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STEWART'S LITERARY QUARTERLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

Light and Entertaining Literature.

JULY.

Contents.

	<i>Page.</i>
1.—SCOTIA'S CLASSIC STREAMS,.....	65
2.—IN CÆLO QUIES,.....	66
3.—THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.....	67
4.—DOMINION ENGLISH,.....	78
5.—SKETCHES OF ACADIE—LOUISBOURG,.....	81
6.—TO MY WIFE,.....	95
7.—THE RAPIDS,.....	96
8.—LA RESTAURADORA,.....	97
9.—A REVERIE,.....	102
10.—TO A MAY FLOWER,.....	105
11.—WHY I LEFT THE DETECTIVE SERVICE,.....	106
12.—CAN YOU SOLVE IT?.....	112
13.—THE SHADY SIDE,.....	118
14.—SQUIRE JONES'S SURPRISE PARTY,.....	118
15.—A METAPHYSICIAN OF OUR OWN,.....	124
16.—LITERARY NOTICES,.....	126
17.—METEOROLOGICAL,.....	127
18.—OUR PUZZLE DEPARTMENT,.....	128

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DEVOTED TO

LIGHT AND ENTERTAINING LITERATURE.

GEORGE STEWART, JR.,

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. II.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JULY, 1868.

No. 2.

SCOTIA'S CLASSIC STREAMS.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

WHERE once the border Minstrel strayed,
With ready lays for bower and hall,
And sang of love, or deftly played,
To Knights at courtly festival:

Where once the warder chieftain led
His vassals to the border fray,
Whose doughty deeds of foray shed
Their halo round the Minstrel's lay:

When love and war were all of life,
With lord and vassal, Squire and Knight:
A lady's smile the bow of strife—
Her hand the guerdon of the fight:

Where Yarrow sweeps by Newark's tower,
And Ettrick mingles with its stream,
And Tweed, through many a smiling bower,
Flows as of old the Minstrel's theme:

Where Gala's water still may boast
Of fairer lads than Ettrick's shore:
Where not a memory is lost,
That hallowed all the scene of yore!—

Where Scott has reared his wizard hold,
And still presides the Genius there—
Whence, oft, in many a foray bold,
He sorned on all the realms of air:—

There have I wandered, and it seemed,
On hill and vale and streamlet lay,
As if the light of old that gleamed,
The aspect of a former day.

There have I wandered, seen each stream,
Nor felt the while I gazed on Yarrow.
That all were better yet a dream,
Linked in the mind with love and sorrow.*

The image of the mental eye
Was more than given back to me;
An interest that shall never die,
Still lives within my memory.

Fair is the aspect of the scene,
Of verdant plain and wooded dell;
But 'tis the thought of what has been
That throws around its magic spell.

Sweet Ettrick's pastoral memory,
The tale of Yarrow's faded flower,
And Tweed's undying minstrelsy—
Shall these not touch the heart with power?

Saint Mary's Lake, wild Tusnielaw,
Dryhope, Buccleugh—still honoured name!
"The Forest," whose flowers "are wede awa:"
How much have ye bequeathed to fame?

And, Melrose, could I see thy fane—
Type of another, older, day!
And could I look on thee in vain,
Nor feel thy soul-subduing sway?

Still doth a presence hover round,
As if of the unslumbering dead;
Although within thee wakes no sound,
And falls no footstep's solemn tread.

Say, speak'st thou not of ages gone,
Of men that worshipped in thy shrine—
Whose record is this breathing stone—
Thou say'st their history is thine:

They lived, and they have passed away;
So shall thy future record be;
And, haply, o'er thy sleeping clay,
No sculpture trace thy memory.

*" Be Yarrow's stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!"

WORDSWORTH.

IN CÆLO QUIES.

I love.....

*Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.*

[SHELLEY.]

Wearied with toil, with heart-corroding care,
Or sad remembrance of a gloomy past,
Whose hovering shadows still my steps o'ercast:
When sullen griefs my spirit downward bear,
And shroud the future in a dull despair,
Let me escape to verdant fields at last,
'Mid melodies of brooks and trees to taste
The buoyant freedom of untainted air;
Gaze on the beauty of a quiet sky,
Where blend warm splendors of departing day
And tremulous light of stars, dewy and clear,
Soothing my fevered brain and burning eye
By the sweet influence each tender ray
Bears from the realm of Peace and Love sincere.—[W. P. D.]

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

OUR last number had hardly been issued when the telegraph brought the harrowing intelligence that our friend and contributor, Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, had been foully assassinated at Ottawa, on the morning of the 7th of April. Bad news, it is said, travels fast, and from one end of America to the other, ere the sun had sunk to rest, it was the topic of general conversation. At first the news was scarcely credited, people could not be made to believe that an act so atrocious had been committed in our fair land, where assassinations and foul murders are happily seldom, if ever, perpetrated. We thought that we lived in an enlightened age; but this crime brings us back to the dark days of the French Revolution when a man dared not speak his mind; or the times of Italian brigandage when the stiletto and carbine did their deadly work.

The United Kingdom, Spain and Russia, too, have not been without their dark page of history. We have been accustomed to read in the annals of the past, of events well calculated to freeze the hearts' blood; often have our sympathies been touched with a dire tale of some cold-blooded crime committed merely for state purposes. In the "new" world, as well as in the "old," scenes of a barbaric age have been unfolded in the broad panorama of a world's history. When Abraham Lincoln, the much esteemed chief magistrate of our Republican neighbours, was shot by J. Wilkes Booth in Ford's Theatre, Washington, the whole country mourned the sad calamity; but that crime with all its revolting details, is not to be compared with the assassination of Mr. McGee. Before thousands of spectators, in one of the most public places in Washington, at an early hour in the evening, all hope of escape probably shut off, in the presence of all, Wilkes Booth deliberately fired at the President, and before the report of his pistol had died away and the smoke from the barrel blown off, he made a leap on the stage and was soon beyond the reach of pursuers. Different, far different was McGee's tragic end. Just as he left the arena where a short time before he stood in the proud attitude of a "Peacemaker" counselling forbearance towards the people of Nova Scotia, and eloquently replying to Dr. Parker, who in a long set speech had urged the recall of Dr. Tupper from his mission to England, to which land he had repaired for the purpose of confronting the Hon. Joseph Howe and defending the action of his (Tupper's) government in the matter of Confederation, he met his death. Arm in arm with a friend (Mr. MacFarlane) he walked down the street smoking a cigar and chatting pleasantly. They came to a stop, *adieux* were exchanged, and the two friends parted. Mr. McGee went up to the door of his dwelling, slipped his cane under his arm, and searched for his latch key; this found, he inserted it into the key-hole. As he was about to open the door a loud report was heard, a ball whizzed through the head of Mr. McGee, his brains spattered against the door, and a great man fell to rise no more. An eloquent tongue was forever hushed, a giant mind stilled, and a prolific pen stripped of its power. So perished a man, whose name shall live for all time to come, in the history of Canada. Future generations shall mourn his untimely end and those of the present who are familiar with his impassioned oratory, poetic genius, true fellowship, and kind, jovial nature, will not soon forget his name; but it shall live and

flourish in their memory till the day they leave this "vale of tears," never to return.

The subject of our sketch was born in the year 1825 on the 13th of April, at Carlingford, County of Louth, Ireland, and was the second son of James McGee of Wexford, and Dorcas Morgan, his wife, both of whom are now dead. McGee could boast of a pedigree, extending back many generations. Mr. Thomas D'Arcy was his godfather and he it was who bestowed on him his name.

His parents not being blessed with a very large proportion of the world's goods, were not in a position to give young McGee that liberal education which his talents so much demanded. He was put to a tolerably good school, however, where he made much progress and mastered rapidly the elementary branches.

His mother was one of those good kind women for which the "Emerald Isle" has been so famous. She loved her son with all the ardour of a lover for his mistress. Blessed with a true poetic inspiration, her mind was well stored with glowing metaphors, and sweet ideal fancies. Into her son, who already inherited her genial nature and ardent temperament, she instilled a warm love for the books and ballads of her native country. His love knew no bounds, he perfectly idolized her, and it was touching to see in after years the pleasure it gave him to speak of her many good qualities and kindly disposition. It is held by some that "great men always take after their mothers;" in the present instance this is a true saying and McGee is a worthy exemplar. The commandment "Honour thy father and thy mother" was acted up to the very letter by McGee who often took umbrage with his young and thoughtless companions that sometimes treated their parents as if the commandment read "Parents honour thy son and thy daughter," "Parents obey your children." While quite young he met with a severe trial. His "best friend on earth," his dear mother was laid on a bed of sickness, she lingered in pain and suffering, but her "wee boy Tammie" as she loved to call her devoted son, watched by her bedside. Then the dark day arrived. The inevitable King of Terrors entered her chamber. Her wan face, radiant with love, looked towards Heaven, a sweet smile flitted across her features, the breath slowly left her body, her pulse ceased its noiseless beatings, and she was locked in the arms of death.

We can well imagine the tears of grief that were shed over her grave by her son; not mere tears of the passing moment; but live long ones undying to the day of his death.

At the age of 17, young McGee left the land of his nativity and sailed for America. We have no data whereby we can tell the reasons which prompted him to take this step, but we opine that through study and intellectual advancement he was made aware that there were other countries beyond the blue Atlantic more fitted for him, where his clear and far-reaching mind would have full vent for its powers. He landed at Boston in the year 1842, and shortly after secured a good position on the Press of that rising city. For three years he assiduously pursued his studies and wrote much. He coupled with literature the study of politics, and soon after we hear of him spoken highly of as a lecturer. His writings and speeches attracted attention, and Mr. Grattan, then British Consul at Boston, sought him out and gave him much valuable advice on matters with which he was immediately connected. McGee never forgot his kind counsellor of whom he ever afterwards spoke in reverential terms.

But the fame of the young writer spread to his native isle. Old Mother Ireland looked on her offspring with pride, and though it gave her pleasure to hear her son talked of and admired abroad in far off America, yet she felt she would rather have him home with her again to mingle with her affairs and take a lively interest in her politics. The great Daniel O'Connell, then in the very zenith of his power, feeling that the cause of the Irish reformation demanded the aid of all her best sons, and attracted by an article in a Boston paper written by Mr. McGee, used his influence with the proprietors of the *Freeman's Journal*, a Dublin daily paper, who wrote to McGee in 1845 offering him a handsome inducement for his editorial services.

McGee, as might be expected, accepted this proposal and returned to Ireland. O'Connell's ideas of working reforms for Ireland differed widely from McGee's. The former sought to accomplish his purpose by argument and legislation. In the House of Commons, in the presence of England's greatest Parliamentary celebrities, where a few short years before, Ireland's champion, Grattan, with the force of eloquence made the legislators listen to his earnest appeal, O'Connell's voice was heard. As an orator, with a strong fortress of invectives and witticisms, the great liberator stood unequalled. He could calm a multitude bristling with rage and indignation into a concourse of peaceable citizens, or he could make thousands of quiet peasantry grow into an army of savage soldiery with his great power of oratory. At times tears would course down the cheeks of men as he told them some sad and melancholy event, and at others roars of laughter would greet his sallies of wit and pleasantry. But although the "member for all Ireland," as O'Connell was called, had high command over his people, he was far from being what is termed a great statesman. A fluent debater, a learned scholar, a powerful rhetorician, a kind genial manner, were all the qualities O'Connell possessed and he used them without stint.

McGee on the other hand was young and inexperienced. His ready imagination, at one bound, cleared obstacles that obstinately presented themselves before the minds' eye of O'Connell. His impulsive nature "kicked against" the fetters that wedged in the opinions he must give vent to in the *Journal*. He could not say as much as he wished against England. He had to—as an American would say,—“draw it mild.” At this time a liberal party, consisting of young professional gentlemen of Ireland—lawyers, doctors, journalists, and collegemen—formed themselves into a *coterie* or rather a portion of a party, which was known as the “Young Ireland Party.” Of course McGee, with a temperament precisely similar to these mad-caps, at once associated himself with them and soon became a sort of leader among them. Their first project was the formation of a “Library of Ireland” which was to consist of a number of Shilling novels, in which the nationality of Erin was to shine conspicuously. The famine of 1847 “nipped in the bud” this idea; but about twenty volumes had been issued. They were immensely popular and sold readily. McGee wrote two of the works: “Art McMurrrough,” a memoir of an Irish King of the fourteenth century, and the other a series of biographical sketches of illustrious Irishmen who flourished in the seventeenth century. The “Young Irelanders” formed themselves into a party for the accomplishment of the measures advocated by O'Connell; but the “Liberator” was altogether too slow in his movements to satisfy them. They were young, hot-blooded and eager for the fray, and looked upon O'Connell as a machine too old and rusty to be of any service.

In 1848, feeling bitter towards England for real or imaginary wrongs, the

"Young Ireland" party vowing vengeance on the "red robber rag of the brutal British Monarchy," arose and made a bold dash for freedom (?) and future independence. The result of this freak is patent to all. Some of the revolutionists were captured, tried and condemned to penal servitude for a term of years, and others escaped to America. This "rising" was the death blow of O'Connell. He saw his friends separating; some with him, some with the "Young Irishmen." His old associates were rapidly becoming alienated from each other, and he felt himself alone in the cause which he agitated from his early days. The structure of a life-time was broken down. He now had no hope, the British Parliament would cease to listen to him or hang upon his magic words as they poured forth like torrents of rain; old age weighed him down and he left Ireland for the Continent. But there is no cure for a "mind diseased;" away in a foreign land, and among strangers, this noble Reformer laid himself down to rest. The tidings of his death was received with pain and sorrow in Ireland. It struck deep into the heart of every Celt and sent a pang of remorse into the conscience of those who had deserted him.

McGee, in 1847, married at Dublin, Miss Mary Theresa Caffray, who has ever since followed and shared his chequered career with the devotion a true wife only can feel.

McGee, one of the party in the *fracas*, quickly left the scene of the sad burlesque, and again to America was the tide of his fortunes turned. How his breast burned with hate and love; with pain, rage and humiliation, he hurled all the fierce invectives he could against Great Britain. He took up his abode this time in New York and in that city edited first the *New York Nation* and then *The American Celt*. But his warm heart could not endure vindictive feelings. He conquered his passion, and his bitter hatred of England's Laws were in a measure subdued. His clear vision saw that nothing was to be gained by mere denunciations, the "cards must be worked" in a different mode.

With mortification he beheld the manner in which his noble-hearted countrymen were treated on their arrival in the Immigrant Ships to America. They were used little better than dogs. The commonest work was allotted them. Truly they were the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Then when they were in the country long enough to be citizenized, when they received into their hands the privilege of voting at the general elections, he saw how they were duped and bought by wily and unprincipled politicians, who, after securing them to gratify their own ends, threw them to one side and turned a deaf ear to their protestations. The "Irish in America" were, in McGee's eyes, mere party hacks and tools. An Irishman was not permitted to hold an office of any consequence; the very papers which, at times so vehemently espoused their cause, teemed with advertisements strongly proclaiming "No Irish need apply." Often the exile wondered why his unhappy countrymen were treated so. At home famine, pestilence and revolution: abroad, trodden underfoot, spurned as something venomous and openly insulted, and used freely when a low or servile act was to be done.

Such was the condition of Ireland, which has produced so many great and eminent men, famous as Statesmen, Orators, Poets, Historians or Novelists. at that time, and this was the light in which her people was viewed by D'Arcy McGee. He strove with all his power and ability to rescue his countrymen from the mire into which they had fallen. He opposed the machinations of that strongly organized political cabal, the "Know Nothings," and they found in him a very formidable adversary. To instil into the minds of the Irish the

duty of sending their children to schools, and cease from their habits of close connexion with spiritous liquors, was McGee's next task, and in these laudable attempts he partly succeeded.

In some educational project he came in contact with that able prelate Archbishop Hughes—now, alas, numbered with the dead—and though the dispute at the time threatened serious consequences, if a division of the Irish occurred on the question at issue, in which they took sides, he became at last reconciled to him and they were after that day fast and firm friends. No longer did rash and revolutionary ideas pervade the brain of McGee who now put his whole soul into the work he had in hand. The greater portion of his time was devoted to study and mental improvement. The lives of eminent men who had lived before him had their influence, and taking them for examples he resolved to win a name for himself. Any one else would have been disheartened at so many repeated failures. The insurmountable barrier that crossed his path could not be pushed aside at once. He was an Irishman: that fact was sufficient to stamp out all hopes of political advancement, in the United States. Politicians were at all times glad to have him on their side; pleased to have him “stump the county” in their behalf and quite willing to permit him to “write them up.” But when it came to “the day after the election,” the party for whom he had done so much, invariably found it inconvenient to listen to him. He more than once felt the cruel and heartless tyranny of a democracy, and smarting with injured pride, he set on foot a plan to populate some State in the “Far West” exclusively with Irishmen, where they might be “Monarchs of all they surveyed,” and reign supreme. Bishop Timon aided him in this, as did also many other priests and prominent Catholics. McGee went to Buffalo, took up his residence there, ventilated his new movement, and secured the patronage of a large number of Irishmen, who promised him aid. A short time after, he left Buffalo, and took a tour through Canada, issued his prospectus, and lectured to crowded and delighted audiences. But, though every word he uttered told with unerring effect and loud applause greeted him, he found no converts to speak of. To his great surprise the Irish in Canada preferred to live under the good old Union Jack, they loved to see it proudly fluttering in the breeze. The red-coated soldiers had ceased to be looked upon as enemies of Ireland. All was happiness here. McGee resolved to abandon his enterprise and at the invitation of friends and admirers in Montreal went to Canada to live. Of course he was looked upon by many with suspicion. He might be sincere the knowing ones said; but it was doubtful. He must be tried well, however, before he is condemned. Such were some of the speculations formed of him. He was sincere. He now as fervently loved British connexion as he hated Britain's government a short time previous. It was not very long before McGee gained an ascendancy over his countrymen. They, struck by his superior abilities and brilliant eloquence, at once made him their leader, and but little time elapsed when he was elected a member of the Parliament of Canada. Now (1857) it was that he started his paper, *The New Era*, in Montreal. It was mostly political in its tone, in the reform interest, and an advocate of the Union of the Provinces. It was short-lived.

In 1858 McGee's Canadian political life began. On the floors of the House he made his mark in oratory. His style was learned and terse, full of eloquence, sarcasm and wit. He lashed his political opponents with unabated fury and he cut them up in the most approve mode of wordy warfare. McGee's first great speech in Parliament was a masterly effort. Sir John A.

MacDonald—our present Premier—at its close, walked over to him and paid him a high compliment. Perhaps Mr. McGee *did* at times allow his drollery too much vent, or, indulge in a superabundant quantity of invectives at other seasons. Be this as it may, the “grave and reverend seignors” who held sovereign sway in old Canada, were often at their “wit’s end” to preserve their gravity, when Mr. McGee was speaking on a question.

The air of Canada too, was tainted with distrust of Irishmen. It was said that an Irishman could not be trusted, they would be sure to rebel on a most trifling cause, it was preposterous to treat them with any degree of kindness; they had been so often tried, time and again, but all to no avail. These words grated harshly on the ears of the member for Montreal and he felt that he had a duty to perform. He must and would break the chains that bound his beloved countrymen. He did not pursue his old plan, no, he was truly loyal now, he remembered “Young Ireland,” he recollected, Dan O’Connell too, the new order of things must be brought about by clear calm reasoning, and to this he devoted himself with vigor. He earnestly besought a few of the discontented ones to let the evils of the past rest, forget their old grudges, and look upon the brighter picture. On, on sped the good work, the theory he had advanced was fast gaining ground. Men who had viewed him with distrust now began to think favorably of him and his professions. Through him the Irish were raised higher in public estimation, “a Loyal Irishman” could be seen now. It was a hard battle, but it was well fought and a glorious victory was achieved.

Now (1858) a crisis occurred in the Canadian Cabinet, through the violent opposition of McGee and his friends, which led to the formation of the “two day’s ministry.” McGee, contrary to his expectations, was not offered office; but sent on a mission to Ireland, on educational matters. The Ministry died still-born. In 1861 our member was returned by acclamation. In 1862, the Cartier-MacDonald Government received their death blow on the Militia Bill, and were forced to resign. J. Sandfield MacDonald and Mr. Sicotte formed a government, and Mr. McGee, through whose exertions the former administration had been defeated, entered the new Ministry with the office of President of the Council. The year 1863 brought about the dissolution of the MacDonald-Sicotte Administration, and then arose the MacDonald-Dorion Government. McGee was lying dangerously ill at the time of the going out of the one government and the coming in of the other, and the news of his retirement was not communicated to him until all arrangements were completed. McGee did not, to say the least, much like this rather shabby treatment.

Conservative principles were having an influence over him. His old opponents came to him, when he had been “left out in the cold” and made him overtures, which he at once entertained and embraced. He went to the hustings an avowed neutral, but in his speech he set forth his ideas in pretty plain and unmistakable language. “Gentlemen,” said he, “if we are unable to give you a conservative government, we will at least manage the public affairs on a more economical basis than has been done by the combination now at the helm.” He and his friends were sustained by the people and the Ministry, with barely a working majority were forced to resign in 1864.

The result was the Taché-MacDonald Government sprang into existence and Mr. McGee was made Minister of Agriculture. A short time after, this administration was also defeated and a coalition with Upper Canada, was

formed, pledged to support Colonial Union on a federal basis. Mr. McGee retained his office.

Now we come to the great question which he did so much to bring to a satisfactory conclusion: the question of Confederation. Believing it incompatible for a Literary Magazine to deal with political questions, we forbear expressing any decided opinion on this subject. We are merely briefly sketching the life of a man who took a warm interest in the *Quarterly* and one whose death was lamented by all classes and creeds. We have given his views on nearly all the great questions in which he took part and must therefore not omit his opinions on this one. In one of his many beautiful speeches on the subject of Union he said:

“I conclude, Sir, as I began, by entreating the House to believe that I have spoken without respect of persons, with a single desire for the increase, prosperity, freedom and honour of this incipient Northern Nation. I call it a Northern Nation—for such it must become, if all of us but do our duty to the last. Men do not talk on this continent of changes wrought by centuries, but of the events of years. Men do not vegetate in this age, as they did formerly in one spot—occupying one position. Thought outruns the steam car, and hope outflies the telegraph. We live more in ten years in this era than the Patriarch did in a thousand. The Patriarch might outlive the palm tree which was planted to commemorate his birth, and yet not see so many wonders as we have witnessed since the constitution we are now discussing was formed. What marvels have not been wrought in Europe and America, from 1840 to 1860? And who can say the world, or our own portion of it particularly, is incapable of maintaining to the end of the century the ratio of the past progress? I for one cannot presume to say so. I look to the future of my adopted country with hope, though not without anxiety. I see in the not remote distance, one great nationality bound, like the shield of Achilles, by the blue rim of Ocean. I see it quartered into many communities, each disposing of its internal affairs, but all bound together by free institutions, free intercourse, and free commerce. I see within the round of that shield the peaks of the Western Mountains and the crests of the Eastern waves, the winding Assiniboine, the five-fold lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the Saguenay, the St. John, and the basin of Minas. By all these flowing waters in all the valleys they fertilize, in all the cities they visit in their courses, I see a generation of industrious, contented, moral men, free in game and in fact—men capable of maintaining, in peace and in war, a constitution worthy of such a country.”

Mr. McGee worked hard for the Interecolonial Railroad and once accused his government of want of desire to make this great idea a success.

We give another sample of his oratory. This was in Halifax in 1863:

“A single glance at the physical geography of the whole of British America will show that it forms, quite as much in structure as in size, one of the most valuable sections of the globe. Along this Eastern coast the Almighty pours the great Gulf stream, nursed within the tropics, to temper the rigours of our air, to irrigate our ‘deep sea pastures,’ to combat and subdue the powerful polar stream which would otherwise, in a single night, fill all our gulfs and harbours with a barrier of perpetual ice. Far towards the west, beyond the wonderful lakes, which excite the admiration of every traveller, the winds that lift the water-bearing clouds from the Gulf of Cortez, and waft them northward, are met by counter-currents which capsize them just were they are essential,—beyond lake Superior, on both slopes of the Rocky Mountains. These are the limits of the climate which has been so much misrepresented, a climate which rejects every pestilence, which breeds no malaria, a climate under which the oldest stationary population—the French Canadian—have multiplied without the infusion of new blood from France or elsewhere, from a stock of 80,000 in 1760 to a people of 880,000 in 1860. I need not, however, have gone so far for an illustration of the fostering effects of our climate on the European race, when I look on the sons and daughters of this peninsula—natives of the soil for two, three, and four generations—when I see the lithe and manly forms on all sides, around and before me, when I see especially who they are that adorn that gallery (alluding to the ladies), the argument is over, the case is closed. If we descend from the climate to the soil, we find it sown by nature with those precious forests fitted to erect cities, to build fleets and to warm the hearths of many generations. We have the iso-

thern of wheat on the Red River, on the Ottawa, and on the St. John; root crops everywhere; coal in Cape Breton and on the Saskatchewan; iron with us from the St. Maurice to the Trent; in Canada the copper-bearing rocks at frequent intervals from Huron to Gaspe; gold in Columbia and Nova Scotia; salt again, and hides in the Red River region: fisheries inland and seaward unequalled. Such is a rough sketch, a rapid enumeration of the resources of this land of our children's inheritance. Now what needs it, this country,—with a lake and river and seaward system sufficient to accommodate all its own, and its neighbour's commerce,—what needs such a country for its future? It needs a population sufficient in number, in spirit, and in capacity to become its masters; and this population need, as all civilized men need, religious and civil liberty, unity, authority, free intercourse, commerce, security and law."

"I endeavour to contemplate it in the light of a future, possible, probable, and I hope to live to be able to say positive, British American Nationality. For I repeat, in the terms of the questions I asked at first, what do we need to construct such a nationality. Territory, resources by sea and land, civil and religious freedom, these we have already. Four millions we already are; four millions culled from the races that, for a thousand years, have led the van of Christendom. When the sceptre of Christian civilization trembled in the enervate grasp of the Greeks of the Lower Empire, then the Western tribes of Europe, fiery, hirsute, clamorous, but kindly, snatched at the falling prize, and placed themselves at the head of human affairs. We are the children of these fire-tried kingdom founders, of these ocean-discoverers of Western Europe. Analyze our aggregate population: we have more Saxons than Alfred had when he founded the English realm. We have more Celts than Brien had when he put his heel on the neck of Odin. We have more Normans than William had when he marshalled his invading host along the strand of Falaise. We have the laws of St. Edward and St. Louis, Magna Charta and the Roman Code. We speak the speeches of Shakespeare and Bossuet. We copy the constitution which Burke and Somers and Sidney and Sir Thomas Moore lived, or died, to secure or save. Out of these august elements, in the name of the future generations who shall inhabit all the vast regions we now call ours, I invoke the fortunate genius of an United British America to solemnize law with the moral sanction of Religion, and to crown the fair pillar of our freedom with its only appropriate capital, lawful authority, so that hand in hand we and our descendants may advance steadily to the accomplishment of a common destiny."

Mr. McGee was a member of the celebrated "Quebec Conference," and he it was who drew up the draft in the Scheme relating to Education. After Parliament closed he went to Dublin as Commissioner to the Exhibition. He had been away from this city seventeen years, and all who have been away for a time from their native land, and then returning to it after a prolonged absence, can appreciate the proud swelling of his heart as he neared the shores of Dublin's Bay. He unconsciously wandered back to the time when he, a fugitive from justice, was fleeing his country for his "country's good." He thought of the time when he stood on that quay—when he parted from his friends to see them, perhaps, no more. Soon he would grasp the hands of old friends and acquaintances who still lived, and contrast the picture now with what it was seventeen years before. *Then* he was a flying rebel; *now* he was Minister of Agriculture of Canada, and Commissioner from that country to the Exhibition. Truly, time works wonders. At Dublin, McGee was elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy, on account of his high literary attainments. At Wexford, his birthplace, he delivered a most powerful and convincing speech on the relative conditions of the Irish in the Old Country and those in Canada. He warned his "home" friends against Fenianism, and denounced in severe language that infamous organization. This speech attracted considerable notice. The British press lauded it highly, and portions of the more eloquent passages were published; but a different idea was taken of it by the ignorant populace. McGee soon had around him a band of enemies who stigmatized him as a traitor to his country; and, worse than all, he was called an "informer,"—a title not much liked in Ire-

land. But he had a mission to perform, and right nobly did he do it. He was ever ready with pen and tongue to do his utmost to stamp out that heinous combination—Fenianism,—and his assistance has not been over-rated. He has been accused of neglecting his country and called a “cold-hearted Irishman.” He explains why he has ceased to speechify on the subject of Ireland in the following report of some remarks he made at Ottawa in March last, at the dinner of the St. Patrick’s Society:—

“If I have avoided for two or three years much speaking in public on the subject of Ireland, even in a literary or historical sense, I do not admit that I can fairly be charged, in consequence, with being either a sordid or cold hearted Irishman. I utterly deny that, because I could not stand still and see our peaceful, unoffending Canada invaded and deluged with blood, in the abused and unauthorized name of Ireland, that therefore I was a bad Irishman. I utterly deny the audacious charge, and I say that my mental labours, such as they are, will prove that I know Ireland as well, both in her strength and her weakness, and love her as dearly, as any of those who have made this cruelly false charge against me.”

In 1866, when we were hourly hearing of Fenian raids on our borders, Mr. McGee did his utmost to bring the miscreants to justice. He succeeded in some cases, and had he lived much harm would have been done the gang. He was elected about a year ago to represent Montreal (west) in the House of Commons at Ottawa.

Mr. McGee was called to the Bar of Lower Canada, December, 1861; received degree of B. C. L. from University of McGill College of Montreal; was a member of the Natural History Society of Montreal; Associate member of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec; Corresponding member of the Societies of New York and of the State of Maine; President of the Royal Humane Society of B. N. A.; and a member and one of the original Fellows of the Montreal Literary Club. He is also author of the following works, in addition to those previously enumerated:—*Irish Settlers in America*, [Bos. 1850]; *Catholic History of America*, [Bos. 1851]; *History of the Reformation in Ireland*, [Bos. 1852]; *Canadian Ballads*, [Montreal 1857]; *A Popular History of Ireland*, [New York, 1863]; *The Internal Condition of American Democracy*, [London, 1863]; *The Crown and the Confederation*, [Montreal. 1864]; *Notes on Federal Governments*, [Montreal, 1865]; *Speeches and Addresses, chiefly on the Subject of British American Union*, [London, 1865]; and various contributions to Magazine literature in the United Kingdom and America. Was a member of the Charlottetown Union Conference, 1864; and of the London Colonial Conference, 1866-7.

The *History of Ireland* by McGee, which was published in two volumes in 1863, is a most valuable work,—written in a clear and vigorous style, and abounding in interesting details not given in other works of the kind. When we consider that the history was written wholly in America, from very slight materials, and worked up by its author in an incredibly short time, we must not be surprised if, after a very minute examination, we find a few trifling inaccuracies. Beyond this the history will well repay perusal, there is something so exciting in the annals of Ireland, particularly in its early days, when the savage county kings and chiefs waged war with each other; in the time of famine, when death walked through the streets gaunt and grim; in the days of pestilence and revolutions; and then the traditionary legends are full of interest. We advise our youth to procure this work if they wish to increase their knowledge of Irish history.

Mr. McGee’s labours have not been wholly confined to politics. He has made many lasting lectures on literature,—one especially, on the “Mental

Outfit of the New Dominion," which was reviewed in our January number, in which we took occasion to point out to Mr. McGee a few errors into which he had unconsciously fallen. Mr. McGee, in a letter to us at the time, said: "Thank you cordially for your kindly notice of my 'Mental Outfit lecture.' I feel there were many omissions in it, but I assure you none of them intentional or invidious." A short time ago the able lecturer delivered an address on "Revolutions of English Literature," which has been eulogized very highly. In bringing our sketch to a close, we cannot help admiring the goodness of heart that Mr. McGee possessed. His kind, genial nature gained for him near and dear friends; and the help and advice he always freely tendered to literary ventures have been highly prized. In a letter to us of the 14th Feb., 1868, our valued contributor said: "I sincerely hope you may be able to make your Magazine a pecuniary success." The last letter we received from him was in March, just on the eve of his departure from the city of Montreal for the scene of his Parliamentary labors, Ottawa. With that letter, he returned the proofs of his article on "Oxford: the City of Colleges," which appeared in our last number, and he remarked—"just starting for Ottawa: will be there two or three months."

Alas! how uncertain is life.

He desired his friends to call him the "Peace-maker;" and his last speech strongly advised conciliatory measures being adopted to assuage the heart burnings of our sister Province, Nova Scotia.

Mr. McGee's poems take high rank; verse flowed from his pen with great rapidity. An anecdote has been related of him that, when on board a steamer plying from St. John to Windsor, Nova Scotia, he was asked for a song, and, after a few moments' deliberation and enquiry, sang an original one, in which were introduced the names of nearly all the principal passengers on board. His poems, both before and after the "Rising in Ireland," have been greatly admired. Some of the richest gems of thought have been ingrafted into them. His capabilities for telling a "good story" were immense. In describing the "bulls" of his own people, he would not spare them in the least, but relentlessly lead on his hearers to bursts of laughter. He was certainly "a fellow of infinite jest." Before his death he frequently said, in conversation with friends, that he had been warned two or three times that he would be assassinated; but he paid little heed to the threats and warnings.

Thos. D'Arcy McGee was buried in Montreal on the anniversary of his birthday, 13th April, 1868, in the 43rd year of his age. His funeral was one of the most imposing ever seen in Canada, and thousands of people in the procession and out of it came from all parts of the country to witness it.—Stores had their shutters on during the funeral in every city in the Dominion, and flags were suspended at half-mast in honour of the deceased Statesman.

We close with this mournful dirge, written by Mr. McGee on the death of his friend, a month before his own death, and which contains some passages so applicable to his own case:—

REQUIEM ÆTERNAM.

LAWRENCE DEVANY, DIED MARCH 3rd, 1868.

St. Victor's Day,* a day of woe,
The bier that bore our Dead went slow
And silent, sliding o'er the snow—
Miserere, Domine!

With Villa Marin's faithful dead,
 Among the Just we made his bed,
 The cross he loved, to shield his head,
Miserere, Domine !

The skies may lower, wild storms may rave
 Above our comrade's mountain grave,
 That cross is mighty still to save—
Miserere, Domine !

Deaf to the calls of Love and Care—
 He hears no more his mortal share—
 Nought can avail him now but prayer,
Miserere, Domine !

To such a heart who could refuse
 Just payment of all burial dues,
 Of Holy Church the rite and use?
Miserere, Domine !

Right solemnly the Mass was said,
 While burned the tapers round the Dead,
 And many tears like rain were shed,
Miserere, Domine !

No more Saint Patrick's aisles prolong
 The burden of his funeral song,
 His noiseless Night must now be long,
Miserere, Domine !

Up from the depths we heard arise
 A prayer of pity to the skies,
 To Him who dooms, or justifies.
Miserere, Domine !

Down from the skies, we heard descend
 The promises the Psalmist penned,
 The benedictions without end,
Miserere, Domine !

Mighty our Holy Church's will
 To shield her parting souls from ill,
 Jealous of Death! she guards them still,
Miserere, Domine !

The dearest Friend will turn away,
 And leave the clay to keep the clay
 Ever and ever She will stay—
Miserere, Domine.

When for us sinners, at our need,
 That Mother's voice is raised to plead,
 The frontier hosts of Heaven take heed
Miserere, Domine.

Mother of Love! Mother of Fear!
 And holy Hope, and Wisdom dear,
 Behold we bring thy suppliant here.
Miserere, Domine.

His flaming heart is still for aye,
 That held fast by Thy clemency,
 Oh look on him with loving eye,
Miserere, Domine.

His faith was as the tested gold,
 His Hope assured, not overbold,
 His charities past count, untold.
Miserere, Domine.

Well may they grieve who laid him there,
 Where shall they find his equal—Where?
 Nought can avail him now but prayer,
Miserere, Domine.

Friend of my soul, farewell to thee!
 Thy truth, thy trust, thy chivalry,
 As time—so may my last end be!
Miserere, Domine.

*Saint Victor's-day (March 6th)

DOMINION ENGLISH.

By the Editor of the *Halifax Witness*.

No part of the British Empire or of the United States has a monopoly of good English. In England itself you will hear at least six well-defined kinds of English; and three of these kinds you will find extremely difficult if not impossible to understand. In Scotland there are very marked differences in the "Scotch," and in the English that is in popular use. The "Scotch," which is in reality the old Saxon, is a foreign tongue to an ordinary Englishman. It is very much easier to understand it in the printed volume than when it is addressed to you conversationally. A mere English scholar, who knows nothing of Burns or Walter Scott, could as easily understand French as the native Broad Scotch of Ayr. There is a milder type of the language in the East. In the far North again the struggle now lies between *book* English and Gaelic. The Highlander of the present day learns his English from School Books, from the Bible and the pulpit, and while his pronunciation remains forever peculiar his style is generally correct and his language perfectly intelligible.

The English of the North of England is worse even than Broad Scotch. I remember of getting into conversation with two boatmen on Lake Windermere. They could understand me, for I used very simple words about simple things; but I am not yet sure that I comprehended six words that they uttered. They were foreigners to me to all intents and purposes. In the heart of Berkshire I made the same experiment and fared in the same way. To secure this result, you must converse with the middle-aged or the old, or with the poor,—those that have not been reached by the efforts of modern educationists, and who have never pored over the pages and pictures of a Penny Magazine or a Child's Paper.

"Good English" levies tribute on Gaelic, Welsh, Norse and all sorts and shades of dialects within the range of English life and adventure; but when it appropriates what it requires from these sources it remains good English still. The Queen has a vast multitude of subjects; English is the imperial language; but it gathers additions "from every kindred, tongue and nation"—from the tribes of India, from Australia, and Africa. in short from all

places where the spirit of trade, of ambition, of curiosity or of benevolence carries the English man.

The United States have into some extent enriched the language which they have inherited from the mother country; though, unfortunately, they have in some respects taken very unpleasant liberties with it. The best English in the United States is heard in New York and Philadelphia. The nasal twang of the Yankee is detested in these cities as heartily as anywhere on the face of the globe. Boston too strives diligently to overcome the nasal element in its speech but the task is quite too hard for the "Hub of the Universe."

London is the ultimate court of appeal in all matters relating to English. I have said *London*; I should say London "Society"—certain upper strata of the population; for there is no place, not excepting Hong Kong, where you hear such detestable English as among certain other strata of the London population. Let us be very liberal and admit that of the three millions who people the great capital, one-tenth of one million speak good English!

There is good reason to believe that the English spoken in the "Dominion" is purer and "better" than that of any other country taken as a whole. You find in it very little "Broad Scotch;" still less of the *patois* of the English peasantry. Cockneyism is unmercifully scourged with ridicule whenever it shows its head among us, and the nasal snivel of the low Yankee is detested as it deserves.—Still, among ourselves there is remarkable variety. I can distinguish a lumberer from a farmer by his speech. I can tell by the same sign whether a man comes from the St. John Valley or from the North Shore. Quite as easily you can distinguish a fisherman's English from a farmer's or a lumberer's. You could not mistake a Pictou man for a Lunenburg or a Yarmouth man. A "Cape Bretoner" is never mistaken for a man from Annapolis or King's. The "tight little Island" over the Strait, has its linguistic characteristics too; but it is not of the "Dominion," it is an independent dependency.

The English of the Provinces is materially influenced by the mother tongues of the original settlers. French, Gaelic, Irish, Welsh, German, and a variety of Indian dialects have all had possession of more or less of the ground; but all bow the head to the supremacy of the Queen's English; and the young people generally, from one end of the Dominion to the other are paying the most practical homage to the imperial language by learning it. In the heart of the loneliest settlements of Lower Canada, where French is all in all, you are sure to find at least one or two individuals or families who have mastered a little English—enough to understand the stranger and make themselves understood by him. It is the same with respect to Gaelic in Cape Breton and Antigonish. There can be no serious doubt that all these weaker "tongues" must give way to the tongue of the majority. Step by step their power is circumscribed and the circle of their influence narrowed. The newspaper, the Common School, the Railway, the platform and the pulpit, are all enlisted overwhelmingly in the service of the English language. French will struggle long in "Quebec," and in sections of the Sea-provinces, but it cannot hope to run a successful race against its mighty rival.

Since, then, English is to be our language, we should take care that it be of the right stamp—"undefiled," worthy of its name and its claims to precedence. Nowhere in the British Empire or elsewhere is English better spoken than in Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, St. John and Halifax. We are free alike from the nasal twang of the typical "American," and the absurd "refinements" of Cockneyism. What is of more importance, our spelling is

still almost pure. We have resisted Websterian folly and clung faithfully to the traditions of the English schools.

Still there is danger; and we should carefully watch against it. Not a few of our papers spell *honour*, *favour*, *Saviour*, &c., without the *u*. But this is an "Americanism" of the most unreasonable sort, against which we should set our faces "as a flint." Webster's "reforms" in spelling are in every instance worse than worthless, and very few American scholars of any standing approve of them. When he commenced his reforms more than sixty years ago, he changed *Acre* into *aker*; *Keg* into *cag*; *Crowd* into *croud*; *Group* into *groop*; *Heinous* into *hainous*; *Island* into *iland*; *Sew* into *soe*; *Soot* into *su*; *Steady* into *steddy*; *Porpoise* into *porpess* and *Tongue* into *tung*. He had the unspeakable coolness to reform women into *wimmen*! He himself saw the folly of his course in such absurd "reforms" as these, and if you turn up a "Webster" of the present day, hardly one of these blemishes can be seen in it. The reforms have been very properly reformed out of existence. Still, "Webster" clings to such errors as omitting *u* in words ending with *our*, and omitting one of the *l*'s in such words as *counsellor*, *traveller*, *levelling*, &c. These innovations have found their way too frequently into the "Dominion," and we must therefore be on our guard against them. If the *u* is omitted in words ending with *our*, why not in words ending with *ous*? Even more detestable is the "reform" which attempts to change *sceptre* into *scpter*; *luster* into *luster*; *centre* into *center*, &c. The "radical" press of New York too commonly follow this vile innovation.

Webster and his followers insert an additional *l* into *dulness*, *fulness*, *fulfi*, *enrol*, &c., without any just cause or even a plausible excuse. In the matter of spelling the last edition of Webster is an improvement upon all the previous editions; but *Worcester* is a very decided improvement on the most improved *Webster*. The latter is justly prized for its definitions. Its popularity in the British Provinces is great. Hence the necessity of being on our guard against its atrocious spelling.

As a rule we should produce our own School-books, and if we cannot do so, we should give a preference to books produced in Great Britain. For there is no influence (except that of Newspapers) that goes so far in moulding the English of country as its school-books.

The "Queen's English," good, simple, pure, pellucid, should be the English of our people. Nothing worthy of us is gained by allowing ourselves to be corrupted by our neighbours. Our models, if we seek any, should be British, not American. We should go back as much as possible to the language as it was used by Shakspeare, Ben Johnson, and Spencer. I have often regretted when reading the glorious *Fairy Queen* that some of the richest and sweetest words of that time have fallen into disuse. Some of these will yet be restored to our "currency," and the more the better. Tennyson has brought us back some gems. Spencer in his *Fairy Queen* tells of

"Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled
"On fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be filed."

This is a well-merited tribute to the father of English poetry. Chaucer is a study by himself. His prose and poetry are equally admirable for simplicity and purity of language. The lesson with which the student will rise from these fathers of our language is one that many stand in need of, namely, that little words are stronger and better than big words. The same lesson is taught all through our higher literature, down to the Idyls of the King and the latest editorial in the *Times*.

SKETCHES OF ACADIE.

—••••—
 No. 4.—LOUISBOURGH.

With an introduction

BY JAMES HANNAY.

It was the intention of the writer to have continued the history of Fort Cumberland in this number of the *Quarterly*, but the absence of the material necessary to complete the sketch has defeated that design. He is therefore, for the present, content to take the humbler part of a transcriber of the writings of another, for the purpose of introducing to the reader a history of the Siege of Louisbourg in 1758, written by a French officer of the garrison, who is able to speak with the confidence and accuracy of an eye-witness, in regard to an event which paved the way to the conquest of Canada.

Louisbourg was, beyond all comparison, the most important town possessed by the French in Acadia, and in the strength of its fortifications was only second to Quebec. In some respects, indeed, it was the superior stronghold; as no nation could hold Quebec for any considerable time after Louisbourg was in the hands of an enterprising maritime enemy; for, being the key of the Gulf, its cruisers could prevent supplies from Europe reaching the Canadian capital; and it is a notable fact that Quebec, which had so often defied capture, was taken the very year after the fall of Louisbourg.

The original manuscript, from which the following account of the siege is transcribed, is among those obtained some years ago from the Archives of Paris. It is singular, from the fact of being the only one of the Paris MSS. written in English, and it bears internal evidence of having been either originally written in that language, or subsequently translated by a native of France; but the former supposition is the more probable. The reader will perceive that, although a military man, the writer wields a vigorous pen, and is nowhere happier in his style than when covering the false friends of his country with eloquent reproaches, and lamenting the causes which undermined her power. Little did he dream in what a torrent of blood that ancient and corrupt system would be swept away. His remarks on the English nation and the probable downfall of that empire, will remind the reader of more modern predictions which, like those of this patriotic Frenchman, may at the distance of a century remain unfulfilled. But even a slight tinge of national prejudice, will not interfere with the enjoyment which every one must derive from the perusal of a production, so admirable in manner and in matter, and which is evidently the work of a man of superior learning and ability. Except in a few instances, where the meaning was obscure, no change has been made in the phraseology of the paper, as no doubt most people would prefer to read this unique history as it was written by its author, even with a few imperfections of style, rather than have it altered by a modern hand. So far as we have been able to discover, this account of the siege has never before been published; nor has it been possible, after much research, to determine the name of the author. The severe strictures which it contains would in-

cline its author to remain unknown, and out of the reach of the powerful dignitaries whom he assailed. With this preface we may introduce the author to the reader, and let him speak for himself.

A short account of what passed at Cape Breton, from the beginning of the last war until the taking of Louisbourg by the English in 1758 :—

Having served at L'Isle Royale, or Cape Breton, from the year 1750 until the surrender of Louisbourg, the capital of that Island, in 1758, prelude to the success afterwards of the British arms in America, I shall briefly relate the most memorable events which happened there during the war, with the same truth and impartiality that I have observed with regard to my other campaigns.

Acadie, or Nova Scotia was the source from which arose the animosities, contentions and ruptures that soon terminated in an open war between France and England. That country, attached particularly to the government of L'Isle Royale, was at the same time in the dependence of the Governor General of Canada, whose authority extended to New Orleans, the capital of Mississippi, at the distance of twelve hundred leagues. The French had two forts there—La Baye Verte and Beausejour—which were garrisoned by two companies of the Colony troops, one from Canada, the other from Louisbourg, relieved every year. The English, soon after the peace of 1749, came there, and built a fort about a cannon-shot from the French fort of Beausejour, where the French and English garrisons lived for some time with great content and harmony, until Abbe Loutre, Missionary of the Indians in Acadie soon put all in fire and flame, and may justly be deemed the scourge an curse of his country. This wicked monster, this cruel and blood-thirsty priest, more inhuman and savage than the natural savages, with a murdering and slaughtering mind, instead of an evangelical spirit, excited continually his Indians against the English; and it came to that pitch, that they were at last pent up in their fort, it not being possible for any of them to go out of it, without running the risk of being scalped by the Indians always lurking round it.

The English began hostilities in 1750. A small man-of-war stationed at Halifax, or Chibuctou, commanded by Capt. Roup, attacked a French merchant ship, commanded by Capt. Vergor, Captain of the Colony troops, took it after a combat of several hours, and sent Vergor to Louisbourg, where I saw him a short time after my arrival there. I never could find out a plausible reason for this infraction of the peace, after it being so lately concluded. The success of the English last war may be their justification; but if they had been unfortunate, Roup's action would have been loudly blamed and condemned, even by the English nation.

It was very wrongfully, and with the greatest injustice, that the English accused the French of having a hand in the horrors committed daily by Loutre and his Indians. What is not a wicked priest capable of doing? He clothed in an officer's regimentals an Indian named Cope, whom I saw several years after at Miramichi, in Acadie, his hair curled, powdered, and in a bag; and laying an ambuscade of Indians near to the fort, he sent Cope to it, waving a white handkerchief in his hand, which was the usual sign for the admittance of the French into the English fort, having affairs with the commander of the post. The Major of the fort, a worthy man, and greatly beloved by all the French officers, came out of the fort with his usual politeness to receive him; but he no sooner appeared than the Indians in ambush fired at him and killed him. All the French had the greatest horror and indigna-

tion at Loutre's barbarous actions, and I dare say if the Court of France had known them they would have been very far from approving them; but he had so ingratiated himself with the Marquis de la Gallisonniere, that it became a crime to write against him. It is needless to explain further Abbe Loutre's execrable conduct. Cruelty and inhumanity have ever been sacerdotal from all ages. The English garrison, at length exasperated, and losing patience after a long series of such priestly scenes, besieged Beausejour, which, being very weakly defended, they took in the spring of the year 1755. It would have been, nevertheless, more conformable to equity and justice if the English had endeavoured to catch Abbe Loutre and hang him, as the sole author and actor of these abominations.

It is now very useless to make a dissertation upon the limits of Acadie. Several very aged men of that country related to me in a most plain, true and simple manner, the extent of the orders of the ancient governors of Acadie, which they well remembered. But it then appeared to me, by the vastly swelled pretensions of the English, infinitely beyond the reality that they had no intention to settle them in a friendly manner. If they had interrogated the old men of that country with regard to the extent of the authority of their governors, they would have avoided the quibbles and chicanes of the commissaries, whose personal interest was to prolong the dispute, and that affair would have soon been determined. The English took the shortest and surest method of deciding the quarrel by taking the whole, providing that there is a possibility of preserving their now vastly extended and unlimited possessions in America.

There cannot be a fortified town in a worse situation than the local of Louisbourg. It is commanded all round by heights. About two hundred paces from the curtain, between the west gate and the king's bastion, a height (*hauteur de la potence*) overlooks a great part of the town—the parade, the wharves, enfilades and the battery of the grave which defends the harbour, where the cannoniers of the battery, whose platforms and cannons are entirely discovered from that eminence, may be marked out and killed from it with muskets. Opposite to the south gate—Porte de la Neine—there is another eminence (Cape Noir), which is still much higher than the *hauteur de la potence*: discovers all across the town down to the wharves, and is only between two and three hundred paces distant from the curtain. La Batterie Royale, a fort which faces and defends the entrance of the harbour, is also domineered by a very high eminence about three hundred fathoms from it, where there is a sentry box for a vidette. Such were the natural and insurmountable defects of the position chosen for a town of such importance; but it is still more astonishing, the stupid negligence of the French in not repairing the fortifications of Louisbourg, that it might be at least in some state of defence. At the time they built the fortifications, probably they had not the experience that sea sand is not fit for mortar, as it does not dry, bind and harden as with river sand, which may be occasioned by the particles of salt it contains. All the walls of masonry, the embrasures, the counterscarp and the parapets were tumbled down into the fosses, which were filled up with rubbish. The palisades were all of them rotten: in many parts of the covert way they were crumbled away to the level of the ground; and there was scarce any vestige of the glacis, which had been destroyed by the cows grazing there. All the planks of the platforms were entirely rotten, as also the carriages of the cannon; in short, that town had more the look of ancient ruins than of a modern fortification, since the treaty of Utrecht. The climate, like the soil, is abomi-

inable, and Louisbrough, the worst of all the island, clouds of thick fog which come from the South-west cover it generally from the month of April to the end of July, to such a degree that sometimes for a month together they never see the sun, at the same time that there is bright clear weather at the distance of two or three leagues from it, and the country to the distance of five or six leagues is a poor miserable soil—shells, rocks, swamps, lakes and mosses, incapable of any production. Although the ground, in general, of Cape Breton is lean and gravelly, in the tour I made all over the Island with the Count of Raimond, then governor of it, I saw many places capable of yielding a rich harvest of all kinds of grain, if cultivated. We saw the trials that the inhabitants had made even of wheat, which promised a plentiful crop. Then there is a vast number of beautiful natural meadows with hay above two feet high, which rots every year without being cut; and, although we scarcely found sixty head of black cattle in all the Island, I am fully persuaded that the product of these meadows in hay, is sufficient to nourish thirty thousand of them, but it would not have been for the interest of the intendant that the Island should produce the necessary subsistence of its inhabitants, as the means of their heaping up riches proceed from the immense number of ships sent yearly from France, loaded with flour and salt provisions, which they embezzle for their profit, and often pass them twice in consumption. This employment, happily unknown in the British Constitution, is the utter ruin of the French Colonies, and the hindrance to their flourishing in population, (as in the British establishments), by their tyranny and robberies.* The easy access to the harbour of Louisbrough induced the French to fix there their principal establishments, in preference to the Bay Espagnol and Port Dauphine, two of the finest harbours anywhere to be found, and capable of containing a thousand ships secure from all the winds of the compass.

M. Franquet, engineer, Brigadier-General, was sent to Louisbrough in 1756, Director-general of the fortifications. He passed several years there raising plans, forming projects, concluding nothing and consequently nothing executing. He lived in good friendship and harmony with Prevost, the intendant, enjoying a very great salary and undoubtedly sharing the spoils. At length he fixed himself upon a work for Titan—the removing of mountains,—to level the eminences of the Potence and Cape Noir, which, in appearance, was concerted with Prevost, to serve them as a milch cow for many years, little imagining the proximity of the war that was ready to break out. The arrival of two regiments from Europe, Artois and Burgoyne, the French

*The intendants of the French Colonies have an equal authority with the governors: but, as they are supported by the protection of the clerks of the marine, who are always in society with them, and share the pillage, the Secretary of State for the Marine is constantly deaf to the complaints of the governors. Prevost, the intendant of L'Isle Royale, was one of the greatest rascals that ever escaped the gibbet, and if he had been poor they would have rendered him justice in hanging him. On his arrival in France they closed him up in the Bastille, where he was confined for some time; but, as gold there is the favourite idol, he was at length liberated without standing his trial, and is now again employed as intendant for Port L'Orient. M. de la Porte, first clerk in the marine office for the department of the Colonies, retired a few years ago with a revenue of three hundred thousand livres a year—twelve thousand five hundred guineas, English. How incredibly must the King of France have been robbed, that La Porte's share of the booty with the intendants should amount to such a prodigious sum. It is a common saying in France that they only hang the little thieves and not the great ones. A French author says: "the intendants and governors go to the Colonies with the view to enrich themselves; and at their embarking they leave their honour and probity in France, easily forgetting to be just and honest."

fleet which brought them being attacked near Newfoundland by the English fleet, which took the man-of-war commanded by M. Hoyuart, the French Admiral, was a sure prognostic of an immediate rupture with the English, and at length roused Franquet from his lethargy; but it was now impossible to make solid fortifications, which might have been done during those five years idly and senselessly squandered away. The English fleet having closely pursued the French ships, one of their men-of-war came to the entrance of the harbour, upon which they fired a cannon at it from the battery upon the Island, and it was then that they perceived clearly the dismal situation of Louisbourg: the carriage of the platform flew into a thousand pieces; and if the English had known our position, their fleet might have come into the harbour without any risk from our batteries, not having a single cannon fit to be fired. They might have burnt all the vessels in it, and battered the town from the harbour, which must have immediately surrendered; but luckily for us, they had no knowledge of our infirmities.* This alarm had a very good effect. Franquet became stupid, not knowing where to begin the reparations, as all was equally in a pitiful condition. Nevertheless, the palisades, platforms, and all the cannon carriages were immediately renewed. The fosses were cleared of the rubbish; a double covert way was made at the west gate, Port Dauphine; the glacies were repaired; and a half moon between the Port de la Reine and Cap Noir was begun and carried on briskly by the soldiers of the garrison. Fifteen English men-of-war planted themselves before the harbour of Louisbourg, and remained there like sentries all the summer of 1755, taking all the French vessels from Europe loaded with provisions for the garrison.

Two English sixty-gun ships, with two tenders of about twenty-four guns, stationed themselves early in the year 1756 before Louisbourg, and took all the French vessels in our sight. A large merchant ship with eight pieces of cannon, loaded with flour, wine, salt provisions, and such other necessaries, was chased by them, escaped and got into the harbour of Menadon. Upon this news, I was detached with the Chevalier de Chambon for the defence of the ship, having with us fifty soldiers and twenty cannoniers. The Chevalier was an extremely good natured man, very brave, but an excessively ignorant officer, and he commanded the detachment. The favourable position of the small creek in the Bay of Menadon was so apparent that in a moment I formed a plan for our defence. I proposed to bring the ship within two points which are about 40 feet high and about 100 fathoms distant from each other, instead of having it without them: leave four of the cannons to garnish one side of the vessel moored across, and place the other four, two in battery upon each of the two points or capes which flanked the vessel, that would have served as a curtain; and by their height, over-looking the English tenders, from our two batteries upon them, our musketry and cannon would have swept their decks—aiming at the distance of a very small musket-shot, and killing them as partridges, as soon as any of them appeared for the working of the ship. We had a vidette upon the cape opposite to the Island—Scatery—with frequent patrols all along the coast to the Bay of Mirè; and we were in safety behind us by the thick woods, too well assured that the English would not be so foolish as to expose themselves to be cut to pieces shameful-

* M. Guilbert says: "Courage is certainly the best rampart of a town." They do not reflect enough that there is no good defence but that which is offensive, and that which multiplies the obstacles to the besiegers. The garrison of Louisbourg may affirm with justice that they had only Guilbert's ramparts for the defence of that town.

ly, in attempting rashly to cross through them. The Chevalier Chambon answered me, when I proposed to him this plan, that the governor's orders were to defend the ship, and that he knew no other way of defending it than by being on board of it with the detachment. As ignorance and obstinacy are ever inseparable, it was in vain that I insisted with him to follow my orders, as the only means of saving the ship: that otherwise we must be taken by the English men-of-war; and I could not even obtain of him to draw the ship within the two capes, though there was a sufficient depth of water for it. So we all embarked to wait on board a most unequal combat. What a cursed jade is fortune! Officers of the greatest merit, knowledge, capacity and talents often pass through life without ever meeting with a favourable opportunity of distinguishing themselves; while she is continually throwing happy occasions to the ignorant, who cannot profit by them: sometimes, indeed, as a stumbling block to break their necks.

Next morning the two English tenders came up the Bay of Menadon to attack us, but luckily the first of them struck upon a sandy bank before they had got within a cannon shot of us which saved us from being taken prisoners in the most stupid and senseless manner. They immediately returned to their former station at the entry of the bay to watch our ship. After having been several days at Menadon, always about the vessel and continually in the apprehension of a second attempt of the tenders to snatch their prey, all of a sudden the two 60 gun ships passed by the mouth of the bay steering south, the tenders following them, so that in an instant we lost sight of our guardians that had given us the most lively pain and uneasiness, from the apprehension of being made prisoners at the beginning of the war, through the want of common sense and capacity in the most ignorant commander of the detachment. We could not imagine the reason of their quitting so abruptly the blockade until about an hour after, when we had the joyful sight of two 60 gun ships. The Hero commanded by M. Bossier, and the Illustre by M. Mentally, with two French tenders, one of them commanded by M. Bragnon, attached to the Hero, and the other by M. de la Bigandiere, attached to the Illustre, steering their course to Louisbourg, which was five leagues from Menadon. The English men-of-war, continuing their course to the South, passed by the town leaving the entry of the harbour free to the French men-of-war, which immediately went in and cast anchor.

M. Bossier, who commanded the squadron, employed the night in landing everything that could encumber the ships, and in making all the necessary preparations to fight immediately, these English men-of-war. The match was equal. Having asked for Volunteers, all the garrison offered themselves to embark with him, but he took only about 200 seamen, and next morning went out of the harbour with his squadron in quest of the English ships which were, as yet, in sight of Louisbourg about five leagues south from it. When he had got to the distance of only half a league from them he hailed the Illustre, told Mentally that he was going to begin the dance and asked if he could count upon him. Mentally assured him that the Illustre would follow him closely and be as soon engaged as the Hero, upon which Bossier in the Hero and Bragnon in the tender crowded sails and in an instant began the fight, while the Illustre remained always at the same distance without ever advancing in order to sacrifice Bossier out of jealousy and make him his victim. Such conduct is happily unknown in the British service, where the prompt chastisements are proportioned to the crimes, without any regard to the quality of the culprits. But in the French service where there are no re-

wards or punishments these adventures are common. Bossier was a man of no family, a very brave, honest, expert and knowing seaman. He had pushed himself in the service by his superior merits, talents and capacity, and such a man is always an eye-sore to the French sea officers who are of great families but greatly ignorant of the science of navigation. In short Bossier sustained the fight during five or six hours (Mentally always looking at him in the *Illustre* without coming up to his assistance) against the two English men-of-war, each of them sixty guns, as the *Hero*, until his ship was quite shattered and not a possibility of working it, he then retired and passing by the *Illustre M.* Mentally perceiving the two English ships as much disabled and illtreated as the *Hero*, proposed to him to renew the combat. He answered Mentally that it was now no more in his power to do it, since they had the greatest difficulty to keep the *Hero* from sinking. Mentally's infamous behaviour was now public all over the town, so soon as the squadron was anchored in the harbour. Nevertheless, the governor of *L'Isle Royale*, captain of a man-of-war and Mentally's friend, patched up a certificate that the *Illustre* was seized in a calm and could not advance to attack the English for want of wind. The worthy good-natured Bossier had the indulgence to sign it. Mr. Curry, Lieutenant of one of the English men-of-war, came next day to Louisbourg with a flag of truce. The instant he came out of the boat he asked us with vehemence and impatience, "who is the lion that fought our two ships in such an unusual and incredible manner, that they were quite disabled, ready to sink, and must have struck and surrendered themselves if the other man-of-war had come up to attack us?" When he, Bossier, was presented to the King, at his return to France, the King told him: "Bossier, they say that you would have taken the two English men-of-war if you had been assisted by Mentally." Such was his mildness and modesty at the moment when a single word from him was capable of drawing a terrible vengeance upon his adversary, in his answer to the King: "Sire the wind failed him and he suffered all that a gallant man of honour is capable of feeling." It has always appeared to me that the bravest and greatest heroes are always of a soft and most gentle character.*

The miserable, bad, ill-chosen position of the local of Louisbourg, commanded by eminences and irremediable by art, joined to the horrible state of its various fortifications, made everybody confide alone for security in opposing the enemy's landing which was always, in my opinion, a very frail resource. To this effect the garrison wrought hard early in the year 1757 in retrenching all the bays and creeks of the coast susceptible of a descent to the distance of about two leagues from the town. They established at the same time signals by smoke in the day time upon the different capes to the distance of Port Toulouse, 20 leagues to the south of Louisbourg, which was done in day light by throwing wet hay into the fires that served as night signals, whenever they should perceive there the English fleet. By this means we had the news, in a very few minutes, of what passed at the distance of 20 leagues from the town. M. de Chevalier Beaufremont, Prince de Lesténage, arrived at Louisbourg from St. Domingo with five ships of the line, four others from Toulon came there soon after him and at last arrived nine ships.

* M. de la Bigandiere, captain of Mentally's tender, hanged himself on his return to Rochfort; so much the more foolishly that not a reproach was made to Mentally, who continued to be employed until he perished in Conflance sea fight, by tacking without shutting his gun holes. His ship sank in an instant, and not a man of the ship's crew was saved.

of the line from Brest with M. Bois de la Motte commander in chief, which formed a powerful and beautiful fleet, well equipped, of eighteen men-of-war of the line besides several frigates of from 24 to 40 guns. We looked upon it as a very strange policy of the Court of France, in sending them thus separately by divisions, risking them to be taken by the English in detail. Soon after their arrival the signal of smoke upon the South point of the entry in the Bay Gabarus announced to us the approach of the English fleet upon which they beat the *generale*, the garrison took arms and immediately marched out to take their different posts in the retrenchments, where they passed the night and next day encamped, leaving a very few troops for the service of the town. We saw the signal at noon and before sunset all the English fleet appeared near to our trenches. We expected their landing would be immediate and all the troops were in high spirits and well prepared to receive them.* The French troops remained encamped in the bay while the French and British fleets lay always looking at each other, one of them within the harbour and the other at the entry of it, until the month of September when the equinox brought the most furious and violent tempest that was ever known in the memory of man. The sea at the same time swelled to such a prodigious

* Jaques Prevost, intendant at Louisbourg, was son to a man who kept a low eating-house for draymen and porters at Brest, in Bretagne, according to the declaration of Friar Pere Antonio, Missionary at Louisbourg, who assured everybody there that he knew his father, and had been often at his house. His pilfering and robbing the King caused him to be in enmity and in continual war with the governors of L'Isle Royale, the Marquis DesHerbiers and his successor, the Count of Raimond, gentlemen of great honour, probity, worth, merit, and of very ancient families; and his excessive arrogance, pride, insolence and impertinence, caused him to be abhorred and detested by all the officers, not only of the Colony troops, but likewise of the regiments of Artois and Burgoyne, who, from the commanders of the regiments to the ensigns, all of them despised him and abandoned his house. He found even the means to be equally hated by all the sea officers. Never man drew upon himself more justly a more universal contempt.—When the troops left the town to garrison the retrenchments, expecting each moment that the English would make a descent, Guerin, Surgeon-general, gave M. Dessier Julien, commander, by seniority of commission, of all the troops, a list of what was necessary for dressing wounds, such as olive oil, brandy, thread of linen rags or lint, for dressing wounds, and 200 hand-barrows for carrying off the wounded men during the attack. He went with it to Prevost, to have the things necessary from the King's magazines, where there was a great store of what Guerin demanded. Prevost answered him that he had none of these things and could not furnish them. M. de St. Julien, having asked him what will then become of my wounded men for want of immediate succour? the inhuman wretch answered him—"If the English force your retrenchments it is then that must have care of your wounded: if you repulse them I shall have the time to provide for what is necessary." M. St. Julien went instantly on board M. Bois de la Motte's ship with Guerin's list, to complain to him of Prevost's refusal to furnish it. This admiral came instantly ashore at night, went to Prevost, told him that all the articles of the demand were reasonable, and assured him that if all that Guerin's list contained was not furnished at seven o'clock next day he would immediately put him in irons and send him to France. Prevost shed tears of rage; but all was ready at the hour appointed. Can it be believed that this inhuman monster, who, from his pique against the officers, intended to make brave men perish for want of apparel to dress their wounds, is still existing and employed as intendant at Port L'Orient? What can be expected in such a service? Having met Prince de Lestenge at Veronilles some time after, he told me—"I have done all I could to make them hang that rascal Prevost, by exposing to M. Berryer (their secretary of state for the marine), his robberies and execrable conduct; but his protection is better than mine among the clerks of the navy office. Such pranks could not be played in the British service with impunity." The governors and intendants of the French Colonies are either mutual spies upon each other, or accomplices in crime. They cannot be in friendship without ruining the Colonies, nor disagree without putting all in trouble and confusion.

height that Ferdinand de Chambron, the officer on guard at the gate, was obliged to quit his post with his detachment to avoid being drowned, after having remained obstinately until the water was up to his knees. It began about 12 o'clock at night and continued with the same fury until 12 next day at noon. The evening before being fine, clear and calm, the English fleet was in its usual station near the entry of the harbour, and everybody imagined it impossible for them to get clear of the land and avoid being dashed against the rocks, so that we expected to see next morning all the coast covered with wrecks.

The inhabitants from the country brought each moment news of the sad and dismal state of the English fleet. All their ships were scattered, dispersed and shattered; five of them were seen together without masts driving before the wind towards Newfoundland. Several others, separately, were observed to be in the same condition; a fifty gun ship was lost at the distance of four leagues from Louisbourg, but the crew being saved, a detachment was immediately sent to them to prevent them being butchered by the Indians. In short it was evidently manifest that only five French men-of-war, if they had gone out of the harbour in quest of the English ships, would have been sufficient to pick up and take all the English fleet. M. Bois de la Motte held a council of war aboard his ship, but almost all of them were against the fleets going out of the harbour; Prince Lesténage insisted on it without effect, some alleged that the season was too far advanced to be able to come back into it; others that another storm might happen and reduce them to the same condition as the English. M. Bois de la Motte told them that he had executed his orders which were to save Louisbourg and that it was now in safety for this year. Thus they let slip the most favourable opportunity that fortune had ever presented to them of destroying the English fleet to the dishonour of the French Marine. All the officers of the troops were enraged at their pusillanimity. An English admiral would have seized rapidly the favour from fortune, nor indeed would he have kept loitering all summer in the harbour, insulted by an inferior fleet continually in his sight. In war it is a vast advantage to know particularly the enemy you have to do with. The English act in a contemptible manner as if they had a thorough knowledge of the French Marine. Times may change.

As the English fleet intercepted all the vessels from France with provisions, the dearth beginning to appear at Louisbourg, the French fleet, before they set sail for Europe towards the end of October, left in the King's Magazine all the provisions they could spare, reserving for themselves what was barely necessary to carry them to France. However, this supply was far from being sufficient to remove the horrible prospect of a famine and of passing the winter miserably. But we were most agreeably surprised by the arrival of a man-of-war on the 6th January, 1758, commanded by M. Dolobaraty, loaded with wine, flour, salt meat, and other provisions, having her cannon in the hold as ballast. Hitherto it was thought impossible to navigate these seas at that season. Dolobaraty brought us positive news that the English were making great preparations for the siege of Louisbourg, and that we would certainly have a visit from them very early in the Spring. Thus we often dread what is most distant from us. The unlooked-for arrival of that man-of-war produced in a moment plenty and abundance. His report was in effect verified. The English fleet appeared before Louisbourg in the beginning of June. They made their descent the 8th June favoured by a very hot fire from the fleet upon the retrenchments which were defended

with the greatest bravery by the French troops. Their attack with their barges was at two large bays of easy access of about 100 geometrical paces in circumference each of them, and where above 30 boats in front might enter and land their troops. M. de St. Julien, with his regiment Artois, was posted in the bay upon the right, and M. Marien, with his regiment of Burgoyne and the troops of the Colony had the defence of the other bay and creeks between the two bays. The whole extent to be defended was about half a league of the coast. The English maintained their attack a long time without being further advanced than the losing of a great many men, and in all probability without being able to force the retrenchments, when a straggling barge, that in appearance, had been repulsed from the bays, discovered a small creek where only two boats in front could enter, which was on the left of the regiment of Artois, and through negligence, without a guard, although it was so surely comprehended within the general plan of defence the year before that. in the summer of 1757, I was posted there with a detachment. Within the creek the land was at least 20 feet high, steep, and the English soldiers were obliged, in disorder at their landing, to climb it, and it was currently reported that two or three Indians, who by chance were there, knocked down with their hatchets 25 or 30 of the first English soldiers who attempted to mount it, but as it was Indians' news, the veracity of it may be doubted, though it is certain that with 50 men I would have hindered any number whatever from landing there. This barge gave a signal to the others who followed it and slipped away from their attacks at the bays, without being remarked by the French in the retrenchments, until several thousand English soldiers were landed and drawn up in battle, having cut off the communication of the regiment of Artois with the rest of the troops. So soon as M. de St. Julien perceived them he drew his regiment out of the trenches, formed them in a column, told them that they must pierce through the English to rejoin their troops—the bayonets upon their muskets—or perish in the attempt, and advancing resolutely, the English suffered them to pass unmolested and without hostilities. The French troops made their retreat to the town slowly and in the greatest order possible. The regiment of the Volantaries Etraangers arrived from France in time to be present at the descent, and the regiment of Cambyse arrived likewise. Belleshut and Langlade, the two captains of the Grenadiers of Artois and Burgoyne, were wounded and taken prisoners by the English; their two second lieutenants, Savary and Romainville, were killed; Masque, aid Major of Artois and also his brother, wounded; Brouzede, Captain of Burgoyne, wounded; a lieutenant and 25 men of the Volantaries Etraangers, taken prisoners, and two officers of the Colony troops wounded.

It was now that the turpitude of the conduct of Prevost and Franquet, who had drawn M. Drevourt, governor of L'Isle Royale, into their cabal, (a brave but very weak and ignorant man in the art of war), appeared glaring, and drew upon them the maledictions of all the garrison. They could now make only very superficial works, that might prolong for a short time the siege, but which could not hinder Louisbourgh, the key of Canada, from being taken. As all the mason work of the fortifications was crumbled down, he lined the wall with fascines, which were a very poor resource. He made a trench all along the key from Porte Dauphine to the grave, with traverses to shelter them from the enemy's fire from the height of the Potence. The ends of all the streets were retrenched; and Franquet, after having refused for some years to listen to a project of making upon Cape Noir a redoubt, which he might

have rendered inexpugnable by cutting and shaping that rock in the most advantageous manner, was at last obliged to have recourse to it, and place there a battery of five pieces of cannon upon the stump that remained of it, to enfilade the English trenches, making a retrenchment of communication to it from the half moon that covered the post de la Reine, which was only at the distance of about fifty paces from Cape Noir. They sank five ships at the entry of the harbour—le Apollon of 50 guns, la Fidelle and le Chevre, each of 22 guns, la Ville de St. Malo, and an English prize. There remained five men-of-war of the line, commanded by the Marquis de Goutte—le Prudent and le Entreprenant, of 74 guns each, and le Celeste, le Bienfaisant, la Capriense, of 64 guns each, with the frigate Aretheuse of 36 guns, commanded by M. Vaudin. M. de Goutte established himself in the town, with the officers and crews of these five men-of-war of the line, leaving only a small guard on board of each of them. They landed at the same time their gunpowder, which they placed in two small buildings near the battery Salvere, and made them bomb-proof by covering them with tons of tobacco, that was in great plenty at Louisbourgh, from the English prizes brought there by the French privateers. Vaudin, alone in the Aretheuse which remained armed in the harbour, was useful in the siege and behaved himself like a lion.

The English opened their trenches about 200 geometrical paces from the Porte Dauphine, covered from the fire of the town by a small curtain or hillock at the foot of the eminence of the Potence. Vaudin, in the Aretheuse, approached their works, enfiladed their trenches, vexed and galled them in such a manner that they were obliged to cease the continuation of the trenches and begin by making epaulements to cover themselves from the frigate. Wherever they opened anew Vaudin was upon them, and he drew off their attention for some time from the siege in order to put themselves in security from the fire of the Aretheuse by raising epaulements and batteries against it. In short, Vaudin having chagrined the English during a month and retarded very considerably their approaches against the town, when he saw his frigate could no more incommode their workmen by their traverses and epaulements along the shore, he proposed to the Governor to charge himself with his despatches, pass through the English fleet and carry them to France. The Marquis de Goutte, who was present at the proposal, told the Governor that Vaudin might still be useful at Louisbourgh. "Yes by G—," replied Vaudin, "if you give me one of your men-of-war of the line that are laid up doing nothing and you will see I should do much more yet than I have done hitherto with the frigate." The Governor gave Vaudin his letters and the Aretheuse set sail for France the 15th July, where she arrived safely.*

As soon as the English were landed at the Point Plate they had a battery there of 10 pieces of cannon of 32 pounds, French; 2 mortars of 13 inches, and 18 mortars from 7 to 8 inches. All this battery was transported to the following places, viz:—A battery of 7 pieces of cannon and 2 great mortars between the battery Royale and the road to Miry. A battery of 5 pieces of cannon upon the left of Marginchange, with a retrenchment between these two batteries. The 16 mortars between this last battery and the brook, the

* I bewail with tears the sad fate of that unfortunate hero Vaudin, who, having commanded a frigate during two years at the island of Bourbon and France with his usual distinguished and remarkably good conduct, on his return to France, by the unjust ill-treatment which he received from M. de Boynes in 1773, then Minister of Marine, he shot himself through the head. I cannot excuse him for his rash despair, as the ingratitude he met with was in common with all good officers in the French service.

St. Esprit, with a block-house on each side of the road to Miry or Rouilly : a retrenchment upon the left of the brook St. Esprit, below the retrenchment in going to the town : with another retrenchment, having a fosse before it, upon the left of these two retrenchments leading towards Gabarus ; a battery of six pieces of cannon, and at its side a battery of mortars, between Gabarus and the Point Plate.

Their camp with four redoubts palisaded ; another palisaded redoubt with a boyan extending to the Point Blanche ; at 25 geometrical paces from it, another retrenchment with a boyan and a battery of ten pieces of cannon and mortars at this retrenchment, where they opened at first the trenches, and afterwards at 200 fathoms from the bastion Dauphine. They had likewise several other small batteries and retrenchments.

M. Marin, lieutenant-colonel of the regiment of Burgoyne, commanded a sally from the town with 650 men, (his detachment composed of volunteers), in the night, between the 8th and 9th July to dislodge a post of 900 English who sustained their workmen. He took an engineer, a lieutenant of grenadiers, a private, and killed, according to the French account, 400 men. The French lost in that affair Chaunclin, captain of the regiment of Burgoyne, killed : and des Maille, captain the same regiment, wounded ; Jarnaihe, lieutenant of grenadiers in Artois', wounded ; Garseman, captain in the Colony troops, killed ; and 70 private men killed or wounded. It was said that the French killed one another, which often happens in night expeditions, when they are not combined with great justness. Next day there was a suspension of hostilities to bury the dead.

The English in their barges burnt four of the French ships of the line in the harbour ; but what was still more surprising, that they could find out the means to cause the *Bienfaisant*, of 64 guns, to be taken and carried off by these barges, her decks being so prodigiously high above them. This was a subject of great speculation—to discover the theory of the fact, and it became a problem that they never could resolve. The land officers looked upon it with admiration, as inconceivable and surpassing all imagination. The barracks, the government buildings and the churches were burnt to the ground, carcasses and bombs thrown continually from the enemy's batteries ; and, according to the laudable English method of destroying the houses, which in nowise can advance the siege, the town was soon reduced to a heap of ruins.

When the Marquis de Herbiere took possession of L'Isle Royale in 1747, he established there the most exact discipline, and the service was performed at Louisbourg with as much regularity as in any fortified place in Europe. This made that town to be looked upon as the Athens of the French Colonies. Jaubert, captain of the Colony troops, an officer of the greatest knowledge, and one of the most instructed in all the branches of the art of war that is to be met with, proposed in 1757, in case of a siege the year following, to keep the field with a detachment of volunteers—Canadians, Acadians and Indians, in order to vex and fatigue the English with alerts : to be always in ambuscades and fall upon their detachments whenever they approached the woods in quest of fascines, gabions, and such other things necessary in sieges. His plan was looked upon to be well concerted and useful, and was adopted in the general project of defence ; but, instead of conferring the execution of it to Jaubert, as he wished that opportunity to signalize himself and put his theory in practice, M. Vaudreuil, governor-general of Canada, gave the commission for that operation to Boishebert, a Canadian officer of favour at Quebec, most ignorant, and the least resolute of any man I ever met with, except at pillag-

ing and pilfering the King's magazines at Miramichi, in Acadie, where he commanded. Boishebert came early in the spring to Louisbourg with a detachment of several hundred men, twelve Canadian officers with them, and six others from the garrison at Louisbourg; and he kept his detachment with such prudence, so concealed at Miry during the siege, five leagues from Louisbourg, that neither the English nor the garrison had ever any news of them.

It is a most cruel situation for brave men to be shut up within bad fortifications—a thousand times worse than in open fields, where a skilful general may balance the superiority in numbers by choosing favourable positions. They adopted for a maxim at Louisbourg, through necessity, that men of courage and intrepidity were the best of fortifications. It is certain that the best fortifications without such men to defend them avail little; and it may be so in many circumstances, although it never could be the case at Louisbourg. Each cannon shot from the English batteries shook and brought down immense pieces from its ruinous walls, so that in a short cannonade the bastion de Roi, the bastion Dauphine, and the curtain of communication between them were entirely demolished—all the defences ruined: all the cannon dismounted: all the parapets and banquettes razed; so that the fortifications were one continual breach to make an assault everywhere. Such was their position when reduced to the last extremity. They beat the chamade: the garrison was made prisoners of war, transported to England, and, being soon after exchanged, returned to France. The inhabitants, according to the capitulation, were sent to Rochelle. I join here the English account of what they found at Louisbourg, though it is not just with regard to the strength of the garrison.

The regiment of Artois and Burgoyne consisted each of them only of 500 men and 49 supernumeraries when they arrived complete at Louisbourg in the year 1755, and the Colony troops were for a long time before the siege without receiving recruits.

The defence of Louisbourg, which was invested the 8th June and resisted until the 30th July when the capitulation was signed, did great honour to the garrison who defended so long such infamous fortifications. All the troops behaved themselves with the greatest bravery, intrepidity and resolution. There were no animosities nor jealousies amongst the different regiments that composed it; but all of them were unanimously united with harmony and brotherly union for the common good. It is true that they, all of them, had a most sovereign contempt for the sea officers of the French squadron there, such as their dastardly and base conduct justly merited. Franquet's head turned upon his arrival in France and he died a few weeks after of chagrin.

From the true and important account that I have given of these campaigns in North America which were the foundation afterwards of the vast success of the British arms and raised that nation to the highest pinnacle of glory, any person without prejudice must avow that fortune fought for the English at the head of their armies and the continual blunders and ill-conduct of the French served them as auxiliaries. Were the English prudent and wise they would be moderate, modest, follow peaceable measures, avoid war, as it can give them no more but may take from them, have always as a maxim present in their minds that prosperity and adversity approach so near to each other in military affairs that there is no medium between them, and that the accidents of war may tumble them down lower than they were ever known to be. They should not imagine that France will stupidly temporize a second time

until all her sailors are prisoners in England instead of sending out upon the first hostilities committed by the English all her frigates and privateers to make reprisals, which if they had done, according to the proportion in the number of the merchant ships of the two nations at sea, there would have been twenty English sailors prisoners in France for one French sailor in England. The constant policy of the English should be fixed upon the means of preserving their immense conquests without extending their ambition. Since such has ever been the fate of two extensive empires arrived at their full point of ripeness in glory, crushed by their own weight they dwindle to nothing and their grandeur bursts out in their ruin and destruction. It is easier by far to acquire great and extensive conquests than to preserve them a truly strong and powerful state is that which is extremely peopled in narrow bounds with subsistence for its inhabitants, and it may be compared to a fortified town of small circuit where all are active and may succor and sustain each other with promptitude and celerity. Such is Great Britain infinitely stronger and more powerful shut up in her island than if she had territories upon the continent. As to the vast additions, last war, to the British dominions, it is her sons, the Americans alone, who can preserve the American conquest and keep them annexed with stability to the crown of England. Happy and truly powerful nation if you would be so; but it is not by a perpetual war, by vexing and chagrining all other nations and making them jealous of your extravagant claim to the universal empire of the seas, nor by your conquests that your glory can be durable and that you can be long the terror or umpire of Europe. You should have for your motto peace, and a flourishing trade which is your real interest, riches, plenty and public felicity would be the consequences. "The great powers," says a modern author, "who in fighting us excite our jealousy, are destined to fall under their own weight. The more the machine of government is extended the less its motions will be prompt, rapid, exact and regular. All the springs of government must slacken in a great state, all the laws there are necessarily despised or neglected, whilst all may be nerve, force and action in a small republic. A great empire seems struck with the palsy and that is the cause why a handful of Persians formerly conquered Asia over the Medes. That was the cause of the disgrace of Xerxes; that is the reason why our ancestors made their successors tremble even in their metropolis. Yes, Aristias, I foretell the fall of the Carthagenians; I see it, for there will be eternally upon the earth some people always ready to make war upon the nations who are rich; and hitherto the riches which corrupt the manners have always been the body of courage and discipline." I heartily wish that this may not become the case of Great Britain with her vast and unbounded empire of America. "A nation," says the great Montesquie, "which is founded upon trade may subsist for a long time in a state of mediocrity, but their grandeur can be only of a short duration." This may, with justice, be applicable to the English and prove too true in their present situation by their conduct which seems tending to the verification of it. "Governments," say Machievilli, "in the variations which most commonly happens to them do proceed from order to confusion and that confusion turns order again, for nature having fixed no sublunary things, as soon as they arrive at their acme and perfection, being capable of no further ascent, of necessity they decline, so on the other hand when they are reduced to the lowest pitch of disorder, having no further to descend, they recoil again to their former perfection. Good laws degenerating into bad customs and bad customs engendering good laws, for virtue begets peace,

peace begets idleness, idleness begets mutiny, and mutiny destruction, and *vice versa*. That ruin begets laws these laws virtue, and virtue begets honour and good success." May it not be added that a most successful war begetting immense riches must beget luxury, luxury corruption and corruption perdition irremediable to a trading nation, which brought Rome to such a state of infamy as to make Lugal the King of Numidia say at his leaving it: "O mercenary town you would sell yourself if you found a purchaser." A sudden unlooked for fortune generally turns the head of a private person: a surprising unforeseen national success may it not have the same effect and produce a general phrenzy.

Of all the projects that were given for fortifying Louisbourg, that of having no fortifications at all, excepting a few redoubts there to protect the fisheries and secure the inhabitants against privateers and small landings, always appeared to me to be the most judicious and best concerted, transplanting the capital town of L'Isle Royale to some favourable position in the interior of the country, and only surrounding it with palisades in order to keep the Indians in respect. It is now clearly demonstrated that every town attacked in a regular manner must be taken, in which case it serves the enemy for a retreat, shelters them against surprise and sudden attacks, and puts them in a situation to bid defiance to superior numbers. Such was the idea of Cardinal Ximenes, who destroyed all the fortifications in Navaree except Pamplune, which he fortified in the strongest manner. By this means he repulsed repeated French invasions, and preserved that country to the crown of Spain. The Marshal of Montmorency observed the same conduct when Charles V. invaded Provence and had the same success as Ximenes. Had not Quebec been fortified, the English, notwithstanding the battle of the 13th September, must of necessity have been obliged to embark and evacuate Canada. They could not keep the field in that cold climate after the month of October, nor remain there cantoned without being certainly cut to pieces during the winter by the Canadians and Indians. Thus it appeared that the fortifications of that town, which assured a safe residence to the English army, and secured them from the attacks and attempts of the French, was the sole cause that they became masters of that vast country. A victorious army may run over an open country, though well peopled, and make them submit; but, without fortified places and fortresses, the conquerors, to be able to keep them in subjection, must have always in their new conquest the same army that was capable to subdue them.

TO MY WIFE.

BY WILLIAM MURDOCH.

Since first we met—you know the place,
 'Twas in another clime,—
 How vast the change in form and face
 That marks us since that time;
 We little dream'd in those fond days
 Beneath an eastern sun,
 That through life's glooms and sunny rays
 Our fates were link'd in one.

Now youth's fantastic dreams are o'er,
 Its visions all have fled;
 And here we tread that solemn shore
 Which leads us to the dead.
 But why repine or drop a tear?
 Our case is that of all,
 Who do, or did, or ever will,
 Traverse this earthly ball.

We've trod the upward path of life,
 We've quaff'd its cup of joy,
 And still my good, my own dear wife,
 Our love knows no alloy;
 Our sons have reach'd to manhood's growth,
 Our girls are bright and fair;
 Such treasures come not with the wind,
 Nor vanish in the air.

Our course now lies adown that steep
 Chalked out by fate's behest;
 But hand in hand as up we came,
 We'll journey down to rest;
 A glorious beacon guides our path
 To that sweet Land of Peace,
 Where weary pilgrims find repose,
 And all their troubles cease.

THE RAPIDS.

Oft have I stood upon the shore,
 Gazed thy troubled waters o'er—
 Listening to the noisy splash
 Of angry waters, as they dash
 Against the dark and frowning rock
 Whose fronts, have long withstood the shock
 Of fierce storms—and the mighty force
 Of elements; whose breathings hoarse,
 Are mix'd with the deafening roar,
 Of waves that sullen beat the shore
 And angry, toss about in foam,
 As onward to the sea they roam.
 Their waters rushing—whirling—round—
 Leaping with impatient bound,
 Cleaving the wave worn precipice
 While, white with foam, the whole abyss
 Seems tortured, and with headlong vent
 Dashes o'er the rocks, worn and rent
 With deafening noise, and lightning leap
 Headlong with unresisted sweep.
 Thy waters seek the ocean wide,
 Co-mingling with its ceaseless tide;
 Yet, wild waters, thou hast calm hours:
 Vanish'd seems thy dreaded power;
 Silent and still, as if asleep,
 No ripple on thy angry deep.
 I've watch'd thee when thou didst awake—
 Thy dreamy slumbers off thee shake,
 And on with impatient leap
 Go dashing down thy fearful steep.

LA RESTAURADORA.

BY M. JULES CH. L. MORAZAIN,

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ON the day of my arrival in Alpazinchi,⁽¹⁾ I had been invited by a German gentleman, Herr Frantz Host, to go to the *Capillitas*,⁽²⁾ in order to visit the copper-mine *La Restauradora*, which then belonged to General Urquiza, President of the Argentine Confederation, and to M. Lafon, of Monte Video. As the weather was rather cold, I delayed my departure till the first part of November, the mine being situated in the district of Santa Maria, amidst the mountains called "Capillitas," a ramification of the Andes, at about eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea. I found two men, carpenters by trade, who were willing to accompany me, and who intended at the same time to try their fortune at the mine. After having secured a quantity of provisions, our party, consisting of these men—Antonio Vargas, a Chilian, Manuel Romero and myself,—started early in the morning. Besides the mules we rode, they had two more to carry the tools and the provisions. After a march of five hours over the sandy soil of Alpazinchi to *La Punta*, we halted at a place where two wells are found, and which is called, on that account, *Los Pozos*. These wells, consisting of small excavations or mere shallow holes in the ground, which is there not sand but mud, have a diameter of nearly two feet, and are always supplied with water which exhales an odour like that of rotten eggs, and has a peculiarly saltish taste. It contains, as far as I could judge, sulphur and, perhaps, some nitre; and after evaporation there would be left, I suppose, some hyper-sulphuret of sodium. Its composition is not unlike that of the Cheltenham waters. The bottom of these wells, which are about six inches deep, presents to the view a multitude of diminutive *mamillæ*, from which issue alternately bubbles of air, or rather of carbonic acid gas, and of water, in a manner it is very interesting to observe. Although I knew the spot well, I was glad enough to reach it, as I was very thirsty. I dismounted and, kneeling down, began to suck, proceeding in this very cautiously, as otherwise we should have been obliged to wait two or three hours before we could have any palatable water. After we bipeds had quenched our thirst, the quadrupeds had their turn; then we resumed our journey and travelled until evening, reaching *San Antonio de Machigasta*, in the Province of *La Rioja*, where we passed the night.

Next morning we heard that water had made its appearance in the *Rio Seco*; and lest we should be surprised by the torrent, as we had two small streams to cross, we hastened our departure. Here an altercation took place between my two companions,—one wished to follow the ordinary road, the other to cut through the woods, pressing the consideration that the straight line was the shortest way from one point to another. As we should make quite an exploration if we went off the common track, I adopted the idea of

1.—*Alpazinchi* is formed of two words in the Quichua dialect—*Alpa*, hard, arid, and *Zinchi*, soil.

2.—*Capillitas*, i. e. "Little Chapel,"—from *Capillas*, chapel, and the diminutive *ito*, *ita*.

"cutting through," and we accordingly acted upon it. The first part of our journey was favourable enough; but as evening approached I remarked that we were not following "the straight line." My companions seemed rather uneasy. Vargas was looking on every side; and I suspected that he did not know what direction to take. By and by we heard a distant and low noise. The atmosphere was rather cold, and we quickened our pace. Night came on. We still advanced, and soon crossed a small river, where the water was not more than twelve or sixteen inches deep, when one of my companions, having gone about half a mile ahead, suddenly came back at full speed, crying that "the waters were coming;" and that, as we were on a *plateau*, there being another rivulet before us at the distance of nearly a mile, we should be drowned in the torrent which, rising and rushing towards us, would carry us away. At the same moment we heard that terrific noise caused by the "giant." Having gained a slight eminence, as nothing else could be done, I observed the progress of the inundation. I saw some small pieces of land with trees on them swept away by the mad stream. But hark! There, on the other side, the waters have divided, and threaten to come our way, keeping us in a state of siege, if they do not destroy us. What could we do? We had provisions for only one day more, and the flood would last at least four days! We turned to the right, looking anxiously for any chance of escape by crossing: there was none. Still, there, in the middle of the current, not far off—only a few feet from us—was a large rock about equidistant from each side. The point at which we were was the narrowest place. If we only had a bridge!

I thought of the iron bridge I had seen at Sunderland, and called to mind the motto cast in the centre of its arch—*Nil Desperandum*. It was a spark. It was, indeed, life, life! "A bridge!" cried I; "we could make one,—why not?" "Are you not carpenters?" said I to my bewildered companions. "Have you no tools? Are there no trees here large enough to bear the weight of our mules? Work, my men: every minute brings death upon us." One of them interrupted me by saying—"What is the width of the ravine?" Now that was a most important point. I had with me a compass and repeating circle. I directed my two friends to cut a few poles, and then, for the first time in my life, I felt really happy that I had studied geometry. I had always proved dull in that branch at school; still, the little knowledge of it which I possessed saved my own life and the lives of two fellow creatures. We ascertained that the rock presented a surface of sixty feet in length and about thirty-five feet in width; and it was settled that by cutting the trees at about eighteen feet we should be able to cross this Jordan.

I took the mules under my especial care, and my companions set to work. Still the water was rising. As the sun rose we had a dozen trees on the ground. By means of two of them and our *lassos*, we succeeded in laying five of them across. At last, after having worked hard, we got safely to the other side. And we were just in good time, since, if we had been two hours later, we should have been drowned.

On the evening of that same day we were in *Andalgala*, a village in the Argentine Confederation, at the base of the *Aconquija*, a mountain which can be seen from a distance of thirty leagues. The village is called *El Fuerte de Andalgala*, and is situated on an inclined plane. From this circumstance comes the saying, "*El Fuerte de Andalgala, donde aquel que no cae, resbala*,"—"The fort of Andalgala, where he who does not fall, slides." We remained in this place three days, receiving the felicitations of our friends upon having escaped such a danger as that we had met. At the end of that time, I hav-

ing bought a *matecito*⁽¹⁾ and a *bombilla*,⁽²⁾ to replace those I had lost during the fright, we started for the mine, having decided to follow always the ordinary way, without attempting "to cut through" any more; and we went towards the first station, which is a *quebrada*,⁽³⁾ called *Amanado*.

Our journey was a happy one: at least no remarkable event occurred in the course of it. On the same evening we reached the "kilns," (*hornos*.) Herr Koëhfler, a Hungarian, a good chemist and mineralogist, received me and treated me very kindly. That night a *sangria* was to be made. When the mineral is sufficiently melted it flows through a small aperture made at the bottom of the kiln; and, from the red colour of the flowing metal, this process is called a *sangria*, which means literally *a bleeding*. Accordingly, when the *capataces* (from *capataz*, overseer,) came to announce that everything was ready, we went to the furnace. It was midnight and dark. We met on the way an old miner, a Spaniard, who was blind, and to whom I gave a *peseta* (25 cts.) As soon as we arrived at the kiln, they began to pierce a small hole through the lower part, in order to test the degree of fusion of the metal. When satisfied that it was "all right," they arranged in a straight line a series of moulds made of sand. On either side were men having each two moulds to attend to. Others, half naked, opened the small doors on the side of the furnace, and put in more wood. For a few moments a profound silence ensued; then a signal was given. Suddenly a burst of light, followed by a sensation of extreme heat, overcame us. Before us was fire running like a river. The liquefied copper flowed from one mould to another, depositing *escoria* on its surface. It looked like the *lava* of a volcano. The half-naked Indians all around us, and the old blind miner, standing out against the huge mass of the rocky mountains, which rose almost perpendicularly close by, and formed a background to the picture, brought to my mind the idea that the liquid fire was *Phlegethon*: the blind old man, *Polyphemus*: the Indians, *Cyclopes*; and that, in short, I was in the *antre*, or workshop, of Vulcan.

Next evening we visited the mine. There was no vegetation in the neighbourhood save a few plants, one of which, the *cactus major*,⁽⁴⁾ reaches a height of twelve or fifteen feet. Another, a small plant, which I could not find in any other place, resembles the *canchalagua* of the Chilians, and is called *arca*. It is used instead of tea. A great many among the miners chew a certain plant (or rather its leaves) like the *betel*; they call it *coca*—the *erythroxyton coca* of Lamarck. As to the animal kingdom, its only representatives in this region were a small creature, to be classified somewhere between the rat and the hare, bearing the name *vizcacha*, and another animal called *huanaco*.

I met with a hearty welcome from Don Francisco Host, and early next morning, after having put on suits of old clothes, and attached to our hats pieces of candle by means of a putty made from a kind of gypsum and water, we ascended the mountain. We reached the upper entrance of the mine, where they had first met the vein, whose inclination is about 25°, its width two yards, and its height two and a-half yards. It is named *Chiflon*. The entrance to the mine is called the *bocamina*—mouth of the mine. A little

1.—I had the habit of taking *mate* very regularly, so I had to buy a gourd (*mate*).

2.—*Bombilla*, a silver pipe.

3.—*Quebrada* means "a ravine," a "deep pass."

4.—*Cactus Major*: Genus, *cactaceæ*; Acotyledonous, Endogenous; Order, *Monogynia*: Class, *Icosandria*. In South America I have seen a great variety of cacti,—the *cactus cocciniferus*, *C. opuntia* (a sub-variety of the preceding,) *Melo-cactus*, *C. caprifolius*, &c.

further on we came to the upper gallery A, which is level, and thence to the first shaft, which passes through the *veta madre*, or principal vein, and was sunk so as to connect with the gallery B. In this gallery were two shafts more, the last of which connects with the lower gallery called *Socabon*, which means "pit-yard." It is so called because its entrance from outside the mine is on a level, and in the shape of a platform. All the mineral is discharged into the *Socabon*, and thence brought to the platform or pit called *Cancha*. In a mine, the part above one's head is called by the natives *el cielo*, the sky; the ground, *el piso*; the sides, *los mantos*; the quartz or rock which covers the mineral, *la capa*; and the adjacent portions which more closely surround or envelope the ore, *ganga*, or sometimes *ganque*.

In the night following I was called by Antonio, who came to tell me that my mule had died of the *tembladera*. This malady is due to the influence of the rarefied atmosphere; and, while men suffer severely from its effects, horses and mules almost invariably die, unless they have been gradually accustomed to graze in those high regions. The word *tembladera* expresses the principal feature of the disease. When attacked by it the animal begins to tremble; then stretches out his legs, becomes motionless, falls, and dies. In some parts of Peru this complaint is called *puna*; in lower Peru, *veta*; and towards lower Bolivia, *soroche*. In upper Bolivia and Chili the word *soroche* is the name given to *galena*, or, according to mineralogists, to the earthy oxide of manganese.

The *Restauradora* is at an elevation of about 11,000 feet above the level of the sea. Externally, the mountain seems to be composed of quartz, grauwacke and felspar. In some places we met with porphyry, and close by there was mica. Further on were some fragments of argentiferous lead. I saw also, on the other side of the mountain, some *galena*, or sulphuret of lead, with mica. It is called by the Indians *soroche*. They showed me some argentiferous lead, and some arseniuretted silver, which I am inclined to think was pyrites of silver.

It is supposed by some that there is here a mass of mineral matter, forming a nucleus, or central body, from which radiate in all directions a number of veins of different minerals into the plains below. Extending from the *Capillitas* to *Santa Maria* there is a vast desert of sand called *Arenal*—from the Latin *arena*. Scattered throughout this sandy plain are granite and conglomerate rocks. I remember that Dr. Von Tschudi, whom I met, and whose society I enjoyed for a short time at the *Capillitas*, and with whose interesting account of his travels in Peru some of my readers may be acquainted, once said to me, when preparing for an excursion—I should say *ascension*—to the *Aconquija*, that the whole district, forming the ramification extending from the main *Cordillera*, was but a mass of all kinds of minerals.

Copper, now so commonly and extensively used by the civilized world, is, as every one knows, one of the metals employed by mankind in the earliest ages. It is said to have been first discovered by the Western nations in the island of Cyprus, whence its name *cuprum* is derived; and as that island was consecrated to Venus, copper was represented among the ancients by the symbol ♀. The ores of copper include, in mineralogy, about thirteen species, and each species embraces many varieties; but all these different ores may be roughly classified as of three kinds—the oxydated, the sulphureous and the native copper. In the *Restauradora* fragments of native copper are occasionally found imbedded in silver and in quartz. The two other kinds form two distinct veins, which yield about equal quantities of ore. The sulphureous

mineral there is much richer than the oxydated, giving sometimes as much as 87 per cent, and an average of 71 per cent of metal: while the latter gives, at the most, only 52 per cent, and, ranging between 22 and 48 per cent, yields an average of about 29 per cent. With the sulphureous copper is sometimes found the crystallization known as sulphate of copper. The oxydated copper is much harder than the sulphureous; the miners who are employed to break the ore being paid \$3 per *cajon* (which means a large box, but is here used as a measure, being a quantity equal to about 16 cwt.) of the latter, and \$5 for the same quantity of the oxydated. This ore is generally covered with peroxide of copper, or verdigris, and when combined with sulphuret of iron takes the name of copper pyrites.

Formerly, prior to the penetration of the Socabon, the ore was brought to the mouth of the mine from the different shafts, as in gallery A, in leathern bags, carried on the shoulders by a certain class of miners called *Apires*; but since the Socabon has been opened they use small cars of a trapezoid form, resembling those employed in the coal mines of Newcastle. These cars run on wooden rails. When they reach the *cancha*, or platform, the ore is picked up and assorted, according to its intrinsic value, by children, who display in this branch of the work an intelligence and a skill which cannot be excelled even by the old miners.

Of the miners there are eight classes, each discharging its own distinct duties:—

1. The **BARRETEROS**: those who work inside the mine with the mallet and drill.
2. **POZEROS**: who are at the shafts, and whose occupation is to draw up the mineral in *los capachos* (leathern bags), and pump out the water from the mine.
3. **APIRES**: of whose duties we have already spoken.
4. **CHANQUEADORES**: who break the ore into smaller pieces.
5. **PICADEROS**: the children above-mentioned.
6. **ARRIEROS**: who carry the ore to the *Ingenio* or kilns.
7. **LENEROS**: who gather wood (*leña*, wood, from the Latin *lignum*,) and bring it to the furnace.
8. **CARRETEROS**: who draw the laden cars to the Platform.

Besides these there are *maniquis*—*apprentices*, or substitutes, almost every *barretero* having one with him.

The inclination of the principal vein is at an angle of 25°, the perpendicular depth of the shaft was about 87 feet,* the length of the gallery 500, and of the Socabon about 140 feet. In two instances they lost sight of the vein; but, after a careful investigation, they discovered a rather diminutive *guia*, or lead, separated from the line of the vein by a few feet, and diverging from it in a southerly direction. Following this slender lead, they had to sink a shaft until they met the vein again in the midst of a mass of unstratified earth; and then they had to work day and night to pump out the water, and to construct *puentes* (pontoons or bridges,) to prevent their being buried alive. As Don Francisco Host was giving me all these explanations, I felt a shudder. Every explosion in the other galleries of the mine seemed to be the noise made by the mountain closing over us, shutting upon us the door of life.

When we came out to the daylight it was 12 o'clock. Mr. Hopkins, an Englishman from Cornwall, struck with a hammer a bar of steel hung to a

* The foot here mentioned is $\frac{1}{3}$ of the French metre, and is equal to 13.12 in. English.

post. That was the signal for dinner. We returned to the house—it was, rather, a large hut—and discussed the properties of copper, silver, lead and other ores over a piece of *chârqui* (dried beef), some *guacha* or *huachaïocre* (maize boiled with minced meat), and a handful of dried figs. I hardly need add that, like a good and true German, Herr Host had a small keg of ruby-coloured wine, from San Carlos, in a secret part of the room; and that I was too good a Frenchman to refuse a toast to the prosperity of the Restauradora, and another to the *paternity* of my “Host,” who, having married a lady from Santa Maria, was expecting very soon to have an heir. After dinner, we enjoyed two hours of sleep, or as they say there, “*Hicimos la siesta.*”

A REVERIE.

BY A. R. G.

TREES edit every Spring the revelation of the Resurrection. So to those who find tongues in trees and a language in leaves, it seems well that the place of graves should have the greenery of foliage that is annual as well as the steadfast colour of the evergreens. It is beautiful to look at the constancy of the fresh, fragrant firs, those obelisks of nature, during the season of snows when the bleakness of the tomb-stone is unrelieved by a white shroud of drift; but we require trees also that shall appeal to our love of analogies and help the hope of our faith. These annuals are skeleton-like in the city of the dead when winter rules the year. But when the ghastliness of the snow is gone, when the icy air changes to warm winds in the May month, when the aromatic odour of gummy buds breaking forth is abroad and when our eyes are eager to detect hints of colour, the pink of early petals, the golden glimmer of green, it is refreshing to faith as well as to sight to look at the grave-yard. While the natural vision is gratified by the pale tenderness of tiny leaves feeling out from their relaxing bud-bondage, the spiritual eyesight sees a subtle analogy and discovers an old parable in the new formations. The heart that has been widowed throbbing beside the tomb of her beloved rests calmly on these calm, consoling words of our Lord Christ: “I am the Resurrection and the Life.” But she is also cheered by the silent ministration of the leaves growing under the influence of Spring if she can perceive a use in the fair things God made to commend his love unto humanity. She may perceive in these tender points of verdure that they bear testimony to the truth. She is helped by this sign of re-animation, the quickening of the trees, and can hear the voice of God among the trees of the churchyard proclaiming that the dead shall revive.

Thus I thought this afternoon looking out of my study window. It was a morbid mood, perhaps, that first directed my gaze to the church-yard on the hill but it at length merged into another and better emotion. For the mystery of vernal vitality so manifest in the place of the dead, dear to some living ones, soothed and suggested what I have written as the drift of my reflections.

This was the result of a change that had been going on while I was thinking. At first when I looked the white headstones were blurred with mist brooding sorrowfully above them. In their grey vapour how spectral these memorials of the dead seemed! The colour of the young leaves was so faint, even in the foreground, that the moisture of the mist came between like a veil. The firs grew more gloomy as I gazed, for the mist also marred their distant forms. However, a vagrant breeze sauntered up from the river side, crossed the hollow where boulders are strewn by the banks of the brook like hard facts in life's experience and climbed the hill. The vague vapour trembled at the breath of the intruder, strove to conceal itself by creeping among the graves or lurking in the leaves but the wind searched, and at last foiled by this irresistible energy the mist gathered its torn raiment about it and passed slowly into the hollow beyond. So what before was tristful now became tender, what was mournful grew resigned. The sunshine had disentangled itself from the moisture and now shimmered softly over the hill crested with marble and clothed with well-woven green tissues. And so may our shadows and grief begotten of loss be lifted and the light of heaven rest on the resting of our dear dead. One of those pioneer birds, which we call robins in America, balanced himself on a spray of cedar and piped so purely that once I thought of clear gurgling streams flowing through a forest, pierced by light that smote the shallows of the water. For music to me associates and assimilates itself with the fairness of scenery. Is there not one part of Mozart's Requiem like the sea waves breaking on steep cliffs, and another like tall pines in slow agitation? With intent to be garrulous about the trees common in graveyards and their peculiar beauty I turned my eyes to the blank paper. But I will not weary my reader with the translation of all my reverie into words. The willow was well chosen to be a sentinel near the spulchres. It is truly a weeper. The most obtuse imagination can invest it with the characteristic of grief. The sight least educated to the beauty of harmony, the sweetness of sympathetic association can recognize the fitting effect added to the cemetery by the presence of pensive willows. Their pendent branches are an emblem of the attitude of woe. They hang over the dead as we do when the coffin is in our households. Fancy does not recoil from forming their slender leaves into trickling tears. Their tint of green is wan, as if the mourning caused the colour to fade, even as the tea-wet cheek of a bereaved one becomes palid. Apart from their connexion with the tombs the willows are suggestive of sorrow. I find a more sombre back-ground to the picture of the Hebrew captives sitting by Chebar in the willows on which they hanged their harps. The river flows past them but it is not Jordan. And remembering Zion they cannot sing to the echoing chords of their harps but hang them on the willows beside them and sit mute immersed in the great sorrow that has fallen on them. Again, Shakespeare with that which, for lack of a better phrase, I must term *the intuitive perception of suitability*, increases the colour of circumstances by introducing the willow. Forlorn pride waves her false love back to Carthage with a willow wand. Ophelia the gentle maiden crazed by crossed love falls into the treacherous brook from the willow and is found drowned. Yes, this tree having not the rippling laughter of the beech, nor the happy rustle of the maple, not shining gaily like the birch nor erect and graceful as the elm is suited to the city of the dead. Go into the graveyards of great cities, country towns and hamlets and you shall find the weeping willow. And how fine it is that this tree requires little care in planting and less culture in the rearing. For alas! the graves of those we have no

interest in receive small care from us. Life and its engrossing actualities are not favourable to the growth of sentiment towards the dead. Not that it is well to make a grave-yard a garden but there is much neglect visible round the tombs. But the willow grows most luxuriantly under adverse circumstances even. The laburnum is languid ; in its tender years, it must be fostered. The weeping ash must be trained and taught to take the form of a mourner. The willow though droops naturally and needs no pains. Wherefore, it seems to me that the willow is indeed by nature the best companion for the headstone. One Sabbath morning, in the flush of summer, three persons paused at a tomb in an avenue of *Pere la Chaise*. The monument that marked the spot was not elaborate neither was it elegant ; but the remains of a sweet poet lay under it. Here they had laid a man whom the world shall yet be grateful to for gems of poetry and jewels of thought. These three had come far over the sea but they knew the genius of him whose grave now claimed their attention. *Siste viator !* and we pilgrims stayed our steps by Alfred de Musset's grave talking in low tones about his life and death. The odour of the violets just scented the air. The loud bells rang out in the gay metropolis beyond. Widows in weeds passed and repassed, many doubtless wondering at our interest in the poet's tomb. A *gamin* the very rags of him being draped decently about his meagre figure stopped, stared, and said in the expressive pantomimes of his class : "These odd English a *citoyen* meets everywhere." I copied the inscription on the stone. Ah ! the tender, tristful heart of him who lay beneath the stone lives and yearns in these lines taken from his own poem. For with a just appreciation of their fitting nature, the kindly hearts that buried the poet, chose his own longing as a proper epitaph for him. This is De Mussets' epitaph :

"Ma chers amis quand je mourrai
Plantez un saule au cimetiere ;
J'aime son feuillage exploré,
Se paleur m'en est douce et chere,
Et son ombre sera legere
A la terre ou je dormirai."

It is hard to express the sweetness of these words by translation. I rendered them thus :

Oh ! dearest friends of mine when I am dead
Plant but a willow at my grave's head.
I love its leaf, true symbol of a tear
Its pallor unto me is sweet and dear,
May its sad trembling shadow creep
Above the earth where I at last shall sleep.

That phrase "feuillage exploré" is just perfect. Poor De Musset, his request is granted. Some tender hand has planted the sad tree over his grave and when we left, its leaves were silvered by the wind that blew from the heights of Montmartre. Sleep well under your willow, oh Poet, are not its soft murmurs musical like your exquisite verses? You walked these long streets of Paris full often friendless, with an aching heart and a weary brain, you tossed on the hospital beds of the Hotel de Dieu, you had poverty and pain, a public charity was your home, but now is there not rest to you while the well-loved willow shadows lie lightly on your grave? 'Tis nearly sunset. I gaze out again at the churchyard on the hill. The dusk draws near it and I see a solitary woman near a stone. Is it comfortless Rachel weeping for

her children? Is it a wife mourning sorely for her husband? May God's peace touch her heart tenderly, may the green leaves near her tell her in parable what the Book reveals to us, that the ones we buried shall be quickened, shall rise again in spiritual bodies. There is one who loved me under the grass, and haply this twilight a woman stands by *his* grave. Oh! dear brave heart on whom affliction hath fallen, though far from me, I am near you now by reason of the grief that is common to us. If you have looked on the laburnum leaves breaking out above his grave this day I know you have found the solace I find in gazing on the sere leaves I pulled from that memorial tree a year ago and placed in the pages of this Book. * * * * It is dark now on the hill and the graves are hid from my eyes. The mourner whose presence gave me the home thoughts and the home woe is descending from the city of the dead. And in the dewfall I go softly over old memories.

TO A MAY FLOWER.

Oh! thou bright flower, herald of the spring,
 Ever will I love thee for thou dost bring
 To my eager heart hopes of sunny hours,
 Sweetest, purest, gem of summer flowers.

Sweet emblem of hope to my longing eyes,
 I hail thy presence with a glad surprise,
 And ever bless thy pure and sweet perfume
 Speaking in lowly way of summer bloom.

On the hill by the grey rock's sunny cove,—
 Well do I know thy secret haunts, and rove
 At the earliest dawn in search of thee,
 Ere yet the bud has burst upon the tree.

Traces of winter linger on the ground;
 A deep silence reigns; in the woods no sound
 But the robin's mellow notes on the tree,
 Filling the air with sweetest melody.

Blooming, chaste flower, in thy lowly bed
 Under green canopy of leaves, thy head
 Scarce venturing out to greet the warm light
 Of this sweet day of spring, serene and bright.

I bless thee for thy fair form, pale flower,—
 Love thee for thy mysterious power;
 And deep within my soul shall ever dwell
 The lessons of endurance thou dost tell.

WHY I LEFT THE DETECTIVE SERVICE.

BY BEATRICE J—S.

Introductory.

FOR the benefit of my readers, and not to disturb the tenor of this narrative. I will give a short retrospect of my early life, and the reasons that first induced me to become a detective. I was the eldest of two sons: my father had once been a gentleman of fortune, owning a fine landed estate in the North-riding of Yorkshire, England; but who, through a boundless love of pleasure and exaggerated hospitality, coupled with ceaseless extravagance in betting and all field sports, soon became aware that, to play the part of a "fine old English gentleman," etc., you must needs have the purse of Fortunatus to act with any degree of perfection. Reverses came, and the end was that, with a few hundred pounds saved from the general wreck, we emigrated to America.

My mother died when I was quite young, and, my father not marrying again, my childhood had never experienced any of those bright, happy *home* feelings that a woman's—and foremost of all on earth, a mother's—love and watchfulness always create in a household. Perhaps it was the want of these social endearments, and the absence of all parental restraint, that made me the reckless dog I was. I certainly had learned to read and write tolerably well, even in those days when my greatest delight consisted in climbing up into the old apple tree that grew directly beneath the nursery windows, and hearing "old nurse" from above imperatively ordering me to "come down this instant;" but who, seeing that I, in my independence, disobeyed her commands right royally, changed her tactics, and entreated in her smoothest and most winning tones, that "she knew her dear master Herbert would come down, and somebody would give him *such* a beautiful orange." Whereupon, as the love for that particular kind of fruit was the weakest point in my nature, I would descend—not as a vanquished hero, but proud in the consciousness that I had given "old nurse an awful fright."

But I am wandering on to trivial subjects, when I should adhere only to important ones; yet the heart of even an old stern, worldly-minded man will *sometimes* recall the bright spots of a life memory, and dwell with fond recollections on the innocent, careless days of childhood, when the mind was *not* worldly, or selfish, or money-making: but whose every thought, word and action were as sincere as the heart from which they sprung.

When old enough I was sent off to college, where, I am now sorry to say it, the only things in which I excelled or took any interest were the "boat racing" and "cricket matches." Had you asked any of the professors who was the most reckless "dunce" in the University, the reply would have been, without the slightest hesitation, "Herbert Halliday."

Shortly after our arrival in New Brunswick (I was then just 21), my father died, leaving to Charlie and myself the snug little sum of eight hundred pounds, to be equally divided between us. Now, in all our mutual intercourse, there had never existed a very great amount of fraternal affection; and of late, since the loss of fortune, I could no longer endure his selfish, over-bearing disposition, so that we both deemed it best to seek an entirely different

field for our start in life. According to this agreement, he took passage in a steamer bound for the United States, intending to seek a situation in some mercantile house in New York. But how vain are all dreams of the future! and how sinful to allow a few trifling annoyances to destroy the harmony and sever the ties of kindred relationship. News came that, when almost in sight of New York harbour, the boiler of the steamer had exploded, and all on board perished. From that time my life was one long, unceasing regret,—regret that I had permitted him, the youngest, to thus go and meet his death, when, perhaps, by proper reasoning and reflection, I might have acted so differently. Thus, to drown the recollection of this one episode in my youthful career, and from an early love for adventure, I first engaged in the busy, exciting calling of a detective officer; and from then to the commencement of this story, I had repented nothing but the sad circumstances that led to so unpremeditated a step.

“All aboard,” called out the conductor, and with a succession of short puffs from the engine, accompanied by one energetic starting jerk, the train moved majestically out of the station.

Increasing speed, we soon left the hot, dusty city far behind, while, instead of the remarkably clean suburbs, could now be caught, occasional glimpses of beautiful wild country scenery, gilded by the subdued rays of the summer sun, as it gradually neared repose behind the Western hills. The scene presented the usual appearance of a first-class railway carriage. Those among my fellow-travellers who were going any distance, busied themselves in the perusal of an interesting book, or scanning the political news of the day: others kept up a lively conversation; while the remainder, who, like myself, neither relished a mental feast, nor were blessed with an entertaining companion, sat wrapped in the silence of their own thoughts. My own were anything but pleasing ones, the present excursion being occasioned not by a wish for pleasure, but business.

A short time previous, a case had come before the Police Magistrate that sorely tried the wisdom of that gentleman. A young man by the name of Arthur Molton had been charged with forging a bank check to the amount of five thousand dollars. Now this charge was nothing in itself to create perplexity, but the strange circumstances that attended it. On comparing notes, it had been discovered that within the last two years no less than five forgeries had been committed in the like manner, and although the names of the different perpetrators had been secured, yet in no case had the criminal been brought to justice; and it was now strongly believed, from circumstantial evidence, that the names were all fictitious ones: and furthermore, that the last individual was the *sole* culprit, and a very clever rascal.

I had tracked him as far as a small village called Brookville, and was now on my way thither, when the train stopped by a neat little country station, and the brakesman, interrupting my reverie, called out “Brookville,” and then slammed the door violently.

Wending my way leisurely along the short platform, I encountered a couple of old farmers with whom I was well acquainted. After listening with seeming attention to their interesting account of the failure of “crops” in general, and the potatoe rot in particular, enlivened with one or two prophecies regarding a few dark clouds that began to appear on the horizon, they both ended by giving me a cordial invitation to pass the evening with their respective families. Declining both, I turned the conversation to the news of the village,

and was rewarded for my patience by learning that a stranger (a very strange occurrence indeed, in this fairy spot of the inhabitable globe,) had arrived the preceding day, declaring himself to be a Mr. Brown, and purposing to be in search of a good farm which he wished to purchase. The landlord of "the Hotel" of Brookville had recommended to him one which his brother wished to dispose of, and situated in the adjoining settlement. Upon referring to my note-book, I found the description given by my two friends of the personal appearance of Mr. Brown to agree perfectly with the one therein written; and when informed that he had left for Cliftwood that morning, my resolution was taken.

Preparing to quit the station, where we had until now stood talking, I merely stated that I was going up to Squire Olives', to remain over night: whereupon, my friends exchanged very knowing glances, and exclaimed simultaneously, while bidding me good-bye, that I was "an uncommonly sly dog."

Edward Olives was the first friend my father had when he came to St. John, and to him alone were imparted all the sad events of my melancholy history. Since my father's death he had watched with parental interest (though not approving of the step I had taken,) my various successes in life, and now was very soon in reality to stand to me in that relation, by confiding to my keeping the happiness of Pearl, his only daughter.

Gaining the large old fashioned mansion, that towered high above the neighbouring farm-houses, I was ushered into the dining room, where the family was assembled at tea. No sooner had I entered the apartment than the Squire, hearing my name, started up and grasping me warmly by the hand exclaimed in his old impulsive way:

"Why Hub my boy, here you are! We were just this moment talking about you, consoling each other with the thought that now the Weatherby case was finished we should perhaps get a glimpse of you at the hall. Bless me," he continued laughing, "it's as unusual to see you now-a-days as—as to hear tell of a Chinaman being in St. John."

"My dear you are surely not comparing Herbert, in any way, to one of those tea-drinking specimens of humanity, are you?" enquired his wife, holding out her hand to me and laughing.

"Bless my soul, no Sarah; but look here Mrs O, if you ever breathe such a supposition as that again, we'll have him wearing the willow—we will by all that's ridiculous; for under those circumstances—I mean with that accusation against his good looks—Pearl would never ratify the compact between them. Would you, Fairy?" he asked, as his daughter placed a cup and saucer on the table, for which she had left the room, when I took the seat offered me.

"What's that you are saying, Papa?"

"We were discussing the probability of your marrying a Chinaman, my dear, only that I was certain you would not. Am I not right, eh?" he asked, handing her his cup to be re-filled.

"I don't know," she answered, smiling demurely at me, "I think as Mamma has already tried the experiment I might venture with safety. Is this the fourth or fifth cup, which Mamma?"

"Ha, ha, ha. You're trying to hit *me* there, are you miss; but we'll see. I'll pay you off for it. Herbert," he went on, turning to me, "we must beat 'em at whist to-night, that's settled."

"I'm afraid not sir," I replied, "as I very much wish to reach Cliftwood this evening."

“What! run off in this fashion, no sir you don’t, odds life are you so tired of our hospitality, that you insult it in this manner. Your father would not have done it sir, take my word for it.”

“But my dear sir,” I expostulated, “my errand out here” is a thoroughly business one, and must of necessity be attended to, I have come on professional duty.”

Then giving him all the particulars of the case, I ended by rising and preparing to say good-bye, with a promise that I would call on my way back.

“So it was neither for the wish to see us all, nor the pleasure to be derived therefrom, that we are indebted for this flying visit.”

“No sir, my motive was purely a business one, but,” I continued reproachfully, “I have derived the greatest pleasure from this impromptu call, and would indeed wish, did I consider my own feelings, to be with you very often. Is it not natural, and does not every man love to visit home?”

“Pardon me my dear boy,” said the old gentleman good humouredly, “my hasty words arose only from the desire to have you stay with us; but hurry through this affair and we may yet have our game at whist ere you return to the city, aye and win it too,” he continued, looking towards his wife, with whom I was then shaking hands.

Promising all he wished, I said good-bye, and accompanied by Pearl, walked down the carriage drive to the gate, where, kissing her farewell, I hastened on for it was now becoming quite dark. My destination was distant about three miles, and not caring to ride over on horseback, I resolved, partly on account of the beauty of the evening, to go there on foot.

I soon abandoned the main road, and struck into an unfrequented, though much shorter path, leading through a dark forest of spruce and cedars, and used only in the winter time for the purpose of conveying lumber out of the woods, when it was commonly called “the hauling road.”

It must have been fate, or some strange over-ruling Providence that induced me to take this route and on this particular night. The moment I reached Brookville, a feeling of incomprehensible longing or impatience seemed to take possession of me, from which I could neither rid myself nor overcome. Of necessity I need not have reached Cliftwood until the following morning, for no one could possibly leave it, except in a pedestrian manner, till the day after, when the stage would pass through from K—; and as for hiring any other conveyance, you could not have done it for love or money. So that Mr. Brown, *alias* Molton, was as safe for the time being as though under my direct supervision.

What a blessed thing it is that the impenetrable curtain of futurity is never raised to our earthly vision, and that a merciful, all-seeing wisdom has ordained that “Sufficient unto the day, is the evil thereof.” Had the events of a few hours—nay, even moments—been revealed to me, I would rather have buried myself beneath the deepest waters of the blackest river that ever flowed, than live to bear the agonizing tortures of that one night.

I must have completed about half my journey, a mile and a-half yet remaining to be traversed, when I first heard the low, deep rumbling of distant thunder. Looking upward, I now perceived that what had at first only appeared to me to be heat-clouds, were in reality the signals for a fearful storm. The sky to the northward presenting one black, heavy *cumulo stratus* mass. Again a heavy peal of thunder vibrated on the air, followed by quick, successive flashes of forked lightning; and then the very flood-gates of the heavens seemed to have opened, for the rain literally descended in torrents.

drenching me in an instant. I kept strictly in the centre of the road, well knowing that there was danger in seeking shelter under the branches of the densest tree : although they would have protected me from the violence of the elements.

The storm still continued with unabated fury ; but the sky, which had previously presented an appearance of inky blackness, now seemed to assume a dull grey colour.

I had now only half a mile to walk, when, in passing an immense pine, I thought I descried the outline of a human figure moving cautiously towards it from an opposite direction. Ever cautious and vigilant to the slightest circumstance, I stood perfectly still, awaiting the result.

Although they—there were now two of them—were directly opposite to the spot on which I was standing, they could not, on account of the shadow of the foliage, easily discover my proximity, while I could see everything that passed. At length one of them turned his face for an instant in my direction, and then crept noiselessly into the thicket. I now scarcely breathed, fearing to disturb the silence and thus betray myself : when the man whose face I had not seen began to roll an immense stone away from one of the straggling roots of the tree. I could not tell whether there was any cavity exposed or not ; but there certainly must have been something of the kind, for he now prepared to deposit in the same place what appeared to me to be a small, white bag filled with some heavy substance. After placing it so that it was entirely hidden, he began spreading the loose fragments of earth and moss over the spot, and was returning the stone to its place when —. It seemed as though a million stars were dancing before my eyes, as I experienced a sharp, stinging pain in the back of my head, and lost all consciousness of everything around me.

How long I remained in that state I have no correct idea : only that when reason once more returned the storm had passed over, leaving the moon in unclouded brilliancy.

My first attempt was to rise from the damp earth whereon I was lying ; but I soon found how useless were all my efforts to that effect : my feet and hands being securely bound with a small, strong cord which, try as I might, I could not possibly break, for every movement on my part forced it more cruelly into the flesh.

And then, as one awakening from a horrid dream, slowly the dreadful truth presented itself to my confused understanding. I was left alone in this dark unfrequented spot to die a lingering death of slow starvation. In desperation I tried to cry aloud for assistance, in the faint hope that some of the people of Cliftwood might hear me. As well might I have been in the wilds of Africa, for my voice died off in a low, faint whisper that scarcely disturbed the summer breeze. Once more I tried to burst the cords, but found them strong as iron ; and, writhing in pain, for my wrists were bleeding freely, I lay back, prepared to await patiently until I should be free,—till the spirit, breaking all earthly bonds, should wing its way to everlasting bliss.

About half an hour had passed, and from the absence of the moon I knew that ere long the light of day would radiate the eastern sky, when I first caught the sound of approaching voices. O what a bound my heart gave then, sending the stagnant current leaping through my veins with almost lightning velocity. Nearer and nearer came the footsteps, till I could easily catch the words that were spoken, and then—

“I told you, Brown, it was of no use a-coming back again. If that knock

wouldn't kill him in a remarkably short space of time, then I don't know what——."

"Bah! you fool," interrupted the other in a voice that made me start; "Isn't it better to know for certain than be guessing at a thing? You say that he saw me hide the money?"

"Yes: but he didn't enjoy seeing it long," replied the first voice, with a coarse laugh; "for I reckon that 'ere blow would have done credit to a Samson."

"However, it's best to be on the safe side, for there's no knowing what may come of it. Confound it, it's as dark as Egypt, and this place is as bad as any jungle I ever was in. It's somewhere about here he fell, isn't it?"

During this time I had kept perfectly quiet, more from habit than any desire to live: for, recognizing who my companions were, all hope again died from out my breast; but I now knew what before I had only suspected—that in one of them I had found the object of my search; and O how humiliating the thought that, bound and helpless, I was in his power.

I felt one of them bending over me and then—. Was it fate? A rough, ticking sensation came into my throat, caused no doubt by my long exposure to the night air; and, try as I would, I could not repress the fit of coughing that followed.

When I had ceased, a few muttered curses fell on my ear, and, as plainly as though I saw it, I knew that something was suspended over my head. For an instant a light flashed across my eyes, and I heard a quick, startled exclamation of terror. Looking up for the first time, I perceived one of the men holding a torch so that its rays fell right across my body, and discovering at the same time one of the most repulsive countenances I ever saw; while the other——. Oh, Heaven! that the first blow had killed me, ere I should have lived to know the awful truth. That man, standing with the up-lifted axe in his hands, preparing to deal me my death blow, was no other than he whom for eight long years I had so mourned and regretted—*my long lost brother, Charlie!*

For a short time I lay paralyzed with grief and horror: and when recovering, it was to see Charlie on his knees beside me, his white, terrified face plainly visible by the light of the torch now lying on the ground, where his comrade, seeing the turn affairs had taken, had thrown it and then fled.

I was like one in a trance—incapable of moving, though keenly alive to all that was transpiring around me. Presently there arose on the air what seemed to my ears the sweetest music they had ever heard—my brother's voice in low, deep, fervent tones exclaim "thank Heaven!" Then the voice came nearer, and I knew that to me the words were now being spoken.

"Herbert, my brother, can you forgive me?"

With a might effort I threw off the stupor that was again overpowering me, and grasping his hand, drew it downward.

No need to speak the assurance that was to pardon him; he knew it was already his, and knowing this buried his head upon my breast and wept.

"Come, Charlie," I whispered, "don't give way like this: be yourself. Believe me, you have no more cause to be thankful for the interposition of Providence than I that you are alive. The words that drove you from New Brunswick have since lingered in my ears as the most bitter reproach I have ever known."

"Herbert, you are a noble fellow," he exclaimed, in a voice strangely husky, "God bless you, I wish I had ere this read your generous heart aright."

"Come, come Charlie, you must not lavish your praises so profusely. Loose those hempen fetters, if you love me, for I am nearly cramped to death."

He did as I requested, and was returning his knife to his pocket when a loud report broke the stillness and I saw him reel and fall.

"Never mind Hub," he gasped. "I deserve it, that cowardly rascal has shot me. It is rather hard c'd boy to be cut off like this just now, when I might have known so many years of quiet happiness. Goodbye Herbert—bless you—Mother—Hub. He was dead!

I looked into his pale, cold face, and knew that "Arthur Brown" had gone to stand before a higher tribunal, whose justice and mercy were unbounded. I had found the culprit, that culprit was my brother, and rather than betray him even now, I would have died. And from henceforth I would be no more a detective; I would seek my discharge to-morrow.

Weak as I was a moment before, I was strong now, and raising the precious burden in my arms, prepared to return, but alas! I soon found that my strength was only caused through excitement, and the weight already began to tell on me, so that at last I was fain to leave it in a shaded spot until I could obtain assistance. Two days after I saw consigned to the earth the brother who lost, I had found, and who, under God, I had saved; for standing over his grave I prayed fervent prayers of thanksgiving to that Almighty Father who has promised: "Seek and ye shall find, and knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Weak and exhausted I managed, though with much difficulty, to reach Brookville by eight o'clock. As I entered the breakfast-room at Olive Hall, you would have thought the squire had seen an apparition from the other world so violent was the start he gave on my approach. I took the large easy chair he wheeled towards me, and sinking into its velvety depths, nearly fainted from fatigue and nervous excitement. When I had somewhat recovered, and Pearl and her mother just then entering the room, I told my story, receiving the kindest sympathy from Mrs. Olive, while Pearl's beautiful eyes filled with tears as I narrated my escape from the fearful danger that had threatened me. Yet with it all I am sure that the Squire, although he felt deeply for my grief concerning Charlie, was not sorry that I had ceased to be a detective, and was secretly rejoicing that I had promised, on my marriage with his daughter, to come and live in quietness and peace, at the old home-stead.

—And she is satisfied, yet while I live, and until the cold dark portals of the grave shall forever hide me from mortal sight, in my memory will ever live the saddened memory of that one fearful night.

HERBERT HALLIDAY.

CAN YOU SOLVE IT ?

74! ;39||!; 147x, ,9!5 ;,44! 322x:6

?||9!4 ,9!5 15x ;4 31x.4

9|| ;x74!|| 73é; !x —:39;4 1549: \$9||†

3||6 ;9||† 59; 6é9||† 7x.4

THE SHADY SIDE.

BY LÆLIUS.

I love the shady side. All through my life I have instinctively avoided the glare of unclouded sunshine, just as I shun great crowds and streets filled with busy, excited men, struggling horses and rattling carriages. This habit of mine seems to spring from the melancholy which is deeply rooted in my constitution, and which is sometimes a source of unhappiness, sometimes of pleasure. There are those who, while they dislike the bustle and activity of the world around them, are perfectly happy and contented if they can be allowed to bask lazily in the warmth and brightness of open day. My natural impulse carries me out of the rushing whirlpool of society directly into the quiet shade. All my ideas of peace and rest are associated with the exclusion of the fierce beams of burning light, with screens of green leaves or half-drawn curtains. Almost every one who is of a contemplative turn shows this disposition. The mind inclined to feed upon its own thoughts, to ruminate upon the ideas it has gathered from books and from nature, often finds itself somewhat out of place where everything is quickening and stimulating. In the city it is impelled, it knows not why, and never stops to ask why, towards the shady side of the street. It acts according to a true instinct. The crowd is never so dense on that side, and is seldom in so great a hurry as on the other. And the chances are largely in favour of its being a more genteel set in appearance and more refined in its manners. The fact that it is made up of modest folks who avoid display and do not seek to attract the invidious attention of the world, who have not the ambition "*digito monstrari et dicier, 'Hic est,'*" easily accounts for its selectness and refinement. It is composed of people who prefer the shade because they are calm, self-poised and polite. Just as naturally the loud and vain and arrogant prefer the side which glitters with their silly bravery, which reflects the gaudy hues of their apparel, which echoes with their empty mirth and heartless gaiety and confident self-assertion. As it is in the streets, so it is in all the different walks of life, and especially in the avenues along which men press towards the honours, distinctions and prizes the world has to bestow. Real merit is found very generally in the shade,—placed there, too often, by its own native modesty; while plotting, contriving mediocrity, or brazen-faced dullness, admirably unconscious of defects and insensible to criticism, stands full in the eye of the public on the bright and prosperous side, challenging,—and, alas! obtaining,—universal approbation and the unbounded applause of the vulgar. How many ignorant but bold quacks enjoy a large practice and pocket golden fees, while the skilful but unpretending physician shivers in a cheerless study visited only now and then by a patient! How many a hard-working, conscientious clergyman, full of zeal in the service of his Divine Master has, with pious devotion, worn out

his days in an obscure village beyond the reach of preferment, while the crafty worldling, his classmate at college, who never was successful in any purely intellectual contest, has sneaked into a fat living, or bullied his way to a mitre! How many a well-educated and well-read lawyer has never attained the dignity of a silk gown, or attracted a crowd of clients; while some flippant competitor, distinguished mainly, it may be, by his coarseness and brutal insolence, has reached the office of Attorney-General, or leaped from the Bar to the Bench! In some trying crisis, how often has a nation turned from the holiday officers who, promoted by the influence of wealth or social rank, have for years of peace worn on parade brilliant uniforms and costly decorations, to entrust the command of its armies and the guidance of its destinies to a plain Cincinnatus or Washington, ready to retire to the shades of his peaceful farm, and to lead again a quiet, private life, the moment his great public work was accomplished! How ready have men been sometimes to follow implicitly the lead of a hitherto obscure individual,—a Cromwell or a Wolfe, a Havelock or a Grant! The world is often forced to seek among those on the shady side the strong men it wants for a grand purpose. Or they emerge merely by the force of circumstances to assume their proper position at the head of affairs, for which place they have been qualified in shaded retirement or, it may be even, in dark adversity.

In the world of Nature, too, the fairest and best of her products are not seldom placed in the shade. The sweet, wild flowers, which to a refined taste are so pleasing, just because their loveliness depends not on warm, bright colours, but upon the exquisite beauty of their pale and simple forms, do not love the sunshine. They shrink delicately into the shade, and fill the soul of him whose eye detects them in their cool retreat with thoughts of native modesty and artless grace and spotless innocence. They reflect steadily back from the surface of our earth the clear, divine light, which descends to visit them from its home in Heaven. Happy is he upon whose heart and mind, open to holy influences, the reflection of that light divine leaves its impress! And who has not, in some gentle hour, been filled with silent admiration—silent because inexpressible—as he stooped in the garden to lift from beneath its green, protecting leaves the graceful ‘lily of the valley?’ Or who has not unwrapped the manifold coverings under which our own modest, darling *May-flower* hides itself, and raised its pretty head smiling from the sod yet wet with the melting snows of a stern winter? It is little wonder that poets have ever chosen the unobtrusive flowers that bloom in the woods and shaded spots as emblems of virgin purity and grace, and of spiritual beauty. Those simple verses of Wordsworth, in which he portrays with finished touch *Lucy*, the lovely rustic maiden, have always had for me a singular charm—a charm whose power I can only feel, but cannot venture to express or to describe:

“ She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove:
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

*A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye!*”

* * * * *

These last two lines are of exquisitely well-chosen words,—words exquisite and choice and touching, merely because they are so simple and so true. They express fully the image of that perfect beauty which is quietly developed in retirement. Everyone who has spent the summer holidays of his boyhood

in the country, if he has a soul at all, can realise that image. He can call to mind some secluded place where he used to sit in the shade and revel in bright day-dreams; and where now and then some small, pale flower, delicately balanced on its slender stalk, peeped forth upon him and chastened all his thoughts. I can remember well the little grove, composed of birches and maples, lovingly intermixed with the predominant evergreen fir-trees, which lined the steep banks of a ravine at whose bottom a laughing brook ran musically down to lose itself in the calmly-flowing waters of the broad Belleisle. Some of the happiest days I have ever known were spent there. Among the tall grass that grew under its shade the strawberries were not so abundant as in the sunnier portions of the adjacent fields; but they were larger, had a more delicious flavour and a more elegant shape. And on the cool borders of that refreshing streamlet were found the delicate mosses and ferns which wither and die under the passionate embraces of the ardent sun. There they had their chosen home, and displayed all the tender forms and hues that captivate him who, with congenial temper, visits their retreats. In that pleasant place,—all my studies, my ambitious thoughts of prizes to be won at school, my boyish cares and perplexities, banished and forgotten,—the long summer afternoons glided calmly away. If at times I recalled my wandering, dreamy thoughts which used to follow the rippling current of that unstained, transparent rivulet out into the wide, deep river of the future, it was to watch the shining little fishes that darted about and sported, unheeding of my presence. In one of the closely-sheltered, quiet pools, just below a miniature cataract, there dwelt for a long part of one season a solitary trout. He was a handsome, active fellow, and of a good size. My admiration of his brilliant spots that shot rays of gold and silver and ruby up through the pellucid waters, as he glanced from side to side of his narrow domain, did not prevent me from cherishing the idea of making him my captive. Over and over again, with hook baited in the most skilful manner I could devise, I wickedly tried to bring him out of his element. And I tried all in vain. The most wily and nimble of his kind, he set utterly at naught all my careful devices. He seemed to watch with steady eye all my preparations, and cunningly to defeat and laugh at all my plans. Sometimes the unhappy worm impaled upon my Limerick hook would manage to get one of his extremities free, and hang loosely down towards the bottom, blindly groping for the gravel. Then, while I was raising my line to replace the struggling bait, my speckled spy would shoot quickly out from under the green, slimy stone which formed the shady portal of his favourite palace, and gallantly carry off the unsuspecting victim I had temptingly exposed to his appetite. I could see the sharp, strategic movement, and could feel the twitch it gave my line. But I could never arrest the finny raider, or check his dashing success. Drawing the hook to the surface, only a small fragment of the poor, stupid, vermicular creature I had fixed upon it would remain. At length, weary of efforts so skilfully and constantly defied, I abandoned all hope of catching that trout, and left him to the same quiet, idle enjoyment of life which I myself found in that leafy wood.

Bryant, the best interpreter Nature has yet had among American poets, has well said in that "Forest Hymn" of his—

"The groves were God's first temples;"

and no one who loves a shady retirement can avoid the feeling of reverence, mingled with the sense of profound peace, which there is sure to come over him.

Even in storms comparative stillness reigns in the forest depths ; and in the undisturbed shade the troubled spirit always finds certain repose. Nor is it necessary that the trees should be of majestic height, or should spread out lordly branches, to produce these effects. It is enough that they exclude to some extent the direct rays of light, and present to us a shady side. To the student, such umbrageous sanctuaries are more congenial than the cloister. Years ago—how far back that happy period now appears !—I used to stray, when released from lectures and other college duties, through the pleasant groves near King's College, and there consume the otherwise unoccupied afternoons in musing upon the beauties of the classic poets, or revolving in my mind the teachings of Plato and Aristotle. The seclusion and the grateful shade were favourable to thought as continuous and profound as I was capable of bringing to bear upon that ancient philosophy, and permitted to flow without interruption the poetic emotions excited by the lofty strains of Pindar, or the tragic grandeur of Æschylus ; while all around me were manifestations of midsummer beauty, wild and unartificial, but sweet and tender. Under all conditions and circumstances there is poetry in the shade. Once, I sat gazing from my window down upon our noble River rolling smoothly along in the twilight of a warm evening in June. I had just laid down the books with which I had been preparing, for our next Hebrew lecture, a translation of one of the Psalms. Looking into the shadows that stretched out from the farther shore over the unruffled water, my thoughts, borne on the darkling current, floated away to that sacred stream of Jordan and to the Holy Land where the "sweet singer of Israel" attuned his lyre, and where another, sprung from the root of Jesse,—a King greater than the royal poet—lived and wrought his wonderful works and taught, speaking as man never spake. My fancy called up picture after picture of the grand events—the triumphs and the trials, the glory and the shame—in the history of that chosen Hebrew people. And I dreamt on until the descending darkness settled upon the scene. I might have so gazed upon the river for a whole month of bright sunshine, without having my imagination stirred in the least degree.

No landscape, no spot on earth, whatever its natural features may be, ever looks so well as when a due proportion of shade is cast upon it. The most beautiful aspect of a lake is that in which the shadow thrown by a neighbouring hill-side plays its part. And the hill itself, the wood, or the old building which forms a portion of the artistic value of the scene, will owe its charm to the shade that lovingly lingers round it. Of all the fine pictorial effects I ever saw none has been more deeply impressed upon my mind than one I witnessed several years ago in the vicinity of Loch Lomond. I had been driving in a open waggon the whole of a bright, warm day in June, and as I approached the head of the Loch, on my way to the city, the sun was just sinking below the crest of Ben Lomond. My business led me off the main road in upon a narrow grass-grown bye-road leading to the Second Lake. As I turned into it, I experienced a sensation of the most delightful character. Both my steady-going horse and myself were tired and weary of the hot and dusty highway, which had, for miles, extended to us no friendly shade. A screen of beautiful, thrifty young trees stretched along the side of the bye-road between the lake and us ; and the moment we got into that welcome path, as if by mutual consent, my horse slackened his pace down to a slow walk and I fairly dropped the reins. We were both determined to enjoy to the full that agreeable shady side of the way. The sunbeams shot in level lines through the trees, whose fresh, green leaves, moved by a gentle breath of

air, quivered faintly in the golden rays. On the soft, damp turf the horse's feet fell, and the wheels rolled along, slowly and noiselessly. No sound of beast or bird broke the repose of everything around us. The waning light seemed to leave to us as a parting gift sweet odours from among the trees. Every sense was gratified and soothed: while the eye took in a lovely picture, the ear heard fairy music in the very silence. It was a scene perfect in its calm and shaded beauty. More than once did I contrive to visit that spot afterwards at the same season of the year, and as nearly as possible at the same hour of the day. But I never found it again under the same enchanting aspect. The picture lives only in my memory.

As in Nature beauty dwells so much in shade, in any pictorial representation of her various forms and moods the careful management of the shadows is a point to be attentively studied. Every landscape-painter who uses his eyes properly out of doors soon learns their value and importance. Nothing can be more offensive to good taste, more unreal and untrue, in fact, than those hot pictures in which reds and yellows predominate, and leave no room for shade. Every true artist manifests his power by the skill with which the shadows are introduced and managed on his canvass. And it is in the shaded portions of a picture that its chief excellence often lies. What imaginary depths may be given to a still, shady pool by a few artistic touches! How readily the imagination can stock with a lively swarm of fishes that cool corner so evidently designed for an angler's chosen nook! What thorough enjoyment is afforded that group of cattle gathered beneath the spreading branches of those stately trees which shield them from the scorching heat of the noon-day!

Everywhere the weary and exhausted, the calm and contemplative, seek the shady side. Not only the artist of the easel, but the literary artist also, knows the value of a judicious use of shadows. No sane novelist now-a-days ventures to present the character of a virtuous hero who is without a spot or blemish or failing in his conduct and career. And every good biographer, whether partial or impartial, balances nicely the praise he bestows upon his subject by some circumstances which apparently tend to detract from his great man's merits. This principle has been very plainly announced lately by a recent writer of a great poet's life—no less a personage than the once celebrated Countess Guiccioli, now the widow of the late French Marquis De Boissy. She has published a thousand or more pages in vindication of the character of her famous lover, Lord Byron. And in her favourable picture of the acts, habits and manners of the genius she adored, she leaves, as one of the reviewers of her book has observed, “a few shadows, not that she believes in them, but for artistic effect:—‘*Quelques ombres,*’ as she says, ‘*rendent le paysage plus beau et plus éclatant.*’”

To come back to myself,—the egotistical point from which I started. It can hardly be said that my career has been along that sunny path upon which those whom men call prosperous and successful, move. Whether I shall ever be found upon it, or shall ever strenuously seek to reach it, is a question with which I really do not now very often trouble my thoughts. Although the shadows sometimes grow rather heavy around me, a kind Providence lifts them a little when they become too oppressive, and re-adjusts them to my position. Meanwhile, I remain on, and according to my tastes enjoy, the shady side to which my natural disposition leads me, and which, as I grow older day by day, becomes more and more suited to my moderated desires and my subdued ambition.

SQUIRE JONES'S SURPRISE-PARTY,

OR,—HOW THE SCHOOL FUNDS WERE RAISED.

BY E—G—N.

SOME years ago—how many is of no consequence—surprise parties were all the rage in the country town where I was born and brought up. Scarcely a week passed without one of these frolics taking place. A few boys and girls would meet together and decide upon the unfortunate household that was to be invaded, and arrangements were made to have all those who were to comprise the party meet at an appointed rendezvous at a fixed time,—the girls bringing the “grub baskets” and the boys providing the music and any thing else in that way that might be required,—then when all was ready the crowd would start for the house where the frolic was to be held and, whether welcome or not, would enter in and take possession, turning every thing upside down and driving the good people who lived there half distracted.

Every one who has lived for a time in a small country place, is aware that when anything new and taking—from a singing class to a Lodge of British Templars—is started it is very soon run into the ground. That is, it is carried to such an extent that it ceases to be a novelty, and sometimes is turned into a public nuisance. So it was in this case; as soon as the surprise-party movement became known to, and appreciated by, our young folks, they entered into the spirit of it with a zest absolutely awful; in less than a year all the families in the neighbourhood, with two or three exceptions, were favoured with at least one visit from a bevy of those uninvited visitors. One of these exceptions was Squire Jones's family, and as yet no surprise-party had knocked at his door for admission, probably because they were pretty sure it would not have been opened if they had.

Squire Jones was the great man of our town. His residence was the neatest, his farm the largest, and his daughter the handsomest in the whole district. Like all men, the Squire had his likes and his dislikes. On the one hand he liked well educated people, both old and young; and on the other he disliked surprise-parties, and held that no well-bred persons would think of forcing themselves on any household, like a pack of unlettered savages, without knowing or caring whether they were welcome or not.

As the Squire liked well educated people, it is perfectly natural that he should desire that all around him might have an opportunity of obtaining instruction if they wished it. To this end he strongly advocated a system of free schools, and did his best to awaken his friends and neighbours to a sense of the importance of providing these for the benefit of the young and rising generation. In this he was only partially successful. It is true, every one appeared to be of the opinion that something of this kind was desirable, if not absolutely necessary. Meetings, too, were held, at which resolutions were adopted to the effect that in the opinion of those present it was highly expedient that a proper school-house should be forthwith erected. But when the site of the proposed building came to be discussed all unity was at an end. I might here mention that there were two parties in the town, known respectively as the Upper Towners and the Lower Towners. The latter

comprised all those who lived near to the river. Among these was my father, and for certain reasons he was generally looked upon as their representative man. The Upper Towners were those who lived on a more elevated position on the hill-side, and their champion and leader was Squire Jones himself. Now each of those parties claimed the privilege of choosing a site for the new school-house, and as neither would give in to the demands of the other, there was every probability that the project would fall to the ground between them.

Under these circumstances some men would have given up the undertaking altogether. Not so with Squire Jones. He resolved to call another meeting and make one more appeal to the patriotism and philanthropy of his fellow-townsmen. Accordingly the notices were sent round, and on the appointed evening the good people of the town assembled in the old school-room (a leaky dilapidated shanty) nominally for the purpose of settling the differences which existed between the Upper Towners and Lower Towners, but really to try what advantage one party could obtain over the other.

The meeting was opened by the Lower Towners calling the Squire to the chair, so that while he was in that position he could not very well make a speech in opposition to their interests. This done, the usual resolution setting forth the expediency of building a school-house was moved, seconded and carried unanimously. Then the grand question as to where it was to be built was brought before the assembly, and the only result was to show that the contending parties were just as far from agreeing as ever. The worthy chairman tried to affect a compromise between them by having a joint committee from the two parties appointed to select a piece of ground on which to erect the building. But even this was objected to; indeed it seemed as if some of those present would be satisfied with nothing less than having the school-house built on a lot of their own, and that paid for with a pretty round sum. At length the chairman, getting quite disgusted, dismissed the meeting and left the chair.

Some of the men who lived at a distance immediately started for home. Others lingered about the room in groups of half a dozen or more to discuss among themselves the events of the evening. One of these groups was made up of myself and five or six other young fellows of the Lower Town. We were standing near the door, chatting and laughing together, when Squire Jones came towards us, as if about to pass out of the doorway, but instead of doing so he paused where we were standing, and tapping me on the shoulder with his cane, said:

“Well, young man, what are you making so much noise about,—getting up another surprise-party, eh?”

I felt a little nettled at the words, supposing that they implied that I was good for very little besides, so I replied rather shortly:

“Yes, sir, we’re thinking of getting one up, and going to your house,—I believe we have not made you a visit yet.”

“I don’t believe you have, and I wonder at it, too; and when do you propose to make this one?”

As the whole thing was a fiction, got up on the impulse of the moment, I hardly knew what to say, but wishing to hear something more about it, I replied after a moment’s hesitation:

“Well, if we decide upon having the affair, it will most likely be some evening next week.”

“Some evening next week,” repeated the squire, “that will do very well as far as the time is concerned. Well, if you do make up your mind to bring a

party of this kind to my house, I hope it will be a good large one. But above all things do not bring any *baskets*, with you, or Mrs. Jones will be quite offended. I guess she will be able to feed you all for one night at any rate. Good night."

So saying the speaker turned and went out. When he was fairly gone I gave expression to my feelings in a prolonged whistle. Some of my companions did the same, and then I asked them what they thought of all this.

"I'm blessed if I know what to think of it," said one.

"I think that he is trying to soft sauder us into agreeing with him on the school question," said another.

"It's my opinion that we had better take him at his word, and have a regular stunner of a surprise party up to his house," put in a third.

"We might display a want of courtesy and good breeding by not doing so," I observed, "so to avoid that we had better favour him with a visit, and now, as we all heard what was said about it, we might as well resolve ourselves into a committee of management, so as to get the thing up in good style."

This suggestion was immediately acted upon, and after it was decided that the affair should take place on the following Tuesday night if the weather permitted, the committee adjourned until the next evening.

On this occasion a list of those who were to be invited was prepared, invitations were made out, and every care was taken to make the party a grand success. If all went well this would certainly be the tallest thing of the kind that ever took place in our town.

After some days, and nights, too, of busy preparation, and impatient waiting, the ever-to-be-remembered evening arrived. At seven o'clock there was assembled in the old school-room a brilliant gathering of the beauties and gallants of our town. Never before had these walls been honoured with such a company. There were between twenty and thirty couples, chosen from among the best families in the neighbourhood, and every one of us, arrayed in our gayest holiday attire, the ladies especially, looking as bright and gay as butterflies.

When all the young ladies and gentlemen that were invited made their appearance, we formed a procession and started for the residence of Squire Jones. As chairman of the committee of management, I led the van with the fairest of our fair ones leaning on my arm. I have occupied more prominent and more responsible positions in life since then, but never have I felt prouder and happier than I did on that occasion.

Gaily I led my merry followers right through the principal street of the Upper Town, and the youngsters,—aye, and the oldsters, too,—ran to the doors and windows to watch and admire us as we passed by. On, on we went until the great white gates were reached, those gates which surprise-parties had passed before but never entered. Now they stood wide open as if inviting us to come in, and in we went without a moment's hesitation, and walked up the broad, shaded avenue that led to the house.

As I laid my hand on the handle of the door-bell, the idea suggested itself that this might all turn out to be a regular take in, but it was too late to think of that now, so I rang the bell and anxiously awaited the result.

In a few moments the door was open by the inevitable household Bridget, who did not appear to be overly astonished at our appearance, but ushered us into the capacious hall and went to announce our arrival to her mistress. We were not obliged to wait long before Mrs. and Miss Jones came tripping down the stairs with a welcoming smile upon the face of each. All fears as

to how we would be received were instantly dispelled, and we were prepared to return the greetings of our hostess and her pretty daughter as happily as they were given.

There were two rows of pegs along the hall, for the purpose of hanging up the bonnets, hats, caps, shawls, coats, scarfs, tippets, capes, and other paraphernalia belonging to the company, and which appeared to be put there specially for the occasion. Then there was a toilet-room off the hall for the ladies, into which they flocked to ascertain, with the aid of the mirror, if their head-gear was in perfect order, or if their ribbons and other fixings could possibly be displayed to better advantage.

Before they made their appearance again Squire Jones came running in at the front door and commenced shaking hands with each of us in turn, and when the ladies came out of the toilet-room he did the same with them. This ceremony being got through with we entered the parlour, and the folding doors, which separated it from the sitting-room, being thrown open, the company distributed themselves between the two apartments, and sat down to rest and enjoy themselves.

After a preliminary conversation had taken place, somebody requested Fannie Jones to favour the company with some music, which she did, without even waiting to be coaxed and flattered, and told how beautifully she played and sung. And there being some members of the church choir present we were treated to a variety of solos, duets, trios, quartets, songs, choruses, &c., &c., to such an extent that had there been any of those unlettered savages, of which Squire Jones sometimes spoke, in the house, they must have inevitably been charmed and soothed into a state of perfect tranquility.

But surprise-parties will not be satisfied with music alone; so after a while the voices of the singers ceased and some games were started instead. It would be impossible to remember the half of them; but there were the Elements, and the Trades, and the Book of Fate, and Proverbs, and How, when and where, and Compliments, and about a dozen others of a similar description. The plays in themselves were simple enough, but the object of them all was to collect *forfeits* sufficient to furnish everyone with an excuse for kissing everybody else in the room. And such a time as there was crying the forfeits! Bushels and bushels of ripe cherries were picked off red, pouting lips, and innumerable yards of love ribbon were measured and cut. Every time a lady was obliged to kiss a gentleman she protested that she couldn't do it for the world; but the company said she must, so she made the attempt and invariably succeeded, declaring afterwards that she wouldn't have done such a thing but for the sake of her forfeit, which proved conclusively that she thought more of it than the whole world. And when a gentleman had to kiss a lady, the latter stated positively that she should faint if she was kissed; but, notwithstanding this, the reckless fellow would persist, and then there was a little skirmish and a little scream and a hearty smack or two, and nobody fainted, but everybody laughed and looked as pleased and happy as possible.

When the forfeits were all redeemed refreshments were brought in and passed round; and truly there was nothing to complain of as far as they were concerned. Apples, pears, peaches, oranges, nuts, raisins, cake and sweetmeats, together with tumblers of lemonade and syrups, and tea or coffee for those who preferred it, composed the bill of fare. So we ate and drank and made merry, hunted for philopenas among our almonds, and named each other's apples for the sweetheart of the owner; nor did the seeds ever fail to spell the name, whether they numbered two or a dozen.

Supper over, word was given to take partners for a set of Quadrilles. This was soon done, for almost every person in the country can dance, and is willing to do so. Fannie Jones again took her place at the piano, and her papa played an accompaniment on the violin in a style that would have done no discredit to a professional musician. Before many minutes there was a set of dancers in each of the two rooms, and another in the hall, which was large enough to allow them to move about quite freely. The quadrilles were succeeded by an old-fashioned contra dance and a cotillon, and the whole wound up by the (to us) ever popular village reel.

As most of us were on the floor during every dance we were willing enough to sit down when it was over; but hardly had we done so when Squire Jones requested all the gentlemen to accompany him into a room on the opposite side of the hall. Supposing that a game of some kind was to be started we arose and followed him, and when we were all inside the Squire-closed the door.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "how have you all enjoyed yourselves to-night?"

I thought it a somewhat strange question; but like the others I replied that I had never enjoyed myself better in all my life, which was about the truth.

"Very good. And I suppose you would not have missed coming for a good deal?"

"No, indeed," cried some. "Not for five pounds," exclaimed others.

"Not for five pounds, eh?" repeated our host. "Is there anyone else who would not have missed it for five pounds?"

"I would not. Nor I, nor I, nor I," cried a chorus of voices.

"Is there any one here that *would* have missed it for five pounds?" was the next question.

There was no reply.

"No one, eh?" said the Squire, looking around. Well, I'm glad of it, for that is just about what the affair will cost each of you, gentlemen."

We looked at each other and at the speaker in blank amazement, and waited for an explanation.

"You are all aware that I have been trying my best for some time back to have a proper school-house erected by my fellow townsmen: you also know how well I have succeeded. Those who should have taken the matter in hand have shirked the duty, and shown a disposition to let their neighbours bear all the burden and expense of the undertaking; and so the thing has gone on from day to day until now, when our little ones have not a decent school room to meet in. Is it not so?"

We acknowledged that it was the case.

"Well, among other means, public meetings have been tried, but without success; for, instead of working together to accomplish the end in view, those who attended them wrangled and quarrelled over questions of minor importance, which could have been easily settled had they felt so desired. At the meeting held last week it was more than usually so, and at the close I felt that nothing could be done in that way, so that the attempt might as well be given up. As I was leaving the room some of you met me at the door, and the subject of this surprise-party was broached. Now you know I am not partial to such affairs; but, thinking that the interests of the school-house might be advanced thereby, I consented to the arrangement. And I have no doubt that it will be so: for, as there are just twenty-five gentlemen in the party, five pounds from each of you will amount to exactly one hundred and twenty-five pounds, which will be a very good beginning for the school fund."

“I think it would have been as well had you spoken of this before,” muttered a young fellow at my side.

“Perhaps it would,” returned the Squire; “but I thought that if everything was known before-hand there would be no surprise, and, possibly, no money; but as you all state that you would not have stayed away for five pounds, I suppose the precaution was unnecessary.

“And now, my friends,” he continued, taking a sheet of foolscap from his pocket, “I must trouble you to put your autographs on this paper. It is headed thus: ‘We, the undersigned, singly and individually, do agree to pay to O. K. Jones, or order, on demand, the sum of five pounds, for and in consideration of the use of his house and furniture, and for refreshments and music, on the evening of the 23rd of September, 18—.’ There, I think that is as plain as A B C.”

“But where is the school to be?” I asked, thinking to raise a quibble that might furnish a chance of escape.

“Wherever I think it will answer the purpose best. The proceeds of this evening’s business are my own, and every one has a right to lay out his money as he pleases, I believe.

“But we are losing time,” added the Squire, laying the paper upon a table and handing me a pen; “and you being chairman of the committee would oblige me by signing the document first.”

There was no getting out of it, so I submitted to the inevitable with as good a grace as possible. After my name was down the other members of the committee added theirs, and after a while the others did the same, until the twenty-five names were on the sheet, then the door was opened and we were allowed to rejoin the ladies in the parlour.

After this we had some more music and dancing and a game or two; but there was a five pound weight bearing down the spirits of a good many of us, and we were not nearly so jolly as at first. The Squire, however, was in the best of spirits, and laughed and joked at others’ expense and his own too, until we were all laughing with him, and almost forgot to be angry about the trick he had played us.

And so the time slipped away until the old clock in the hall struck eleven, which was the signal for breaking up the party: then the hats, shawls, coats, etc., were taken down from the pegs in the hall and put on their owners, and when all were ready to start we bid Squire Jones and his wife and daughter good-night, and left the house in something like the order we had come, to seek our several places of abode.

* * * * *

To shorten a long story, the school-house was commenced a few weeks after these events took place. At first some of those whose signatures were on the “five pound list,” as it was commonly called, declared to each other that they would not pay the money. Foolish fellows! The Squire knew how to manage them, and he did so by sending Miss Fannie after them with the list, and the upshot of the matter was that every one of them paid up; indeed there were few who would not have given twice the amount, and as much more as they could afford, if that saucy, black-eyed little tease had dunned them for it.

The building was erected on a lot of land given for the purpose by Squire Jones, and situated about midway between the Upper and the Lower Town; and when completed it was generally acknowledged to be the handsomest and most convenient structure of the kind in the county. Of course one hundred and twenty-five pounds did not defray the building expenses and cost of fitting

up; but the remainder was soon subscribed, for the land-owners did not make so many objections to the site when they saw that there was no chance for any of them to dispose of an acre or two for the school grounds.

Thus it was that the Squire at last accomplished the end he had so long in view; and thus also it was that he put a stop to a great source of amusement among our young men and maidens, for Squire Jones' surprise-party was the last one that was ever heard of in our town.

A METAPHYSICIAN OF OUR OWN.

IN the January number of the *Quarterly* we noticed "Two or three Authors of our own." We have now to introduce to our readers the name of an eminent metaphysician "of our own," though he will be known to the readers of our present issue in a still higher character, as being one of "our own poets." Very happy and very desirable is the combination of poetry and metaphysics, the fine analogies of the one often leading to important discoveries in the philosophic depths of the other, just as in point of fact we find that our great poets have anticipated not only the discovery of new continents but of several of the grandest and most significant facts in natural science. Moreover, as the great poet,—specially if he be a poet of humanity,—must also be deep in the mysteries of mental and metaphysical analysis, who can so well illustrate the researches and speculations of the metaphysician as the poet? We find many illustrations in point, in the volume which has suggested these remarks—a treatise on the "Intellect, the Emotions, and the Moral Nature," by the Rev. Professor Lyall, of Dalhousie College, in our sister city of Halifax. It is an octavo volume of 627 pages, prepared by the author while he discharged the duties of a laborious professorship in Halifax, and published by Thomas Constable & Co., of Edinburgh. In this volume Professor Lyall illustrates some of the most recondite themes by happy quotations from the poets and, indeed, his own glowing pages, ever and anon, prove that he is deeply imbued with the poetic spirit. This, however, we merely notice by the way.

A proper review of Professor Lyall's Treatise, by a competent hand, would require at least as many pages as are contained in one of our ordinary issues. If we were to publish such an article what would become of our readers who are on the look out for poetry, sketches, reminiscences, "Reveries," tales of love, and other attractions "too numerous to mention?" Happily for our readers (and we may confidentially whisper for our own reputation as well) we can only be allowed two or three pages of space at present and must contrive to confine our notice of Professor Lyall's Treatise within very small bounds. In the first part we have a vindication of Philosophy and an inquiry into the nature of what used to be called "the Intellectual Powers," forming a comprehensive treatise on Psychology, fully abreast of present researches and results in this department. In the second part the professor treats of the "Philosophy of the Emotions," a grand theme well handled. In the third and last part "the Philosophy of the Moral Nature" is discussed. Here our author encounters some of the profoundest problems that have exercised the thoughts of thinking men from the first acquirings of philosophy, that is from the time that men began to turn the eye of the mind inward upon itself and

inquire into the causes of things. It is here that the deep problems of necessity and freedom, of the Divine purposes, and human responsibility, emerge, in discussing which so many men have become "in wandering mazes lost." But it has been well said that though man may not be destined to solve the mysteries of being he must nevertheless make the attempt, and much more to be envied is he who has bent all his energies to this noble study, than he who revels in inglorious mental inactivity or gives himself wholly to the ephemeral pursuits of the hour, and subjects himself only or mainly to material influences. We have been alike interested and instructed by this and by all the previous parts of Professor Lyall's work. We regard him as being eminently successful in unfolding and explaining some of the most intricate problems of metaphysical and moral science, and when he differs from some of the greatest masters in his own field of investigation, from Aristotle down to Kant and Sir William Hamilton, we generally find him able to adduce strong reasons for the faith that is in him, as we might show by lengthened illustrations had we space at our disposal to adduce them. One of the most valuable portions of Professor Lyall's work is his introductory vindication of Philosophy. We wish it were extensively read and circulated, for, it is fitted to render much service not only to the cause of Philosophy but to that of Theism, even Christian Theism. Indeed Philosophy is impossible if there be not an intelligent and trust-worthy First Cause. Belief in the existence of such a Being is logically prior to that of a Revelation from him; moreover the value of such a Revelation must be affected by the character of the being from whom it comes. Now it is to Reason, in its highest philosophical intuitions and deductions that we must look to establish the existence and the attributes of this being. This is a subject on which it enters *con amore*, for the end of Philosophy is the intuition of unity, and Philosophy in asserting its own existence, asserts the existence, though not necessarily the attainableness of its end. Therefore it asserts the existence of an absolute unity in diversity, or to look at the subject in another way, Philosophy has for its end the knowledge of causes; hence the absolute unity which it is the end of Philosophical investigation to know is *cause*. In asserting its own existence, Philosophy, therefore, virtually asserts the existence of *one cause*. Whether this one cause of many consequences be itself caused or uncaused is a question which may, indeed, be raised. But it is not difficult to show that the supposition of an infinite retrograding series of causes must leave undetermined the nature and existence of the ultimate cause on which our beliefs depend. But if we admit our beliefs to be valid—and not only the philosopher but all men practically admit this—then we virtually admit that we came from the hand of a being who is intelligent, and who has not fastened upon us a nature which is a lie, who is veracious and trust-worthy as well as the all-powerful Creator, that is we arrive at and vindicate the belief in the existence and perfections of Deity. Need we say more (though this is only one aspect of the subject) to indicate the value of the studies to which Professor Lyall allures his readers in the noble work before us, a work which represents a greater amount of thinking than any provincialist or as we shall now say, any Canadian ever bestowed on the same subject before? We congratulate Professor Lyall on being able to snatch sufficient time from his manifold labours to produce a work of real beauty of style and language, as well as evincing deep research, much original thought and rare philosophic acumen. Such of our readers, at least, as know how much such studies contribute to the awakening of the minds of the ingenious youth who repair in

thousands to the Universities of the Old World will rejoice to see similar studies obtaining a footing in our new Dominion. Who will undertake to say that it will not yet produce its Aristotles, its Kants, Cousins, Hutchesons, Berkeleys and Sir William Hamiltons? It inherits all the traditions, and it may share all the culture, and more than all the science, which made these men what they were. Have we not then a chance, as the cycles roll along, of seeing their like even among ourselves. Here nature is bountiful, and Providence lavish of its favours. Let us therefore be of good hope.

St. John, June 24, 1868.

X.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ATLANTIC for June has a most brilliant, chaste and concise article on that wonderful monument of Jewish erudition, the *Talmud*, written by Rev. C. E. Stowe. It will be particularly interesting to those who have read the recent article on the same subject in the *London Quarterly Review*. *Casa Guidi Windows*, and *A week on Capri*, by Bayard Taylor, surpass that writer's previous efforts. *A June Idyl*, from the pen of Prof. J. R. Lowell, is very happily done. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, proprietors.

EVERY SATURDAY.—The "great story of the year," FOUL PLAY, has just been concluded in *Every Saturday*. It is from the prolific pens of Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault, and is a most powerfully written story. Same publishers.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS increases in interest with each number, and the ladies and gentlemen who prepare the "good things" for it, certainly deserve a great amount of credit for their untiring exertions. Same publishers.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY for June is a "stunning" number. *Out-of-the-way books and authors*, by E. A. Duyckinck, *Fidelia* (poem), by Bayard Taylor, *France, &c.*, by E. H. Derby, and a second batch of those highly interesting and graphic letters from Japan, by J. Bishop Putnam, are all deserving of especial merit. G. P. Putnam & Son, New York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE is now publishing, in addition to the "choicest works of the most popular authors" in prose and verse, a series of biographical sketches from the English Reviews. A short time ago we had Baron Bunsen, Lord Chesterfield and Dr. Robert South, an eminent divine who flourished in 1695 and 1717. Of course LITTELL holds its own as usual.

AMERICAN NATURALIST continues to improve, and it will be a great pity if the editor's call for more subscribers is not attended to. It is got up at a very large expense, profusely illustrated, the type is new and clear and the paper of a superior quality: while the contents are of a very high order.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, which has so often received attention at our hands, is as good as ever, and its articles and illustrations are well done. It has, we understand, a large sale in our city, and the circulation is increasing. Fowler & Wells, New York.

HARPER'S BAZAR.—We are glad we are not married, and have no grown up daughters just "come out," and lovely little ducks of infants who *must* have one of those elegant evening dresses the *Bazar* devotes so much space to. We again say we rejoice in having set our hearts "as a flint" against Hymen: for verily this great fashion paper would have the effect of sadly draining our pockets, for we might as well be "out of world as out of the fashion." \$4.00 a year: Harper & Bro., New York.

METEOROLOGICAL

SUMMARY OF METEOROLOGIC OBSERVATIONS, for March, April and May, 1868, made at St. John, N. B. Lat. 45° 16' N.; Long. 66° 03' W.—G. MURDOCH.

	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.
THERMOMETER—Highest—degrees	46°-00	52°-00	65°-00
“ date.....	27th.	30th.	30th.
Lowest—degrees	-7°-00	10°-00	31°-00
“ date.....	2nd.	13th.	4th.
Oscillation for month	53°-00	42°-00	34°-00
“ daily—mean ..	10°-80	12°-60	11°-00
Warmest day—meaned ..	38°-70	43°-00	55°-70
“ date	17th.	30th.	16th.
Coldest day—meaned	0°-30	20°-00	36°-30
“ date	2nd.	6th.	8th.
Mean—6 A. M.	23°-03	28°-43	42°-13
“ 2 P. M.....	32°-68	39°-17	52°-48
“ 10 P. M.....	27°-33	31°-30	45°-48
“ of readings	27°-67	32°-97	46°-70
“ 8 years	27°-70	36°-80	47°-17
BAROMETER—Highest—inches	30°-446	30°-328	30°-356
“ date	12th.	29th.	13th.
Lowest—inches	29°-226	29°-430	29°-286
“ date	22nd.	12th.	8th.
Range for month	1°-220	0°-898	1°-070
“ daily—mean....	0°-314	0°-226	0°-143
Greatest mean daily pressure	30°-578	30°-283	30°-336
“ date	6th.	29th.	13th.
Least mean daily pressure.	29°-884	29°-265	29°-354
“ date	22nd.	8th.	8th.
Mean pressure 8 A. M.	30°-007	29°-926	29°-988
“ 2 P. M.....	29°-970	29°-893	29°-960
“ 10 P. M.....	30°-000	29°-921	29°-970
“ of readings	29°-992	29°-913	29°-973
“ 8 years.....	29°-893	29°-942	29°-861
FORCE OF VAPOUR—Greatest—inches	0°-240	0°-335	0°-487
“ date.....	17th.	30th.	15th.
Least—inches	0°-023	0°-026	0°-102
“ date.....	2nd.	6th.	1st.
Mean 8 A. M.	0°-123	0°-148	0°-270
“ 2 P. M.....	0°-157	0°-179	0°-313
“ 10 P. M.....	0°-132	0°-147	0°-274
“ of readings....	0°-137	0°-158	0°-285
RELATIVE HUMIDITY—Greatest—per cent.	100°-00	100°-00	97°-00
“ date... ..	18th.	17th.	19th.
Least—per cent. ..	40°-00	33°-00	51°-00
“ date....	1st.	6th.	4th.
Mean 8 A. M.	81°-00	76°-00	84°-00
“ 2 P. M.....	80°-00	73°-00	80°-00
“ 10 P. M.....	84°-00	78°-00	87°-00
“ of readings..	81°-07	76°-00	84°-00
WIND 2 P. M. E. to S. W.—No. of Days ..	15 days.	17 days.	22 days.
W. to N. E. “	16 days.	13 days.	9 days.
Most prevalent	S. W.	S. W.	S. W.
PRECIPITATION—Rain or Snow Fell	6 days.	5 days.	9 days.
“ “	3 nights.	10 nights.	12 nights.
Snow for month—inches	13°-000	15°-500	nil.
Rain “	2°-035	1°-045	6°-505
Melted Snow and Rain	3°-325	3°-170	5°-505
Avg. 8 years	4°-398	3°-651	4°-911

Our Puzzle Department.

We invite contributions to this department. Only original puzzles, and those possessing real merit, are desired. Puzzles must be neatly and correctly prepared, and answers to *every part* of each are required with them. Solutions to the following will be given in our next.

To the lady and gentleman answering the most problems in this number, will be sent one copy of the *Quarterly*, FREE, for one year.

REBUSES.

1.—A famous novelist, a celebrated English musical composer, a discoverer, a Scottish poet, a Scottish novelist, an English poet, a great lawyer and orator, an actress of celebrity.

The initials of these spell my whole, who is a prominent Canadian poet.

2.—A Chinese plant, belonging to a cow, greasy matter, a mineral, an animal of savage tendencies, a violent motion.

My whole is a small pipe.

ACROSTICS.

3.—Prepared from corn and an article of apparel—

1. A saccharine liquid.
2. A river of England.
3. An animal.
4. A serpent.
5. A tree.

4.—One of the calendar months and an insect—

1. A river of the Holy Land.
2. To speak.
3. A lady's name.
- 4. ditto.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

5.—Y r r r m h h o o n e d l b g u a—an English Statesman of note, now deceased.

6.—S s u i n e r a—Was a patrician of Constantinople.

7.—A LITERARY ENIGMA.

I consist of 43 letters—

M^v 43, 21, 43, 11, 31, 36, 11, 21 is a character in "Oliver Twist."

17, 31, 36, 8, 26, 30, 32, 43, in the "Pickwick Papers."

" 31, 11, 4, 33, 36, 22, 3, 43, in "David Copperfield."

" 10, 24, 43, 35, 15, 21, 29, in the "Christmas Carol."

" 24, 2, 39, 43, 41, 8, 14, 4, 19, 32, 3, 43, 23, 22, 26, 32, in "Nicholas Nickleby."

" 31, 43, 37, 36, 27, 25, 34, 4, 42, 20, 43, 18, in "Bleak House."

" 31, 43, 1, 5, 12, 38, 37, in "Dombey and Son."

" 26, 11, 18, 38, 30, 32, 13, 3, 41, 26, in "Old Curiosity Shop."

" 31, 43, 14, 19, 42, 31, 11, 28, 40, in "Martin Chuzzlewit."

" 7, 39, 6, 24, 2, 42, 28, is a Drama.

My whole is the name of a book and its author.

8.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters—

My 18, 3, 4, 5, is often seen on trees.

" 11, 10, 16, 22, 13 is an animal of the feathered tribe.

" 12, 1, 14, 17, 10, 7 is a fish.

" 2, 6, 4, 9, 14, 19, 17, 21 is sometimes employed in bird-catching.

" 8, 10, 14, 15 is a metal.

" 20, 3, 11 is a game.

My whole is an old saying.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1.—Yarmouth, Anherst, Rochester, Montreal, Ottawa, Ulster, Toronto, Hillsborough—YARMOUTH....2.—Winter, apple, tap, coach, hat—WATCH....3.—Humbug—Harp unicorn, maple....4.—PINE-APPLE—Pauline, ink, nutmeg, eel....5.—Charles James Blenheim....6.—Madam La Tour....7.—Thomas Carlyle, born at Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland....8.—Wisdom.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Invested Funds, (31st Dec., 1866,).....£2,510,139 16 5
Annual Revenue.....652,127 11 10

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

THIS Company Insures AGAINST LOSS or DAMAGE
 BY FIRE, Dwellings, Household Furniture, Farm
 Property, Stores, Merchandise, Vessels--on Stocks or
 in Harbour, and other Insurable Property, on the most
 favorable terms. Damage caused by Explosions of Gas
 within Buildings paid for by the Company.

Claims settled promptly, without reference to
 the Head Office.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Ninety per cent. of the Profits are allocated to those
 Assured on the Participating Scale. For Rates
 and other information apply at the Office of the Com-
 pany, Corner of Princess and Canterbury Streets.

HENRY JACK, General Agent.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison,

CLOVER, LOSTERS AND HABERDASHERS.

Importers of

FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS,

Berlin Wools,

Fancy Goods,

&c. &c.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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A. & T. GILMOUR,

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WEST OF ENGLAND FABRICS,

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(North Side.)

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Cor. King and Canterbury Sts.,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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BRITISH AND FRENCH GOODS,

Constantly receives by Steamers from England:

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Silks, Shawls, | Fancy Dress Goods, |
| Velvets, Feathers, | Trimmings, |
| Ribbons, Gloves, | Woollen Cloths, |
| Parasols, Laces, | Tweeds, Beavers, |
| Hosiery, Muslins, | Blankets, |
| Printed Cottons, | Flannels, |
| Grey Cottons, | Cotton Warps, |
| White Cottons, | Umbrellas. |

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THIS House has been patronized by H. R. H. The Prince of Wales, H. R. H. Prince Alfred, by all the British American Governors, and by the English Nobility and Gentry, as well as by the most distinguished Americans, whom business or pleasure may have brought to St. John, who have joined in pronouncing it the favourite House of the Provinces.

The Proprietor, thankful for past favors, would respectfully intimate to the travelling Public that he will spare no pains or expense to render the House still further deserving their patronage. — Every attention paid to the comfort of guests.

JOHN GUTHRIE, Proprietor.

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 No. 27 Prince William Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.,
 Importer of British, Foreign, and American
DRY GOODS.

SHAWLS, Flowers, Mantles, Parasols, Silks, Velvets, Cobourgs, Flairs, Delaines, Hosiery, Corsets, Collars, Dress Goods, Carpets, Yarns, Lustres, Linens, Linen Threads, Crapes, Muslins, Flannels, Blankets, Cloths, Satinets, Bed-ticks, Sheetings, Cotton Warps, Skeleton Skirts, Towellings, White Cottons, Grey Cottons, Striped Shirtings, Oil Cloths, Quilts, Counterpanes, Table Covers, Small Wares, together with every other article generally found in a Dry Goods Establishment.

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WEEED SEWING MACHINE,

With the Latest Improvements,
 For Manufacturers and Families..

THE most simple, practical and durable SEWING MACHINE in use. It is perfectly reliable on every variety of Fabric.

Made by the North American Manufacturing Company, St. John, N. B.

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WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCER.
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COFFEES, SPICES,
WINES & LIQUORS.
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THE Importations of this Establishment consist principally of Ladies' and Gents' Rich Gold English JEWELRY, from the best and most Fashionable Manufacturers; Silver and Plated JEWELRY, in great variety; Silver and Electro-plated WARE, of every description; Toilet and Mantle Ornaments, in the most fashionable Wares; London made CABINET GOODS; Choice PERFUMERY; Table and Pocket CUTLERY, from the cheapest to the best description — from Joseph Rodgers & Sons, and other makers.

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WOOLLENS, COTTONS,
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HABERDASHERY, GLOVES,
 Hosiery, &c., &c.
DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES
 Cf various kinds.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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29 Prince William Street.

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 (under the Gordon House.)
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Tobacco, Spices,
DRIED FRUITS, PRESERVED FRUITS,
 &c. &c. &c.

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MILLINERS, Tin-Smiths, Blacksmiths,
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 with all other Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medi-
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TOOLS, &c., &c., &c.

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PAIN ERADICATOR!

The Best Remedy Known

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 Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Burns, Erysipelas,
 Salt Rheum, Diphtheria, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Influenza,
 Pains in the Side, Chest and Back.
 During the short time this preparation has been before
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and effectual Cures never equalled by any other medi-
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Fellows' Speedy Relief.

Fellows' Glycamar,

And all of Fellows' Celebrated Medicines.

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HANINGTON BROS.,

(Successors to Fellows & Co.)

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FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY.

Funds paid up and Invested **£3,401,005 6s.**
 10d. Sterling.

Fire Premium received in 1867,.....	£846,816	9	2	1/2
" Losses paid in 1867,.....	628,152	0	0	"
Life Premium received in 1867,.....	259,089	5	0	"
" Claims (including Bonus) paid,.....	170,464	2	6	"
duty paid to Government in 1867,..	91,993	17	5	"

In addition to the above large paid up capital, the
 Shareholders are personally responsible for any claim
 upon the Company.

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 General Agent for New Brunswick.
 Commercial Bank Building, 1st April, 1868.

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Hat, Cap and Fur Manufactory
and Warehouse,

51 King Street, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

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 facturing of SILK HATS.

HATS, CAPS and FURS, of all kinds,
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Established 1815.

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AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PHARMACEUTICAL PREPARATIONS, PERFUMERY, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, GOLD LEAF, &c.

CHOICE HAVANA CIGARS.
Ice Cream Soda Water with thirteen different Syrups
MEDICINE CHESTS NEATLY FITTED UP.

Particular attention paid to the dispensing of Physician's Prescriptions. Orders from the Country speedily executed.

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Ships Chartered and Disbursed with reasonable commission.

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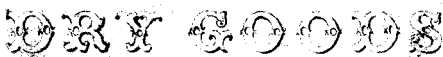
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