until her death; after which it had been shut up for years. But when Howard (who had a deep yearning for the mother-love that he had lost, and a passionate love for everything connected with her) came home from school, he asked his father to let him use the room for his study and work-room, and there he kept all his treasures. There was a deep recess opposite the window filled with book-shelves of Howard's own fitting up. Ruth looked at them with overflowing eyes as she recalled to mind how she had watched him put them up, and had scalloped the dark green leather that hung down over the top of each shelf, and the books were all as familiar to her as the faces of her brothers and sisters; and she knew, too, at a glance that the three empty spaces had been occupied by two birthday gifts from herself, and by his mother's bible. Then, all round the wainscotted walls hung his drawings and early attempts at painting, and there by the window was his easel and chair and the low seat opposite where Ruth and all the family had sat in turn to the youthful artist; and looking up, there was the highly

ornamented ceiling, stained and cracked in some places, and with many of the huge bunches of flowers and crosses and stars colored by Howard's brush. It took Ruth but a minute to glance round at all these familiar objects, and then she gave her attention to the picture that Mr. Wilmot brought for her inspection. It needed but a look to show her what had attracted Howard: it was their own lane, and the two figures were a boy and girl about eight or nine years old. The boy was standing half way up the hedge with a bunch of wild flowers in his hand, which the girl was holding up her little apron to catch. There might be many lanes in England like enough to have served for a model for this picture, but Ruth claimed it, as Howard had done, for their own, and fell in love with it, not for its artistic merit, for any one could see that it was not the work of a first rate nor even of a second rate artist. The sky was too blue, the hedges too green, and the sunshine too golden; but there was something in it, such as there might be in a dearly loved and honored face, even though surrounded by gaudy or unbecoming colors, that went straight to the heart. Ruth turned from it at last in silence and led the way out of the room, and soon after went home. Her heart had been stirred too deeply for many words, and Mr. Wilmot saw it, and mercifully let her go, after begging her to come up again soon, for he liked to see her about. In truth, he missed Howard, and was really miserable, though he would not acknowledge it yet, and he had said truly that there was no one else he could talk to about him so well as to her.

Ruth walked home slowly, thinking and thinking until her head seemed ready to burst, and all the time getting no nearer to a solution of the mystery. When she reached home, she found her mother and elder sister Ellen sitting at work in the porch, and laying aside her hat and jacket, she joined them. Mrs. Crawford looked at her anxiously once or twice, and presently sent Ellen in to make preparations for tea.

"What did Mr. Wilmot want, Ruthy?" she asked, as soon as they were alone.

"He wanted to talk to me, mother, that was all," said Ruth in a dejected tone.

"Did he tell you about his quarrel with Howard?"

"Yes, mother."

Mrs. Crawford laid down her sewing. "Ruth, I haven't heard

the whole story and I don't care to, but I want to know what you think of Howard?"

A burst of tears was Ruth's answer.

"There, never mind Ruthy, don't cry and we won't talk about him any more. I didn't mean to grieve you so, but I don't like to think he is as bad as they say, and I don't know what to think. I thought perhaps you might have heard something that would help to clear it up."

"No, mother," said Ruth in a broken voice, "I am afraid it will never be cleared up—there is some mystery—but nothing—no, nothing shall ever make me believe him guilty."

"Mother," said Ruth when she had recovered her calmness and taken up her work again, "you have known all the servants up there for years, haven't you?"

"Yes, my dear. Mrs. How—well I don't know whether you would call her one of the servants exactly, the house-keeper—but she and I were girls together, and were married just about the same time, but unfortunately, poor thing, she lost her husband within five years of their marriage, and being left very badly off she was glad to go and live with Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot; that was sometime before Howard was born, and she often says that he seems like her own child, having had all the care of him in infancy. She's a good christian woman, is Dorcas How, and has done her duty faithfully in that house. And how tender she was to that poor afflicted Ann in her fits. She used to beg Mrs. How not to send her away, and I'm sure, the times she had to get up to her in the night—being a light sleeper, she'd hear the slightest sound in the house—and has found her lying on the stairs, or sometimes down in the hall or one of the rooms, in a fit. And she acknowledged to me once, that she had to force herself to attend to the girl for she could'nt like her, and I must confess, to something of the same feeling myself. There was something about her very simplicity, that used to annoy and irritate me, and whenever she came down here of an errand, I was always glad when she was gone. I often feel that it was cruel and wicked of me to feel so towards such a poor creature, but I couldn't get over it. Yes, Mrs. How was like a mother to her, and so she has been to everybody around her, although she has such a quiet reserved manner. Both Jacob and Tommie up there lived with her when she had a home of her own, and they wouldn't leave her at all, so she went

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and told Mrs. Wilmot that if they took her, they'd have to take them too, and they did, and have kept them ever since. But here's father coming to tea," said Mrs. Crawford, breaking off her gossip which she had kept up for Ruth's benefit. "Run in Ruthy dear, and see if it is nearly ready, for he is going over to the Elms after, and he won't like to wait long."

### CHAPTER III.

LEAVING the Crawfords and Mr. Wilmot, we will follow Howard in his wanderings. On his first arrival in New York he was taken ill, and before he was able to move on again his funds were nearly exhausted, but by great economy and good management he was enabled to push on to the Western city where he expected to find his cousin. His spirits rose when he reached Cincinnati and caught glimpses of the prosperity of its inhabitants, and he looked forward with pleasure to meeting his cousin again; but after a long and wearisome search he found to his great dismay that he had left the city some months before, intending to travel for a year or two and then return to England. Howard's countenance fell; he was weak from his recent illness, and wearied out, and his purse was literally empty, not even the price of a meal or a night's lodging remaining. His informant, a clerk in the employment of Mr. Kennedy's successor, noticed his dispirited look, and said kindly: "You are lately from the old country, sir?"

"Yes," said Howard, glad to hear a friendly voice, "I landed a fortnight ago in New York."

"I am English, too," said the young man, "but I have been out here three years. Do you think of trying to find your cousin?" he asked, after a few questions and answers had passed concerning his experience of the country.

"No, I think not," said Howard; "that wouldn't be any good. I am very much disappointed at not finding him here. The fact is," he added frankly, after another glance at the kindly, honest face of the clerk, "my pockets are empty, and I don't know what to do to fill them."

"Had you any expectation of your cousin's doing it for you?" asked the clerk, in some surprise.

"Oh, no," answered Howard, coloring slightly at the tone of the question, "only I thought he would help me to get some employment."

"Perhaps I shall be able to do that for you just as well. What are you willing to do?"

"Anything," said Howard, emphatically.

"From school teaching to driving a horse and wagon?"

"Oh, yes!" said Howard, laughing.

"Very well, then, I think you'll do. Have you ever been employed in anything? I mean, regularly and steadily?"

"No," said Howard, "but I can be both regular and steady, if I have a fair trial."

"Well, I'll do the best I can, Mr. Wilmot, and meanwhile—" He stopped and hesitated a moment. "The fact is, my house is very small, but I am sure my wife will do her best to make you comfortable, if you will accept our plain fare and accommodations. She is an Englishwoman, only out here about a year and a half, and she will be glad to welcome any one from the old country."

Howard was touched by this kindness. He noticed the hesitation, but he knew that it was because the proffered hospitality was not better worth his acceptance, and he accepted it gratefully, for he saw that to refuse it would hurt his new friend, and because he didn't know what else to do. So after warmly shaking Howard's outstretched hand, and telling him that his name was Joseph Gardiner, the clerk asked him to wait half an hour, and then he would be ready to go home to tea. The half hour passed quickly enough in the busy store, and then the two young men set out for home.

"It's a small place, and not at all grand," said Mr. Gardiner, when they reached a little, plain white house in a very unfashionable street, "but my wife and I couldn't bear the thought of living in a boarding-house, and we couldn't afford a large house, so we came here when we were married, and it's large enough to contain a good deal of comfort and happiness."

When they entered the sitting-room a little fair woman, dressed in a pretty simple cotton, rose from a low rocking-chair and came forward.

"Here, Winnie," said Mr. Gardiner, after stooping to kiss the bright upturned face, "is a gentleman from the dear old country. He has no friends at all in the city, so I brought him home to you."

"I am very glad you did, Joe," said Mrs. Gardiner, with a soft tinge of color rising to her cheeks, as she held out a pretty white hand with a warm welcome in it to Howard. "Have you only

just come from England," she asked, in just her husband's kindly tone.

"Only a fortnight," said Howard, "and I have been ill nearly ever since."

"Oh!" (there are no points in the English language that would express all that was contained in that little word) "and you are tired now and want your tea. Joe, if you will rock the baby a little he will go to sleep, and I can bring in the tea."

The baby, a three months old boy, was soon asleep; and then Mr. Gardiner took Howard up stairs to wash his hands and brush his hair, and when they came down again the tea was on the table and Mrs. Gardiner waiting beside her own chair. She quietly motioned Howard to his place, and then, when Mr. Gardiner had reverently asked a blessing on their meal, she began to devote herself to the comfort of her guest.

"My wife is only a young housekeeper, Mr. Wilmot, so you must make allowance for her inexperience," said Mr. Gardiner, as he handed the plate of delicate white bread to Howard, who, not perceiving that his host was joking, glanced in surprise at the well-spread table, with its dainty cakes and fruit and tempting slices of cold meat brought in for his especial benefit, and then at the merry face of his hostess, who answered smilingly, "Perhaps Mr. Wilmot isn't as hard to please as you are, Joe; you are such a discontented old fellow."

There was little to remind Howard of his homelessness or anything sad, unless it were the contrast, at that tea-table, and when anything was said concerning himself or his prospects, it was in bright, cheering, hopeful words. There was something about Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner that invited confidence, and before they rose from the table, Howard had given them the outlines of his quarrel with his uncle, and the reason of his leaving home.

"But had your uncle power to turn you out?" asked Mr. Gardiner.

"Oh, yes; he has absolute control of the place until I am of age, but he knows that I can go home and turn him out then if I choose. There is one thing certain; he will do his best with the place until then, just as much as if it were his own. He is honest enough, but very harsh. He makes it his boast that he never shows favor nor asks it. And no doubt he would think these two benevolent people were out of their senses," he added, mentally,

"or else that they intended to get something out of me, and they shall too, if ever I have it in my power to repay this kindness."

"And what plans did you form in coming out here, Mr. Wilmot? Did you think of trying your fortune in town or country?"

"I did think of the country a little, but from what I have heard and seen, I came to the conclusion that town was the best place to make money."

"And you mean to abandon art altogether?"

"Oh, no; but I never thought of that as the means of getting a living: it is one of my luxuries. No, I don't intend to neglect it, and I look forward to being able to indulge in it freely sometime, when I have made my fortune."

"A very wise resolution altogether, and yet if I were a free man like you, I fancy I should try the country. I should like to raise my daily food on my own land: it seems more like taking it from the Creator's hand that way than the way it is procured in towns. I always feel as if God were nearer the country than the town."

There was a slight pause, and then changing his tone, and glancing with a smile at his wife, Mr. Gardiner added: "Yes, if I had no encumbrances I would lead the way into some of these new settlements, that my less enterprising fellow-men might follow."

"Oh, you think yourself very enterprising, no doubt," laughed his wife; "but why didn't you do that when you were free, before you sent home for me?"

"Because, my dear, I have never been free since I first knew you, and I had no mind for leading you into the wilderness."

"Why not, Joe? I have told you many times that I am willing to go wherever you like."

"Ah, but my dear you don't know what it's like out in these new places, and they are the only ones open to a poor man. Wait a little while, Winnie, until I have made a few hundreds, and then we will try and gratify our taste for the country in some civilized part of it."

"Well," said Howard, I didn't know that I thought so much of the country before, but I feel quite disappointed and discouraged to hear you speak of it as being so hard. I think that in my heart I was more inclined to it than anything else, but not if it's so hard."

"But you are young and strong, what are hardships to you? You don't look like a lover of ease."

"No, I don't know that I care much for my own ease and comfort, but I don't know want nor expect to be always free. I hope to have home ties some day," said Howard, looking sufficiently bashful in spite of his bold words to show that there was something in them.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner smiled at each other as they rose from the table, and the former said, with an affected air of resignation: "Ah well, if you are a victim to that disease, Mr. Wilmot, I give you up. This great Western country needs men who can carry not only their hands and brains but their hearts with them, too, so you wouldn't do."

This was only the beginning, and a very small portion of what the Gardiners did for Howard. Fortunately for him, Joseph Gardiner was not a mere man of words. He was a man of action, and through him Howard was not long idle. A situation was found for him which, though not much of itself, promised to lead to something better. The kind of post that would best suit his abilities would be one of trust, and of course no employer could be found to trust him at first sight; but by wisely taking the first thing that offered, he went the right way to work to establish a character. It is not my intention to follow Howard step by step through his first struggles, but merely to glance at those portions that possess the most interest. He tried and gave up in disgust several situations before he became at all settled, but after a time he set to work with a good will, taking the rough with the smooth, and conscientiously doing his best, and soon began steadily to progress. It was just at the beginning of his second year in Cincinnati that he lost his friends, the Gardiners. Mrs. Gardiner, through the death of a relative in England, got the "few hundreds" that she and her husband had wished for, that they might gratify their taste for country life, and they broke up their home and left the city. Howard was sincerely sorry to part with them; they had treated him as a brother, and it caused him much regret that he heard nothing from them. When he wished them good-bye on the morning of their departure, they disappeared from his sight and knowledge, and he seemed to have lost them altogether, and it was accident that brought them together again.

When Howard had been two years in America he suddenly received an offer of partnership from a gentleman who was doing an immense business in flour and provisions, sending north and

south, east and west, and in every lawful and honest way making money. Howard had been recommended to this gentleman as a persevering, clear-headed young man, and the two, on meeting, happening to take to each other, the matter was soon arranged; and although Howard professed a great disgust for the business at first, he soon began to see something in it when he became better acquainted with the big ledger and the banking account, and saw the fat rolls of bills come in so fast; and in a short time he justified his partner's discrimination in choosing him by throwing himself, heart and brain, into the work, and branching out this way and that, wherever there was an opening, thus gradually becoming absorbed in the whirlpool. Within a few months of his entering the business he began to look forward to fetching Ruth out very soon to share his prosperity.

"I can make her rich," he thought, "she shall have one of the handsomest houses in the city, and a stylish carriage and pair, and who knows but I shall see my pretty Ruth wearing diamonds: my partner's wife does. How it would astonish them if I were to take her a set for a bridal gift!"

But just then an ugly thought crossed his mind: "Those sober-minded Devonshire folks would not believe that I had made so much money honestly," he thought, "they would think I had turned swindler, especially after the way I left home. No, I won't go yet; I'll wait another year at any rate, and then I'll write home and see if uncle has done me justice yet."

But that year rolled away, and another, and yet another. His twenty-first birthday passed unheeded. He knew that he could go home now if he liked and claim his property, but he chose rather to stay and have something to show for his work when he did go; and he plunged into business more eagerly than ever, and gave all his time and thought and energy to the work of increasing his riches. Art was very little thought of in those days, and there was great danger of his getting to have no idea beyond that of making money; but fortunately, his health gave way under the pressure of work and thought, and at last he was forced to take his partner's advice and rest and travel a little to recruit his strength. What his travels brought him to, besides restored health, we will reserve for another chapter.

## THE ROBBER YEARS.

O YEARS, ye robber years,  
 Ye have stripped me of all my wealth,  
 The thing which I hoarded and prized  
 Ye have taken away by stealth;  
 Noiselessly, quietly coming,  
 Noiselessly gliding away,  
 Ye have taken your flight unseen,  
 O robber years, with your prey.

Ye have left your footprints behind,  
 O years, as ye fled away;  
 On the brow you have seared and furrowed,  
 On the head ye have crowned with grey.  
 But deeper than these are the traces,  
 Far deeper the sorrow and smart,  
 Ye have left with your pitiless thefts,  
 On a void and aching heart.

For ye have an accomplice, O years;  
 I know your accomplice—Death:  
 He has passed so close to me,  
 That I felt his icy breath;  
 He came to my very side,  
 With his quiet, stealthy tread,  
 And took my treasures up  
 In his bony arms—and fled.

Where do ye hide them, O years?  
 Where do ye the spoil conceal?  
 Some place should be rich indeed  
 With the costly treasures ye steal;  
 With the countless millions of charms,  
 With the youth and beauty and mirth,  
 With the loved and loving hearts,  
 Ye have robbed from the sons of earth.

O years, ye robber years,  
 There surely will come a day  
 When ye shall be made to restore  
 The spoils ye have carried away;

A day when at length the reign  
 Of the tyrant Time shall be o'er;  
 Then we shall recover our treasures,  
 And years, ye shall rob us no more.

*Sunday Magazine.*

### Current Events.

A COTEMPORARY quotes from the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "a purely commercial paper," with regard to American affairs. The inference is, that being "a purely commercial paper" its utterances may be depended upon as unprejudiced and reliable.

If our memory serves us, the Editor of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, for practices which were not regarded by the powers that were as "purely commercial," was furnished with board and lodgings at Fort Lafayette some time during the progress of the late war. The Government, "with its accustomed liberality," discharged the bills.

IN our remarks concerning the Louisiana imbroglio, last month, we said that, "Possessing, as General Grant undoubtedly does, the most thorough knowledge of the state of affairs in that section, we have unquestioning faith that events will demonstrate the wisdom of every act of his in the premises." Already we have abundant evidence that our faith was well grounded, and that there was an imperative demand for the interference of the General Government in the matter.

Politicians, however eminent, are fallible, like other men. The good fame of Daniel Webster was sullied by his yielding to the seductions of Compromise; Buchanan and Johnson seem to have desired the scorn of a nation rather than its gratitude, and Horace Greely dug his political grave at Niagara. As he never aspired to political leadership, W. C. Bryant's late *faux pas* may be forgotten if not forgiven:

"The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."



THE neighboring Town of Portland has been visited with a terrible and desolating fire. As we write, the lurid flames are licking up building after building, and rendering homeless and destitute scores of unfortunate fellow-creatures. We trust all pressing need occasioned by this great calamity will be promptly met by our benevolent and affluent citizens. A score of buildings at least, have been devoured by the fire-fiend. It appears to us our building regulations are not sufficiently stringent, else no such great fires could occur. Greater precautions should be taken in putting up buildings to prevent the spread of fire. We think, as far as practicable, wooden buildings, as places of business or manufacture, in central locations, should be discouraged. They should be strictly limited as to height, and when connected, some means should be devised to prevent the rapid spread of the fire. A brick partition or some similar safeguard should be employed. We cannot be too careful, and we trust this calamity will impress upon us the necessity for immediate action.

THE Local Legislature of this Province met at Fredericton on the 18th ult. Mr. Wedderburn was chosen Speaker without opposition, and we think he will discharge the duties of his position well. The Speech from the Throne was meagre, and judging from its contents, the Session will be neither lengthy nor exciting. Reference is made to the School Act before the Privy Council, and an amendment of the Attachment Law is promised by extending its operations to Trustee process. The Bill abolishing imprisonment for debt and allowing attachment to issue in the first instance, is unfair in several particulars. The abolition of imprisonment for debt applies as well to contracts entered into and causes of action arising prior to the passing of the law as subsequently; while the remedy by attachment is limited to causes of action arising after the passing of the law. This, we contend, is unfair. It strips a creditor of a remedy, upon the faith of which, possibly, he gave credit, and gives him nothing in lieu thereof. Surely, if one remedy was taken away the other should have been substituted. If it is desirable that a creditor should be able to attach the property of his debtor for any cause of action arising after the 8th of April last, it is equally desirable that the same remedy should exist for debts contracted prior to that date. We believe the law should have been allowed to remain as it was for all debts contracted prior to the passing of the law.

THE late disturbances at Caraquet have demonstrated how foolish an ignorant people, without intelligent leaders, can be. The time has quite gone by in this country for any class of people to attempt to take the law into their own hands. From the most reliable information that we can get, the parties actively participating in the riot are the least culpable. It is stated that parties whose positions should have dictated more legal measures, but who kept in the background, are really responsible for the unfortunate occurrence. One thing the authorities should see to. A thorough, searching, and exhaustive investigation should be had. All available means should be employed to get at the bottom of this affair, and the blame placed on the proper shoulders. It is stated that the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, the defender of Lepine, will be the counsel for the rioters. No person can object to this. Fair dealing must and should be meted out fearlessly and faithfully. We must, however, enter our protest against any attempt to get up such feelings in this case as were evoked in the case of Lepine. Jew and Gentile should stand equally before the majesty of the law. The fact that a man is a Frenchman, an Englishman, or of any other nationality, is no reason why he should be exempt from the operation of law. Let justice be done, irrespective of class, creed, or nationality.

LAST month we expressed our candid convictions about the much-talked-of Louisiana difficulty. We do not believe in forming conclusions upon *ex parte* statement of facts. Our remarks appear to have offended the *Telegraph*. We were by it held up as a disgrace to the Canadian press for our fearless and independent expression of opinion. We hope no more serious charge can ever be brought against the Canadian press. We sincerely pity the editor who is capable of flinging such impotent thunder upon such a flimsy pretext. But, *mirabile dictu*, we are told that we should be ashamed of ourselves for expressing opinions upon such a topic different from the *Telegraph* and the great majority of leading newspapers, and some very eminent men in England and America. On the contrary, we are not ashamed, but we beg to enter our decided protest against the "back-boneless lubricity" of our contemporary's logic. The public press should strive to mould and lead, not follow public opinion. Majorities are quite as often wrong as right. Great reforms have always been begun amid

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immense opposition. The world's great social, political and other reformers have not been governed in their opinions by what the newspapers or the public would think of them. We are glad to know, however, that we do not stand alone in our views. The New York *Christian Advocate* sustains fully the position we took. It says:—

It is, indeed, pretty certain that Mr. Kellogg was not elected in a regular and lawful manner; and it is quite as certain that no other person was so elected. But Kellogg was declared elected by the proper authority, and when the case was subjected to a judicial review a competent court sustained his claim. Here ended the first chapter of this strange history. \* \* \* \* \*

The President of the United States, while freely confessing his dissatisfaction with the state of affairs, and urging Congress to undertake and set things in order, declared that the Executive had no authority to go behind the decisions by which Kellogg holds his seat as Governor of Louisiana, and that, therefore, until some competent authority should decree otherwise, he must recognize him as the only legal Governor. In all this it seems to us that he acted wisely, and in the only way left open to him. His unofficial personal opinions were of no practical value in opposition to the legally expressed findings of others, and, as a law-abiding official, charged with certain executive duties, he proceeded to perform them according to the letter of the law, to which he had sworn to render obedience. We have hitherto entirely failed to discover any good reason to find fault with the President's action in this case. Similar cases have also come before him from Texas, and also from Arkansas, in both of which he acted on the same rule—but in both these cases his decisions were in favor of Democratic Governors.

In the first week of last November came the general election, in Louisiana, for members of Congress and for members of the State Legislature. The public mind was very greatly excited, and as violence was feared special precautions for keeping the peace were taken by both the State and the national authorities. The election passed off; but it was attended with a great deal of violence and disorder, and everything goes to prove that the vote taken, or pretended to have been taken, was no proper expression of the popular will.

A board of canvassers, in which both parties were represented, now undertook the difficult task of making up the returns, and declaring who had been elected. To the lower house of the Legislature, the board declared fifty-two Republicans and fifty Democrats chosen, with a number of cases so difficult to determine that certificates were withheld from both contestants, and their cases referred to the House, when organized, for final decision. So

stood the matter on the morning of the fourth of the present month.

That day was the time fixed by law for the meeting of the new Legislature, and the event was anticipated by all parties as not unlikely to be attended with violence. The police of the city (New Orleans) were ordered to be on hand to keep the peace, and a detachment of United States soldiers, under command of General De Trobiand, were held in readiness to aid in quelling any riot, should it be necessary. Lieutenant-General Sheridan, who had been sent to look after affairs, was on hand, but had not yet taken command. The meeting of the legislators elect accordingly took place, and after the calling of the roll by the clerk of the former House, to which nearly every member responded, one of the Democratic members nominated a chairman *pro tem.*, and the nomination was confirmed by acclamation, entirely over-riding the clerk, who is by law the presiding officer until the House is organized.

Most of the apparent disorders arose from the efforts of the Republican members to escape, when they saw themselves outdone by the tactics of their adversaries, and the attempts of the others to hinder them. But they escaped, nevertheless, and unitedly (fifty-two in all) petitioned the Governor to protect them in the exercise of their official duties. The Governor accordingly called on General De Trobiand to protect these members, which he accordingly did, ejecting all who had not certificates, and ignoring the organization already made; and then the Republican members proceeded to organize the House in their own way. This was the act about which the terrible outcry has been made, and which has aroused the loud and ringing protests from partisan politicians all over the land, and for which the national administration has been charged with all degrees of crimes against the laws and the Constitution, the rights of "a sovereign" State, and the liberties of the people; the design of all which, as a partisan outcry, is too obvious to deceive any body.

It must be observed that, whatever may be said of the lawlessness of using the United States soldiers in keeping the peace during the attempted organization of the Legislature, they were first asked for by the Democrats; and no order to that effect had been given from Washington, nor was General Sheridan in command at the time.

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*—no partisan of the Administration, surely—writes:

The seizure of the lower House was but a small part of the scheme for obtaining Conservative control of the State. It was their intention, if they had secured the organization of the House, to recognize the Conservative Senate of two years ago, and, with the House and Senate in their possession, they intended to impeach Kellogg and all the other Republican officials, and to obtain com-

plete control. This purpose was openly avowed by some of the leading Democrats, and cannot be concealed or evaded. The entire operation of the Conservatives was a high-handed outrage, in violation of all law and order.

We trust the public will see from these extracts (and many others might be cited) that there are two sides to this question, and that it is no "disgrace" to say so.

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## Scrapiana.

### ECCENTRICITIES OF COBBETT.

COBBETT began his career a political writer of ultra-Conservative stamp. He first became known to the public as "Peter Porcupine," under which name he fiercely attacked the democratic writers and speakers of France and America. He was then resident in America, and encountered one or two trials at law for alleged libels, in his defence of monarchical and aristocratic institutions. The *Porcupine Papers* attracted much notice in England, were quoted and lauded by the government organs—quoted in both Houses of Parliament, and eulogized in the pulpit. The writer was considered one of the most powerful supports of the principles of the British constitution. This series of papers was republished in England, in twelve volumes octavo, under the patronage of the Prince Regent, to whom, it is believed, the work was dedicated.

On his return from America, Cobbett began a daily paper called the *Porcupine*. This was soon discontinued, and he began the *Register*. Both these papers were strongly in favor of the government; and the *Register* ran through several volumes before a change took place in the political opinions of the editor—a change hastened, if not caused, by an affront offered him by William Pitt. Windham was a great admirer of Cobbett, and after reading one of his Porcupine papers, declared that the author was "worthy of a statue in gold." Pitt had refused to meet the author of the *Register* at Windham's table; and this Cobbett resented, and never forgave. Very soon after this, a marked change took place in his politics; henceforth he was more consistent, and the last *Register* which came from his pen, very shortly before his death, breathed the same spirit which he had shown years before as one of the leaders of the democratic party.

One of Cobbett's oddities was the wood-cut of a gridiron which for many years headed the *Political Register*, as an emblem of

the martyrdom which he avowed he was prepared to undergo, upon certain conditions. The gridiron will be recollected as one of the emblems of St. Lawrence, and we see it as the large gilt vane of one of the City churches dedicated to the saint.

As he was broiled on a gridiron for refusing to give up the treasures of the church committed to his care, so Cobbett vowed that he would consent to be broiled upon certain terms, in his *Register*, dated Long Island, on the 24th of September, 1819, wherein he wrote the well-known prophecy on Peel's Cash Payments Bill of that year as follows: "I, William Cobbett, assert that to carry their bill into effect is impossible; and I say that if this bill be carried into full effect, I will give Castlereagh leave to lay me on a gridiron, and broil me alive, while Sidmouth may stir the coals, and Canning stand by and laugh at my groans."

On the hoisting of the gridiron on the *Register*, he wrote and published the fulfilment of his prophecy in the following statement:—"Peel's bill, together with the laws about small notes, which last were in force when Peel's bill was passed; these laws, all taken together, if they had gone into effect, would have put an end to all small notes on the first day of May, 1823; but to precede this blowing-up of the whole of the funding system, an act was passed, in the month of July, 1822, to prevent these laws, and especially that part of Peel's bill which put an end to small Bank of England notes, from going into full effect; thus the system received a respite; but thus did the parliament fulfil the above prophecy of September, 1819."

A large sign-gridiron was actually made for Mr. Cobbett. It was of dimensions sufficient for him to have lain thereon (he was six feet high); the implement was gilt, and we remember to have seen it in his office-window, in Fleet Street; but it was never hoisted outside the office. It was long to be seen on the gable-end of a building next Mr. Cobbett's house at Kensington.

Cobbett possessed extraordinary native vigor of mind; but every portion of his history is marked by strange blunders. Shakspeare, the British Museum, antiquities, posterity, America, France, Germany, are, one and all, either wholly indifferent to him, or objects of his bitter contempt. He absurdly condemned the British Museum as "a bundle of dead insects;" abused drinking "the immortal memory" as a contradiction of terms; and stigmatized "consuming the midnight oil" as cant and humbug. His political nicknames were very ludicrous: as big O for O'Connell; Prosperity Robinson for a flaming Chancellor of the Exchequer; and shoy-hoy for all degrees of quacks and pretenders. Still, his own gridiron was a monstrous piece of quackery, as audacious as any charlatan ever set up.

When he had a subject that suited him, he is said to have handled it not as an accomplished writer, but "with the perfect and inimitable art with which a dog picks a bone." Still, his

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own work would not bear this sort of handling—witness the biting critique upon his English grammar, which provoked the remark that he would undertake to write a Chinese grammar.

In country or in town, at Barn Elms, in Bolt Court or at Kensington, Cobbett wrote his *Registers* early in the morning: these, it must be admitted, had force enough; for he said truly, "Though I never attempt to put forth that sort of stuff which the intense people on the other side of the Channel call *eloquence*, I bring out strings of very interesting facts; I use pretty powerful arguments; and I hammer them down so closely upon the mind, that they seldom fail to produce a lasting impression." This he owed, doubtless, to his industry, early rising, and methodical habits.

Cobbett affected to despise all acquirements which he had not. In his *English Grammar* he selects examples of bad English from the writings of Dr. Johnson and Dr. Watts, and is very contemptuous on "what are called the learned languages;" but he would not have entered upon Latin or Greek.

It seemed to be Cobbett's aim to keep himself fresh in the public eye by some means of advertisement or other; a few were very reprehensible, but none more than his disinterring the bones of Thomas Paine, buried in a field on his own estate near New Rochelle, and bringing these bones to England, where, Cobbett calculated, pieces of them would be worn as memorials of the gross scoffer. Cobbett, however, never more widely mistook English feeling: instead of arousing, as he expected, the enthusiasm of the republican party in this country, he only drew upon himself universal contempt.

JOHN TIMBS.

### THE FARMER FEEDETH ALL.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

My lord rides through his palace gate,  
My lady sweeps along in state;  
The sage thinks long on many a thing,  
And the maiden muses on marrying;  
The minstrel harpeth merrily,  
The sailor ploughs the foaming sea,  
The huntsman kills the good red deer,  
And the soldier wars without a fear;  
But fall to each, whate'er befall,  
The farmer he must feed them all.

Smith hammereth cherry red the sword,  
Priest preacheth pure the Holy Word;  
Dame Alice worketh 'broidery well,  
Clerk Richard tales of love can tell;  
The tap wife sells her foaming beer,  
Dan Fisher fisheth in the mere;  
And courtiers ruffle, strut and shine,  
While pages bring the gascon wine;  
But fall to each, whate'er befall,  
The farmer he must feed them all.

Man builds his castles fair and high,  
 Wherever river runneth by;  
 Great cities rise in every land,  
 Great churches show the builder's hand;  
 Great arches, monuments, and towers,  
 Fair palaces and pleasing bowers;  
 Great work is done, be it here or there,  
 And well man worketh everywhere;  
 But work or rest, whate'er befall,  
 The farmer he must feed them all.

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MR. CANNING'S HUMOR.

It has been sagaciously remarked in a paper in the *National Review*, that "if Mr. Canning had not been a busy politician, he would probably have attained eminence as a writer. There must be extraordinary vitality in jokes and parodies, which after sixty or seventy years are almost as amusing as if their objects had not long since become obsolete." We propose to string together a few of these pleasantries, collected from the above and other authentic sources.

Mr. Canning used habitually to designate the selfish and officious Duke of Buckingham as the "Ph.D.," an abbreviation which was understood to mean "the fat Duke." That bulky potentate had cautioned him on the eve of his expected voyage to India, against the frigate in which he was to sail, on the ground that she was too low in the water. "I am much obliged to you," he replies to Lord Morley, "for your report of the Duke of Buckingham's caution respecting the *Jupiter*. Could you have the experiments made *without* the Duke of Buckingham on board? as that *might* make a difference."

In a letter to Lord Granville, at a time when Prince Metternich was expected in Paris, he says, "You ask me what you shall say to Metternich. In the first place, you shall hear what I think of him; that he is the greatest r—— and l—— on the Continent, perhaps in the civilized world!"

Almost all the brilliant exceptions to the average trash of the *Anti-Jacobin* appear to belong to Canning; though, if the authority of the most recent editor may be trusted, the best stanza of the best poem was added to the original manuscript by Pitt.

"Sun, moon, and thou, vile world, adieu!  
 Which kings and priests are plotting in;  
 Here doomed to starve on water gru-  
 el, I no more shall see the U-  
 niversity of Gottingen."

Canning's *Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder* is well remembered as witty ridicule of the youthful Jacobin effusions of Southey, in which it was sedulously inculcated that there was a natural and eternal warfare between the poor and the rich; the Sapphic lines of Southey affording a tempting subject for ludicrous parody:—



" *Friend of Humanity.*

"Needy Knife-grinder! whither art thou going?  
Rough is your road—your wheel is out of order.  
Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in't!  
So have your breeches!

"Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,  
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-  
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives and  
Scissors to grind O!'

"Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?  
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?  
Was it the squire, or parson of the parish,  
Or the attorney?

"Was it the squire, for killing of his game, or  
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?  
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little  
All in a lawsuit?

"(Have you not read the *Rights of Man*, by Tom Paine?)  
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,  
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told  
Your pitiful story.

" *Knife-grinder.*

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.  
Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,  
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were  
Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up for to take me into  
Custody; they took me before the justice;  
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish  
Stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your honor's health in  
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;  
But for my part I never love to meddle  
With politics, sir.

" *Friend of Humanity.*

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d—d first—  
Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—  
Sordid, unfeeling reprobate; degraded,  
Spiritless outcast!

[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of  
Republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.]

Again, the atrocious exaltation of the contemporary poet in the  
murder of Jean Bon St. André is still delightfully contagious:—

"'Twould have moved a Christian's bowels  
To hear the doubts he stated;  
But the Moors they did as they were bid,  
And strangled him while he prated."

The exquisite polish of the *Loves of the Triangles* is enjoyed,  
while Darwin's grave absurdities are only remembered in Miss  
Edgeworth's admiring quotations, or by Lord Brougham's fidelity

to the literary prepossessions of his youth. It is remarkable that an author who in literature can only be considered as an amateur, should have possessed that rare accomplishment of style which is the first condition of durable reputation. The humor of Canning's more ephemeral lampoons, as they exist in oral tradition, seems to have been not less admirable. When Mr. Whitbread said, or was supposed to say, in the House of Commons, that a certain day was memorable to him as the anniversary both of the establishment of his brewery and of the death of his father, the metrical version of his speech placed his sentiments in a more permanent form:—

“This day I will hail with a smile and a sigh,  
For his beer with an e, and his bier with an i.”

Some of the diplomatic documents which have been published tend to justify the common opinion that Mr. Canning was liable to be misled by his facility of composition and his love of epigram. On one occasion, he wrote to Lord Granville, that he had forgotten to answer “the impudent request of the Pope,” for protection to his subjects against the Algerine corsairs. He replies, with more point than relevancy, “Why does not the Pope prohibit the African Slave Trade? It is carried on wholly by Roman Catholic powers, and by those among them who acknowledge most subserviently the power and authority of the court of Rome. . . . Tell my friend Macchi, that so long as any power whom the Pope can control, and does not, sends a slave-ship to Southern Africa, I have not the audacity to propose to Northern Africans to abstain from cruising for Roman domestics—indeed, I think them justified in doing so.” In a private conversation or a friendly letter, the fallacy of the *tu quoque* would have been forgotten in the appropriateness of the repartee; but in a question of serious business, the argument was absurd, and a diplomatic communication ought never to be insulting. There might be little practical danger in affronting the Pope; but Mr. Canning himself would have admitted, on reflection, that his witticism could by no possibility conduce to the suppression of the Slave Trade.

Here is a more playful instance of humorous correspondence. When Mr. Canning was forming his ministry, he offered Lord Lyndhurst the Chancellorship, though he had recently attacked the new Premier in a speech which was said to be borrowed from a hostile pamphlet, written by Dr. Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter. Canning offered Lord Lyndhurst the seals in a letter expressive of his goodwill, “*pace Philpotti* ;” and the answer of acceptance was signed, “Yours ever, except for twenty-four hours.”

Mr. Canning had a faithful college servant, who became much attached to him. Francis, for such was his name, was always distinguished by his blunt honesty and his familiarity with his master. During his master's early political career, Francis continued to live with him. Mr. Canning, whose love of fun was

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innate, used sometimes to play off his servant's bluntness upon his right honorable friends. One of these, whose honors did not set very easily upon him, had forgotten Francis, though often indebted to his kind offices at Oxford. Francis complained to Mr. Canning that Mr. W. did not speak to him. "Pooh!" said Mr. Canning, "it is all your fault; you should speak first; he thinks you proud. He dines here to-day—go up to him in the drawing-room, and congratulate him upon the post he has just got." Francis was obedient. Surrounded by a splendid ministerial circle, Francis advanced to the distinguished statesman, with "How d'ye do, Mr. W. I hope you're very well—I wish you joy of your luck, and hope your place will turn out a good thing." The roar of course was universal. The same Francis afterwards obtained a comfortable berth in the Customs, through his kind master's interest. He was a staunch Tory. During Queen Caroline's trial, he met Mr. Canning in the street. "Well Francis, how are you?" said the statesman, who had just resigned his office, holding out his hand. "It is not well, Mr. Canning," replied Francis, refusing the pledge of friendship—"It is not well, Mr. Canning, that you should say anything in favor of that——." But Francis, political differences should not separate old friends—give me your hand." The sturdy politician at length consented to honor the ex-minister with a shake of forgiveness. It is said that Mr. Canning did not forget him when he returned to power.

Canning and Lord Eldon were, in many respects, "wide as the poles asunder," although they were in the same administration. Mr. Stapleton, in his *George Canning and his Times*, publishes a curious letter written in 1826 to Lord Eldon, who exhibited his unconcealed dislike to his brilliant and liberal colleague by steadily refusing to place any part of his vast patronage at his disposal. Complying with the importunity of Mr. Martin, of Galway, Mr. Canning formally transmitted a letter of application, reminding the Chancellor at the same time that in twenty-five years he had made four requests for appointments; "with one of which your lordship had the goodness to comply." The letter was placed in the private secretary (Mr. Stapleton's) hands, with directions to copy it and forward it immediately; but knowing the state of parties in the cabinet, and seeing that the letter had been written under the influence of irritation, Mr. Stapleton undertook the responsibility of keeping it back. A few hours afterwards, Mr. Stapleton said to Mr. Canning, "I have not sent your letter to old Eldon." "Not sent it," he angrily inquired; "and pray why not?" Mr. Stapleton replied, "Because I am sure that you ought to read it over again before you send it." "What do you mean?" Mr. Canning sharply replied. "Go and get it." Mr. Stapleton did as he was bid; Mr. Canning read it over, and then a smile of good-humor came over his countenance. "Well," he said, "you

are a good boy. You are quite right; don't send it. I will write another."

When his obstinate old enemy stood beside him at the Duke of York's funeral, in St. George's Chapel, Mr. Canning became uneasy at seeing the old man standing on the cold, bare pavement. "Perhaps he was more uneasy because he knew he was unfriendly; so to prevent the cold damp of the stones from striking through his shoes, he made him lay down his cocked hat, and stand upon it; and when at last he got weary of so much standing, he put him in a niche of carved wood-work, where he was just able to stand upon wood. Unfortunately, although the tough old Chancellor was saved by his constitution and his hat, Mr. Canning's health received, through the exposure to cold, a shock from which he never recovered. A few days afterwards he paid a last visit to Lord Liverpool, at Bath, and on the plea of entertaining Mr. Stapleton, as a young man, with the stories of their early years, they went on amusing each other by recounting all sorts of fun and adventure, which were evidently quite as entertaining to the old as to the young. The picture of the two time-worn ministers laughing over the scenes of their youth must have been a treat."

Sydney Smith ludicrously compared Canning in office to a fly in amber:—"Nobody cares about the fly; the only question is—How the devil did it get there? Nor do I attack him," continues Sydney, "from the love of glory, but from the love of utility, as a burgomaster hunts a rat in a Dutch dyke, for fear it should flood a province. When he is jocular, he is strong; when he is serious, he is like Samson in a wig. Call him a legislator, a reasoner, and the conductor of the affairs of a great nation, and it seems to me as absurd as if a butterfly were to teach bees to make honey. That he is an extraordinary writer of small poetry, and a diner-out of the highest metre, I do most readily admit. After George Selwyn, and perhaps Tickell, there has been no such man for the last half-century." Lord Brougham, however, asserts that Mr. Canning was not, by choice a diner-out.

Canning said of Grattan's eloquence that, for the last two years, his public exhibitions were a complete failure, and that you saw all the mechanism of his oratory without its life. It was like lifting the flap of a barrel-organ, and seeing the wheels; you saw the skeleton of his sentences without the flesh on them; and were induced to think that what you had considered flashes, were merely primings kept ready for the occasion.

Lord Byron, in his *Age of Bronze*, thus characterises Canning:

"Something may remain, perchance, to chime  
With reason; and, what's stranger still, with rhyme.  
Even this thy genius, Canning! may permit,  
Who, bred a statesman, still was born a wit,  
And never, even in that dull house could tame  
To unleavened prose thine own poetic flame.

Our last, our best, our only orator,  
 Even I can praise thee—Tories do no more.  
 Nay, not so much; they hate thee, man, because  
 Thy spirit less upholds them than it awes!"

BY AN OPEN GRAVE.

Ah, well! this life's a medley—mirth and care.  
 The busy orb must turn whoever falls—  
 Give us our story, quip, or jokelet rare;  
 Write, writer, write, the world your master calls.

The heart may bleed—one's own or others' pains;  
 The weary brain refuse each hard appeal;  
 But if the world cries "Sing!" the jester strains:  
 Leaves bare his wounds that others' he may heal.

To laugh; while, warningly, a spectral hand  
 Beckons from out the gloom of yon vast deep;  
 And e'er a voice keeps whispering One's commands—  
 The sowing days are past: 'tis time to reap!

The jester's bells yet tinkle, far and near;  
 His hand the belled cap waved, this Christmas time;  
 And eyes look bright, as wits, laugh-sharpened, shear  
 The merry harvest of his floral rhyme.

While he? A dark trench, graven with all care,  
 Contains the mortal robe the writer shed;  
 And, shimmering bright, as if in mock'ry there,  
 A breastplate guarding where the shaft has sped.

The last dip ta'en—theme writ, and all men laughed:  
 The writer sleeps, as sleep all—bad or good;  
 And here we gather, craftsmen of his craft,  
 To read with tear-blurred eyes the words "Tom Hood."

November 23, 1874.

Once a Week.

WE see that a St. John paper, in the course of some severe censures on the MARITIME MONTHLY for February, makes much ado over its lack of articles on Canadian subjects, and thinks the publication of the sixth paper of the series on the "Valley of the Platte," while but one or two of the other contributions have a local significance, displays great want of judgment. Such a criticism is either reprehensibly captious, or arises from a notable ignorance of periodical literature. No leading magazine or review in this country or in Europe is supposed to invariably devote any considerable portion of its space to discussions of local or national subjects, and some of them have contained almost interminable series on subjects altogether foreign.—*American Canadian*, Boston.

The Platte Valley Papers will be continued next month.

THE *Canadian Monthly* compliments us by the publication of a poem which was written for and appeared in the MARITIME MONTHLY about a year since.

## SOME CANADIAN SONNETS.

WITH some readers who seek for mere amusement and excitement in poetry—that is to say, with the majority—the Sonnet can never be popular. The narrow limits prescribed to it compel a concentration of thought and feeling only to be properly understood and appreciated by minds of some culture, and its delicate touches of description, its brief words of love, grief, hope, and aspiration, can wake no responsive emotion in natures insensible to the *curiosa felicitas* of expression, and who are incapable of reading between the lines. In Queen Elizabeth's time when Italian travel and a knowledge of Italian poetry were considered indispensable to a young man of rank, it was the favorite mode of versification; every one who aimed at a place among the *beau esprits* wrote Sonnets, and all people of taste and refinement read them. But this was only a literary fashion, and never extended far beyond the sphere of court influence. In Shakspeare's Sonnets, if anywhere, that exception which is said to prove every rule ought to be found. Their intense passion, their deep pathos, their wealth of imagery, are altogether unique in that form of composition. So far from appearing subject to metrical exigencies, "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" seem to unfold themselves spontaneously in a strain of magic music. Yet Stevens, a once famous critic and editor of Shakspeare, declared that nothing short of an act of Parliament could compel the English people to read them, and even now, when poetic taste is so much more widely diffused, they are comparatively few to whom they are more than a name.

To poets of a certain order, thoughtful, philosophical, self-reverent, self-controlled, and skilful in the use of language and metre, the art of expressing, through the delicate mechanism of the Sonnet's "small lute," the most subtle aroma of feeling, the most refined essence of thought, has always had a peculiar fascination. Wordsworth, who delighted in planting poetic flowers

"Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground,"

recounts its "just honors" in such a lofty strain that, well-known as it is, we hope to be excused for repeating it here:—

"Scorn not the Sonnet, Critic, you have frowned,  
Mindless of its just honors; with this key  
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody  
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;  
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;  
With it Camoens soothed an exile's grief;  
The Sonnet glittered, a gay myrtle leaf,  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp  
It cheered mild Spencer, called from Faery-land  
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains—alas! too few."

Critics learned in the metrical construction of the Sonnet tell us that Milton's poems in that stanza are always correct, and—as we might expect from so learned a student of the Italian language and literature—in strict obedience to the laws prescribed by the example of the great Italian masters; but Wordsworth's so-called Sonnets are said not to fulfil any of the conditions of that mode of versification, except in being confined to fourteen lines, which if not "in-formed" by the laws that should govern them, can no more make a Sonnet than an epic. His long poems divided into stanzas, entitled "Sonnets," have been especially condemned as barbarous, but he has had many followers in this poetical heresy. Lowell adopted it in the series of poems he wrote after reading the "Sonnets in Defence of Capital Punishment," mourning that

———"Saddest sight to see,  
An old man faithless in humanity;"

and Mrs. Browning in her "Sonnets from the Portuguese," into which she poured the deepest feeling of her "beautiful soul."

The Sonnet has not been neglected by our Canadian poets, and many fine lines enclosed within its narrow zone might be selected from the writings of Mr. Heavyside, Mr. Charles Sangster, and others. But there is a Canadian poet less widely known whose Sonnets—never marred by extravagant imagery or ambitious faults of taste—have a sweet, harmonious music and a pensive charm, appealing to all true poetic sympathy. We mean Mr. Spencer, of St. John, New Brunswick. His business affairs may not have allowed him leisure to prepare his poems for publication in a collected form, or, more likely, the contemptuous neglect which Canadians in general show to Canadian literature may have prevented him from making such an appeal to the public; and those who desire to become acquainted with his poetry must search for it through the pages of the MARITIME MONTHLY and other periodicals. That we may do our part in making his genius better known, we will present our readers with three of his Sonnets, which we have selected from many others, almost all of equal merit.

## L

Watched by the stars, the sleeping Mayflower lies  
On craggy mountain slope, in bushy dell,  
Beneath the red and yellow leaves that fell  
Ere Autumn yielded to bleak Winter's reign;  
But when at Spring's approach the Winter flies,  
Our Mayflower wakes, and buds, and blows again.  
Queen of the forest; flower of flowers most sweet;  
Delight and wonder of a thousand eyes—  
Thou dost recall a day that flew too fleet—  
A hope that perished in a sea of sighs.  
We all have hoped for that which might not be;  
But thou, sweet flower, forbidst that we despair;  
After the Winter, Spring doth welcome thee,  
And ever hoping, we may conquer care.

## II.

The twilight shadows creep along the wall,  
 Without, the sobbing of the wind I hear,  
 And from the vine-clad elm that marks the mere  
 The ivy leaves in crimson eddies fall.  
 Deeper and deeper grow the shades of night,  
 And, gazing in the fire, to me appears  
 The form of one departed with the years—  
 The buried years of hope, and faith, and light.  
 "Oh, that those lips had language"—would they tell  
 The old, old story of the by-gone days—  
 Ere on our heart the blighting shadow fell,  
 And we henceforward followed parted ways?  
 I ask, but as I ask the embers die—  
 The vision fades—and answers none have I.

## III.

In the dim distance, lo, the moon declines—  
 Astarte brightens in the purple sky;  
 The south winds woo in whispers soft the pines,  
 The slumberous pines in murmurs weird reply.  
 Thou, from afar perchance, dost watch with me  
 The full-orbed moon descending in the sea—  
 Thou from afar may'st count the stars that beam  
 Alike on this blue Bay and Jordan's stream,  
 And thou perchance, in some half waking dream  
 Dost hear, these whispering winds—these murmuring pines dost see.  
 Nor time nor space is to kind Nature known—  
 Nor Past nor Future—Now embraces all;—  
 Her hand doth clasp all men have overthrown  
 And all that men hereafter shall befall.

We believe all genuine lovers of poetry will find in these Sonnets the unaffected utterances of a feeling heart and seeing eye

"By tender fancies brightened"—

a something of grace and melody in the versification not unbefitting the Immortal Muse.—*The Nation, Toronto.*

OUR musical readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. McCarthy, of the late firm of Messrs. Landry & McCarthy, and Mr. F. L. Cook, under the name of McCarthy & Cook, have opened a Piano and Organ Wareroom, in the Conservatory of Music Building, corner of Union and Coburg streets. Mr. McCarthy's extensive experience in the business, and Mr. Cook's large acquaintance throughout the country, with the well-known probity of both members of the firm, will, we trust, render their success in business immediate and lasting.