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STEWART'S

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DEVOTED TO

LIGHT AND ENTERTAINING LITERATURE.

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VOLUME 3.

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# STEWART'S

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GEORGE STEWART, Jr.,

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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No. 1.

### THE NORTH WEST TERRITORY.

By REV. J. N. McD. DAWSON, Ottawa.

The "NORTH WEST TERRITORY" is that portion of British North America which is situated between Lake Superior to the east, the Pacific Ocean and the Russian Dominions (now a portion of the United States) to the west. The 49th parallel of North latitude and the chain of waters from Rainy Lake to the confluence of Pigeon river with Lake Superior, form the boundary between this territory and the United States on the south. To the north, with the exception of some portions of Alaska (lately Russian America), it has no other limits than those of the globe itself—the ice, the snow, the perpetually frozen seas and lands of the Polar regions.

#### THE PRINCIPAL RIVERS.

North Western America is watered by numerous rivers, the greater of which only need here be named. The Columbia rising in the Rocky Mountains, traverses the Blue Mountain and Cascade Mountain chains. It then, after many windings, sometimes in a southerly, sometimes in a westerly direction, loses itself in the Pacific Ocean at Astoria, three degrees south of the boundary line. The treaty which deprived Great Britain of the better part of the Columbia, left to her the right of navigating this noble river in common with the citizens of the United States. The Fraser river also has its source in the Rocky Mountains. After a circuitous course through the Blue Mountains, the Cascade Mountains and the intervening plains and valleys, it joins the sea at the strait or sound which separates Vancouver Island from the Continent of America. This river is celebrated for its sands of gold. Even as to California and Australia, thousands of adventurers have already been attracted to its banks; and their enterprise has been crowned with success unsurpassed as yet in the annals of gold-digging.

Of Pelly river there need be little mention, as it half belongs to a foreign power. It is quite possible, however, that arrangements might be made with that power (the United States) for navigating this great river to its junction with the sea.

The MacKenzie river is wholly within British territory. It is one

of the greatest rivers in the world, its course being two thousand five hundred miles from its source in the Rocky Mountains to its debouch in the Arctic Ocean. It is navigable for about twelve hundred miles, thus affording easy access in the summer months, from the Arctic Sea, and from the North Pacific by Bhering's Straits, to the interior of the North West Territory. It flows through a fertile and finely wooded country skirted by metalliferous hills. According to the best computation, it drains an area of 443,000 geographical square miles.

The Elk and Peace rivers, although great and beautiful streams, are only tributaries of the MacKenzie.

The Coppermine\* and the great Fish river also discharge their waters into the Arctic Ocean. The former abounds in copper ore and galena. On the banks of the latter, it is credibly said that there is excellent grazing.† Next comes the Churchill river which flows from the interior of the country, across the granitic belt, to Hudson's Bay.

The Saskatchewan with its two branches arising in the Rocky Mountains, drains an area of 363,000 square miles. The Red river and the Assiniboine flowing from the heights near the sources of the Missouri and the Mississippi, add immensely to the waters of Lake Winnipeg and thence find their way by the Nelson river to Hudson's Bay.

#### GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

There is admirable unity in the geological appearances of this vast territory. By nature it has been made one land, however much it may hereafter be divided by the policy of man. The great chain of the Rocky Mountains extends from its southern to its northern boundary, rising at its highest elevation, to the height of sixteen thousand feet above the level of the ocean.‡ Parallel with these, to the west, rise the Blue and Cascade Mountains, as if intended for a van-guard towards the waves of the Pacific. From the base of the Rocky Mountains, eastward, the country is a gently sloping plain for 800 or 900 miles, to the commencement of the great Crystalline Belt, which tak-

\* "Taking the lines of those rivers," says Dr. King, "I have always understood the Coppermine river and others to be very rich in galena. The Coppermine river is very rich in copper. Coal and galena were also found along the whole line of that coast." "That is on the Arctic Sea?" enquired Mr. Edward Ellice. "Yes; still it is within the Hudson's Bay Company's territory as far as the MacKenzie." Mr. Christy then asked: "You did not hear of the Company having developed these resources at all?" "Not in the slightest degree." (Report of Committee House of Commons on the Hudson Bay Company, 1857. Evidence of R. King, Esq., M. D., p. 316.)

† "The whole of the great Fish river down to the Polar Sea, is the finest grazing country in the world as far as grazing is concerned. Of course it is alluvial soil based upon sand, and therefore, not an arable land." "What would be the climate there?" "The climate there of course would interfere very largely with it; but still, comparing it with Northern Europe, it has all the facilities of the Northern parts there." (Same report,—evidence of R. King, Esq., M. D., page 314.)

‡ The highest mountain in the Territory and, indeed, in all North America, is MOUNT SAINT ELIAS, which does not form a portion of the Rocky Mountain chain, being an isolated mountain, situated near the confines of what was, until recently, Russian America. It attains the height of 17,860 feet.

ing a North-westerly direction about the head of Lake Superior, continues in this course and almost parallel with the Rocky Mountains as far as fifteen hundred miles, and with only a slight elevation above the neighbouring plain until reaching the Coppermine river near the Arctic Ocean, it forms hills eight hundred feet in height. Its average breadth is two hundred miles. On the side that looks towards Hudson's Bay, its outline is pretty much the same as that of the shores of this sea, thus verifying what Geologists say as to the waters of this region having been confined within their actual limits by the upheaving of these primary formations. Between this belt or plateau and the Bay, there is a narrow strip of limestone. From this bed of limestone to the sea, the land is low, flat, swampy, and, in part alluvial.

#### LAKES.

On the western edge of the great Crystalline Plateau are situated the principal Lakes of the North-western Continent—Winnipeg two hundred and thirty miles in length and forty miles broad; Athabasca, Great Slave Lake, and the largest of them all, Great Bear Lake, which is intersected towards its North-western extremity, by the Arctic Circle.

To the west of this great chain of waters the country is all habitable, and in a northerly direction, as far as the sixty-fifth degree of north latitude. If, indeed, the MacKenzie river should ever be what nature has adapted it for being, the principal channel through which a great portion of the trade of the western world must flow, there may one day be a dense population even so far north as the junction of its waters with the Arctic Ocean.

#### COUNTRY WEST OF THE CRYSTALLINE BELT, ASSINIBOIA, &c.

The portion of the country that may be first considered is the extensive region bordering on Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba and Winnipigoos. Its principal rivers are the Assiniboine which is all within British territory, and the Red river which only becomes British at Pembina, a small town on the frontier of the United States. The authorities that can be most relied on, speak highly of the climate, the soil, and the beauty of this region. It has been officially reported by the Canadian Exploring Expedition of 1857, that "the summer temperature is nearly four degrees warmer than at Toronto, as ascertained by comparison of corresponding observations." Summer begins earlier and with more regularity than in Canada. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that "the melon grows with the utmost luxuriance, without any artificial aid, and ripens perfectly before the end of August." (Expedition '57). Wheat crops have often been known to give a return of fifty bushels to the acre, and farms have been proved to be capable of yielding for eighteen successive years, without any diminution of their produce. All kinds of garden vegetables as well as oats, barley, indian corn, hops, flax, hemp, potatoes and other root crops are easily raised. "The potatoes, cauliflowers and onions I have not seen surpassed," says Professor Hind, "at any of our Provincial fairs."

The character of the soil cannot be exceeded. It is a rich, black mould, from ten to twenty inches deep, reposing on a lightish coloured alluvial clay, about four feet deep, which again rests upon lacustrine or drift clay, to the level of the water in all the rivers and creeks inspected by the expedition of 1857 and 1858.

It is far from being true as has been stated, that there is only some arable or cultivable land along the course of the great rivers. "I frequently examined the soil," writes Professor Hind in his official report, "some miles distant from the rivers along my line of route, and I invariably found the prairie country to exhibit an uniform fertility." This rich and beautiful region which has been described by some travellers, as an unbroken level, watered by numerous tributary streams, and abounding in elm, oak, ash, maple and all the varieties of trees known in Canada, is no less than one million five hundred thousand acres in extent. Recent observations also prove that this "paradise of fertility," as it has been called by one of the settlers, is not more than six hundred feet above the level of the ocean.

Passing to the west of the valleys of the Assiniboine and Red rivers, we find a country no less fertile, and even more beautiful, as it possesses the pleasing variety of hill and dale. It is watered by an infinite number of lesser streams, the principal of which are the Swan river and the higher tributaries of the Assiniboine. This interesting region was likewise visited by the exploring expedition sent by the government of Canada in 1857-58. In Mr. S. J. Dawson's official report of this expedition published by order of the Canadian House of Assembly, this extensive portion of the North West Territory is described as being eminently adapted for the purposes of agriculture and colonization. Possessing a milder climate than the more elevated lands to the south of the United States' boundary line, all the varieties of cereal crops can be produced without difficulty or risk of failure. According to this gentleman's description, the whole country has more the appearance of a fine park beautifully varied with lawns, woods, gardens, shrubberies, lakes and streams, than an unreclaimed tract of broken wilderness. If the late Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Sir George Simpson, had passed through this country, it would undoubtedly have inspired one of his most eloquent and glowing pictures of woodland, lake and river scenery. If it has not hitherto been colonized to any extent, the blame for such neglect of the interests of humanity must be charged to the Hudson's Bay Company whose policy, however worthy and meritorious each leading member is well known to be, is necessarily hostile to every enterprise that is not calculated to preserve and increase the profitable breed of martens, beavers, musk-rats, foxes, wild cats and other vermin, together with the aboriginal races in their rude state, who are the best hunters of such animals and the most expert purveyors of skins and furs for the great fur-dealing company.

#### THE SASKATCHEWAN COUNTRY.

This extensive territory stretches from the borders of the granitic plateau already alluded to, and from which it is separated by a chain

of waters consisting of Cedar Lake, a portion of the river Saskatchewan, Fine Island Lake and Beaver Lake, for a distance of 800 or 900 miles westwards to the Rocky Mountains. It is divided into numerous plains and valleys by the river Saskatchewan, its two great branches, and its numerous tributaries, which rising for the most part, in the vast mountain range, rush down the innumerable vales and glens on its eastern slope, giving life, beauty and fertility to a region which would otherwise be a rugged and forbidding wilderness.

The travellers who have visited this region bear ample witness to the fertility of the soil. The scenery they describe as "magnificent," and the banks of the rivers on either side, as luxuriant beyond description. "Vast forests," says Lieutenant Saxon, "cover the hill-tops and fill the valleys. The climate is mild, and cattle keep fat in winter as well as in summer on the nutritious grasses."

Sir George Simpson who had been for thirty years Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, in his very beautiful and interesting book (*Voyage round the world*), informs us that "the rankness of the vegetation between the forks of the Saskatchewan, savoured rather of the torrid zone with its perennial spring than of the northern wilds." He speaks of himself and his fellow-travellers as "brushing the luxuriant grass with our knees, and the hard ground of the surface was beautifully diversified with a variety of flowers, such as the rose, the hyacinth and the tiger lily."

"Towards the foot of the Rocky Mountains," says the same impartial writer, "lies a country capable of being rendered the happy home of millions of inhabitants, when facilities of communication shall be offered which can lead to it."

Dr. King, in his evidence before the select committee of the House of Commons, (1857,) gives a very interesting account of a colony which was endeavouring to establish itself near Cumberland House, between Fine Island Lake and the river Saskatchewan. This colony occupied and had in a high state of cultivation some fifteen hundred acres, on which they raised excellent wheat. When asked by Mr. Christy whether the cultivation was successful, Dr. King replied, "quite successful; the wheat was looking very luxuriant." Were there any other kinds of crops? "There were potatoes and barley, also pigs, cows and horses." In this small settlement, each man had his own particular allotment, and everything, according to the evidence of Dr. King, was in the most flourishing condition. The learned witness, however, further states—"When I was going away they said: 'cannot you help us? You are a government officer; the Company have ordered us to quit, and we shall be ruined.'" Of course agriculture and colonization were not the objects of the Company: and, *la raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure*. What became of this interesting little colony deponent said not. The day may not, perhaps, be far distant, when colonization will be undertaken on a greater scale and under more fostering auspices.

But it has been stated that owing to periodical inundations which, every spring, lay the whole country under water, for nearly 200 miles from the junction of the river Saskatchewan with the lakes, cultiva-

tion, the raising of crops,—settlement—are impossible. This objection, if, indeed, it be a serious one, applies only to a very limited section of the country. And, could no means be discovered by which these inundations might be prevented or at least regulated and rendered advantageous? There are falls of great magnitude near the point where the Saskatchewan joins Lake Winnipeg; and, although the people at Red river do not think that by removing a certain mill-pond in their country, an immense swamp which it dams up would be drained, it is nevertheless beyond question, that if the wants of man required it, the annual floods of the Saskatchewan might be made to find their way into Lake Winnipeg without first inundating the country. But, in a region where it rains so little, the precipitation being in the course of the year only fifteen inches, it might tend more to the raising of abundant crops, to regulate and even extend the rush of the spring-tide waters. To what does Ægypt owe the fertility of its plains, if not to the Nile's inundations? The whole valley through which the great river flows was wont to be overflowed, and often to excess; yet who ever heard of a famine on the banks of the Nile, or that Ægypt was incapable of being, when occasion required, the granary of the world? In order that no inconvenience might arise from excessive inundations, great and stupendous works were erected by the generosity of the kings of Ægypt and the ingenuity of her people. Thus were the superfluous waters disposed of and regulated, so as to increase to an amazing extent the fertility of the land. Who knows but, when people if not princes have been multiplied on the earth, similar works may be undertaken in the hitherto neglected regions of the North-West?—and who dare say that the vast countries there, which have known no sound as yet save the lowing of wild cattle and the war-whoop of the fierce red-man, shall not rejoice one day in all the blessings of civilisation, and become vocal with the glad accents of millions upon millions of happy beings?

SOIL AND CLIMATE OF THE REGIONS WATERED BY THE MACKENZIE RIVER  
AND ITS TRIBUTARIES, THE ELK AND PEACE RIVERS.

The valleys of the Elk and Peace rivers, tributaries of the MacKenzie, although much further north than the countries on the Saskatchewan, being situated between the 55th and 58th degrees of north latitude, enjoy a climate and soil adapted to the growth of all the cereals, and all kinds of garden vegetables. Wheat, even, can be raised easily in these valleys, for it grows at fort Liard, in 60 degrees north latitude, on Mountain river, another tributary of the MacKenzie. Although we have no positive evidence before us which decidedly proves that wheat crops may be relied on at Peace river, there is surely ground for believing that, where the spring is so early, grain, which even cold Siberia refuses not to the labour of man, might be successfully cultivated. Sir Alexander MacKenzie, in his journal, of date 10th May, 1793, says that “already the buffaloes were seen with their young ones frisking about them.” At this time also (10th May), “the whole country,” he writes, “displayed an exuberant verdure. The trees that bear a blossom were advancing fast to that delightful ap-

pearance; and the velvet rind of their branches, reflecting the oblique rays of a rising or setting sun, added a splendid gaiety to the trees, which no expressions of mine are qualified to describe."

Between the two rivers—the Elk and the Peace,—55–56 N. latitude, "the ground rises at intervals to a considerable height, and stretches inward to a great distance. At every interval or pause in the rise, there is a very gently ascending space or lawn, which is alternate with abrupt precipices to the summit of the whole, or at least as far as the eye could distinguish. This magnificent theatre of nature has all the decorations which the trees and animals of the country can afford it. Groves of poplars, in every shape, vary the scene, and their intervals are enlivened with vast herds of Elks and Buffaloes—the former choosing the steep uplands, and the latter preferring the plains." (*Sir Alex. MacKenzie's Journal, 1793.*)

#### EXTREME LIMITS OF CULTIVATION.

At fort Norman, within a few miles of the 65th parallel of north latitude, barley and potatoes have been raised, although, probably, wheat could not be cultivated. It is well known, however, that in Europe it grows to perfection as far north as latitude 59.

But, neither wheat crops nor cereals of any kind are destined to form the resources and the wealth of this portion of the country. The navigation of the MacKenzie will be its treasure. And surely if the enterprising citizens of the United States find it profitable to convey from the seas which receive the waters of this great river, shiploads of whale oil and other merchandise, it will be still more so for the future inhabitants of the flowery regions of the Saskatchewan, the Assiniboine and the Red river to derive like supplies from the Arctic Ocean by means of the MacKenzie, which is navigable during the summer months for more than twelve hundred miles; thus affording access to the very heart of the land, whence, in all directions, there are lakes and rivers capable of bearing on their waters the most richly laden merchant ships. Seven millions of dollars yearly, the sum accruing to the U. States from the whale fisheries alone, are surely but an inconsiderable fraction of the priceless treasures that might be fished up from the inexhaustible depths of the great Arctic Sea. And this will be, one day, the rich possession of the numerous people who will find their homes on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and in the fertile valleys and verdant prairies which end only where the settled country of Canada begins.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA, FORMERLY CALLED NEW CALEDONIA.

The country watered by the Fraser river must now be spoken of. It consists chiefly of mountainous regions, but there are also plains and numerous valleys as rich as any in the world. It is wholly within British territory, and has been erected into a colony, with a Governor, Council of State, &c. Although many parts of it can never be inhabited, it is destined, no doubt, to afford homes at no distant period to a numerous and wealthy population. It had been known hitherto by the beautiful name of NEW CALEDONIA; and it was surely much to be regretted that the British Government had thought fit to change the

name of this magnificent country to BRITISH COLUMBIA. The learned Colonial Minister ought to have acted on the idea that the territory watered by a river bearing the name of one of the most illustrious of the Scottish races, should have been allowed to retain the name of *Caledonia*. Was there not a marked similarity between the two countries? Were not both, as had been said of one of them by an eminent poet, "the land of the mountain and the flood?" The rivers of New Caledonia flow in all directions—east, west, north and south—from the highest mountain ranges of North America, overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Those of ancient Caledonia rising in the highest mountains of the British Isles, in their headlong course, rush foaming through their rocky beds till, reaching the more level country, they flow in tranquil beauty through fertile fields and finely wooded valleys to the Northern, Atlantic and German Oceans. Is New Caledonia without any other inhabitant than the aboriginal savage—without any other habitation than the rude tent or the wretched wigwam? Are its waters without trade as yet\* and unknown to song? Even so, ancient Caledonia, some two thousand years ago, had no other inhabitant than the barbarian, whose only clothing was paint—no better dwelling for its people than the burrow in the hillside. No bard had as yet given celebrity to its streams: the merchant had not yet found out their treasures. What are they now? Mountain torrents, still as they rush from their rugged heights; but how different as they descend into the densely populated plains, expand into noble estuaries, bearing on their tide the rich merchantman, the formidable war-ship; welcoming every day to their placid waters the commerce and the wealth and the people of all nations.†

It must not be inferred from this likening of the new to the ancient Caledonia, that British Columbia is equal only in point of soil and climate to North Britain. Both were, indeed, lands of "the mountain and the flood;" but the climate of the former country is superior even to that of the south of England. The endless variety of its trees and shrubs and wild plants, which grow in the utmost luxuriance, leaves no room to doubt of its fertility. Being a mountainous country, it is necessarily more humid than the prairie lands of the Saskatchewan; but it possesses the advantage of being less subject to severe summer droughts than many level tracts of country to the east of the Rocky Mountains. What though its rugged mountain regions must ever remain impervious to the plough, they will always be crowned with magnificent forests, except where the height is too great to admit of such exuberant vegetation, thus affording a pleasing contrast with

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\* The opening of the gold mines at Cariboo, and the road to that region, nearly 400 miles in length, recently constructed, have caused a wonderful revolution, as regards trade and travel, along the rugged banks of the Fraser.

† There is another striking point of resemblance between New and ancient Caledonia. Who has not heard of the "parallel roads" of Glenroy, in the latter country? Travellers speak of similar roads or *terraces* on the great rivers of British Columbia—the Fraser, the Thomson, the Columbia. These terraces of the new world are on a larger scale than those of Scotland; but they indicate similar geological revolutions, which must have emancipated the waters from their mountain fastnesses at different epochs in both countries.



the undulating plains which diversify the numerous lakes and streams. Chief among these is the great Fraser river, which pursues a rapid course between steep and rocky banks until, approaching the sea, it presents a fertile and finely wooded valley from 50 to 60 miles in length. Such also is the Thomson, which, surpassing the former in the beauty of its scenery, according to the evidence which so lately as 1857 was given before a select committee of the House of Commons, flows through "one of the most beautiful countries in the world." Its climate is one of the best, and is eminently calculated to favour the production of all the crops that are produced in England. Towards the north the Columbian coast becomes rocky and precipitous, appearing to be unapproachable; but inside this rugged belt there is "a fine open country."

Is it too much to hope, that a land which many who have dwelt in it and know it well speak of as "extremely fertile," and which possesses treasures of untold gold that have already attracted the people who hold California and its golden stores, will rejoice ere long in numerous populations, and may even behold the commerce of the world crowding its shores?\*

#### COLONY OF VANCOUVER.

Vancouver Island, so named from its discoverer, Captain Vancouver, lies close to the mainland, extending 270 miles in length, and varying in breadth from forty to fifty miles. The aboriginal population is

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\*The gold mines of the Fraser River have now become better known and attract a considerable floating population. That they will hasten the colonization of the territory or make it a desirable country to settle in is quite another question. They have been, however, the cause of great improvements which will eventually promote settlement. A waggon road 378 miles in length has been constructed, notwithstanding very serious engineering difficulties, from Yale, the place where the Fraser ceases to be navigable, across the Cascade Mountains to the chief mining districts at Cariboo. In addition to this important highway, there is also a branch waggon road of 107 miles from Clinton to Douglas via Lillooet. By means of these roads, opened in 1864, the expense of living at Cariboo has been diminished by one half. They must also facilitate communication with the rest of British North America; and thus will the whole breadth of the Continent, from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, be thrown open to colonization, civilization and commercial enterprise. This road, surmounting the Cascades, enters the great *plateau*, which lies between them and the Rocky Mountains. Access could easily be had along this undulating plain to the more practicable pass which Mr. Alfred Waddington has pointed out, towards the north end of the Rocky Mountain chain. A road will no doubt soon be made from this comparatively easy mountain pass to the point where the north fork of the Saskatchewan becomes navigable. - Thus will British Columbia be brought within convenient travelling reach of Red river and the Canadian lakes. Allusion is made here only to what may be said to exist already. But there can be no doubt that when the road proposed by Mr. Waddington, and which, I believe, he has in part constructed at his own expense, from Bute's inlet on the Pacific across the Cascade range towards its northern termination, is completed as far as the pass just referred to, at or near the north end of the Rocky Mountains, an over-land route with few inconveniences and no difficulties whatever, will be at once established. A railway will no doubt be undertaken some time, and probably at no distant period. But why wait for a railroad when such lines of communication, as have just been indicated, can be opened up speedily, and at comparatively little cost? This route might be ready for travel and traffic by the time that the Inter-Colonial Railway is open.

supposed to amount to 17,000 souls. This island is in every respect wonderfully adapted for settlement. The climate, moderated by the mild winds of the Pacific Ocean, resembles that of the south of England, with the difference chiefly that there is a greater degree of summer-heat. Its vicinity to the sea renders it more humid than the more inland parts of the neighbouring territory of British Columbia. But this circumstance only confers upon it the privilege and the abiding beauty of perpetual verdure. The trees with which it is adorned, and in many places encumbered, are quite equal to those which are the pride of the royal gardens of Kensington. The cultivable parts of the Island present a very pleasing appearance, the country being divided into wood and prairie land, the prairies stretching extensively in park-like forms into the primeval forests.

The low lands generally are fertile—some of the valleys, such as the Cowichan, which extends along the beautiful bay of the same name, particularly so. The finest wheat is easily raised, and yields from 25 to 40 bushels per acre. Very little of the Island had been explored at the date of the parliamentary report of 1857; but although described in the report as rocky “in places,” there can be no doubt, judging from the prairies and fertile spots which are known, that the soil is generally productive. The fish which swarm around its shores, its inexhaustible coal mines, and its safe, natural harbours, unimproved as yet, if indeed they require improvement by the hand of man, admirably adapt Vancouver for being the emporium, as it may yet become one day, of the trade of both hemispheres. In 1843, the work of colonization had been commenced in Vancouver Island: so fertile and so rich in resources of every kind, and was advancing slowly in the face of many obstacles, when it was erected into a British colony in 1858.\* This imperial favour was no sooner extended to it, than, as if impelled by the influence of some magic power, it rose with astonishing rapidity to the condition of a province of no ordinary importance. Already it possesses an embryo city on its south coast, with a population of 8,000 souls. Rejoicing in the auspicious name of VICTORIA, this thriving little town bids welcome to its precincts, the Celt as well as the Saxon. Its press, thus early, has begun to speak the language of both races. Victoria is also the chief seat of a bishopric which will no doubt, in the course of some time, be circumscribed, and to its own great satisfaction, by several new sees.

#### THE WAY TO THE NORTH WEST.

Hitherto it has been too generally believed that access to the

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\* Vancouver is now (1868) politically united with the neighbouring mainland, and one great colony is constituted which will be known henceforth as BRITISH COLUMBIA. This colony is bounded to the south by the United States of America, to the west by the Pacific Ocean and the frontier of Alaska (until recently the Russian territories in North America); to the north by the 60th parallel of north latitude; and to the east, from the boundary of the *United States* northwards, by the *Rocky Mountains* and the 120th meridian of west longitude, including Queen Charlotte's Island, Vancouver Island, the islands adjacent thereto, and all other islands adjacent to the territories which constitute British Columbia.

beautiful countries of the North West is extremely difficult, if not impossible. This idea may have arisen from the circumstance that the Hudson's Bay Company have been in the habit of travelling thither by long, circuitous, difficult and even dangerous routes. It seems extraordinary that they should have preferred to convey their stores and merchandise round by the stormy waters of the north, with their only port at York Factory on Hudson's Bay, which is almost always frozen, when a more direct way was at their command, by the Canadian lakes and the chain of waters which extend from Lake Superior to the vicinity of their settlement on Red river. This may have led to the belief that there existed no better route. Recent explorations have shewn, however, that the journey from Canada to the North West is shorter than has been supposed, and comparatively easy; that indeed, where there are *portages* or carrying places, a great highway might be established, only a little longer than the most direct or *air* line from fort William at the head of Lake Superior to fort Garry on the Red river.—(Air line with a little road-making 377 miles,—route by land and water 454 miles.)\*

Nor does this route pass through a barren and inhospitable wilderness. The height of land separating Lake Superior from the countries to the westward once passed, the rivers and lakes are bordered by prairies and luxuriant woods. Nor are these regions without inhabitants. In addition to the Indian tribes who are by no means hostile, there are numerous settlers of European origin, and several missions have been in existence for many years. The colonists of Red river, who are most anxious to hold relations with Canada, would prefer this route to the more circuitous, difficult and dangerous one by Pembina and through the State of Minnesota. They gave proof of this preference by undertaking themselves to make a road ninety miles in length, from that settlement to the Lake of the Woods which constitutes so large a portion of the chain of navigable waters extending to within thirty miles of Lake Superior. The government of the Dominion of Canada, in consideration of the loss of the crops at Red river this year, 1868, have relieved the settlers from this responsibility and are now actually directing the construction of a road from fort Garry in connection with the navigable waters.

This route will in a short time hence, be available for travel and traffic, part of the land road from Thunder bay, (L. Superior,) towards the lake region, which lies between Lake Superior and the Red river country, being already constructed, and an appropriation having been made by the Canadian Government for the construction of 90

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\* A route has since been traced, 463½ miles in length, from a point near fort William, Thunder Bay, Lake Superior, to fort Garry on Red river; 332½ miles of the journey over this route can be accomplished by means of navigable waters, leaving only 131 miles of land travel. The advantages of this route in a commercial point of view are sufficiently apparent from the circumstance that the carriage of goods from St. Paul, Minnesota, where the Red river people chiefly purchase their supplies, costs from four and a half to five dollars per 100 lbs., whereas by the proposed route, it would amount only to one and three quarters or at most three dollars, from Lake Superior to fort Garry.—(See recent report by S. J. Dawson, Esq., C. G., to the Canadian Govt.)

miles of waggon road from the last of the chain of lakes (the Lake of the Woods,) to fort Garry, the chief place in the Red river settlement.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that, by opening communications with the north-west territories, an important amount of trading will be at once established between those regions and Canada. At present, the settlers at Red river are dependent for their supplies on the state of Minnesota. Goods can only be conveyed from St. Paul, the chief city of that state, with considerable difficulty and at great expense. The north-western people would find a cheaper and equally well supplied market in Canada; and as has just been shewn, the cost of carriage would be materially less. The able men who direct the energies of the Hudson's Bay Company, would be among the first, undoubtedly, to see the advantages of the new route, and to avail themselves of them. Canada cannot fail to recognize her interest in such great public, even national, improvements. Trade, to the value of many millions yearly, would be directed to her borders: wealth would flow to her from the gold mines of the Fraser, the coal fields of Vancouver, the inexhaustible fisheries of British Columbia, and the fertile plains of the Saskatchewan, the Red river and the Assiniboine,—waters which, communicating by means of *portages*, lead all the way to the immediate neighbourhood of Lake Superior.

And what if the highway to the distant east—to China and Japan; to the lovely Islands of the Pacific—to Borneo, to New Zealand, to golden Australia and our vast Indian Empire—should pass through the beautiful and productive valleys of the north-west?

A railway from Halifax or Quebec to the western coast of the American continent has been spoken of; and, indeed, such a way could be more easily made along the plains of the Saskatchewan and the northern passes, than through the more mountainous country some degrees farther south. Nor would the Rocky Mountains be an insurmountable barrier. They could be pierced without any serious engineering difficulties at the sources of the MacKenzie and Fraser rivers, or at the point where they were traversed by Sir George Simpson, with a long train of horses, waggons and baggage, at the head waters of the Saskatchewan and the Columbia. In the meantime, other kinds of roads and modes of conveyance may be adopted with almost equally great advantage. The more direct way to Red river, by the chain of lakes and rivers which already almost connect the Canadian lakes with the settlement at fort Garry, once established, as it must be in a year or two, the great highway as far as the Rocky Mountains, and within 200 miles of Fraser river, is complete, the rivers and lakes extending westwards from Red river, being navigable even for vessels of large tonnage, eight hundred miles of the way. At present there is no other route to the rich and populous lands of the eastern hemisphere than by the stormy seas of Asia and Africa, across the Isthmus of Panama, round Cape Horn, or through the dangerous strait of Magellan, or by what is called "the overland route," through foreign countries. Whether the nations of Europe will continue to prefer these ways, which, however long and difficult and dangerous, have the sanction of antiquity, it is obvious that Canada, as she in-

creases in wealth and population, will find the new way, although all but untrodden as yet, more convenient, perhaps even essential, for the wants of her extended trade. Not only will this highway of the world, with its myriads of leviathan steamboats constantly ploughing the placid waters of the Pacific Ocean, traverse the Canadian provinces, it must also pass through the valley of the River Ottawa. This is an absolute requirement of the geological structure of the globe. British power has at command only two outlets, eastwards, from the beautiful and fertile lands of the north-west: one a land route, and a difficult one, by the north shores of the Canadian lakes; the other, more easy, by Lakes Superior and Huron, thence by French river, Lake Nippissingue, the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence, to the Atlantic sea-board.

Thus it is manifest that the city of Ottawa, which, according to the wise decision of our gracious Queen, has become the capital of the Dominion of Canada, must also be, and that at no distant day, a great commercial emporium, a metropolis of business, the prosperous and crowded centre of the trade of both hemispheres.

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## SPORTING SKETCHES IN MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

BY AN OLD ANGLER.

### LAND-LOCKED SALMON FISHING ON THE ST. CROIX.

#### CHAPTER I.

EARLY in the month of May, the writer, in ill health from close confinement and over-exertion during the previous winter, felt that a few weeks of life in the open air, and active exercise in the pursuit of his favourite sport, would do more to restore his exhausted energies than all the nostrums of the pharmacopœia. Accordingly he left St. John in the *New England*, arrived in Boston, hunted up his old brother-angler, Jim, made the few preparations necessary for a fortnight's "Camping out," got letters to some of the residents of the "Modern Athens," who were encamped on the pleasant banks of Grand Lake Stream, took the cars to Portland, steamers to Eastport and Calais, at which latter place he and his friend arrived on the afternoon of the second day after having left Boston.

The evening was devoted to getting the various stores required for the Commissariat snugly put up, and morning found us at the depot of the Calais and Princeton Railway, impatiently waiting for the last bell, and the welcome cry "all aboard." We were soon off, and hailed with delight the beautiful scenery that greets the eye along the banks of the picturesque St. Croix.

Spring had fairly seated herself on the throne which early flowers

had begun to decorate for summer, and was swaying her sceptre over field and forest, wood and stream, preparing all things for the advent of her successor. The tender green foliage and velvety grass had just clothed the late bare trees and naked meadows; birds were sporting and singing on every side, and all Nature was jubilant over her recent emancipation from the icy fetters of stern and relentless winter. Harry enjoyed all this with a keen relish, and drank in the balmy breeze, feeling that with every inhalation he was recruiting his over-wrought energies; his friend sympathized with him and shared his pleasure.

A pleasant ride, made more so by the beauties of the ever-changing landscapes through which the road lies, brought us to Princeton. An hour sufficed to find our old friend Sabattis Lewey, who was speedily ready with his roomy "birch," had all our personal impedimenta safely stowed in the middle of it, leaving the heavy stores to go in the little steamer "Gipsy," which was to follow next morning. Placing the invalid in the most comfortable seat, Jim in the bow, giving us each a paddle, and taking his own seat in the stern, Sabattis pushed from the shore of the Lake, and with dexterous strokes urged the slight vessel on her upward course, expecting to reach the mouth of Grand Lake stream about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Anglers usually prefer to avail themselves of the accommodation offered by the tiny steamer Gipsy, which the enterprise of Mr. Sawyer, the obliging lessee and manager of the Railway, has placed on the Lake for the convenience of the various parties which, during the summer, frequent this Paradise of the Angler. We, however, on this fine morning, preferred the "Birch," as we were both able to handle a paddle properly, and the exercise of arms and chest being just what Harry needed, to the extent of his feeble strength he indulged in its use.

A passage up the chain of lakes which intervenes between Princeton and Grand Lake, in a good canoe, by those who can enjoy vigorous exercise, and at the same time admire the beauties of nature, will amply repay the slight labour. We enjoyed it as only old sportsmen can, who are once again amid their darling haunts. We moved among the numerous islands that dot the surface of the several lakes, stopped to examine every object of interest, and to sketch some of the more striking scenes, enjoyed our lunch in a romantic little nook on the shady side of an islet, and after some most invigorating exercise, reached Grand Lake stream. We were cordially welcomed by friend Gould, who transported our baggage over the three miles which intervene between the head of Big Lake and the foot of Grand Lake; the stream connecting them, (the scene of our intended operations,) being too rapid and broken in the spring to admit the passage of a canoe.

Our tent was soon pitched, preparations made for passing the night, our rods were put up, reels and lines adjusted, flies selected, and, just as the sun dipped behind the western hills, making the horizon gorgeous with many-tinted clouds of wondrously fantastic shapes, we cast our flies on the verge of the first pitch of "Big fall," hoping to sup off

the delicious St. Croix trout, commonly called "Land-locked Salmon."

These trout, which abound here in vast numbers, and afford most exciting sport to the angler, seem to be peculiar to the St. Croix. Ichthyologists differ respecting the species of the fish, which so nearly resemble the *Salmo Salar*, that it is difficult to decide whether they are a distinct species of that fish, or merely their degenerated progeny, by some means imprisoned in the lakes and debarred from access to the ocean. On this knotty point the writer would not presume to speak *ex cathedra*, when many, more capable, have expressed conflicting opinions. But he may be pardoned for saying that so many difficulties oppose the latter theory, he is inclined to adopt the former one, and he thinks more careful enquiry and examination will decide that it is a distinct species, peculiar to the St. Croix, or at least not yet observed in other waters.

Half-an-hour's fishing sufficed to secure about a dozen, after which we returned to our tent, where trusty Sabattis had prepared couches of fragrant boughs of the fir, kindled a fire, got out the stores, and had all things in readiness for our first meal in our new quarters. This was speedily prepared, in a style peculiar to sportsmen, enjoyed with the hearty appetite which only fresh air and manly exercise can give; after which we donned thick, warm, woollen garments, and set out in the twilight, to saunter to "Camp Saptogus," about one-fourth of a mile further up the stream, where the gentlemen to whom we had letters of introduction were comfortably established in a roomy bark camp, with all the conveniences that camp-life admits of, and all the luxuries that wealth and refinement had made indispensable to their comfort.

On approaching these quarters—the aristocratic mansion of the stream—we were met by an elderly gentleman with a most benevolent expression of countenance, and by a younger man in the prime of life, whose face bore unmistakable marks of a vigorous mind at peace with itself and with all the world. They courteously addressed us, wished us good evening, and enquired after our sport. On learning that we had just arrived, and that we had letters for some of their party, we were cordially invited to walk to their camp. On arriving there and presenting our credentials, we were welcomed with all the warmth and heartiness with which brothers of the rod are wont to greet each other. Seats were offered, and the cordial reception we received soon put us at ease, when we discovered that we had the rare good fortune to have met a party of intellectual gentlemen, as well as enthusiastic sportsmen.

This party consisted of four; father and son, and their two friends; representing mature age, active middle life, sinewy and muscular manhood, and promising, ingenuous youth.

A strong friendship existed between the two elders, and almost brotherly love between the younger two; their devotion to sport was an additional tie that bound the whole party together; while each contributed to the conversational stock the wisdom that a long and observing life had matured; the practicality and judgment that still active life kept in full vigour; the energy and eloquence that manhood revels

in ; and the vivacity and enthusiasm which brighten the mind of youth.

The Nestor of the party presented a rare instance of vigorous and green old age, with all the freshness of youth, and an undiminished love for his favourite sport. He was affectionately called "Papa," and by this endearing title we, too, soon learned to address him. The middle-aged gentleman, who promised fairly to follow the example of his friend, we addressed as Mr. R., and a more intimate acquaintance with the juniors soon gave us the privilege of calling them familiarly Charles and Fred, by which distinguishing titles they will henceforth be known to our readers.

Their habit was to devote the early morning and afternoon to sport, to lunch at mid-day, dine at a late hour in the afternoon, and occupy the evening in pleasant conversation, and such amusements as the cultivated tastes of the party suggested. When we met them the two elders were enjoying a stroll in the twilight ; but with all the attention of courteous hosts, they now exerted themselves to make our first evening on the stream a pleasant one. In this they were assisted by the younger men, who, at the moment of our arrival, were indulging in a cigar, talking over their day's sport, and arranging a programme for next morning's fishing. Offering us those slight but pleasant courtesies which are so gratifying to strangers, and tendering a delicious cigar, the conversation turned upon sport, and the pleasant surroundings of their encampment. The beauty of the view from a high hill on the opposite side of the stream was spoken of enthusiastically, and we were invited to join them in a walk to its top on the following morning, after the early fishing and breakfast.

"Is it not somewhat strange," said Papa, "that so much enthusiasm is displayed in talking and writing of the beauty of European scenery, while the charms of our own Northern landscapes and natural panoramas are hardly noticed. I have floated down the Rhine, crossed the Appenines, and spent a pleasant month on the shores of Lake Constance ; but I do not recal anything finer in the way of natural scenery than the view from 'Prospect Hill,' as we have named it. We visit it almost daily, and never tire of the beautiful picture displayed from its top ; every visit brings to light some fresh effect of light and shade—some new feature in the foreground or distance. If you have any eye for beautiful scenery, gentlemen, you will enjoy a rare treat."

"Americans who have travelled in our own country as well as in Europe," said Mr. R., "are exceptions to your remark, Papa, and I think we are beginning to draw comparisons not at all unfavourable to our own country. We have read so much and heard so much of foreign scenery, and have so strongly imbibed the idea of its superiority, that it used to be charged as a want of taste to attempt a comparison with our own ; but this submission to popular opinion, simply because it is fashionable, is fast giving place to a more independent mode of thinking, and the claims of our own land, as a 'land of beauty and of grandeur,' are beginning to attract notice, and will soon be fully admitted."

"Yes," said Charles ; "and the devotion to sport, which is rapidly increasing among us, will bring some of our finest scenery to the notice of those keen lovers of nature—sportsmen,—and the next generation



will have a better appreciation of our own scenery than their fathers display."

"Do you really think, sir," asked Harry, "that a love of out-door sports is on the increase among Americans generally? I was under the impression that your active, bustling countrymen disparaged these, and that the taste for them was confined to a very small circle."

"I am quite certain of it," replied Charles, "why, I myself, tho' a young man, can see a vast change in my own time. When I was a boy, an artificial fly and a trout or salmon rod were curiosities, and were invariably imported. Now we have several rod-makers of note, both in Boston and New York, and quite a number of excellent fly-dressers; and I know that the demand for these implements of our art is rapidly increasing."

"I am really pleased to hear this," said Harry, "I so heartily enjoy the sport myself, that I could wish the taste general. I think a gentleman, devoid of taste for these healthful pastimes, is shut out from a source of exciting amusement and keen pleasure; and that any innocent pursuit which will increase the sum of human happiness is worthy of cultivation. Do you know many in your own circle, who, having gone through the preparatory steps, have, from *fishermen*, risen to the higher dignity of *anglers*; who look on the pursuit as an artistic work, and delight more in the exercise of skill and judgment than in the mere slaughter of a certain number of fish?"

"Well," replied Charles, "I cannot say that my own circle embraces many such enthusiasts as myself and my friends present, but I have every reason to believe that correct ideas of *sport* are becoming very generally diffused: and as every summer is adding to the number of fishermen, I take it that greater numbers are constantly attaining the higher degree; for, once a true taste for the sport is acquired, a votary always aims at excellence."

"Speaking from my own observation, as well as from my own experience," said Jim, "this is strictly true. As a boy in short clothes, I used to spend whole afternoons at a babbling brook which ran through our fields, and with a bent pin and a yard of pack-thread, used to achieve wonderful feats among the small trout with which the stream abounded. The taste grew with years, and as a youth and young man the use of rod and line was my favourite mode of recreation; and when my friend Harry inducted me into the mysteries of fly-fishing, I felt that a new source of pleasure was opened to me, and I never rested satisfied till I had mastered all the intricacies of the delightful art, and now I am a friendly rival of my deft tutor."

"Father," asked Fred, "why is it that, with this general and rapidly increasing love for angling, there is such a dearth of sporting sketches, descriptive of its pleasures, among our best periodicals? It is not so in England, and I think such writing would be relished by a large class of readers here."

"Oh," said Mr. R., "the reason is plain enough. Our 'modern Athenians,' couched in the lap of city life, are like the luxurious Greeks and Romans; they cannot sympathize with our enthusiasm—cannot realize the full fruition of the angler's 'stern joy.' What care they

about 'Kirby's,' 'O'Shaughnessy's,' or 'Hollow Points,' 'loops,' 'gut lengths,' and all the mysterious paraphernalia of the angler? They never read glorious 'old Izaak;' they would die of *ennui* over 'Frank Forrester,' 'Norris,' or the 'Game Fish of the North,' and vote them pedantic, technical, ichthyological bores. Now these, and most other writers on the subject, think they are addressing a Club of Salmon fishers, Knights of Umbagog, or Fish Goths of Canada and the Provinces, and hence they expose their readers, without goggles, to the full glare of the angler's meridian sun, which dazzles but does not please them. They should lead them gently, as children are lead, halting by the way to show them beauties at every step—here and there a piece of brilliant colour in the homely grey, and thus entice them into our piscatory paradise. Besides, *Modern Athens*, represented by our best serial, thinks herself slighted if she be offered the plain, wholesome fare of wise instruction. She must have her lessons rendered palatable by a liberal sprinkling of Attic salt. If some clever angler could only discover that Plato angled in the Tiber while Alexander wielded the gaff; that Diogenes caught mullets from his tub, while Cicero baited his hooks; and would make his anglers talk philosophy, even when their mouths were filled with roasted salmon and 'praties, and discourse of Wilson and Chalmers, Steele and Bryant, Longfellow and Tennyson, Irving and Addison, while smoking their pipes; would make his papers musical with birds, rippling water and breezes among the pines, and savory of summer woods and flowers, sparkling with the dew shed upon them by wit, humour, and collocations from ancient and modern treasures, he would have plenty of readers who would hold out their mugs and cry for more, while the luxurious 'Athenians' would condescend to rouse themselves, yawn gracefully, and glance at them."

"Fudge," replied Fred: "an angler should be a *man*, not a literary hack; should write sport for men, not for women and children; and I believe there will soon be a loud demand, not for such namby-pamby stuff as you describe, of which we have enough and to spare, but for entertaining and exciting descriptions of real sport, which send a thrill through the nerves, and recall the pleasures we have all enjoyed, either with rod or gun."

"You are right, Fred," said Charles; "there is a growing taste for this kind of writing, and ere long it will be supplied and relished."

"I hope so," replied Fred, "and when it is furnished I shall look for good, manly sport, and suitable talk about sport; not such an *olla podrida* of classics and colloquies, sport and spangles, as father describes, to suit the effeminate tastes of women and grown-up children."

"Be content, Fred," said Papa: "you may be sure the supply will be suited to the demand. If such a *melange* as your father describes could find a sufficiently large class of readers to make it profitable for publishers to print it, it will doubtless appear. But I think you need not apprehend this. Fortunately, the taste of our cultivated readers is a healthy one; and when sport becomes fashionable, the descriptions of it will be healthy and vigorous, not sickly and sentimental. As for your sneer at women and children reading about sport, I think you are

hasty. Why should not women, who take a warm interest in everything else that affects their husbands and sons, be interested in their favourite sports? And as for the children, a more suitable or healthy light reading could not be put into their hands; it would tend to develop and foster a taste for manly sport and a love of nature, both of which I consider the greatest safeguards against the less innocent and more injurious habits of city life. I could wish to see all young men with this taste, and a wise father should encourage it in his boys. When our mothers encourage this taste we shall have more vigorous and healthy youth, and more muscular and well-developed manhood. The too close application of our youth to study or dissipation, and the want of sufficient out-door exercise among professional and commercial men, are beginning to tell upon their physique; and although gymnastic and calisthenic exercises are doing much to rectify the ill effects of our social habits, yet more indulgence in active out-door sports is needed to remove them entirely."

"I quite agree with you, sir," said Harry, "and I am so well convinced of the truth of your remarks, that, though still an invalid, and but the shadow of my former self, I already feel the benefit of the last two days in open air. I hope to leave this place quite strong and hearty, and I am sure I shall enjoy the means which produce this desirable result. I have often wondered at the prevalence of the custom among Americans to congregate in densely crowded watering places, and submit to all their annoyances and inconveniences simply because it is fashionable. The excuse that it is done for health is too palpably absurd to deceive even themselves; for the dissipation, and above all, the late hours that prevail in these fashionable resorts, more than neutralize any benefit derived from change of air and the use of the springs."

"That is quite true," said Mr. R., "and is now beginning to be better understood. I confidently look for a great change in this custom ere long, and really, I must admit, the sooner it takes place the better."

"Well," said Fred, "let the future take care of itself; I hope fortune will favour us to-morrow, and that we shall find the sport as good as it was this morning."

"Fred," observed Papa, "there is a remark attributed to the first Napoleon, although I suspect its paternity belongs to Frederick William of Prussia, to the effect that fortune wonderfully favours the army that has the heaviest artillery; and I must say that my experience in life corroborates the truth of the observation. Now, you will generally find that in angling, fortune favours him who has good rods, good lines and good flies, and has acquired skill in their use. These conditions have a powerful effect in conciliating the fickle dame, and I commend to your consideration the general principle involved."

In conversation of this kind the evening slipped rapidly away, and after accepting their invitation to join them in a walk to the top of "Prospect Hill" at 10 o'clock next morning, and to dine with them at four in the afternoon, we bade our hospitable entertainers good night and strolled back to our more modest, yet still very comfortable tent.

In the morning we were early astir, and soon at work in the rapids in front of our camping ground.

The stream which empties Grand Lake is about three miles in length, and, although not very broad, presents, on a miniature scale, every feature of a large river. There are short stretches of deep, quiet water, placid as a pond; long reaches of foaming rapids, with huge boulders standing high above the crested waves; rocky precipices over which the waters, pent up by the narrow gorges through which they crowd, leap and roar, seethe and boil, rush and wrestle, till they reach a smoother course, when they spread out into broad shallows with pebbly bottoms, over which they dance and laugh at their recovered freedom. The shore, also, is as various in its aspects as the stream. In some places the woods grow to the very edge, and overhang the water; in others a smooth and grassy strand delights the angler; here steep and frowning banks almost forbid access to the stream; there a sandy beech offers fine footing; while sometimes a swampy shore renders the passage difficult. In spring when the water is high and cold, to fish from a canoe such places as cannot be reached from shore, without wading, is more comfortable; but in summer and early autumn, when the water is low and warm, there is scarcely a good cast on the whole stream that cannot be reached without the necessity of wading knee-deep.

From the foot of Grand Lake, for about one-fourth of a mile, the water flows quickly but smoothly, after which it is broken into a series of rapids, as it passes over a rocky and uneven bed. In these rapids the trout love to lie, and in the last of summer, and the first month in autumn, no better fishing than this fine stream affords, can be found in the world. In the spring, however, the fish are more scattered in the stream, but are taken in large numbers above the dam, where they appear to congregate on the breaking up of the ice. They are, perhaps, more numerous in the spring, than during the summer or autumn, but their average size is much less, and they are neither so strong nor so active; the coldness of the water, perhaps, inducing a sluggishness quite foreign to their motions later in the season. The average size in the spring, in consequence of the great number of small fish taken, will not exceed a pound; but in autumn the small ones appear to have attained a uniform size of about two pounds, and these with the frequent capture of some which weigh two and a half or three pounds, with the occasional achievement of securing one three and a half or four pounds, make a fair average about two pounds and a half.

With suitable tackle the sport is magnificent, for these fish have the habits of the true salmon; they take the fly much in the same way, but much more freely; and when hooked act precisely like their more aristocratic relations. They make the same exciting rushes, the same splendid leaps, and when foiled in their efforts to get rid of the exasperating hook, they go to the bottom to consider matters, or, as most fishermen say "get sulky," and refuse to move. In short, with proper tackle, they give as much sport, and almost as much thrilling excitement as the *Salmo Salar* does with the use of stronger implements.

We spent the morning very pleasantly and took nearly a dozen each

of the splendid fish, which afforded us most delightful sport, and just sufficient exercise to induce good humour and a sharp appetite. We had ceased fishing, and were about returning to the tent, to look after the preparation of breakfast, when Papa and Mr. R., each in a canoe, appeared at the head of the rapid. Seeing us, and not wishing to interfere with our sport, they courteously bade us good morning, asked "what luck," and were on the point of turning back. Upon our assurance that we had concluded our morning's fishing, were about leaving the stream, and that their presence would in no way interfere with us, they informed us that the immediate neighbourhood of the dam was thronged with fishermen, and that a desire for elbow-room had led them to seek it beyond the "Home Circuit." They at once occupied our late places, and were soon as successful as we had been, the fish rising freely to the fly and giving good sport when hooked. Jim and Harry lingered in conversation a few minutes, and were gratified by witnessing two singular occurrences, both of which are worthy of note.

Mr. R. was standing on a rock in the middle of the stream immediately above the rapid. A long cast enabled him to place his fly in the first ridges of the tossing water below. Scarcely had he made his third cast, when a swirl larger than usual, indicated the rise of a fine fish. The indistinguishable turn of the angler's wrist fixed the upper hook of the cast, and down the rapid went the fish, the reel discoursing music eloquent of strength and determination. Masterly management of rod and line soon turned the runaway's head up stream, and careful handling brought him cleverly within reach of the net. Just as this was being put under him, and his capture was considered certain, he gave a splendid leap, which afforded us the first sight we had of him, and exhibited the proportions of the finest trout we had yet seen. Again he made for the rapid, but was snubbed on the very verge of the tumbling water, and was coming home again, slowly but surely. At this critical moment, a small trout, not exceeding three-fourths of a pound, struck the trail fly, and darting into the air directly across the course of the fish already hooked, jerked the fly out of his mouth, and set him at liberty, much to Mr. R.'s disgust, who was not at all pleased with the exchange, nor with this instance of rare magnanimity in a fish. The one taken was a poor equivalent for what we all agreed was apparently one of the largest of the species.

The other incident occurred with Papa, who, fishing from the canoe, had taken several average fish. He was in the act of recovering line for a fresh cast, when he became aware that something had struck the trail fly, but not having seen any signs of a fish, he was in doubt what the obstruction might be. Presently he became convinced that it was a fish, but the strange manner in which it acted, puzzled him exceedingly. However, he proceeded to use both skill and caution, and after most capital handling, he reeled in till the knot which joined the leader to the main line reached the tip of the rod, and would go no further. Papa's astonishment was unbounded. He thought his line bewitched. He knew perfectly well that his leader was but 9 feet long, and yet there was a respectable fish at least 15 feet from him,

while the knot of the leader touched the tip of his rod. As he could not shorten the line sufficiently to bring the fish within reach of the landing net, and as the closest attention of the Indian was required to manage the frail bark in the rapid, he could get no assistance from that quarter; so he directed the canoe to be run ashore. This was done, and the Indian, wading into the water, slipped the net under the captive and bore him to shore. As soon as the weight of the fish was taken from the rod, and allowed the arch to recoil, the fly dangled in the air, and still more increased Papa's astonishment, for there was his 9 foot leader intact, flies all right, and there was a good fish in the net. The mystery was soon solved, for the fish in the net had the trail fly of a leader, with two other flies attached to it, firm in his mouth. By a strange chance the upper fly of this leader had caught the trail fly of Papa's, just as he was lifting it from the water, and the successful capture of the fish reflected the highest honour on his skill as an angler; for had he, at any time, allowed a single inch of slack line, the two hooks would have fallen apart, and Papa would probably have concluded that he had caught a floating twig or chip, invisible in the broken water, and would never have known that bad management had lost him a trophy of which the most skilful angler might be proud.

We now left our kind friends to pursue their sport, being reminded by them of our appointment at ten o'clock, and returned to our tent, where Sabattis had all the preliminaries of breakfast prepared. The trout were soon roasted in a manner peculiar to Harry, an omelet fried, coffee made, and these, with the assistance of a sharp appetite produced by exercise, good bread, delicious butter, and new milk furnished by Mr. Gould, who every morning supplied these dainties, enabled us to enjoy breakfast with a zest and relish to which city life is a total stranger.

Breakfast is a pleasant meal to the angler, for it is never hurried—his morning sport is over, and the exercise of the previous hours not only induces a good appetite, but disposes him to indulge in the *dolce far niente* of repose, after a hearty meal. There are no business cares to hurry him, no news of the day to be devoured, no pressing letters to be answered,—but there is the delightful consciousness that nothing which would, in the slightest degree, interfere with his comfort need occupy his attention. Hence the charm of camp life; and our invalid enjoyed this respite all the more because he knew its duration would be limited. Lighting our pipes, we whiled away the hour that intervened till our appointment with our new friends, and as the time approached, we sauntered in the direction of Camp Saptogus, stopping to exchange courtesies with the numerous parties of fishermen who were encamped between our location and that of our friends.

This spring the gathering was a large one, and when we reached the stream, no fewer than thirteen snow-white tents dotted the green surface of the cleared space immediately below the dam. The place presented quite a picturesque aspect, and various groups of sportsmen were variously employed. Some were busily occupied in preparing breakfast, some in partaking of it. Of those who had finished their sport and broken their fast, some were inspecting rods and lines,

selecting flies, and arranging their books preparatory to a trip up the lake, where the sport was varied by trolling for toag, or angling for speckled trout; others were superintending the preparation of their morning trophies for the smoke-house; all were occupied in some of the various avocations that lend charms to the angler's holiday, and from all we met that hearty good will and courteous attention which distinguish the intercourse of all true sportsmen. In one of these groups we met Charles and Fred, who were also paying a morning visit to some acquaintances. We exchanged compliments, and accompanied them in their morning calls, receiving hearty welcome and flattering attentions from all. We found that all had met with fair sport; some favourites of fortune having taken as many as two dozen fish. Sauntering on to our friends' quarters, we found Papa and Mr. R. equipped for their walk, and waiting only our arrival. They informed us that they had had fine sport after we left them, and had desisted only when a summons to breakfast reminded them of the hour.

We now all set off on our walk to the top of the hill, which was not far, but the steepness of the ascent, the thick growth of a species of heather, which often rose to the waist, and the frequent occurrence of fallen trees, made our progress slow—in some places difficult. These trifling obstacles, however, were soon overcome, and in half an hour we were on the summit, filling our lungs with the delightful air, and enjoying the rare beauties spread out on every side.

We appeared to be in the centre of a panorama of lakes, studded with islands of all sizes and of every shape. Distant ranges of wooded hills bounded the view on every side. In the immediate foreground Grand Lake stretched its silvery expanse, broken only by densely wooded islands, whose green foliage, with the overhanging clouds and blue sky, were reflected in the calm depths of its placid waters. On the left, the stream we have before described wound its sinuous way like a thread of silver on a ground of emerald green, till it was lost in the distant waters of Big Lake. On the right, every link in the chain of lakes through which we had passed on our upward journey, was visible, with Princeton in the extreme distance, and the Indian Village at Point Pleasant, with its humble church, plainly perceptible; while green fields, dotted with grazing herds, comfortable farm-houses, and clustering orchards, alternated with dense forests, sloping hills, deep valleys and winding streams.

For some moments each stood silently gazing on this magnificent scene, and indulging in the various emotions it excited.

"There," said Papa, at length, "did I at all exaggerate the beauties of this view?"

"By no means," replied Jim, "your enthusiastic description prepared me for something grand, but I did not expect this pleasant surprise. I have stood on the top of Mount Misery in St. Kitts, and have scaled the highest accessible peaks in the beautiful island of Nevis, from each of which I admired the beauty of the Carribean Sea, and looked down on tall palms, fragrant orange groves, and waving fields of feathery canes, rustling in the breeze; I have seen all the vaunted beauties of the Antilles—these gems studding the ocean's breast—but

nothing finer than the scene before me has ever gratified my sense of beauty or filled my mind with pleasure and admiration. To see such a scene is well worth the journey hither, even if this were its sole object."

"There are many such, and even more sublime scenes within our reach," said Mr. R., "but we are so blind to the beauties of our own country that they attract little attention. Our rising landscape painters are at work, however, and ere long our best scenery will be known and appreciated."

Lighting our pipes, which your old sportsman generally prefers in the woods, we enjoyed our weed, and took in, in detail, all the rare beauties of the prospect; conversation became general and animated. After spending a pleasant hour in this manner, we retraced our steps to camp, and a glass of lager, a cracker and a morsel of cheese, were relished after our exercise.

The trout of St. Croix, less cautious than the salmon, will take the fly at all hours of the day, particularly in the spring. After luncheon Charles proposed to drop down in a canoe to Big Fall and spend the rest of the morning in that locality. Fred preferred a ramble with his gun in the open woods that lay in the rear of the camp, in which Jim expressed a wish to join. Papa and Mr. R., who had enjoyed fine sport in the morning, voted for the cool camp and a book, so Harry was left to his choice, either to accompany Charles, or seek amusement by himself. He chose the former, and in a short time each was engaged as his inclinations prompted.

Half-past three o'clock found Charles and Harry back to the camp, and as the hour of four approached, Mr. R. became impatient for the appearance of Fred and his companion. He had lived many years in India, had acquired some of the habits of old Indiamen, and was particular about dinner. He always insisted upon punctuality, and contended that no one had a right to ruin the dishes by keeping them waiting. On this occasion, happily, his equanimity was not disturbed, for in a few moments Fred and Jim appeared, with two fine specimens of the squirrel, Jim having shot one of the flying species, and Fred having fortunately secured a beautiful little ground squirrel. No more important game had crossed their path, but a ravenous appetite had amply awarded their exertions.

Mr. R. thoroughly understood and fully appreciated the large share that substantial fare and a good *cuisine* have in enhancing the pleasures of camp life, and was always attended on his holiday excursions by his Major-domo and Steward, who had exclusive charge of the kitchen, and was responsible for the proper preparation and cleanly serving of the various meals. Without exhibiting the weakness of the *gourmand* Mr. R. defended the practical philosophy of the *bon vivant*, and was firmly convinced that human happiness was closely connected with good digestion. A few minutes sufficed to perform the slight preliminary toilet, and Hamlin announced that dinner was served.

We took our seats at a well-spread board, which exhibited, perhaps, more variety than is usual in camp life, and the absence of silver plate by no means lessened the gusto with which the viands were attacked.



The great charm of dinner in camp consists in the total absence of all useless formality, and the perfect ease which sporting habits admit; while well-bred politeness is never forgotten by gentlemen, there is a heartiness and freedom from restraint which tend to put all at ease, and to bring out, under the most favourable circumstances, the conversational powers of each.

Our hosts possessed the happy faculty of making their guests feel perfectly at home, and, while indulging in the pleasure of satisfying a good appetite, all participated in lively and interesting conversation.

No mistake is greater than the common one which supposes sportsmen to be rough, uncultivated specimens of the *oi polloi*, without refinement, or taste for anything but slaughter. The true sportsman is the most humane being in this strange world of ours; he never kills for the mere sake of killing. It is not destructiveness that is gratified in the pursuit of sport. No man can be more solicitous to spare his victim unnecessary pain, and no man can say with more sincerity than the sportsman, "I would not count among my list of friends \* \* \* \* the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." The party seated around that bark table was composed of men of education, general intelligence and refinement, and after our appetites were satisfied, and the dishes removed, we lingered over a glass of wine, smoked our pipes, and conversed on every topic that interests intelligent men.

"Papa," asked Mr. R., "have you seen the announcement of a new book by a modern Chrichton, a man who is an adept in every science; soldier and engineer as well as painter and sculptor; who has written, and is about publishing, a work of fiction, said to be the strangest, as well as the most interesting that has appeared even in this day of sensation writers?"

"No," replied papa, "I have not! Who is he? Have you seen the announcement, gentlemen?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry, "I have a recollection of seeing the work alluded to in some of the Court Journals. If my memory serves me, the gentleman is a *protegè* of Louis Napoleon, and at his instance the work was written. I cannot recall the name of the author, but I distinctly remember seeing his rare talents and acquirements lauded in the paper I refer to. The circumstance is impressed on my memory by the act which called forth the allusion. This gentleman is said to be gifted with rare physical as well as mental powers, and attracted some notice in London by jumping into the Thames and saving the life of a sailor who was in imminent danger of drowning. I have not, however, seen or heard anything more about the wondrous book. I imagine its publication must be suspended. The circumstance had entirely slipped my memory till your question recalled it."

"No wonder," said Mr. R. "Literature has of late years, taken so much the serial form, and such numbers of excellent periodicals are pouring from the press on both sides of the Atlantic, that it is quite impossible to keep up with current literature, and at the same time cultivate an acquaintance with the best writers of the last century, and the first decades of this. A young man, if he has business to occupy his attention, can scarcely find time to skim the cream of our own

writers, much less read the excellent works of Steele, Addison, Sydney Smith, and a host of others equally worthy of perusal. Consequently these and the magnificent oratory of Chatham and Sheridan, the splendid eloquence of Wyndham and Burke, the lofty imagery of Chalmers and Kirwan, and the wit and humour of Swift and Butler, are not at all familiar to our young men. We all acquire a good idea of ancient oratory at school, in our study of the classics, but if Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and Edward Everett had not lived in our own time, our young men would scarce know anything of modern eloquence. My reading was principally done when I was a much younger man, and I often involuntarily draw comparisons between the literature of the present day and that of an earlier date, sometimes, I think, favourable to the latter."

"That is true," said Charles, "and I much regret that want of leisure curtails my general reading. People talk of *killing time*, for my part I do not understand this. I cannot find time enough to cherish, much less can I afford to kill it. I have managed to read Lamb, Matthew Arnold, Keats, Longfellow, Browning, Bryant, Tennyson, Sydney Smith, Dickens and Whittier, and they are 'Household Words' by my fireside; but for the last ten years my especial pet reading has been among Physiologists and Physicists. Two years I devoted to the study of Mycology, and I have a general smattering of all the collateral branches of medical science—a mere patchwork of facts and generalizations. I have put one leg over the fence which separates the *oi Hoddoi* from Chemistry, Microscopy and Structural Botany. I have had both shanks over into the field where the great bull, Natural Science, stalks a king. I should certainly have been gored had not my wife and children called out to me, in piteous tones, through the knot-holes of the fence, the cry being—*Bread and Butter*. Had I been a rich man, I should, of course have been a shining light among scientific luminaries, but as it is, I must be content to worship the divine light from a distance."

"You are as unfortunate as I am," said Fred. "The moving spring within me is a morbid curiosity. If I am told, or if I read, that in the human composition there is the thousandth part of a grain of borax or beeswax, I cannot rest; I read myself blind in order to ascertain the primal object of such a mixture—the why and the wherefor. If I don't succeed I am miserable, with unknown borax-and-beeswax-operations going on night and day in my system, to which I am a stranger. My present scientific hobby is the cryptogamic origin of malarious fever, and I have injured my eyes by constant working over a microscope."

"Well, Fred," said Papa, "I commend to your notice the great question which is now agitating the public mind—the engendering of trichina and such like interesting creatures, by eating of unwell porkers."

"A capital study," said Charles, "and the very thing for microscopic discovery. Why, scientific men salute each other in phrases implying the duplex arrangement; national financial troubles are referred to the presumed prevalence of this disease among Congressmen; the fluctuations of the currency follow the ups and downs of this plea-

sant parasite; shuddering humanity stands aghast, and with 'bated breath' the salutation is, 'my good friend, are you troubled with Triciniasis?'

"Pshaw!" said Fred: "because a few gluttonous Germans, who will eat raw pork, have mysteriously defuncted, a hue and cry is raised against good hams and bacon! Let our panic-stricken people see that their pork is first compounded of proper elements, such as cereals and acidulated milk, then properly cooked, and I'll guarantee them against Triciniasis. A popular remedy for the *oi hoddoi* will be—

Rx.	Ol. Terebinth,.....	3 oz,
	Rum, Punch,.....	20 oz.
	Ol. Olivæ,.....	3 oz.
	Fiat Mistura.	

"I fear," said Harry, "your medicine will make the disease popular. The middle term of your prescription, especially, in so liberal a dose, will make people content with their abdominal guests. As long as doctors prescribe so agreeable a medicine, they will use the major and minor terms outside, swallow the middle term, and laugh at the bugbear."

"And very wisely," replied Fred. "I doubt if the present panic will induce the working man to forego his pork."

"Fred," asked Papa, "whom do you call the 'working man?' The President works, the Secretary of State works, and all our high offices call upon the physical as well as the mental powers of their occupants."

"Well, sir," replied Fred, "I must admit the query is not easily answered. We have learned the phrase from our English cousins, forgetting that the mythological personage whom charitable old ladies and nervous gentlemen delight to hug, nurse and patronize, under the title of the *Working Man*—spelling the words with capitals—does not exist as a separate class in America. I am forgetful sometimes: pray excuse me."

"A very amusing instance of absence of mind once came under my notice," said Papa. "Judge M——, a benevolent, kind-hearted man who travelled the circuit of F——, was very absent-minded, and was constantly doing the strangest things. Arriving late one night at the house where he always put up when in that neighbourhood, he found the family in great trouble from the death of their infant child, who had always been a puny little morsel of humanity—too small to weather the storms of infancy. However, the family were quite worn out by sleepless nights, spent in watching by turns the flickering spark which had at length expired, and the Judge, with his usual kindness, offered to sit up with the little corpse, and allow his friend to get the sleep he so much needed. The Judge made this offer the more readily as he had some writing to do, and a judgment to consider in a long-pending case. Immediately after supper, he took his valise which contained his notes and writing materials, retired to the chamber in which the tiny piece of inanimate clay reposed on a large and comfortable bed, and telling his friend that he would be obliged to leave at day-break, and that he would not disturb the family, was soon deeply immersed in conflicting evidence and legal technicalities. Several hours passed,

and the Judge, having finished his writing and made up his judgment, began to get weary, and felt like taking a nap, as two hours still remained before daylight. Approaching the bed, he looked at the little corpse for the first time, which excited his surprise at its diminutive proportions. He thought it was a very small occupant for so large a bed; and he could not see the necessity of a weary man depriving himself of sleep for the purpose of watching over the safety of what could be well guarded otherwise. So, looking round the room, he saw a bureau with a key in one of its drawers. Enveloping the corpse in one of the coverlets, he deposited it in the bureau, locked the drawer, placed the key in his pocket, and, occupying the bed himself, was soon sound asleep. In the morning at day-break, the Judge rose hastily, took his valise, and proceeding to the barn, harnessed his horse, and took his leave without disturbing his weary friend, expecting to reach the court township in time for breakfast. He had proceeded several miles on his way, and was busily cogitating over that complicated suit which still worried him, when he was startled by loud calls behind him. On turning, he saw a man on horseback making towards him at full speed. Drawing rein, he waited to learn the reason of this unexpected summons, when his friend and host of the previous night rode up, and in breathless tones demanded what the Judge had done with his child.

“‘My dear sir,’ said the Judge, ‘what child? I know nothing of any of your children. Have you lost one?’”

“‘Oh, Judge, pray don’t joke. My infant—my dead child—the one you watched last night.’”

“‘Yes, yes, yes,’ said the Judge, ‘I had quite forgotten. Here, take this key, unlock the second drawer of the bureau, and you will find your child. I am very sorry to have given you this trouble, but really, I quite forgot the circumstance.’”

“‘I wonder,’ said Fred, ‘if the infant was as small as one I saw the other day. It could creep into a quart pot.’”

“‘Pooh!’ said Charles; ‘I have seen a full grown fellow walk into two quart pots.’”

“‘I suppose,’ said Fred, ‘that is what you call the *retort ambiguous*.’”

“‘Did you ever hear a good instance of the *retort flattering*?’” asked Jim, “‘I once heard a very happy one. At rehearsal Mr. Forrest was dissatisfied with the manner in which an actor spoke an important speech; placing himself in the other’s position, he proceeded to show him how the words should be delivered, and went through the speech in his usual effective manner. ‘There, that’s what I mean. Can you not do it so?’ ‘No sir,’ said the actor, ‘if I could, do you think I would be acting here for twenty dollars a week?’”

“‘Why is it,’ asked Fred, ‘that we have so few great actors? While in all other professions the list of names on the rolls of fame is as long as the moral law, you can jot off on the fingers of your two mawleys, all the great names since the time of Roscius, and have several digits to spare for those who are to come.’”

“‘The reason, I think, is obvious,’ replied Jim. “‘A great actor must possess all the natural faculties and graces in their highest per-

fection. He must have a good physique, a good voice, and a good education; he must speak, sing, fence and dance well. A clergyman might attain celebrity lacking a leg, an arm or an eye; so also might a statesman, a doctor or a musician, but no matter what their talents, these men could not be actors. Added to the physical excellencies necessary to fame in this art, great intellectual versatility is needed; a peculiar fineness of mental texture, always rare, and very seldom on the stage. With all these mental and physical requisites, great study and practice are essential. The number of men that nature fits for great actors is not large, and of these few ever find their way to the footlights, so that *great actors will always be rare.*"

"I think," observed Mr. R., "that the strong prejudice heretofore existing against the stage, as being antagonistic to the church, has tended to prevent men of fine talent from adopting the histrionic profession. In spite of this prejudice the stage has become an established institution in every civilized country, and is, I think, as popular as ever."

"More so, in my opinion," said Papa, "this prejudice is losing its influence, and the removal of some objectionable features in the management of Theatres, will tend much to dispel it entirely, except among the more strict and austere sectarians. Prejudice is so essentially the child of education, that every generation has its own. I was much amused, some years since, at the use of the word by a fine old Canadian gentleman. I was in Montreal on business, and accepted an invitation to dine on Sunday with a Mons. B——, a descendant of an old French family, who retained all the habits of his ancestors. After dinner, somewhat to my surprise, cards were introduced and I was asked to make up a whist party. This was so much opposed to my principles that I begged to be excused. 'O, certainly, certainly,' said the courteous old gentleman, with a bow that would have done honour to Louis Quinze, 'I always respect these *little prejudices!*'"

Many anecdotes and laughable jokes were told, each contributing his share to the general amusement, until, at a late hour, Fred proposed, if the morning were fine, to make an excursion up the lake as far as Ox Brook. This proposal met with general favour, and having arranged that we should start immediately after breakfast, we took leave of our hospitable entertainers and sought repose in our own quarters.

## CHAPTER II.

The morning was bright and fair, and gave promise of a fine day for our excursion up the lake. As we had arranged to breakfast before our start we decided to walk to Big Fall and spend an hour or two in fishing that cast, and those in the immediate proximity. On reaching the place we found the water several feet above its usual level, and the whole stream filled with logs, which a party of drivers were running through to Big Lake preparatory to rafting them for the voyage to Princeton.

All the timber cut on the chain of lakes above Big Lake has to pass through this stream. In its ordinary state, so many shallows and ob-

structions exist as to render the work one of great labour and difficulty. To lessen these a substantial dam, with five gates, has been built at the foot of Grand Lake. These gates can be lowered or lifted at pleasure, and this enables the stream-drivers to raise such a head of water that the shallows are easily passed, and the difficulties presented by gorges and ledges, in a great measure overcome.

Several large rafts had reached the dam during the last two days; the gates had been closed, a fine head of water had been raised, and the logs, having passed through the gates, were now hurrying and jostling each other in their mad race down the rushing stream. Men followed the main body, and the whole length of the stream presented a scene of bustling activity.

As it was useless to attempt fishing while the drive lasted, we spent an hour very pleasantly in watching the operations of a gang of men, who were employed in breaking a "jam," which had formed just below the Fall, where the water pitches over a ledge into a long stretch of wild rapids. Above this ledge the channel of the stream is very narrow, deep and rapid, but the rise in the water, consequent on lifting the gates, caused the stream to overflow this channel, and spread over a rocky and rugged shore. A short turn in the stream, just above the ledge, offered every facility for the formation of a jam, and the utmost activity was necessary to prevent this dangerous and troublesome occurrence. About a dozen men were as busy as bees in a strange hive; they seemed to possess the gift of ubiquity, for they were everywhere at once, with keen eyes, steady feet, and strong hands, pushing, prizing, and rolling with strong levers, the logs that grounded, or caught against the rocks of the shore. Notwithstanding their most strenuous exertions, the nucleus of what might grow to be a very serious jam had formed on the very verge of the pitch into the rapid, and unremitting exertions were being made to prevent its growing; while several men took turns in the difficult task of cutting through the "key log" or one that held all the rest. This once divided, the obstruction would be removed, and the whole jam, log by log, would tumble over the ledge, and find ample room in the broader stream below. The difficulty extended only part of the way across the stream, commencing on the hither shore, and the object of the men was to guide the rapidly arriving logs past the outer edge of the jam, and send them over the ledge through the narrow passage that was still open. Wonderful activity and daring courage were every instant exhibited. Sometimes a man would make a prodigious leap, and alight on a log that threatened to lodge; this would set it rolling in the water. With all the skill of a rope-dancer, and all the quickness of a practised acrobat, this man would maintain his footing on the rolling log, guide it along the outer edge of the jam, and when it approached the leap, would spring from it to the one nearest, and from that to the next, until he regained the shore. While these, and various other daring and dangerous feats were being performed on all sides, one man was constantly wielding the axe, and the obstructing log was now cut nearly half-way through. This was on the imminent verge of the leap, the log was nearly submerged, and as the only footing was on the log itself, the duty was not only difficult,

but also full of danger, for the immense pressure behind might, at any moment, break the log, and precipitate the operator, as well as the whole jam into the boiling torrent below, where almost certain death awaited him. But, as cool and self-possessed as if they were cutting a back-log for their Christmas fire, these men took their turns at the terrible task till the situation became extremely critical. But a few more strokes were needed, when the director of the drive, Frank W——te, a slight, lithe young man, with a mild blue eye, looked first at the log, then at the immense mass behind it, as if calculating its weight and the momentum it would have when in motion; then seizing the axe, he gave several vigorous strokes, and just as the log began to bend to the pressure behind, he leaped to the next above it and made his way to shore over the moving mass, just as the main body went tumbling over the ledge.

The effect was strange and grand. Sometimes a log, meeting an obstruction, and forced by those behind and under it, would rear up perpendicularly, remain balanced a moment on its end, then fall over into the rapid; again a log would shoot over the ledge with such velocity, that for two-thirds of its length it would retain its horizontal position, then, like a skilful diver, pitching headlong down, would disappear in the boiling water below.

For more than an hour did we watch this exciting work; the huge logs being pitched about by the mad waters like straws in a babbling brook. The jam having been broken, and the logs now running freely, Frank had time to talk, and he told us many exciting stories of "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field," for he had been through the war, having volunteered among the first. He had returned only a month previously, and a strong love for the free and exciting life of a lumberman had enticed him back to the scenes of his youth. He was a frank, intelligent man, with a fine expressive countenance; he had undergone much hardship during the campaigns, and had met with many strange adventures: a quaint and racy manner of relating his experiences made his narratives highly entertaining. As a fine specimen of the American lumberer, we shall not soon forget him, his pleasant face, nor his respectful attentions.

He told us that on one occasion he had very narrowly escaped death while breaking a jam, which had resisted the efforts of the party for several days; and as the water was falling rapidly, there was danger that the whole "drive" would remain in the stream all summer, causing great loss to the whole party. For the first two days they could not discover, owing to the depth of water, the immediate cause of the obstruction; but as the stream fell the difficulty was disclosed. As in the case just described, a single log had lodged across the stream, each end being bound by a rock. It became absolutely necessary to cut through this log; but from its position, and its depth under water, to do this was not only extremely difficult but imminently dangerous, for there were no means of retreating when the log began to yield: the only mode of escape was to plunge into the water below the ledge, and swim to shore before the moving mass above could extricate itself. The labour of chopping was very severe, and, consequently progressed

slowly; but by taking turns, the men had cut through about one-third of the obstructing log, and on each stroke of the axe depended, perhaps, the life of the man who wielded it. A proposition was made to determine by lot, who should undertake to give the final *coup* to the work. Frank, however, with the same self-devotion that led him to give a ready and cheerful response to the call of his country when she needed the aid of her stalwart sons, volunteered for the dangerous service. Divesting himself of all that could encumber his freedom of action—his heavy boots and thick outer frock or blouse,—and sending the men below the fall, where they took stations on points favourable for rendering him assistance when he had emerged from the water after his desperate plunge, he took the axe and made his way to his standing point on the rock that held the shoreward end of the log. Scarcely had he made his first stroke ere the immense pressure from behind caused the log to bend like a reed. Quick as thought he cast the axe to the shore and plunged headlong into the ice-cold water that foamed and chafed in the rapids below the ledge. He had no sooner disappeared than the whole mass above was in motion, and an avalanche of logs rushed after him, as if determined to immolate the daring hand that had disturbed their repose. Fortunately, he had not miscalculated either his quickness or his strength; he rose a few yards from the nearest point below, where friendly hands were ready to assist him out of his cold bath. He was not an instant too soon, for the basin and rapids were immediately filled with logs, whirling and crossing each other, as if in search of their intended victim.

As several hours, at least, would be occupied in running the logs through the stream, we gave up all idea of fishing, returned to tent, despatched an early breakfast, and joined our friends in Camp Saptog, whom we found busily preparing for the lake.

Sabattis had brought his canoe over the portage, the few things necessary had been brought from the tent, and we only awaited the packing of the basket which contained lunch for the party. Hamlin early had this ready: depositing it in the largest canoe, we were soon afloat on the clear waters of Grand Lake.

Three canoes, two in each, sufficed for the whole party, and gave us all an opportunity of using our trolling rods, in the hope of catching some *toag*, a fish of the same species as the "Great Lake Trout" of the western waters, which abound in Grand Lake, and sometimes attain a weight of 20 lbs.

The mode of capturing this fish is very simple, and although it affords some exercise and excitement, requires but little skill or dexterity. The *toag* seldom takes the fly or bait of any kind except a small live fish; but it is attracted by the artificial minnow, and the implement known as a "spoon," generally called by Americans "a Buel," from the name of the maker and patentee. These are trolled on a long line, up, down and across those parts of the lake frequented by the fish.

They strike with energy and determination: the motion of the canoe performs the office of the fly-fisher's wrist, and seldom fails to fasten the hook securely. The *toag* occupies in the genus *salmo* the position



of the phlegmatic Dutchman in the genus *homo*; he has neither the sprightliness of the speckled trout, nor the energy and pluck of the salmon, and offers only the dogged resistance of vulgar strength, without the addition of cunning and *finesse*; consequently, little more is required than strong tackle and a steady hand. A salmon rod is useless, for the toag has as little inclination to fight gamely as a Dutchman has to dance a fandango; he never shows himself till compelled to, and when forced to the surface he sullenly resigns himself to his fate, spluttering, no doubt, in fish language, "Dunder en blixen."

The morning was delightful; scarcely a breeze rippled the surface of the water, and every rock, tree and leaf, with the fleecy clouds and clear blue sky beyond, were accurately reflected from the calm depths, or broken into all kinds of fantastic shapes, as the motion of the paddles distorted the mirror. We breathed the fine air with positive pleasure, admired the splendid scenery, smoked our pipes, and indulged, for the time, in all the pleasures of indolence. A loud shout from Mr. R.'s canoe, which preceded us a short distance, announced that he had struck the first fish, and we drew up to witness the capture, but really there was nothing to see—it was a simple question of strength; of course the strong trolling rod and the hempen line had it all their own way. As the fish would not fight he was steadily reeled in, and, without making even an effort for his life, was brought alongside, the gaff used, and he spluttered out his last "ach Gott" in the bottom of the canoe. It was a finely-formed fish, weighing 15 pounds; and a close inspection satisfied Jim that there was no room for doubt as to the species. He had caught many such in Lake Michigan, and he only regretted that here, as well as there, so fine and strong a fish should give so little sport to the angler. As they are inferior to the St. Croix trout for the table, and as they offered so poor a substitute for these in the way of sport, we lost no time in fishing for them, but made our way steadily up the lake, till we reached the mouth of Ox Brook.

Here we landed, and putting up our trout rods, soon exchanged tame and unexciting murder for brisk skirmishing and alternate defeat and victory with the speckled trout that inhabit the brook, and lie in the confluence of the waters.

These trout are not large, seldom exceeding a pound or a pound and a half in weight, but with delicate tackle they afford fine sport. The slender rods of American manufacture, copied as they are from the best English trout rods, are splendid instruments for stream fishing; where the trout seldom exceed a pound; but for the heavier fish of Umbagog and Richardson's Lakes, the strong and heavy St. Croix trout, and the still larger ones of Lake Superior, these rods are too light, and deprive the angler of the highest enjoyment of the sport, that of killing his fish with the *Rod*, instead of with the *line*. In consequence of the extreme slightness of these rods it is impossible to handle heavy fish on the *arch*, and a *straight rod*, bringing the whole strain on the line, is necessary to control the fish, and draw him within reach of the net. Now, the very essence of scientific angling consists in managing, with some philosophy and much skill, a moving arch, for even casting the fly depends on the arch formed by the rod. From the

moment the fish is hooked till he is in the net or on the gaff, this arch, either longer or shorter, should never be lost. It prevents the fish exerting his full strength on the hook, the leader, or the line, for every effort is met by a *yielding* resistance, just as a horse cannot exert his strength to advantage with elastic traces. This arch, when properly managed, prevents the captive ever getting an inch of slack line, which is pretty sure to be followed by the rejection of the hook. Papa's feat related in our last chapter, is a very pretty illustration of the whole philosophy of angling, and simple as it seems when related, it required coolness, skill and judgment. Had the arch for one moment been broken, the two hooks would have fallen apart; and yet as Papa, did not know the state of the case, no *special effort* was made to prevent this, but long habit had made the maintenance of the arch an instinct, which in this case proved the correctness of the theory and the utility of the practice. If the anglers who every season frequent Grand Lake, would adopt rods better suited from their size and strength, to the work they have to perform, they would find their pleasure much enhanced, and their rods none the worse for the hard work, which in a single day's good fishing, totally ruins their slight ones. Such a rod as Scribner of St. John will furnish, in two or three parts, as may be preferred, with extra tip, for \$9, will be found admirably adapted to the St. Croix fishing. The writer has used the same rod on the stream three seasons; it has never been broken, never strained, and is as straight and elastic as the day it was made, now ten years since.

We took quite a number of brook trout, which afforded a pleasing variety, for the speckled beauties are the angler's first love, and he never forgets his allegiance. As we intended to proceed on an exploring expedition up the brook, and, if the state of the weather permitted, to go to the Lake which it empties, we now got out Hamlin's basket, and prepared for that pleasant episode of the angler's day—lunch!

When operations are conducted near camp, lunch brings the whole party together, and a most agreeable hour is usually spent. It is taken during the hottest part of the day, when there is little disposition for active exercise, but a great readiness for conversation. In Camp Saptogus, lunch was an "institution." At lunch the feats of the morning, and all the little episodes that give such charms to angling, were related and commented on, and fish in some shape, was the staple topic of interest. After dinner, conversation, by common consent, took a wider range, and fish-talk was seldom introduced. While discussing, the bottles of beer, sandwiches, sardines, crackers and cheese which Hamlin's care had provided, the habit of the camp was maintained, and the merits of rods, reels, hooks and lines were discussed.

The only drawback to our complete comfort was the pertinacious attacks of black flies, midges and mosquitoes, which, at this place, as well as on the stream below, seemed, from their numbers, to be holding high carnival. These pests are the angler's *bete noir*, and he must make up his mind to endure some alloy with his happiness. No application has yet been discovered which will effectually prevent these insects from biting. Olive oil with a small portion of the essential oil of pennyroyal, is a partial preventive, and the oil of tar, though not

so agreeable an application to the skin, is still more efficacious. But the only really effectual mode of keeping them at a respectful distance is to surround the bivouac with smoke, and thus save your skin at the expense of your eyes. The midge and mosquito are simply annoying, but the small black fly is perfectly maddening to those who are unfortunate enough to possess a sensitive epidermis. Pertinaciously they persist in their merciless attacks, and find their way into ears, eyes and nostrils, and through every unguarded aperture in the clothing. Their bite generally brings blood, and always leaves an intollerable itching which the slightest irritation serves only to increase. Liquid ammonia applied to the bites seems to neutralize the acid that causes the itching, and the subsequent use of glycerine restores the smoothness of the skin and soothes the pain. After a time the blood appears to become inoculated with their virus, and their bite causes but little pain or annoyance. The initiatory process, however, is far from agreeable, and to some persons quite destroys the pleasure of forest life. But for your true sportsman there is a charm in its freedom that more than compensates for these and other *désagremens*. The writer has had considerable experience of several localities both in Maine and the Provinces, but he will back Grand Lake Stream, in the months of June and July, against the world, for producing the black fly in perfection.

"Harry," asked Fred, "can you tell me wherein the merits of the O'Shaughnessy hook consisted? I never saw one, but I have read and heard so much of it, that I would like to understand something more about it."

"Well, sir," replied Harry, "I believe I can tell you all that is now known about the matter, and fortunately I have a fly in my book dressed on a hook by the veritable O'Shaugh. himself, an inspection of which, and a comparison with the more recent 'Hollow Point,' and the old 'Limerick,' will enable you to understand all about them. O'Shaughnessy was an intelligent, ingenious Irish gentleman, and an enthusiastic angler. He was disgusted with the wretched hooks then in use, which were principally of the old Limerick pattern, and, added to their bad shape, they had the further fault of being badly tempered, sometimes so soft that they straightened out, and sometimes so hard that they broke like pipe-stems. O'Shaughnessy felt the want of good hooks so much, that he set to work to make them for himself, and after numerous experiments he produced a splendidly-tempered, but very rough and clumsy hook, as you see this one is, and of shape essentially different from those then in vogue. All Limerick hooks are not necessarily good ones; the name was given simply because the manufacture of hooks, on a large scale, was first commenced in Limerick, and at that time they were considered, and perhaps were in reality, the best hooks made. Ever since, the name has been given to hooks of all kinds, and now-a-days very few anglers know what the old-fashioned Limerick hook really was. A glance at these, the O'Shaugh. and the old Limerick hooks, will show you the essential points of difference between them, and I will try to explain in what, I think, the superiority of O'Shaugh's invention consists; for the old pattern Lim-

crick hooks are still made, well-tempered, and by some anglers preferred to all others, not excepting even the improved *hollow point*, indubitably the best hook ever made. You see that the bend of this genuine old Limerick brings the return in a line parallel with the shank, and that, when moving in the line of draft, the extreme point tends inwards, which allows it to pass over the surface without taking hold,—for instance, take firm hold of the shank of this and draw it across the back of your hand,—you see that it traverses easily in the line of draft without the point penetrating the skin. Now, observe this O'Shaugh., the point sets outward, at a considerable angle to the shank so that it cannot move in the line of draft without at once taking hold of the surface. Observe also the different angle at which the barb joins the point—in this old Limerick the curve of the hook brings it partially across the point, which makes it difficult to penetrate over the barb. In this O'Shaugh. you will observe that the barb forms a gradually inclined plane like a finely-tapered wedge, offers the smallest possible resistance that a good barb can offer, and is easily buried in the flesh. You will see further that the narrowness of the bend in the old Limerick does not admit of a good hold being taken, and it is constantly compressing that hold into the narrow turn, causing the flesh to break and the hold to be lost. In the O'Shaugh. you will see that the full round bend has no tendency to compress the hold, and that the outward curve below the barb allows the flesh to expand, giving the smaller barb all the hold of the larger one of the old Limerick, without its objection of difficult entrance. These are the main points involved in the two, and I think you now clearly understand the merits and demerits of these celebrated hooks."

"Thank you, sir," said Fred, "for your clear explanation. I think I fully understand the matter now; but is this generally understood among anglers? How is it that the *hollow point Limerick*, as it is called, is so generally preferred?"

"The *real* hollow point is a splendid hook, and as I have already said, I consider it the best hook in the world on which to dress a fly. It combines all the good qualities of the O'Shaugh. and is, indeed, substantially the same hook, more neatly made, and still further improved by a better bend. It is called the 'Improved Limerick' by some makers, and the 'Improved Hollow Point Limerick' by others; but it is not, by any means, the 'old Limerick.'"

"What! is this not the Hollow Point Limerick?"

"Certainly not," said Harry, "how can you think so? This hook has not a hollow *point*—it has simply a *curved barb*. Here is the genuine hollow point, and a splendid specimen of its kind, made by Bartlett & Sons of Redditch."

"I always thought that the curve, or *hollow* in the barb of this hook gave it the name, as a cursory glance shows the point to be hollow."

"Pardon me, sir, but the most cursory glance possible does *not* show the *point* to be *hollow*, but *straight*—so straight that it constitutes the great objection to the hook."

"If this be so, how is it that so many good anglers not only *call* it

the hollow point, but prefer it to all others? I know more than one clever angler who will use no other."

"May I ask, without offence, if they are not Americans; for I do not think it possible that an English, Irish, Scotch or Provincial angler could make this mistake."

"They are Americans, but surely they are not more likely to make this mistake than their English or Provincial brothers."

"Pardon me, sir, but in this particular case they are much more likely, for two reasons. The first is that by some strange and most unaccountable mistake, 'Dinks,' in Frank Forrester's 'Fish and Fishing,' gives a drawing of Kelley's celebrated old Limerick hook, and names it the 'Hollow Point Limerick.' The hook he has marked 'Bartlett's,' is a very bad drawing of the genuine hollow point. Norris does not give in his splendidly drawn plate of hooks, on page 65 of the American Angler's Book, the hollow point, by name, but the largest salmon hook in the plate is a nearly perfect representation of the genuine hollow point, made by Bartlett of Redditch—in my opinion the best maker in the world. Norris's drawing of the *old Limerick*, is as far from being correct as Dinks's—they both appear to have been copied, not from the *old Limerick*, but from the much improved pattern which gained Kelly so much celebrity among angling *connoisseurs*. Norris is much nearer the correct shape of Kelly's hook than Dinks is, but still he is far from being perfect. The second reason is that large quantities of the old Limerick hook, which is almost unsaleable in England and the Provinces since the advent of the hollow point, are exported to the States, in papers labelled 'Hollow Point Limerick Hooks,' and supported as they are by the drawing of 'Dinks' in Frank Forrester, they are looked upon as genuine, and the real thing. They sometimes come to the Provinces, but are at once sent back and replaced by the genuine article."

"This is not only new to me, but is also very strange. Are you sure of what you state?"

"Well, sir, you can judge for yourself. Examine these two hooks and tell me which, in your opinion, has the *hollow point*. In this one you see a perfectly straight point with a curved barb, in that a curved point and a straight barb. Now, as the hook takes its name from the point, and not from the barb, I leave you yourself to decide which of the two has the mark which designates the hook."

"Then this hook, which so many of our anglers think the best, is really the worst?"

"In my opinion it is much inferior to the O'Shaughnessy, and vastly so to the real hollow point, which, as I have more than once repeated, I consider the best hook ever made, if the primary object of a hook be to catch fish—which makers and dealers doubt, these gentry thinking that their main object is to catch pennies and cents."

"But sir, how could our anglers be so mistaken, not only as to the name, but also as to the merits of the hook. The mere name does not alter the quality of hooks, nor the nature of things."

"That, I confess, does puzzle me, and I can only account for it from the fact that sportsmen, as a general thing, are not thinkers. The

very qualities that make them good sportsmen indispose them for abstruse thought, and it is seldom that a keen love of sport is combined with an inquiring mind. Hence the mechanical philosophy of such trifles as fish hooks never troubles them. They buy what are supposed to be the best implements of their art, and enjoy their sport none the less because they do not understand the mysteries of lines of draft, centres of resistance, the mechanical properties of the wedge, or the nature and effect of wide bends and narrow bends."

"No doubt you are right sir; but I thought that our American anglers were not so much behind their English and Irish cousins in knowledge of things pertaining to their art."

"And you are right, also, sir. Many American anglers thoroughly understand all I have stated. I have learned much from one of them, — a gentleman not unknown to you, — one possessing the hardly-earned and justly-merited reputation of being one of the best, if not *the* best angler, in the United States, as he is undoubtedly the best painter of fish in America. No doubt there are others who could teach me some things connected with our delightful pursuit. Papa, there, who by his pleasant smile, I opine, fully agrees with all I have said, could doubtless teach me much about the habits and instincts of fish, and perchance some things connected with their capture."

"I do not assume any superior knowledge," said Papa, "the means are within the reach of all who are sufficiently interested in the subject to use them. I have my own peculiar ideas, as has almost every devotee to any pursuit, but so far as you have expressed yours I fully agree with them. What do you think of coloured leaders and dyed gut?"

"I think them admirably adapted to the uses for which they were designed, viz., bottom fishing in deep or turbid waters, but for surface or fly fishing I think them highly objectionable."

"Why so," asked Fred, "they are quite common among our anglers."

"That may be so, but it is by no means an argument in their favour. American anglers know little of English fishing, and are not obliged, like their English fellow-sportsmen, to seek excitement in bait and bottom fishing. Their splendid streams and lakes give them abundance of fly fishing, and I am glad to observe that they do not care much for the inferior sport of bait fishing. In adopting the English practice of using coloured lines, leaders and gut, they have lost sight of their object."

"What objections have you to their use in fly fishing," asked Fred.

"I will endeavour to explain. English bottom fishing is pursued generally in turbid streams. The object is to make their lines invisible to the fish, and to this end they are coloured a neutral tint, which in deep and discoloured water renders them less plainly perceived by fish groping along the bottom; but in fly fishing, you must remember, the fish looks upwards towards the light, and a dark, opaque line is more plainly visible than a light, transparent one. Hence the natural colour of the gut, is less likely to attract attention. In this connection I would also observe that the practice of whipping the knots of their

leaders, which American anglers have also copied from English bottom and bait fishers, is objectionable in fly-fishing, because it makes a series of dark knots, at which the trout rise as often as at the fly. The best mode is to use the double water-knot, which cannot slip, and cut the ends close. This remark applies also to whipping loops on the gut-lengths on which flies are dressed. This dark whipping only attracts the fish and is worse than useless."

"Your notions on these subjects are certainly at variance with those I have imbibed; but you are not without reasons for your practice. Do you endorse these opinions, Papa?"

"Yes, Fred, I fully approve of our friend's practice, and I must admit his theoretical reasoning is conclusive. I commend the whole subject to your attention, as I am quite sure careful consideration will lead you to discard objectionable modes and adopt those which appear best."

We had by this time finished our lunch, and had enjoyed our pipes, as well as our chat, so we resumed our way up the Brook, which, for some distance, was tolerably free from obstructions, and afforded every facility for trout fishing. After having proceeded a short distance the stream narrowed, and, in addition to its tortuous windings, presented so many other obstacles, in the shape of fallen trees, projecting branches and large rocks, that it was unanimously decided the expedition to the lake should be abandoned. We had caught as many trout as we cared for, and all agreed that a return to camp offered more attractions than a continued ascent of the Brook. We retraced our way to the mouth of the stream, and set off on our downward voyage, one rod from each canoe trolling for toag as we went.

Two hours' active paddling brought us to the dam, having taken two smaller toag during the passage. We found that the greater portion of the logs had been passed through the gates, and there was every prospect that the stream would be entirely clear by next morning.

It was now 4 o'clock, and as dinner had been ordered for five, an hour later than usual, we all felt that we had done wisely in exchanging the troublesome passage of Ox Brook for the comforts of the cool camp and a good dinner.

We all assembled in the dining-room, which was simply a bark roof, supported on four upright posts, and shaded from the sun by rows of young trees set along its sides, and whiled away the time in general and animated conversation.

"I was yesterday renewing my acquaintance with some old book friends," said Mr. R. "There is always a fresh pleasure in books, and I never enjoy them more than in my escapades from city life. I always admired the vigour and strength of Chalmers's eloquence, but I yesterday saw new beauties in his fine imagery. Perhaps the freedom from care, induced by this kind of life, fits the mind for a keener relish for beauty of all kinds, whether natural or æsthetical. I was reading one of his sermons—an appeal in favour of the Heathen,—and the following passage has haunted me ever since. In allusion to the first voyage of Sir John Franklin, he said—'and even now, when Hope seems to catch Enthusiasm from Danger, and many thoughts are sus-

pended on a high and perilous enterprise—when the North bursts his icy fetters, unlocks the bars of his imprisoned seas, and breaks up the masses of his tremendous winter,—who are so ready as Scotsmen to dare the terrors of the Arctic sky, and to impel their adventurous prows betwixt the floating fields and frost-reared precipices that guard the secrets of the pole.”

“This imagery is certainly fine,” said Charles, “and is fully equalled by other in his *Astronomical Discourses*. ’Tis long since I read Chalmers: I must renew my acquaintance with his ‘thoughts that breathe and words that burn.’”

“Have you ever observed,” asked Papa, “that unlettered men are greater masters of the pathetic than those who have more cultivated intellects? As a matter of observation, I believe it true; the reason why it is so is not perhaps easy to assign.”

“That unlettered poets more frequently indulge in pathetic writing, may be true,” said Harry; “but that they surpass more cultivated writers in this species of composition, I am not disposed to admit. Addison, Sterne, Goldsmith, Blair, Wilson and Scott, in the past, Hood, Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, Hawthorne, Whittier and Washington Irving, in more recent times, would seem to throw doubt upon this opinion, sir. The field open to unlettered writers is more restricted, hence the preponderance of the pathetic in their poetry, as they naturally employ the simple language in which pathos is conveyed. Deep pathos is never clothed in stilted terms; the more simple the language, the greater its effects on the sensibilities: and in humble life, where the springs of feeling are not corrupted by dissimulation and evil knowledge, the purest, tenderest and strongest virtues are often found. In the writings of the ‘Peasant Poets of Scotland’ as they are often called, ROBERT BURNS, *the Ploughman*, and JAMES HOGG, *the Ettrick Shepherd*, we find proofs of this opinion, and the hold both these writers maintain on the best feelings of our common humanity, in educated circles as well as in lowly life, fully bears out the assertion. I recall a little thing written by Ned Farmer, a rustic poet of one of the mining districts of England—a plain, untaught man of the lower classes. I once heard that fine actor and elocutionist, Couldock, recite the lines, and move a whole audience to tears; but that was due as much to the fine reading as to the words, which, however, are very touching. He called the poem

#### LITTLE JIM.

“The cottage was a thatched one—the outside old and mean,  
 Yet everything within that cot was wondrous neat and clean.  
 The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,  
 A patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child.  
 A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grown dim,  
 They were a collier’s wife and child, they called him Little Jim.  
 And, oh, to see the scalding tears fast hurrying down her cheek  
 As she offered up a prayer in thought—she was afraid to speak,  
 Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life,  
 For she had all a mother’s heart—had that poor collier’s wife.  
 With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer’s bed,  
 And prays that God may spare her child and take herself instead,



She gets her answer from the child—soft fell these words from him,  
 “Mother, the angels sweetly smile, and beckon little Jim;  
 I have no pain, dear mother, now, but oh, I am so dry,  
 Just moisten poor Jim’s lips again, and, mother, don’t you cry.”  
 With gentle, trembling haste she held a tea-cup to his lips,  
 He smiled to thank her as he took, three little, tiny sips.  
 “Tell father, when he comes from work I bade good night to him,  
 And mother, now I’ll go to sleep.”—Alas! poor Little Jim!  
 She saw that he was dying—that the child she loved so dear  
 Had spoken the last words to her, she could ever hope to hear.

The cottage door is open’d, the collier’s step is heard,  
 The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a word.  
 He felt that all was over—he knew his child was dead;  
 He took the candle in his hand and went towards the bed.  
 His quivering lips gave token of the grief he’d fain conceal;  
 And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel.  
 With hearts bowed down with sadness, they humbly ask of Him,  
 In Heaven once more to meet again their own poor Little Jim.”

“I quite agree with you,” said Charles: “the very simplicity of the lines adds to their effect. The most touching thing I ever read was the lament of an Irish peasant over the grave of his wife, and the language was as simple as it was affecting. I scarcely know which to admire most—this, or Dickens’ description of the death of little Nell, which I have always considered a masterpiece of pathetic writing.”

“This is all very fine,” said Fred, “but it makes me feel sad; and if you don’t change the subject I shall be forced to take a lonely stroll and indulge a feeling of melancholy. I wish Hamlin would make haste and serve dinner.”

Fortunately for Fred’s comfort, dinner was now placed on the table, which quite changed the current of conversation. Mr. R. had always some racy anecdotes of his Indian experience to amuse us, which he possessed the happy art of telling with a keen sense of the ludicrous. He diverted us much on this occasion by describing the fear and bewilderment exhibited by his native servants, when they first saw water turned into ice by the freezing apparatus, which was then a novelty in India; and he afterwards convulsed us with laughter by the gravity with which he related impossible feats, which he pretended to have seen performed by Indian Jugglers. The following he told with an air of such sincerity, and so grave a face, as almost to persuade us that he had really seen what he described:—

“A party of Indian Jugglers were performing, as they usually do, in the open air, and after a number of surprising feats of dexterity and deception, which excited as much admiration as wonder, a man walked into the circle with a large coil of rope on his arm. Carefully adjusting this, he threw it perpendicularly into the air. Uncoiling as it ascended, one end was lost to sight, while the other remained in his hand. After giving it several smart jerks to ascertain if it were secure above, he disappeared in a tent, and returned with a monkey, a cat, and a dog. The monkey was first sent up the rope, and ascended till lost to view; then the cat was sent up, which also disappeared; the dog followed, and lastly, the man himself went up, hand over hand,

and as soon as he was out of sight the rope was slowly drawn up till it also disappeared. This ended the performance."

"Well," said Charles, "even this is quite as credible as the strange things said to be done by spiritual media,—which latter do not lack believers."

"The widely-spread belief in this delusion," said Papa, "is certainly a practical comment on the general intelligence of the people, and would seem to indicate that the 'Schoolmaster has been abroad' to little purpose."

"It only shows," said Harry, "that human nature is the same in all ages; and that now, as much as formerly, a blind credence in what is strange and incomprehensible is the distinguishing cacoethes of the common mind."

"True," rejoined Mr. R.; "and it will continue so just as long as people do their thinking by proxy."

"And that, I fear, will be—always," said Charles.

"Let us hope not," said Harry. "Science and reason have had a long fight with ignorance and superstition, but not by any means a fruitless one. Bastion after bastion has given way, stronghold after stronghold has been captured, light and knowledge now penetrate the fastnesses of darkness and credulity; and in your land, at least, great strides have been taken in the direction of freedom of thought.—Whether this will lead to greater happiness, is the question. Moralists still think 'where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.'"

"The question is a puzzling one," said Papa; "and I doubt not the good old dame who wished the curate to read her favourite chapter, that she might again hear the comforting words, Macedonia, Pamphylia, Thyatira, Thrace, was just as happy as if she knew their real meaning."

"I have read somewhere," said Charles, "that 'education is to the human mind what sculpture is to marble in the quarry—that the figure lies hid in the block, and the art of the sculptor only clears away the extraneous rubbish and finds it;' but I fear many a good block is spoilt, for every perfect statue that is produced."

"That figure," said Harry, "was employed by Aristotle to explain to his pupils his doctrine of substantial forms; but it was also used in the form in which you put it by my old friend, Addison, in his Essay on Education, and I have always admired the appropriate application of it. With respect to your conclusion, I can only say let us hope it is not so. We know not, in any instance, the whole result of education; we see not the completed work, when

'The marble, chiselled into life,  
Grows warm.' \* \* \* \* \*

To carry out your figure—the plaster cast is never so beautiful as the clay model, and neither equals the finished statue. May we not consider the clay model as life, the plaster cast, death, and the marble statue as the resurrection? The thought is, at least, more consoling."

"Not only consoling but beautiful," said Charles; "thanks, for the pleasure it affords me."

"Spare my blushes," said Harry: "I fear I have no more claims

to originality in this than good old Addison had in his case. The only merit in either is its application to a new subject. Even if I deserved it, I cannot indulge in such copious libations of praise as the honest farmer could of *curaçoa*."

"Tell us the story," said Fred; "it must be a good one."

"The story is your father's," said Harry. "He told it me to-day; and it was in allusion to it that I spoke, thinking you all familiar with it."

"Come, father," said Fred, "I object to this exclusiveness. Stories are common property in camp. Either you or Harry must repeat it."

"Oh, very well," said Mr. R.; "here it is,—At an agricultural dinner, after the cloth had been removed, and toasts and speeches were in full career, a bluff old farmer, more celebrated for the extent of his acres than for his acquaintance with polite society, and who had indulged freely in the circling bottle, got, by some chance, a liqueur glass of *curaçoa*. Liking the taste very much, and looking with contempt at the diminutive glass, he called a waiter and said—'Look'e, lad; bring me soom o' that i' a moog.'"

"Your anecdote recalls Tennyson's 'Northern Farmer:' the laureate, in none of his writings, evinces a keener appreciation of human nature than in that poem," said Harry.

"I don't like your poets that expatiate so much on human nature," said Fred, impulsively. "Which of them has written anything so fine as Byron's grand portraiture of universal nature? Take, as an instance, his description of the thunder storm in the Alps; that is poetry."

"And I, for my part, don't admire Byron," said Charles,—"he was a sour misanthrope: his poetry never makes me think better of the world—of man and his surroundings."

"Pardon me, sir," said Harry, "but I think you err in calling Byron a sour misanthrope. He certainly was not a hater of his fellow-man, and, really, I cannot recall a line of his writings that would fairly countenance the charge. That he was moody, ironical and sarcastic, and seldom spared his opponents, I admit; but look at his provocations. No man possessed a warmer heart, or a keener sympathy with sorrow and distress; and those who knew him best loved him with a brother's love. We have contemporary evidence of this beyond dispute. Had he been more under restraint in his early youth, he might have been a better and happier man. He seems to point to his own youth in the opening lines of *Lara*; and I have often thought there is a tone of sadness and regret in the lines—

"Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,  
Lord of himself;—that heritage of woe,  
That fearful empire which the human breast  
But holds to rob the heart within of rest!—  
With none to check, and few to point in time;  
The thousand paths that slope the way to crime,  
Then, when he most required commandment, then  
Had *Lara's* daring boyhood govern'd men,  
Its skills not, boots not, step by step to trace  
His youth through all the mazes of its race;  
Short was the course his restlessness had run,  
But long enough to leave him half undone."

Let us admire his genius, honour his good traits of character, and forgive his errors."

"Well," said Charles, "I apologize to his shade, but I can scarce become his defender."

"Apart from the vigour of the language, and the appropriate imagery of the passage Fred has alluded to, did the rare artistic merits of the verse ever strike you? I have often thought a good reader, by proper modulation of voice, and a slower or faster utterance, could so read the following lines as very nearly to imitate the sharp claps, the rattling rolls, and the gradually dying reverberations of thunder.

'Far along—from peak to peak—the rattling crags among  
Leaps the live thunder.'

while the whole passage is suggestive and full of beauty."

"I see what you mean," said Charles; "and, although it never occurred to me before, there is a peculiar fitness in the structure of the verse to convey the idea. In many of our popular songs this artistic selection of words is much assisted by the skill of the composer, who shows his genius in the music to which he adapts them. The song called 'Napoleon's Grave' furnishes a happy instance of the fine adaptation of both words and music to help out the idea."

With his fine tenor voice Charles sang the song, giving such splendid effect to the words,

"The lightnings may FLASH  
And the loud thunders R-R-R-A-T-T-L-E."

that a thrill of sympathy affected us all.

"To this power of music to express feeling and sentiment I attribute my fondness for opera," said Charles. "A musical ear and some little taste enable a person unacquainted with foreign languages to comprehend the libretto, as well as to appreciate the fine music. All the emotions of Love, Hope, Fear, Anger, Joy, Grief and Despair, are so finely depicted by good singers that, in addition to the interest of the drama or tragedy, you have the exquisite pleasure of soul-stirring and entrancing harmony."

At our request Charles now gratified us by singing several airs from the operas of Martha, the Bohemian Girl, Trovatore, Robert le Diable, and others; Jim's fine baritone voice assisting at times, and Mr. R. and Fred joining in the choruses, while Papa and Harry performed the part of a delighted audience.

In this pleasant manner the evening passed rapidly, and before we felt the slightest approach of weariness, the hour of eleven o'clock warned us that if we wished to take advantage of the unencumbered stream in the morning, to resume our sport among the salmon, it was time to think of repose. We bade our friends good night and walked to our own quarters, highly delighted with the pleasant and rational evening we had spent, and more than ever in love with our kind, intelligent and cultivated entertainers. At intervals we could catch the notes of Charles' fine voice, as he sang the old song—

"Ne prend pas une femme, Colin,  
Tu t'en repentira."

while Fred's bass was distinctly heard in the refrain.

(To be Concluded.)

HISTORICAL SONNETS.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

PROEM.

I.

Do the winds chant the requiem of the past—  
 Or Spirit, disimprisoned from its clay,  
 Haunting "the precincts of the cheerful day,"  
 —Incorporated with the viewless blast—  
 Bewail the joys that flitted all too fast?  
 Is it the solemn plaintive roundelay,  
 Which time itself flings from those ruins gray,  
 Over the loss of all that may not last,  
 What is it gives the wind its plaintive tone—  
 That makes it thus suggestive to the mind  
 Of viewless spirits, of the ages gone,  
 Whose grand events live in the years behind,  
 And seem to be again enacted on  
 Time's present stage—what is it viewless wind?

II.

A voice comes to me, borne upon the blast,  
 A voice that speaks as from the ages gone,  
 When ancient kings were yet upon their thrones,  
 And Eastern Monarchs ruled their Empires vast,  
 Ere Homer yet had sung, or Greece had passed  
 The Helespont, to wage that war upon  
 Old Troy, for fault of Priam's graceless son;  
 Ere Xerxes yet had crossed the strait, and cast  
 His fetters on its waves: sapient display!—  
 When Ninus still, in that extended plain,  
 O'er Babylon and Nineveh held sway,  
 And hundred-gated Thebes' rival reign  
 Poured forth her warriors in the face of day,  
 To carry conquest farther than the Erythrean maine.

III.

Patriarchs then walked the Earth, and walked with God,  
 In that far Epoch of the world's prime;  
 Nations were yet but in their forming time,  
 The world itself infantile, the abode  
 Of cruder forms: men lived in simpler mode;  
 Yet lawless violence filled the earth with crime;  
 Tyrants to power through all excess did climb;  
 And every giant evil stalked abroad!—  
 Yet then an Enoch, an Abraham, knew  
 Jehovah God, who called them for his own,  
 And Heber's sons unto a nation grew;  
 Rescued from under the oppressor's throne;  
 Trained by severe discipline to subdue  
 Their lives, and be a Priesthood unto God alone.

## IV.

'Those ages of the world's infancy!—  
 Yet 'twas the fathers of the world who then  
 Lived; we their children; they the older men;  
 But time was young, and their's the youthful eye  
 Which looks on all things with simplicity;  
 The ages of the world's inexperience, when  
 States had not risen and fallen; the sword, the pen,  
 Had hardly yet created destiny:  
 History was not, and Castalia's fount  
 Had not sent forth those waters which have ran  
 So copiously by the classic mount;  
 Man had but begun to measure swords with man—  
 For these the things that in the ages count—  
 In the great march of progress conquest led the van!

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 WAIFS.
 

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BY CARROLL RYAN, Ottawa.

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THERE are quiet and convenient nooks along the highways of the world, where one who delights in observing human life and character, can post himself for the enjoyment of a pleasing, yet often melancholy study of his fellow beings. If we are, as the Jew Raphael in Kingsley's *Hypatia* conceived, merely parasites infesting the carcass of old mother Earth, it must be conceded that, even as such, we are worthy of attention if only for the gratification of a natural historian's curiosity. In the present age of the world to doubt seems to be a ruling passion in the minds of all who take the trouble to think; nor can we blame doubt which leads to inquiry, that in turn, leads to the establishment of what is true and the overthrow of the false. If we were to judge the present generation phrenologically we would say that the "bump" or faculty of veneration is sadly deficient, and that in consequence, as a whole, we are not inclined to honour anything merely because it is venerable. In fact we are all becoming radicals, and it makes very little difference whether we wear yellow or blue, if we are partisans, it is not for principle but interest.

It is not, however, my intention in the present paper to enter upon the merits of the question involved in the foregoing. Social science is not, as yet, very deeply studied in the Dominion; we are all too busy, one with his business, and another with his trade or his farm, to give much heed to anything of ideal importance. The grand question is pork and flour; after we have settled that we can take to abstractions. In the meantime it may be permitted to one who loves an oddity as dearly as Johnson did a paradox or Shakspeare a pun, to bestow an hour's attention upon the waifs of humanity. Those who by choice or circumstance have become absolved from anything like what we call

“having an object,” but who, content with things as they are, allow themselves to float serenely over the sea of life, enjoying their little share of sunshine perfectly indifferent to everybody and everything, that does not come within their own sphere of suffering and enjoyment. In the class with which we are at present dealing we do not include your sleek well-to-do citizen who is always sure of his dinner, and can come down magnificently with five or twenty dollars for every public charity. These may drift along serenely enough, nobody would dream of wasting time upon them. But when the real waif of humanity—the stray sheep of a flock that is never gathered in a fold—comes in contact with one of these, how amusing it is to note the way in which he is regarded. Doubt not unmingled with fear and assumed disdain on the one side, indifference allied to contempt on the other; for your veritable waif is always a man of ability, who has chosen to be a Bohemian because he considers the world has no prize worth the trouble of his winning. Like Ulysses, the prince of vagabonds, he may contend with a Cyclop for life or an Iberian bully for a dinner, but is perfectly incapable of using his advantage any further than the circumstances actually require. “Why should I relieve him of a burthen I must carry myself?” was the remark of one of these when asked why he did not knock a certain truculent scoundrel on the head. And why blame the Waif for expressing a feeling, not unknown to the best of men, when they experience a remote sort of satisfaction in sufferings which do not affect themselves? Sometimes these waifs come together, as in the time of the first French revolution, and suddenly find themselves endowed with power, like Mirabeau; a startling theory is advanced, they instantly clench it and disappear, leaving others to undo the disagreeable knot in which they have tied their foolish necks. Like Sir John Smith, the darling of romance, they may roam from nation to nation, lending a helping hand to everybody in a scrape, with constitutions that defy abuse and heads impervious to blows. Or like Garibaldi, they may kick down thrones and principalities and go back to cultivating cabbages. Like Homer, they may sing the grandest of songs to the herd who gape, applaud, drop a penny in the hat and think they patronize art; while the waif goes his way rejoicing that he has wherewithal to purchase a dinner.

These are all well enough in the highways of life and the world; but in the back lanes, heaped up in the byways among discarded boots, oyster shells and broken bottles, we find the skulls and bones, the wreck and *debris*, of the lost and unreturning. Stumbling amongst these, the philosophic scavenger rakes up many an odd memento of the departing, for the skull and bones are animate if you possess the power to charm them into speech. By deduction you might draw from them many a moral lesson, but moral lessons are the hardest to teach poor humanity. And in this respect Hamlet’s dissertation on the scone of Yorick was but a grim travestie of the wanderings of the grave-digger.

Those who are blest in the possession of home and kindred, with all the tender and absorbing cares and duties thereof, can hardly realize what it is to be a cosmopolitan in life and thought. The habit of mind produced by much wandering up and down the thoroughfares of life, is

calculated to force a man upon himself, and thus we often find that those who may be said to live upon the highway, and the streets, are the least known or understood. Perhaps we find occasionally in some out of the way corner, enjoying the grateful shade of some happy chance, that has secured him from the companionship of the old boots, oyster shells, &c., one of these waifs from the huge drift of humanity who, like Uncle Toby, lives the past again; builds up anew the castle walls that tested his youthful prowess and complacently knocks them down again between whiffs of tobacco smoke. But, alas for the wandering fraternity, these instances are rare; the greater number die like birds, and none can tell where they rest in death who never rested in life. Waifs may be divided into two great classes—those who are waifs by choice, and those who are waifs by necessity. The former are the heroes of chivalry, romance and adventure, the latter are the true “floating population” of great cities and great armies; poor devils who have been pitchforked into existence, nobody knows from whence and nobody cares; who are as free from the thralldom of fixed ideas as it is possible for men to be, and who are altogether above prejudice of any sort. They will share their dinner and their purse with you, and make up for it by levying upon the next one they meet. They are to be met with everywhere, and though always idle themselves, yet they give employment to many. For instinctively the industrious and well-to-do, shrink from contact with them; but they have an offset to this in the pitying smiles of that portion of the human family, which is constitutionally prone to love the unfortunate. Your true waif is above all considerations, which rest upon forms of government or religion. In Rome he would “do as Romans do,” in Mecca he would kneel at the shrine of the Prophet. He is a republican or tory as it suits the times or his convenience, except in a revolution then he always goes with the mob, and is the ugliest customer you could meet with at a barricade. He is the best companion you could have on a tramp, and the most amusing stray acquaintance on the steamboat or cars.

I once came across an excellent type of the class, in the person of Henrich Betzer, who had a singularly handsome face, illustrated with a diagonal cut from the right temple to the left corner of his mouth, which he bore as a memento of his *Alma Mater* in some antedeluvian university town of Germany. A musician of no mean order, he fiddled his way through life joyously, caring little how the world wagged, until like “old Uncle Ned” he one day hung up his fiddle and his bow, and slipt out of the world no one knew how. Many others I have met and many I meet continually, they are the repeating decimals of the arithmetic of life. And are we not all of us more or less like them, waifs upon a great stream, which is bearing us we know not whither? They are pictures of ourselves, elaborated perhaps on one or two points, but the likeness exists nevertheless. Therefore let us not be too severe upon these Arabs. In some far off land, perhaps we can remember, there is one very dear to us who may be among the veriest of waifs. There are black sheep in every flock. Let us then, for the sake of the great waifs who are beloved by the world, and the small waifs beloved



by ourselves, be kind to those of the fraternity who may be cast upon our thresholds. A kindly act done him may awaken at the antipodes a corresponding thrill for one we love.

“Cosa fatta capo ha.”

and a reward.

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## A CANADIAN VALENTINE.

BY MISS LOUISA MURRAY.

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In Eastern lands, more soft and bright  
Than this cold clime of ours,  
The sun pours down his golden light,  
And the earth smiles back in flowers.

Flowers of hues the richest and rarest,  
Bloom there under cloudless skies,  
With breath the sweetest, and form the fairest,  
E'er seen out of Paradise.

Some crimson as passion's flaming heart,  
Some white as the robes saints wear;  
Some of golden hue like the sun-god's dart,  
Some blue as the azure air.

No frost-wind's blight have they to fear;  
Fair lily and blushing rose  
Bloom in perfumed beauty all the year,  
And dread no wintry snows.

The lover for the loved may pull  
Bright buds the whole year round,  
Fresh living gems more beautiful  
Than queens wear when they're crowned.

And if he send her tender words  
To soothe her lonely hours,  
What speech so well with love accords  
As that sweet one of flowers?

Fit types of love and truth are they,  
And all things pure and bright;  
A Persian bard 'tis said one day  
First read their words of light.

He marked the mystic figures traced  
Within each fragrant chalice,  
Like talismanic ciphers placed  
In some enchanted palace.

The poet's eye pierced to the core  
The mystery thus enshrined,  
And having learned its hidden lore,  
He taught it to mankind.

Hence there no lover needs to write  
 His vows with ink on paper,  
 In curtained chamber by the light  
 Of earthly lamp or taper.

But in some garden's scented air,  
 At golden morn or eve,  
 Wherever flowers spring fresh and fair,  
 A message he may weave.

Of blossoms chosen all and each,  
 The same fond tale to tell;  
 And Love the maiden's heart will teach  
 To read the meaning well.

Oh, dear one, if such flowers were mine,  
 Instead of this dull strain,  
 I'd weave for you a valentine  
 No poet need disdain.

All lovely thoughts should round it throng,  
 And music it should speak,  
 Of which the poet's sweetest song  
 Were but an echo weak.

With life and colour it should glow,  
 Love's warmth should lend it brightness;  
 Hope should its azure blue bestow,  
 And Truth its spotless whiteness.

Sweet hopes and memories it should bear  
 On flower and leaf impressed,  
 And all with one consent declare  
 "I love you first and best!"

Love's incense from it should arise,  
 The perfume of its breath;  
 All else may fade—that never dies;  
 Its fragrance conquers death.

Then those immortal flowers should be  
 Embalmed by antique fancies;  
 Perdita's violets you should see,  
 And poor Ophelia's pansies.

The fragrant musk-rose should be there,  
 The honeyed eglantine;  
 The tube rose offer, tall and fair,  
 Her cups of perfumed wine.

And passion-flowers whose form suggest  
 A love not much in fashion;  
 Undimmed though tried by fiery tests,  
 A holy, faithful passion.

One flower could never be forgot  
 'Midst all the garden's store,  
 The little blue forget-me-not;  
 I'd send it o'er and o'er.

“Forget-me-not, sweet Valentine,”  
 For me ’twould softly say.  
 I would that little flower were mine  
 To send to you to-day.

The wish is vain. It could not live  
 An hour within the clasp,  
 This month’s cold icy fingers give  
 To all that they can grasp.

Not even daffodils dare show  
 Their beauty though so bold,  
 Nor crocus through the drifted snow  
 Send forth its buds of gold.

Nor primroses that, fair and pale,  
 In sheltered hollows lie,  
 And hide beneath their wintry veil,  
 Till spring’s wild winds pass by.

No flower or leaf can now be found,  
 Except those icy flowers  
 The frost-king scatters all around,  
 In wild fantastic hours.

They keep their bloom for summer’s shine,  
 I’ve not one leaf to proffer;  
 But take these rhymes sweet Valentine,  
 They’re all I have to offer.



A GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY IN NEWFOUNDLAND:  
 A SHORT SERMON ON A STONY TEXT.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, St. John’s, Newfoundland.

IN approaching the town of St. John’s, Newfoundland, by sea from the south, the voyager finds himself passing along a lofty, iron-bound coast, whose grim rocks frown defiance on the billows of the Atlantic. Presently, a narrow opening in the huge wall of rock appears, as if, by some convulsion of nature, the rocky rampart had been rent asunder, and the sea had rushed in. Hills six or seven hundred feet high guard this opening on each side; and as the vessel glides through, the voyager looks up, not without a touch of awe, at the over-hanging cliffs of dark red sand stone piled in huge masses on a foundation of grey slate rock; and presently he finds himself in the calm waters of a beautiful harbour, sheltered from every wind, and accessible at all periods of the tide to the largest vessels. On the northern side of the harbour, the ground rises with a gentle slope, furnishing an admirable site for a town. On the southern side, the declivity springs so abruptly and steeply from the water’s edge, that only the foundations of a range of warehouses could be scooped out along the base of the hills. The town of St. John’s is situated on the northern slope, and presents a striking and picturesque appearance from the waters of the harbour. Its population at present is about 25,000. The country around, for a

short distance inland, is cleared and cultivated, and in the neighbourhood of the town, is studded with farm-houses, cottages and a few villas belonging to the wealthier classes. Here and there, well-cultivated farms and neat farm-houses are seen; but a walk or a drive of a few miles, in any direction, brings the traveller to the unreclaimed wilderness lands, covered with a stunted vegetation, or heaped with closely packed boulders—a sight sufficient to make the stoutest hearted back-woodsman shudder. The vegetable soil is poor and thin, and requires continuous applications of strong manures to make it yield a fair crop. With all these drawbacks, and in spite of the short and often cold summer, and the difficulty of reclaiming the soil, it is surprising to see what excellent root crops of all kinds are raised through the industry and energy of the people. Potatoes, turnips, cabbages, hay, oats and barley that will compare favourably with the produce of Nova Scotia or P. E. Island, are raised, but in very limited quantities. The industry of the inhabitants is concentrated on the fisheries; and the cultivation of the land is unhappily almost neglected.

A geologist does not find it difficult to account for the barrenness of the soil in this part of the island. A glance at the rugged rocks and slaty formations, weathered and worn by meteoric agency, satisfies him that he is in one of those primary regions, where agricultural fertility and amenity are not to be expected. A slight depth of vegetable soil covers the hard slate. The bare sides and shoulders of the hills, everywhere, show the weather-worn rocks cropping out, whose vast antiquity cannot be doubted. In some of its aspects, the region resembles certain districts in Western Wales, or among the hills of Cumberland, in England. But, to which of the great primary geological Kingdoms does this region belong? Are we traversing Laurentian, Huronian, Cambrian or Silurian dominions? The prevailing formation in the whole great peninsula of Avalon is the slate, covered occasionally, as on Signal Hill, at the entrance of the harbour, and along the crests of the South side and White Hills by a red sand-stone. To what geological "horizon" is this slate to be referred, and what are its equivalents in England and America? These are not merely curious questions, or points of pure science; for as we shall see, by and by, a great importance, in an economic point of view, attaches to the answer returned to such inquiries. The age of a rock can only be decided with certainty by the imbedded fossils. But no fossils had ever been found in these slate rocks, though rigorous search had often been made. J. B. Jukes, F. R. S., now one of Britain's most eminent geologists, published, thirty years ago, a work on the geology of Newfoundland, in which he lamented his total want of success in detecting any fossils; so that all clue to their correct classification was wanting. In the absence of such key, he described four groups of beds as making the peninsula of Avalon, and other parts of the island, under the following provisional designations:—

Upper Slate { Belle Isle, shale and grit-stone.  
formation. { Vargated Slate.

Lower Slate { Signal Hill sand-stones.  
formation. { St. John's Slate.

Thus undecided was the matter since Mr. Jukes' visit. A few years since, at a place called Branch, on the west side of St. Mary's Bay, a thin layer of trilobites, of the genus *Paradoxides* was found; but the formation there does not belong to the St. John's slate. Specimens were sent to England by Mr. C. F. Bennet, one of which, being a new species, was named *Paradoxides Bennettii* by Mr. Salter, the distinguished Palaeontologist. Last year, a vegetable fossil was found in Belle Isle, Conception Bay, which Mr. Billings, of the Canadian Geological Survey, pronounced to be *Cruziana Semiplicata*, a fucoid characteristic of the extreme base of the Silurian System. *Lingula* shells have since been found there in abundance. Belle Isle is a much more recent formation than the St. John's Slate; so that these discoveries indicated the enormously greater relative antiquity of the latter. Still, the slate, of which the great mass of the Island is composed, had yielded no fossil, and was believed to be non-fossiliferous; so that its place in the geological scale was a matter of conjecture.

In the month of August, 1868, during the course of a morning walk, it was my good fortune to discover the first fossil detected in the St. John's slate. In examining a heap of gravel that had been dug out of a trench, certain curious markings on a small water-worn pebble, that had been laid open by the blow of a pick axe, caught my eye. On carrying it home, and subjecting it to a careful examination, I was speedily convinced that I had found a geological treasure of some importance. On comparing the organisms with the plates in Lyell's and Page's Geology, I arrived at the conclusion that the fossils were specimens of the *Oldhamia radiata*. The reader can fancy what a proud and happy man, that morning, was the finder of such rare and curious relics. Three beautifully defined forms were visible on the face of the slate pebble, which a lucky blow of the pick axe had laid open; and in addition, on one side of the stone were clearly marked portions of two other forms, the markings much resembling the whorls of shell-fish. What these latter are is not yet determined, as they do not resemble any of the life-forms figured in the standard geological works. But the correspondence of the former with the plate of *Oldhamia radiata* is unmistakable, though there are such points of difference as seem to indicate that I have had the good fortune to find a new species, only two being previously known. The pebble containing them is a fragment of St. John's slate, greenish in colour, the parent rock, of the same texture and colour, being largely developed in the neighbourhood. Not being disposed to trust my own crude judgment in such a matter, I got photographs of the fossils, and sent one to Alexander Murray, Esq., one of Sir W. Logan's colleagues in the Canadian Survey, who has, for the past four years, been engaged on the geological survey of Newfoundland. He was then absent in the interior, exploring. On his return, he examined the fossils and pronounced them in all probability *Oldhamia*. Another photograph I sent to Dr. Dawson, McGill College, Montreal, who submitted it to Mr. Billings, Palaeontologist of the Canadian Survey. Their opinion was also in favour of the same conclusion. Thus doubts were set at rest, and the character of my fossils established; but the shell-markings, or traces of mollusca, if such they be,

are yet unread. No such forms have previously been found associated with the *Oldhamia*. Since the first discovery I have been on the alert, and have found *two other forms* in the same slate rock; but it remains for a palaeontologist to determine what they are. Mr. Murray has also been successful since, in discovering two specimens of *Oldhamia*, though rather obscurely defined, and some other forms at present doubtful.

But now comes the question,—what are these *Oldhamia*, and what their value? Sir Charles Lyell, in his “Elements of Geology,” defines them as “the relics of the most ancient organic bodies yet known.” Sir R. Murchison believes these humble Zoophytes to have been the *commencement of life on the globe*. Mr. Jukes, in his “Manual of Geology” says, “the late James Flannigan, fossil collector to the Irish branch of the Geological Survey, detected in the rocks of Bray Head, County Wicklow, Ireland, the little radiated zoophyte which Edward Forbes named *Oldhamia* after Professor Oldham. Dr. Kinnahan describes the genus at length, and believes them to have been Zoophytes allied to *Sertularia*, though other highly competent judges think they were more probably *Polyzoon*. These fossils are more than ordinarily interesting, as being the first distinct traces of life upon the globe that we as yet know anything of.”

Thus then, in the *Oldhamia*, we have the most ancient of all the forms of animal existences preserved in stony shrouds—the ancestor of the long line of animated beings that have culminated in man. Most venerable in the eyes of science is this relic from the wreck of a primeval world, marking, as it does, the epoch when the great river of life was beginning to flow—an era so far back that the geologist reckons it by myriads of centuries. At what was then the bottom of a Cambrian sea, far out from the land, these creatures disported at a time when no backboneed animal had been created, when the foundations of the British Isles were but laid, when as yet the Alps, the Andes, the Himalayas had no existence, and Europe was represented by a few islands. In due time, our *Oldhamia* were entombed, slowly encircled by a deposit of fine mud from the waters of the ocean, of which the rock was formed; wrapped in a stony winding sheet, the animal structure being gradually removed and an exact cast in stone of the organisms being thus preserved. The rock formation, named the St. John's Slate, in which they are thus buried, is 3,000 feet in thickness. Fancy the enormous lapse of time required for the deposition of this single group of beds from the waters of a primeval sea. During all this lengthened period, there were no animated beings on earth higher than Zoophytes and some humble mollusca and crustacea. World after world arose, bloomed, declined and passed away. The stream of life, beginning in the Zoophyte, swelled in volume, expanded into wondrous complicated forms as “the roaring loom of time,” under the eye of the Great Architect, threw off its lovely, varied patterns. The Cambrian epoch closed; the great Silurian era dawned, with its wondrous Trilobites, Echinoderms and higher and more complex mollusca, graduating at its close into the first traces of a new earthly dynasty—that of fishes, the beginning of the nobler vertebrate existences. The Devon-

ian, or old red sand-stone age followed, richer far in living forms, having but few of Silurian genera, and presenting in its bone-encased fishes—its *cephalaspis* or buckler-head, its *ptericthlys* or wing-fish, its *asterolepis* or star-scale, (of which Hugh Miller made such excellent account)—still greater and more complex developments of life. The carboniferous system followed, with its luxuriant vegetation—its araucarian-like pines, palms, tree-ferns, club-mosses, and other kindred forms that now, in petrified shape, constitute thick seams of coal and supply us with fuel. Now it was that the cold-blooded vertebrate, the fish, linked and blended itself with a new cold-blooded form, the reptile, the first of which were sauroid in character and of great size. The Permian era closed the Palaeozoic or Ancient Life System, and with the Triassic, nature commenced another cycle, and introduced fresh species and new phases of vitality. The reptiles were now monarchs of the scene, and in the huge, frog-like *labyrinthodon*, and the crocodilian-like *staganolepis* attained their majority. But a still higher type of being now appeared—the first of the great Mammalian or warm-blooded races, the earliest of its kind yet detected in the crust of the earth. This era too was added to the past—to be followed by the Oolitic, Cretaceous, Tertiary and Post-tertiary, with their strange and often gigantic forms of life; till at length, at the Creator's fiat, man, rational and immortal, stepped upon the scene:—"How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"

Let us now return to our *Oldhamia*. Entombed at the bottom of a Cambrian ocean, enclosed in their sarcophagus, little did they reckon "the pother o'er their heads," or heed the lively movements of their numerous and more aristocratic posterity. But as age after age rolled on, the upheaving force slowly and gradually raised the rock that enclosed them above the waves, and formed of it a portion of the Island of Newfoundland. Now the disintegrating forces assailed its cliffs and valleys: the frosts loosened fragment after fragment, and rolled them from the summits; the gases, combining with its substance, relaxed its cohesive powers; the rain and snow washed them down in minute particles, ground them into fine sand and mud; scattered them over the vallies or, borne on the bosom of rivers, they were carried out to sea, deposited in deltas, or spread over the floor of ocean. Glaciers passed over the surface, rending the rock-masses, and dropping the fragments far and wide. Ages and ages passed: these are but seconds of geological time,—mere beats on the geological clock. Again and again, was the surface submerged—its rocks torn and ground by floating islands of ice, as time wrought its mighty changes. The rock-fragment, enclosing our *Oldhamia*, was broken off by some of these forces from the original mass; tossed about; rounded by friction and other rough usage; mixed up with superficial drift; till at length the casual blow of a pick axe, in cutting a drain, laid open the venerable forms. Thus, after an entombment of perhaps many millions of years, they once more "revisit the glimpses of the moon," to be wondered at by "articulately speaking men" of the nineteenth century.

The appearance of our *Oldhamia* is by no means remarkable; but considering their wonderful history, and their place in the chain of existences, are they not fossils over which a geological enthusiast may well say grace? Their extreme rarity too adds to their value. In the whole of America no specimen has been found. In the long list of Canadian fossils in Sir W. Logan's "Geology of Canada," the name does not occur. Sir C. Lyell states that in the whole of North Wales, where the Cambrian rocks are most largely developed, no fossils have been found, in spite of the most arduous search. "But," he says, "in Ireland, immediately opposite Anglesea and Carnarvon, rocks of the same mineral character as the Bangor group, and occupying precisely the same place in the geological series, have afforded two species of Zoophytes to which Professor Forbes has given the name of *Oldhamia*." Thus, only in one place, Bray, Wicklow County, have *Oldhamia radiata* been found previous to their discovery in Newfoundland. Very wonderful it is, though quite in accordance with that universal law in regard to the order in which species have appeared, to find the same forms inhabiting contemporaneously seas so wide apart as those which once covered Ireland and Newfoundland, in those distant epochs. The great Cambrian formation reaches a thickness of 15,000 or 20,000 feet, including its slates, schists, grits and altered lime-stones; yet besides the *Oldhamia*, only a few other forms of life have been detected in it. At Bray, some tracts of annelids were found, in the Cambrian rocks, the species being named *Histioderma Hibernicum*. These are the only other fossils, unless with Lyell, we include the lingula flags in the Cambrian formation, in which case lingula shells and *Paradoxides Bohemicus* would be named among the life-forms of the Upper Cambrian beds. Though the *Oldhamia* are the earliest forms of life of which distinct traces have been found, yet it is not to be concluded that no others preceded them—that they were absolutely the first shapes in which the mysterious principle of life embodied itself. Doubtless the chain of existence descended farther than these Zoophytes, and contained links simpler still in structure; but the intense metamorphism which affected the Præ-Cambrian rocks may have obliterated all traces of organic remains which they once contained. Hence it may be, the Huronian rocks which Mr. Murray has so laboriously traced and so ably described, have yielded no fossils. There is, however, now, among the foremost geologists, a growing impression that these Huronian rocks, and also those which Dr. Emmons described under the name of the Taconic System, are the equivalents of the English Cambrians, or were deposited during the Cambrian period. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Murray himself is inclining to this conclusion, especially since the discovery of *Oldhamia* in Newfoundland. Previously, he was disposed to reckon the St. John's slate as Huronian. But then, positive proof has been obtained, within the last five years, that animals older than the *Oldhamia* inhabited the globe. In 1863, Sir W. Logan detected in the Laurentian rocks, the next great formation below the Cambrian, the presence of organic structure—this structure being "many-celled, calcareous masses elaborated by *foramenifera*," or the lowest known forms of animal life. This organism the distinguished



geologist named *Eozoon Canadense*, or Dawn-Animalcule of Canada; and in consequence of this discovery, these old Laurentian Schists have been erected into an independent fossiliferous system—the lowest and earliest with which geology is yet acquainted. Doubtless other forms will yet be found in these ancient rocks; and doubtless too older forms of life preceded the *Eozoon Canadense*, though traces of them are not likely to be found. The beginning and end of life are alike enveloped in mystery. But between the *Eozoon Canadense* and the *Oldhamia* of Newfoundland many connecting links are wanting, which we may hope the researches of geologists, in these ancient rocks, will yet supply. The formations in which they are respectively found are separated in time by an enormous interval—so vast that no geologist would venture to express it in figures. We may, however, safely assert that it is contrary to all the teachings of geology to suppose that once the spark of life on the globe was lighted, in the *Dawn Animalcule* or its predecessors, it was ever after extinguished. The connecting links may or may not be detected; but Laurentian and Cambrian forms were assuredly united by many graduated, intermediate existences. It is possible that some of these forms now found, or yet to be discovered in Newfoundland rocks, will help to extend the chain of life farther into the abysses of the past, and thus prove to be of the highest scientific importance in deciphering a new leaf in “the manuscripts of God.” The inscriptions on the rocky tablets in which nature’s historic records are inscribed are, as yet, but very partially examined.

Thus, then, it would appear that the discovery of *Oldhamia* in the St. John’s slate is of considerable geological importance. A starting point is thus furnished for the arrangement of the rocks composing the Island; a key is supplied for reading off the order and succession of the formations, the value of which the practical geologist can appreciate. The presence of *Oldhamia* in these slate rocks at once proclaims their enormous antiquity, and determines their place in the geological scale, to be the Lower Cambrian formation—the lowest geological horizon except the Laurentian. In England, strata of the Cambrian age are developed on the grandest scale in Wales and the fastnesses of Snowdonia, where it furnishes the celebrated slates of Llanberis, and in the neighbourhood of Harlech in Merionethshire. In Scotland Cambrian rocks are observed in the Highlands of Sutherlandshire, and enter conspicuously into the wild and lonely scenery of Loch Assynt; while in Ireland, they are exhibited, as we have seen, at Bray Head, Wicklow, where they have yielded the oldest fossils yet met with in the United Kingdom—the same as are now detected in the slate of Newfoundland. The Cambrian is the acknowledged domain of Professor Sedgwick, by whose labours it was first erected into a system, and defined as underlying the Silurian dominions, over which Sir R. Murchison reigns supreme; while Sir W. Logan claims the Laurentian realms as all his own. The discovery of this humble type of life in the Newfoundland slate adds it to the Cambrian Kingdom, and so stamps it with a wonderful antiquity. We shall henceforth regard these jagged rocks with profound veneration when we know that they are contemporary with the first portion of England that rose above the

waves ; and that, in comparison with these low ranges of hills around St. John's, the Alps, Pyrenees, Andes, Atlas and even the towering Himalayas are but upstarts of yesterday, having attained their majority ages later. Here, at the entrance of the harbour, is Signal Hill, capped with sand-stone. Compared with it, Mount Blanc, "the monarch of mountains," crowned with his diadem of snow, is but a heady fellow of yesterday. Mr. Murray has detected Laurentian rocks in many places in Newfoundland ; so that in addition to Cambrian, we have a portion of the foundation stone of all Palaeozoic deposits in the crust of the globe, which in Britain is found only in one locality—the western coast of Sutherlandshire. Thus, these grim barren rocks assume a new interest when the magic lantern of science is turned upon them, and become invested with a beauty undreamed of before. Here are the earliest traces of that wondrous life-scheme which the Great Creator has carried out on our globe, in gradual and progressive succession from lower to higher types—from the *Oldhamia* to the culminating glory and dignity of organic perfection in man—"a being only a little lower than the angels." Surely a degree of interest almost sacred attaches to these witnesses of the manner in which life was introduced on our planet. The little rill of life, scarce discernible, first shows itself in the *Eozoon Canadense*—an obscure annelid. Then its track is lost for geologic ages ; and when we strike it again in the Cambrian *Oldhamia*, it is still but a tiny brooklet. New tributaries pour in and swell its volume, as we trace it into Siluria, with its great molluscan and crustacean types of existence. The Devonian age witnessed a vast addition to its volume ; and so it rolled on through the Upper Palaeozoic period, through the secondary, tertiary and recent, swelling with the successive creations of reptile, bird and mammal, till now it is a magnificent, many-tributaried river, teeming with a vast variety of organic life, from the animalcule to man, formed in the image of God. It is indeed a matter of profound interest to gaze, in these ancient rocks, on one of the earliest though not absolutely the first gushings of the life-stream from the mysterious primeval springs. In an article published in the "Atlantic Monthly," entitled "America, the Old World," Agassiz says "here was the first dry land lifted out of the waters ; here was the first shore that was washed by the ocean that enveloped all the world beside ; and while Europe was represented only by islands rising here and there above the sea, America already stretched an unbroken line of land from Nova Scotia to the far west." Canada is the grand region of Laurentian rocks,—so named by Sir W. Logan because most largely developed on the northern shores of the St. Lawrence. They extend over 200,000 square miles, and in the State of New York, compose the Adirondack Mountains. But the Cambrian formation is entirely wanting in Canada and the United States, unless the Huronian group of rocks be included in the kingdom of Cambria. So that Newfoundland has the pre-eminence in the Old World, of presenting developments at once of the two oldest fossiliferous systems—the Laurentian and Cambrian, as well as Silurian. When its rocks are thoroughly explored they may yield discoveries of surpassing interest in science.

But now comes the question, are these geological indications of any importance in an economic point of view? Are these Newfoundland rocks likely to contain any mineral deposits? Here it is that the practical importance of science appears. Once a verdict as to the age of these formations is obtained, the geologist can determine, with a wonderful approach to accuracy, as to the probability of their yielding minerals, and after a regular survey has been obtained, he can point out the regions in which searches can be prosecuted with the greatest probability of success. On the discovery of mineral deposits in any district, he can ascertain the direction of the leading lodes and cross-veins, and their relative antiquities; and arrive at a pretty accurate estimate of their richness and value, and thus afford invaluable assistance to the miner in overcoming obstructions occasioned by faults, dykes or slips. Now the verdict of science regarding these Newfoundland rocks is, that belonging largely to the Cambrian formation, they may be expected to be found rich in metals, as it is in such formations that the richest metalliferous veins occur. The mining industry of the world is chiefly situated in similar regions. Of such districts Dr. Page says "of vast antiquity and having undergone great changes through pressure, heat and chemical agency, they are generally rich in metalliferous veins, and it is from rocks of this age that a large proportion of the ores of iron, copper, tin, silver, and other valuable metals are obtained. And it is also owing to this antiquity, to their slaty and schistose structure, and to the long ages during which they have been subjected to meteoric and aqueous waste, that Laurentian and Cambrian rocks confer on the regions in which they occur their wild, rugged and picturesque scenery." These slaty, weather-worn, barren rocks may then contain many a rich lode and vein of precious metals which in due time will be made to yield their treasures; their subterranean wealth compensating, and perhaps far more than compensating for their want of agricultural fertility. At present there are abundant indications that Newfoundland will one day become one of the world's great mining regions. Little is known of it beyond the shores around which a fishing population of 130,000 have clustered, living almost entirely by the produce of its splendid fisheries, and heedless, as yet, of the far more valuable treasures that are beneath the surface of the soil. Within the last few years, however, important discoveries have been made, and attention is at length drawn to these matters. It will astonish most of the readers of the QUARTERLY to hear that one of the finest copper mines in the world is now being worked at Tilt Cove, on the north-eastern coast of Newfoundland. Last year 8,000 tons of ore were taken from it, the average value being £8 per ton—a yield of £64,000 worth of ore in one year. The fortunate proprietors are Messrs. C. F. Bennet and Smith McKay. Another mining claim in the same district, supposed to be equally valuable, is about to be opened. Mr. Murray pronounces the whole surrounding region, wherever the serpentine rock appears, to be metalliferous, and predicts that the great mining field of the Island will be found to run from White Bay to St. George's Bay. In Placentia, a valuable lead mine has been found, and indications of silver at Lawn. Roofing

slate of the best quality is abundant in several localities. The discovery of a bed of *Kaolin*, or china-clay, is also recently announced. While I write these lines (January 12th, 1869,) the local papers mention the discovery of a fine specimen of gold-bearing quartz, found on our eastern shore, and analyzed, with satisfactory results, in Halifax. Professor Bell, of Kingston, Canada, when on a visit here last summer, predicted the discovery of gold in Newfoundland, from the character of the formations which, in certain places, he informed me, resemble the auriferous quartz region of Nova Scotia. There are few whose opinion on such a subject is entitled to more weight. Happily for herself, Newfoundland is at length convinced that her interest lies in joining the Dominion of Canada and in all probability, the union will be consummated in a few months. Then her great natural resources will be turned to account. The railroad projected by Mr. Sanford Fleming will cross the island from St. John's to St. George's Bay, linking us with the Intercolonial line, and making St. John's the great port of communication between the Old World and the New, being within five days steaming of the Irish shores. The risk of crossing the Atlantic will thus be immensely diminished, and the bulk of the passengers, and fine goods' traffic will, in all probability, be attracted to this route, as well as all mail matter. The railroad will open up the Island for settlement. On the western side the formations are wholly different from those of the eastern and northern. There a carboniferous region is found, whose coal and marble beds are known to be extensive; while fine timber and a fertile soil present inviting attractions to the agriculturist. Specimens of marble equal to the finest Italian have been obtained in that region. The Dominion will find Newfoundland one of her finest provinces, requiring only capital, skill and energy to render it a prosperous and wealthy country. Taking into account her splendid position between the Old World and the New,—her magnificent harbours—her inexhaustible fisheries—her rich minerals, her coal, and marble beds and heavily timbered fertile lands in the west, it is difficult to name any country possessed of such a combination of natural advantages. At present, her condition is one of depression and misery of the extremest type. An Island as large as Ireland is inhabited by 130,000 people, of whom a very large proportion are at this moment in the lowest depths of poverty—in fact bordering on starvation. Joined to a wealthier, more progressive community, whose interest will lie in developing her material resources and elevating her naturally fine, intelligent people in the scale of being, a brighter future opens before her.

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NOTE.—Mr. Murray has kindly shown me a geological section, which he has recently completed, of that part of the Island which extends from St. John's to Conception Bay, exhibiting the relation of the Silurian rocks with the Cambrian and Laurentian. It will appear in his next report. He also tells me that the Taconic system of Dr. Emmons, referred to in the foregoing article, is regarded by some eminent geologists as a member of the Silurian series. It must be borne in mind that the fossils referred to have yet to be examined by a *professional* Palæontologist, only photographs of them having yet been sent. I have, however, given the evidence which seems strongly to point to the conclusion that they are Cambrian forms identical with *Oldhamia*, or at all events closely allied thereto. Mr. Billings reserves his final verdict till he has examined the fossils themselves.

THE BRITISH PEOPLE TO THEIR NEW REPRESENTATIVES  
IN PARLIAMENT.

By WM. MURRAY, Hamilton, Ontario.

We send you forth to fight—  
A firm united band—  
To battle for the Right;  
For Justice in the land,—

A fearless earnest host  
By Gladstone nobly led,  
Who've vowed, whate'er the cost  
Injustice shall be dead.—

To rectify what's wrong,  
However long enduring;  
All ills however strong,  
However hard of curing—

To elevate the poor,  
To foster honest labour  
On terms that will allure  
With neither fear nor favour—

To help to bring around  
Ere very many summers  
(How glorious is the sound!)  
A free unfettered commerce,—

To rigidly keep down  
All waste of public money  
Nor suffer idle clown  
To suck official honey—

To foster peace abroad  
And industry at home,  
To lighten every load  
Wherever mortals roam.

*Then* may we hope to see  
(Such principles our creed)—  
Our people happy, free,  
Great Britain great indeed.

'Tis true our land is great,  
But she may still be greater  
In wealth and *church* and state  
If we but wisely treat her.

The errors of the past  
Must never be repeated—  
*The people* see at last  
Too clearly to be cheated.

No more ambitious Pitts,  
Political postilions,  
Can steal away our wits  
And spend our hard earned millions.

Nor—coming farther down,  
 To recent politics;  
 Can we be more *done brown*  
 By Dizzy's "knavish tricks."

We're tired and sick of cant—  
 Of shams we will have none—  
 'Tis genuine bread we want,  
 We will not have a stone.

In the mighty strife impending  
 For all that's good and true,  
 Be faithful, firm, unbending,  
 Resolved to die or do—

Honour will then be yours—  
 Honour and great reward—  
 A nation's thanks in showers,  
 Posterity's regard.



## SKETCH OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD 2ND.—FROM THE ELIZABETHAN TO THE AUGUSTAN AGE.

*Continuation of 2nd Period.*

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

BETWEEN Spenser and Milton we have a crowd of minor poets, all excellent in their way, and exhibiting fine genius, but greatly inferior to those pieces of song—descriptive, lyrical, satirical, didactic, pastoral, religious. Regarding the narrative poetry Spalding says: "Of the extracts from the national history, there are not a few which were very celebrated. Daniel's series of poems from the Wars of the Roses, is soft and pleasing in details, but verbose and languid. Drayton's 'Barons' Wars,' and 'England's Heroical Epistles,' are much more interesting, and in many passages both touching and imaginative; but in neither of them is there shown any just conception of the poet's prerogative of idealizing the actual. The good taste of our own time has rescued from forgetfulness two interesting poems of this class: Chamberlayne's 'Pharomida'; and the 'Thealmia and Clearchus,' which Walton published as the work of an unknown poet named Chalkhill. Several others must be left quite unnoticed: and this series may be closed with the vigorous fragment of 'Gondibert,' by the dramatist, Sir William Davenant."

"But different from all these," the same author continues, "were the religious poems composed by the two brothers Fletcher, cousins of the dramatic writer. 'The Purple Island' of the younger brother, Phineas, is the nearest thing we have to an imitation of Spenser; but it is hardly worthy of its fame. It is an undisguised and weari-

some allegory, symbolizing all parts and functions both of man's body and of his mind; and it is redeemed only by the poetical spirit of some of the passages. Giles Fletcher, however, has given us one of the most beautiful religious poems in any language, animated in narrative, lively in fancy, and touching in feeling. Over-abundant it is, doubtless, in allegory; but the interest is wonderfully well sustained in spite of this. It is a narrative which reminds us of Milton, and with which Milton was familiar, of the redemption of man; and its four parts are joined together under the common title of 'Christ's History and Triumphs.'

Drayton's "Polyolbion" had a strange subject for a poem—a topographical and antiquarian description of England! It is the first instance of what Dr. Johnson calls "local poetry"; but local poetry on such an extended scale is certainly something unusual, and has an air of absurdity about it, which we cannot help being conscious of, even while we admire the descriptive beauty, and fine pastoral touches, and abounding historical associations of the lengthened poem. It is written in the Alexandrine measure, which in itself is rather cumbrous, and would make any poem heavy, sustained through so many lines as the "Polyolbion."

Warner's "Albion's England" is a poem something similar in plan and idea, but historic rather than descriptive, in the ballad measure, with the fine ring of some of Macaulay's ancient lays. Campbell calls it "an enormous ballad on the history of England"; and it has certainly much of the stirring interest which the events of history themselves possess. It is this very circumstance which gives much of our ballad poetry its charm and power.

Dr. Donne was a poet and a divine of the time of James 1st of England; but certainly greater as a divine than as a poet. He is ranked among the metaphysical poets, but which of the poets of that period was not metaphysical? It was the vice of Shakspeare himself—a tendency to unexpected and far-fetched analogies, mere conceits, and a subtlety of thought that often yields a fine and mellow fruit, but as often is of a wild and crabbed growth. Donne and Cowley, and George Herbert, and Crashaw, and Quarles, undoubtedly indulge this tendency to a faulty excess. There are certainly beauties in George Herbert's 'Temple,' but its fantastic and far-fetched conceits have greatly the preponderance. The fine spirit of piety that like an aroma or essence pervades it, and the beautiful character of the man himself, would excuse a thousand faults: still the poetry is for the most part strained, and the thoughts are by no means simple and natural enough.

Suckling and Wither and Herrick are among the most exquisite of the minor poets of that age. Their grace and beauty, and felicity of thought and expression, are wonderful. Their ingenuity and play of fancy sparkle in every verse; while they have all that peculiar lyrical charm so characteristic of the period. The snatches of song scattered throughout the dramas of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson are perfect gems in their way. Crashaw and Quarles were fine religious poets; but the latter especially abounds in conceits, that are certainly more

ingenious than Herbert's, but often just as absurd and grotesque. The "Divine Emblems" of Quarles are thought to be, in "epigrammatic point and devotion," the anticipation of Young's "Night Thoughts." Crashaw certainly was a poet of a higher grade than Quarles, and has some noble pieces, rich in thought, and exquisite in spiritual meaning. Carew and Lovelace and Waller were writers of gallant amatory poetry, in which the reign of the second Charles especially abounded. Waller has been particularly admired for his smooth and elegant verse, and has been regarded as among the first to employ a more refined poetic diction, which had its great masters in Dryden and Pope.

Cowley was by far the greatest of the non-dramatic poets of the age. With all their defects, derived from the prevailing tendency of the period, the poems of Cowley are undoubtedly characterized by high and healthy imagination, an elastic vigour of intellect, and a lively play of fancy. There is a sound-heartedness, too, in all that the poet wrote, while his longest poem, the 'Davideis,' exhibits a mind imbued with the most devout thoughts and pious sentiments. His 'Odes,' often too ingenious, and perhaps somewhat cold, shining with the "lumen siccum" of intellect, rather than the warm sun-light of imagination, are nevertheless distinguished for fine thought and lofty fancy, and those startling and rapid transitions characteristic of that difficult style of composition. His translations and paraphrases of Anacreon's 'Odes' are exceedingly felicitous. Wesley once quoted with fine effect the one "on Old Age," applying it to himself, and giving it, of course, a religious turn. Nothing could be more exquisite than the play of thought in those effusions of the Greek lyrist, and Cowley has thoroughly caught the spirit of the poet. Moore, in our own day, has also finely rendered the same compositions; not, however, more gracefully than Cowley.

The great poet of the age of the Charleses, however, was Milton; ranking with Shakspeare; in some respects unapproached even by him; although again in others freely owning allegiance to the bard of Avon, exalted single and alone on the throne of Parnassus. Milton was eight years old when Shakspeare died. It is interesting to contemplate the proximity of these two great stars in the heaven of song; the one just setting in sun-like effulgence, as the other rose in silent grandeur and majesty on the horizon.

Milton's was undoubtedly a completer mind than Shakspeare's; we do not say greater, but completer—more rounded—more perfect. Shakspeare was the magician, accomplishing all that he did by a stroke of his wand. He was the Prospero of his own play. We are not aware that it cost him much effort to produce any of his plays, even his greatest dramas. At all events, it did not cost him years of preparation, like Milton's Epic. Having furnished to him his plots—for his plots were, for the most part, furnished to him—the drama seems to have grown out of this like the tree from the leaf-bud, or to have formed round it like the crystal round its nucleus. It is perhaps all the more wonderful that those perfect dramas should have sprung



from his brain, Minerva-like, without any great labour, or effort of parturition. It was different with Milton. The "Paradise Lost" and the "Paradise Regained" were not written till the poet was past his sixtieth year; and the former at least, we know, he had been meditating for the greater part of his life. What wealth of learning did he not amass in that time! What stores of information did he not accumulate! From what fields did he not glean all that was to enter into the harvest he was garnering for his great poem! Milton was not the magician: he was the prophet under the inspiration of the heavenly muse he invoked to inspire his song.

There could be no grander theme for a poem than "Paradise Lost," or "Paradise Regained." Two events—whatever Geologists or Anthropologists may say—have transpired on the arena of this world, which cast into utter shade every other; and these were the very events that Milton has chosen for his poems. And it is noticeable how close he has kept to Scripture for the most part. There is a fine transcript of its words often on his page. Its spirit has been transfused into his own. Its majestic language he has faithfully copied. He has taken its facts with an humble reverence that would be a lesson to many at the present day. He has added nothing to these beyond what it was legitimate for the purposes of poetic representation to do. There is something doubtful, it must be admitted, as to the relation in which he contemplates the Son of God as occupying to the Father. His expressions in several instances do partake something of an Arian tinge. Various modes of expression may be fixed upon as involving somewhat of this doctrinal heresy. But the whole spirit of his language otherwise in reference to the Son is inconsistent with this view. The highest created Aeon or Spirit would not have been worthy of the honours that are freely accorded to the Son of God, or the prerogatives that are ascribed to him. It would be easy to adduce illustrations of this; but we do not think it at all necessary. Any one familiar with the "Paradise Lost" will see what we mean, and will assent to what we say. There is a certain endearment in the language which describes the relation and intercourse of Father and Son, reciprocally, which would have been inconsistent with any inferior relation to that of veritable paternity and filiation; and therefore whatever may have been Milton's later views, we do not believe him to have been an Arian when he wrote the "Paradise Lost." Milton obviously based his views on the Calvinistic or Augustinian theory of scripture, plainly recognizing the sovereignty of God in the permission of evil and the redemption of man—for redemption is foreshadowed in the Paradise Lost, in that address of Deity forecasting to the Princedoms and Powers assembled on the occasion what had been decreed in connection with the fatal apostasy. That scene altogether has been objected to, and it partakes perhaps of too great a familiarity with the name, and with the counsels of God—as if the Almighty could make even the angels a party to His counsels, or think proper thus to unfold His purposes even to the heavenly hierarchies. But is it not warranted again by scripture—as when the Sons of God convene to listen to what God had purposed in reference to Job in the trial of faith to which he was to be put, as well

as in the glimpses we are led into from time to time in holy writ respecting God's eternal decrees?

The colloquies of the angel with Adam, so admirably sustained, and with such picturesque and altogether so pleasing accompaniments and accessories, allow of the recital of the circumstances precedent to the creation—the description of the creation itself, in words worthy of angelic tongue—and a theory, not improbable, of the apostasy of the angels themselves, and again of the way in which the purpose originated and matured in the mind of the Arch-fiend, by which the temptation and ruin of our race was circumvented and achieved. This portion of the poem displays marvellous skill and great sublimity of thought and expression. There is nothing equal to it perhaps in any poem. It required the lofty and disciplined mind of Milton—and culture no less than his—to produce. His learning and acquirements served him in good stead now. The battles of the angels in Heaven may be somewhat fantastic and inconsistent with the conditions of spiritual being:—The material weapons—that heavenly enginery—the poet's adventurous imagination introducing a kind of spiritual artillery into the combat, and making a substitute for the charcoal and nitre of our globe an indigenous product of those heavenly plains—while we have the very hills at last uprooted from their base by the puissance of the angelic combatants, when all lesser agents fail in the fight. This is at least somewhat unexpected and astounding, but it will not submit to ordinary criticism. It seems incongruous, but it triumphs over its own incongruity. It challenges criticism, and sets it at defiance. The passage in Revelation—“And there was war in Heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in Heaven”—seems to afford Milton authority for his descriptions; for how could war be described but according to earthly and material conditions? The question still remains, however,—should the poet have attempted any description of that war, which, if the language is not figurative, and there was actual war in Heaven, must have been conducted somewhat differently from any contest on earth? The expulsion of the angels from the Celestial abodes is clearly indicated in the words of Revelation, as it is in other passages of sacred scripture. That expulsion Milton has grandly given, and he refers it to the direct action of the Son of God, whose appearance on the stage of conflict at this moment is one of the sublimest passages in the whole poem.

To embody the conception of a state of innocence was a bold attempt, which only a mind like Milton's could have ventured. What were the conditions of such an attempt? Shall we say a morality approaching the state of innocence itself? Hardly so—otherwise the ground-thought of the whole poem would be contradicted. But certainly as near an approach to it as has perhaps ever been exhibited in fallen humanity. The whole of the primeval conditions of existence are finely conceived—the fresh feelings of existence itself on the part of our first parents—the wonder, the awe, the joy, the delight and surprise in the first interview of the newly created pair—the introduction of Eve to Adam by the Creator himself—the account of this by

Eve on a subsequent occasion—the description of her surprise and admiration on seeing her image reflected in waters that, “issuing from a cave, spread into a liquid plain” :

—— I thither went  
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down  
 On the green bank, to look into the clear  
 Smooth lake, *that to me seemed another sky.*  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite  
 A shape within the watery gleam appeared,  
 Bending to look on me: I started back,  
 It started back; but pleased I soon returned,  
 Pleased it returned as soon, with answering looks  
 Of sympathy and love :

All this is finely conceived, and admirably described: the loves, the occupations, the converse, the very dalliance of the first pair—what Addison calls “the gallantries of Paradise”—are worthy of that state. The description of Paradise itself—

The garden of God with cedar crowned  
 Above all hills—

is in the most luxuriant fancy, and with the most admirable choice of language. What a scene is that when the angel comes to forewarn of Satan’s approach, and his meditated mischief!

Straight knew him all the bands  
 Of angels under watch; and to his state,  
 And to his message high in honour rise:  
 For on some message high they guess’d him bound.  
 Their glittering tents he passed, and now is come  
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
 And flowering odours, cassia, nard and balm;  
 A wilderness of sweets: *for nature here  
 Wanton’d as in her prime, and play’d at will  
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.*  
 Him through the spicy forest onward come,  
 Adam discern’d, as in the door he sat  
 Of his cool bower, while now the mounted sun  
 Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm  
 Earth’s inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs:  
 And Eve within, due at her hour prepared  
 For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please  
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,  
 Berry, or grape; to whom thus Adam call’d:  
 Haste hither, Eve, and worth thy sight behold  
 Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape  
 Comes this way moving; *seems another morn  
 Risen on mid-noon*; some great behest from Heaven  
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe  
 This day to be our guest.

Adam was familiar with such visits—not “short and far between” then. The entertainment given to the angel, and his sharing the fruits and viands of Adam’s table seem of more questionable propriety.

It would appear, however, to have some justification in the interviews of angels with mortals as described in scripture. Indeed, Milton hardly, if ever, ventures beyond scripture in the wildest flights of his imagination, or most luxurious images of his fancy, when dealing with those themes. His invention is strictly reined in and measured by his reverence for the Word.

The first books of the poem are grandly conceived: Satan and his compeers prone on a fiery flood, awaking from their sad discomfiture, the stunning effects of their rout in Heaven, and their fall sheer from its battlements into the burning lake—their blank gaze on the scene of their future misery—the conference of the Arch-angel with his “nearest mate,”

With head uplift above the waves, and eyes  
That sparkling blaz'd:

their resolution, mutually, to betake themselves to a place, dimly descried from their bed of liquid fire, where they may still consult how most to “offend their enemy”—their accomplishing this movement, so grandly described—

Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood,  
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,  
Not by the sufferance of supernal power—

the address of Satan to the fallen angels, calling upon them to

“Arise or be forever fallen”—

the summons of a council,

Forthwith to be held  
At Pandemonium, the high capital  
Of Satan and his peers—

the thronging of the myriad spirits to the place of consult—the sudden change upon their forms:

They but now who seem'd  
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,  
Now less than smallest dwarfs in narrow room  
Throng numberless;

the leaders of the fallen host, however, suffering no such mutation:

But far within,  
And in their own dimensions, like themselves,  
The great seraphic lords and cherubim  
In close recess and secret conclave sat;  
A thousand demigods on golden seats,  
Frequent and full:

All this is given with the highest sublimity of thought and grandeur of language, and the creative imagination implied could hardly be surpassed.

In the second book, the Parliament of fallen Spirits—the council of Pandemonium—may be too much after the fashion of our own parlia-

ments—in the style of a council of war in our mundane system : we question very much if Satan did not hatch the plot respecting our world in his own brain, without conferring with his lost compeers, at all events without the formal consultation or deliberation which took place in those halls of legislation, where

High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat ;

But all this allows the poet to make that nice discrimination which he has done among the chiefs of the council—the principals in the revolt which drew so many of once upright spirits from the celestial seats—a discrimination ingeniously founded upon those false theologies which exalted into divinities the creations of the human imagination ; and so the very names of these divinities, by a happy device, are retained to distinguish the Princedoms and Potentates of the infernal regions.

The speeches of the several leaders are worthy of them, and worthy of the occasion. The Arch-angel, however, towers immensely above the rest in oratory, and the boldness or far-sightedness of his counsels, as he does in every other respect. His counsel prevails against that of Moloch for “ open war ” ; Beelzebub taking the cue from Satan, and advising what the Arch-fiend had already put forth as a counsel that might be adopted :

For, whence  
But from the author of all ill, could spring  
So deep a malice, to confound the race  
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell  
To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
The great Creator ?

Satan, like many another despotic monarch, suddenly breaks up the council, dissolves his parliament, lest any should be found to thwart his schemes, or to accept the task proposed, or even appear to accept, which would be the same thing, and so divide the honour with himself of the hazardous enterprise.

The occupations of the lost spirits in the absence of their great chief are finely conceived, though certainly by a very bold imagination when the poet describes some “ curbing their fiery steeds,” or “ shunning the goal with rapid wheels,” as “ at the Olympian games ”—others tilting like modern Knighthood—while others again,

“ With vast Typhœan rage more fell  
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
In whirlwind : ”

Some sing

With notes angelical to many a harp  
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall  
By doom of battel :

while again,

In discourse more sweet  
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)

Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate;  
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;  
 And found no end in wandering mazes lost.

It is wonderful how Milton turns all his learning to account, without, for the most part, violating either good taste, or the consistency of the composition—in the very play and affluence of classic allusion, and historic suggestion, making every thing bend to his purpose, and furnish tribute to his grand theme.

Satan's passage through hell—the encounter with Sin and Death who guard its gates—the flight through Chaos—the somewhat uncourtous circumstances that greet him there—the conception of the "Paradise of fools," on the borders of Chaos—the "limbus Fatrum" of the Schoolmen, a kind of blasted world :

A globe far off  
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent,  
 Dark, waste and wild :

his flight thence

Amongst innumerable stars, that shone  
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds—

his alighting on the Solar orb, the supposed centre of creation—the interview with the angel of the Sun—the subsequent plunge in the Empyrean, down towards our earth, "till on Niphœtes' top he lights": all this implies a greater effort of creative imagination than perhaps any other portion of the poem.

Satan's entrance into Paradise in spite of the watch and ward of the glittering sentinel host—overleaping at a bound that lofty wall, like a wolf into the fold, or a robber intent on spoil—the punctious visitings of the Arch-fiend in the new circumstances in which he finds himself—the address to the Sun, riding resplendent in the heavens, as descried from our orb—this as he first lights on Earth's round—the conflicting passions which now agitated him, not unobserved by Uriel whom he had so lately deceived under the disguise of a heavenly cherub:—and now, as he gazes on all that is fair and beautiful in the garden which God had created for man—the beauty and majesty, respectively, of the first pair—their loves and happiness; the tormenting envy, and defiant hatred, and wild remorse, and immense regrets, with which he is alternately transported—these are wonderfully imagined, and no less wonderfully described. The descent of Uriel to give warning of the enemy—the detection of Satan at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, "squat like a toad" by the ear of sleeping Eve :

For no falsehood can endure  
 Touch of celestial temper :

the almost passage at arms of Satan single and alone against "the angelic squadron bright" hemming him round :

—— Satan alarm'd,

Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
 Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved :  
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
 Sat horror plumed ; nor wanted in his grasp  
 What seem'd both spear and shield :

these all are in grand keeping with the march of the glorious Epic.

The temptation is skilfully managed, with the materials the poet had to deal with. He accepts the narrative of Scripture in its literal meaning, giving it no allegorical interpretation, as those of the school of Origen are inclined to do. Satan speaks through the serpent, and the effect of the fruit of the forbidden tree, or its supposed effect, on the hitherto dumb creature—not then prone as now—is made a circumstance in the temptation to induce on the part of Eve the belief of what would follow to herself if she would consent to partake and eat. The terrible consequences of her act—the manner in which Adam was drawn into the sin—the sad change on the once happy pair—their loss at once of all that is implied in innocence—their remorse—their mutual upbraidings and recriminations—their conscious shame—their dark forebodings of what was to happen—their fleeing the presence of their Maker, and hiding amid that leafy umbrage, whence they had wont rather to issue with alacrity to greet their divine visitant : all this is admirably conceived, and fills the mind of the reader with corresponding trepidation and alarm. The elements respond to the events—and here Milton gives a learned account of the Astronomical and Geographical conditions of the new face of things : Heaven scowls : dark tempests for the first time sweep through the sky—nature quivers : a change comes over the irrational creation—the very animals that had gambled in their presence, and frisked in harmless mirth around their steps : everything has lost its original aspect of innocence and peace and joy. The 9th and 10th books in which all this is described have all the broken hurry and trepidation of a tragedy as it hastens to its fatal and terrible close.

The scene in Pandemonium when Satan recounts his exploit to the “ thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,” is a striking one. The exultant fiend, expectant of the loud applause that is to greet him on his triumph, stands already waiting to receive it,

When, contrary, he hears  
 On all sides from innumerable tongues  
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
 Of public scorn.

What a reversal of his proud anticipations ! But worse, when the reason of it appears. They see their proud chief transformed into a monstrous serpent ; and immediately they feel the same transformation in themselves

As accessories  
 To his bold riot.

Then,

Issuing forth to the open field,  
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout,  
 Heaven-fallen, in station stood, or just array—

The scene repeated itself:

Horror on them fell,  
And horrid sympathy.

They soon recover "their lost shape," but yearly to undergo

This annual humbling certain numbered days,  
To dash their pride and joy for man seduced.

This is the poet's paraphrase, we suppose, of the expression "that old serpent, the devil"—and other expressions of a similar kind in scripture. Milton not only adopts the idea of scripture, but turns it to a moral account, as exhibiting the sad and miserable consequences of evil and misdirected ambition. For all vain and idle ambition—for the follies of weak humanity—the tricks which men will allow themselves to play before high heaven even on sacred ground—for all airy and unsubstantial schemes and projects—he had already promised the "Paradise of fools." But a worse fate awaits those who build their happiness and aggrandizement upon the misery or ruin of their fellows. What a lesson to conquerors and tyrants! But we have the grandest lessons taught throughout the poem. How striking is the circumstance of Satan standing abashed before Zephon, when he was made to feel for the first time

"How awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her shape how lovely!"

And is not the whole poem itself the greatest moral instructor that we perhaps have out of scripture? It is the epic of the essential doctrines of Revelation. Shelley in his own infidel spirit said that Christianity would not exist at the present day, but for its place in the "Paradise Lost." We may accept the compliment to the latter, while Christianity will give a good account of itself apart from Milton's great poem.

We are not so sure of the propriety of the representation of Sin and Death congratulating one another, as they do, on their great Sire's triumph and success, the conquests and triumphs awaiting themselves, their transfer from hell's gates to a more eligible position in our world—and their constructing for their purposes that mighty causeway which is to join Earth and Hell for ever: this is too much of an allegory, and altogether inconsistent with the rules and conditions of the Epic. The allegory of the same personages—parent and child—at the gates of hell, had a grand significance, when Satan, encountering them on his passage to our world, challenges them for obstructing his flight, but it has altogether a fantastic effect when introduced in the connection we have referred to in the further stage of the poem. Once it may be admissible, and it may have even a sublime effect, as it has a true and accurate meaning; but to perpetuate the no more than allegorical existence of such personages, to give them a real existence, by making them a part of the poem, does not add to the interest of the poem, but rather detracts from it.

The judgment upon our first parents for their transgression, with



the promise of the seed who should "bruise the head of the serpent," is given with great grandeur at the opening of the 10th book. From this promise, though somewhat veiled and obscure, and from the tempered way in which their judgment is pronounced, the unhappy pair subsequently draw much hope and consolation. The rest of the 10th book is taken up with matters already alluded to—the colloquy between Sin and Death—the account which Satan gives of his enterprise to the fallen angels—the change that came over the face of creation, consequent upon the fatal act—the mutual recriminations between Adam and Eve—their despair and repentance—a more hopeful view of their circumstances emerging as their agitated passions subside—this latter part exhibiting the sad consequences of sin, on the one hand, and the cheering and restorative effect of some light let in upon their gloom, by the promise of a deliverer, upon the other.

The last two books, containing a sort of panoramic vision afforded to Adam—after the manner of Virgil with Æneas, and the future of Rome—and an oral prophecy by the angel, to let the father of the race know something of the destinies of his posterity, down to the advent of the promised seed, and the fate and progress of the Church till the second advent—such good educed from evil—are like a fair and tranquil sunset after a day that, beginning in cloud and storm, brightened into a brilliant noon, became overcast with darkness and tempest, and at last closes in settled and peaceful radiance.

\* \* \* \* \*

In either hand the hastening angel caught  
 Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate  
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
 To the subjected plain; then disappeared.  
 They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld  
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
 Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate  
 With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms.  
 Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon:  
 The world was all before them, where to choose  
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.  
 They hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,  
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

Such is Milton's great poem—a poem taking it all in all the grandest perhaps in any language. In majesty, in sustained power, in original and creative imagination, in Epic unity, in the grandeur of its theme, and sublimity of its thought and expression, in the striking contrasts; heaven and hell; God and demons; the beauties of Paradise, and the woe-stricken Earth, when upon Eve's fatal act,

Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat,  
 Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe  
 That all was lost:

in all these elements and circumstances of the poem, it has not-yet, perhaps, any rival, and is not likely to have any. It is perhaps as perfect a production as could be expected to come from mortal pen. It may not have the human interest of the Iliad or the Odyssey, or of

Shakspeare's dramas; but it is unique and alone in the supernatural element that belongs to it, and belongs to it, not as Homer's Gods, or the supernatural creations of Shakspeare's imagination, to the several poems of these authors, but as the proper subject matter of the poem itself.

If we were disposed to magnify our critic's office, and find fault, we would say that the inverted and latinized order of sentences in which Milton indulges, frequently leads to obscurity of meaning, sometimes to an awkward construction, and occasionally even to a grammatical solecism. It is peculiarly tantalizing to have these crossing your path in perhaps some fine passage, or to have them at all confronting you in such an author, and without any apology for their occurrence. There are passages, too, especially in the narrative parts of the poem, that are quite necessary to the poem, but are not particularly poetical, may be even prosaic, and are rather tedious than otherwise. They are like the padding to a dress, necessary, but not any portion of the dress itself. In these passages the poet is often careless, at least not sufficiently careful, how he expresses himself, so be it he conveys his thought. It is, however, observable that it is just in the passages where the subject rises in grandeur, and the poet's mind rises with it, that the language is freest, moves like Heaven's gates, on golden hinges, sparkles with their crystal light, is harmonious as musical chords, and steeped in supernal beauty. Examples crowd upon you when you would instance this unique circumstance of Milton's composition. Take the description of Satan's flight to our world on his errand of mischief; though we cannot see how Satan had such a long and arduous journey to perform, on his broad vans, when one would suppose, as a spirit, he could reach it by a thought or a volition.

We might instance also that magnificent passage giving the account of the Son's going forth to war against the rebel angels, to effect their discomfiture, and cast them out of Heaven\*—or those passages describing the worship of the Heavenly host on the occasion of the Son's returning from the act of creation—"his six days' work"; † or again when the Son offers himself to accomplish the Father's purpose of Redemption after man had fallen. ‡ But indeed we may open the poem at any part, and we shall not read far before we come upon some passage with all the Miltonic characteristics of beauty or sublimity. They arrest us almost at every page, or few pages. The description of Paradise could hardly have anything added to its features of surpassing loveliness: and then those perfect forms walking amid its sweets, with angels for their guests, and God himself sometimes heard among the trees of the garden!

We cannot overtake the other poems of Milton in our present article. These, and the remaining portion of Period 2nd, we defer to our next.

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\* Book VI. l. 746. † Book VII. l. 557—601. ‡ Book IV. l. 344—371.

## PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

By DANIEL CLARK, M. D., Princeton, Ontario.

## BALMORAL.

WE left Aberdeen far behind, and rushed with railroad speed up the Dee and past many a cosy farmstead and elegant country seat to Aboyne, then by coach through Kincardine O'Neil to Ballater. As we approached Ballater the mountains began to assume respectable proportions to a *habitan*, but to one who had climbed the Rocky Mountains and Andes and the Swiss Alps, they were not such as would fill the mind of the traveller with awe. They were so bald and grey and misty, that no great stretch of the imagination was required to conjure up the phantoms of Ossian's heroes doing battle in the clouds, or seeking fir-trees and moons for spears and shields, under the ghostly leadership of a Fingal. Yet we were on classic ground, and as we left the dreary Moor of Dinnet behind, and were pressing forward into the mountain gorges near Lochnagar, we had on our left the meandering Dee—very pacific in its voice and in its motions—not thus far and in warring October “the billows of Dee's rushing tide.” On the far right rose in graceful outlines, the smooth and rounded hill of Morven. The name will suggest to the reader the graphic lines of Byron :

“When I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,  
And climbed thy steep summit, O *Morven*, of snow;  
To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath;  
Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below.”

Before us opens out the mountain home of the Dee, the river flowing in beautiful cascades and murmuring ripples from its mountain fastness, we gaze into this rugged retreat through a chasm in a rocky spur of the mountain, which cuts a large section of it away, as if a Hercules had in rage cleft it asunder by a huge claymore, shearing the top closely of it—“haffets” but bearing round its venerable crown the green and stunted birch and the scraggy freeze bushes. To the south rear up the bald peaks of Craigendaroch, (Gaelic for the rocky mountain of oaks) and away to the north-west shoots up Colbleen.

“When I see some dark hill point its crest, to the sky,  
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow *Colbleen*.”

Passing through this cleft in the rocks, and leaving the village of Ballater on the left, we follow on the north side of the now “rushing Dee,” the stage road leading to Castleton of Braemar. Abergeldie Castle—once the summer retreat of the late Duchess of Kent—can be seen on the south side of the river, close to the edge of the water. At this point the river is spanned by a rope and crossed in a rude cradle, which slides along the rope on pulleys. The castle is small, but prides itself in towers, turrets and miniature battlements. Passing on about

a mile, we come to a clump of trees composed of birch, ash, fir and scrubby oaks, embowered in which stands the Craithie parish church, and near by the schoolhouse. The church lays no claim to architectural beauty, being only a plain square (or nearly so) stone building with a belfry on the top of the east end, that seems to shelter bird's-nests, as well as a small bell whose tones on Sabbath morning were none of the sweetest. In the inside it is equally plain, with the pulpit on the south side, and octagon in shape; on three sides runs a narrow gallery from which are two passages leading, the one down into the lobby at the main door, and the other leads to a private door in the west side, used only by the Queen and the members of her household. To the left-front of the preacher in the gallery were the pews of the Royal Family; immediately in front were those of the Duchess of Kent and those of the Executive that might be in council with her Majesty. Every part from the precentor's desk upwards is severely unadorned, old and delapidated. In the valley below is the Manse surrounded by several fertile fields, and near by a handsome suspension bridge leading to the village of Craithie, beyond which are dense fir woods and the Lochnagar distillery, in which is manufactured "Lochnagar whiskey," whose peculiar smoky flavour is obtained by the use of spring water, which percolates through a dense peat moss. About a mile farther on as we turn a sharp angle of the road, Balmoral bursts upon our view rather suddenly. The royal banner flaunts its silken folds from the tower: the Queen was there. Was it possible that a Canadian backwoodsman was now gazing upon the palace of the mightiest monarch that ever ruled since "the morning stars sang together," and was it possible that our eyes were to behold her, whose name and virtues were honoured and revered from "the rising to the setting sun?" We think and gaze and then gaze and think, until our soul is full of delight, and until we are sure it is not a dream and we have not lost our personal identity. The palace sits in the midst of a beautiful valley, whose margin and sides are covered with luxuriant birch trees; around it are the "everlasting hills"—the rugged, bare, grey crags of auld Scotia "stern and wild." This valley is crescentic in shape. The river washes the base of the northern hills. The castle is on the south side of the river, but on the northern and convex side of the valley. Craig-an-gowan, from the south, juts out over the valley, somewhat like Arthur's seat near Edinburgh. On all sides are mountain tops to be seen, the one rising above the other in irregular succession. The *contour* of the whole is absolutely desolation itself. Rocks and the dark heath everywhere. They looked like thrones for the Titans in the grand amphitheatre of judgment, from which they issued unchanging edicts or hurled, like Jupiter, thunderbolts of war. No wonder that mountaineers are brave, bold and poetic the world over, for their mental modes of thought must be a sort of transcript of unyielding majestic nature around them. About seven miles away, frowns that "most sublime and picturesque of our Caledonia Alps," dark Lochnagar. It is only a section of a cone, for some convulsion of nature has rent it almost in twain from top to bottom. A perpendicular wall presents itself on one side for many hundreds of feet, and at its base is a

dark lake fit for a Syren to sit by and lure to destruction. It towers high above its fellows rejoicing in solitary grandeur,

“Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!  
The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar!”

The Farquharsons of Inverey were the feudal proprietors of the Balmoral estate. About the beginning of this century, the late Earl of Fife purchased it. The trustees of the estate leased the lands and appurtenances to Sir Robert Gordon, for the term of 38 years. He built a shooting lodge on the present site of the palace. At his death, in 1847, the late Prince Consort purchased a transfer of the lease, and in 1852, bought the lands for \$160,000. The lodge was torn down in 1854 and the new palace built. It is unique in style, built in its principal features, after the castellated model of architecture, perhaps the proper term to use would be “Baronial design.” The finish on it is modern. It is as if we had clothed an uncouth, semi-civilized, athletic and brave Gael in the drapery of modern civilization. The outline is pleasing, but when the critic begins to dissect and analyze and compare one part with another the incongruity strikes the beholder very forcibly as a *faux pas* in design. Whoever the architect might be it is evident he was endeavouring to serve two classes of masters: they of the old school and they of the new; and shared the fate of all such by pleasing neither. The outlines of an ancient fastness, and of the ethereal models of to day are so dissimilar that no combination of the two, can loom beautifully on the eye, no such hybrid can form a handsome creation. The palace is built in the shape of a quadrangle, minus the north side, which is bounded by the Dee. The south-west and south-east angles are composed of two large buildings. These are connected east and west by two wings extending from each corner; at the east corner there is a tower 35 feet square and 100 feet in height, surmounted by four smaller towers. On the south side the architecture is of the plainest kind, but on the west and north sides the carvings and mouldings are exceedingly rich. The stone was taken from a quarry on the estate and is grey granite, capable of a beautiful polish. It is smoothly dressed in ashler work, presenting no seams, and consequently the whole castle, at a distance, looks like a block of solid stone, unless closely inspected. The riband, rope, and corbelling mouldings are in keeping, to some extent, with the Baronial style of architecture. The main entrance, at the south-west angle, opens into a large room in which is a fire-place and a mantelpiece, on which stands a fancy clock. Around on the walls are trophies of the chase, such as the antlers of the roe, and the cornuted heads of the red deer. From the hall runs a corridor, at right angles to it, on each side of which are the dining room, the library, the drawing-room and the billiard room. From this passage ascends the grand stair-case to the first floor, on which are the private apartments of royalty. The rooms of the Queen front the valley of the Dee towards Braemar. From this point of observation the scenery is of the wildest description, on all sides are the

“Grisly rocks that guard  
The infant rills of Highland Dee.”

The bed-room is over the main porch and hall, from which a view south and west can be obtained far over the deer forests of Ballochbuie. To the east of these rooms are those of the children. Thousands of houses in Canada are furnished far more richly than this pretty retreat. The motto seems to be written on everything "plain, useful and substantial." The carpets, the window curtains and the upholstery of the chairs and sofas, in many of the rooms, are composed of clan tartan. Where there are protuberances or ungainly angles or salient points on roof or walls, these are decorated with a carving of the Scottish thistle. The chairs in the drawing-room are furnished with Victoria tartan of wool and silk. The dining room has drapery of royal Stuart plaid. The wood-work of the furniture is an ash from Africa, being in appearance very much like bird's-eye maple. The curtains of the principal bed-rooms are of Victoria print. The chairs and tables of the dining-room of the Queen's retinue, and also those of the ball-room, are made of highly polished oak. The bed-rooms have furniture of American birch. To the rear of the west side is situated the ball-room, sixty-nine feet by twenty-six feet. A dais is erected for the Queen on the side next the main building, and at the opposite end is an elevation for the musicians. The windows and walls are richly festooned by a material very much like damask, composed of wool and silk. Pure water is supplied by pipes from a mountain spring. Surrounding the palace are several small though beautiful terraces and on the lawn are cultivated, in irregular groups, flowers, mostly those indigenous to the country except the cactus; the fuschia, &c., that were growing in large stone jars near the main entrance.

The Queen is adored by the tenantry of Balmoral and were it not that it would be a species of breach of trust, we might recite many incidents of her Majesty's visits to the humble cabins of the poor, (never published) and as told by themselves, although with truly celtic reticence this people tell of her goodness and kindness in a confidential way as if they did not wish to be classified among the gossips of the neighbourhood, or to be the medium of communication to the outside world of aught said or done within the precincts of this rural retreat—the abode of happiness and peace, far from cankering care, state troubles and political intrigue, for doubtless, careworn is the brow and weary is the head that wears a crown. We often met her in her visits of mercy and only attended by a single female attendant. It is said that the Aberdonian dialect puzzled Her Majesty not a little at first, but that she is now well read in Highland classics. We have no doubt but the drilling any German tongue must have to pronounce the German accurately, would be sufficient to enable the Teutonic tongue to pronounce the guttural Gaelic names of some of the mountains, streams and valleys around Balmoral. There is very little Celtic spoken on these estates, but in the neighbouring Straiths it is the mother tongue. It is enough to paralyze an English tongue to pronounce such names as Loch Muick, the Linn of Quoich, Ben-muich-dhue, Braeriach, &c., yet all, like Hebrew, words expressive of some local circumstance or appearance, although it is not to be inferred from this admission that we wish to insinuate that Gaelic was the language of Eden.

The village of Craithie, when the Prince Consort bought the estate, was only a collection of miserable hamlets not much better than the wig-

wan of the Indian. By "Albert, the good," these have been torn down and neat substantial stone buildings erected in their stead. Here in this sequestered glen resides for weeks, and often months, our beloved Queen and the remnant of her interesting family. What a retreat from the din of London and all the paraphernalia of Court etiquette! To feel that she can roam and ride, over hill and moor, by foaming cascade and in sylvan scenes *sans peur et sans reproche*,

"Where fairy haunted waters  
In music gush along;  
Where mountain rills are melody  
And heathy hills are song,"

must be the sweetest hours of a chequered life. No costly retinue—no bristling bayonets—no shotted cannon—no dragoon guards—and no consequential officials are needed at Balmoral. Her trust in the faithful and loyal Highlanders is unbounded, and were one hair of her head touched by recreant assassin, there would be such a gathering of the clans and such vengeance meted out to the infamous wretch, as was never heard of since the days of branded and murderous Cain. Every Briton feels that come weal come woe—come victory—come disaster—come prosperity or irretrievable ruin—come revolution or thrice blessed peace—come the halcyon days of our eventful history or the fiery trials that test men's souls, this much is as certain as the fixed laws that guide the universe of God, that the rich and priceless heritage of freedom which has been bequeathed to us by a noble ancestry is safe in the custody of Victoria; and her loyal subjects who stand around her throne as a sure defence, are pledged to hand down to generations yet unborn, the priceless legacy, or leave behind them on the sands of time such foot-prints as were left at Thermopylæ where heroes died, not for themselves, but in obedience to the laws of Sparta, for

"Freedom's battle once begun  
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son  
Though baffled oft is ever won."

#### WATERLOO.

Tread lightly, for beneath your feet is the dust of heroes. Take up a handful of the earth and ask yourself how much of it once formed the body of a veteran; how many hearth-stones were made desolate—how many chairs vacant—how many athletic forms missing—how many cheery voices silent forever—how many dreams of glory and renown, were followed by a dreadful awakening that knows no night; and how great the sum of misery to those who perished on the ensanguined plain, and to the bereaved fathers, mothers, widows and orphans of friends and foes! Where are the ciphers of the sum total, and who must bear the dreadful responsibility? How reverently do we approach a battle-field, where human blood has flowed in torrents, where disembodied spirits sped swiftly from the scene, and where "the bosom once heaved and forever was still."

No struggle, in the history of the British nation, has excited such interest in Christendom as the battle of Waterloo. Two of the greatest

generals of the age were face to face for the first and last time,—the one to lead a heterogeneous army of half the nationalities of Europe (somewhat like William, Prince of Orange, at the battle of the Boyne,) to victory, and the other to lead a solid phalanx of “never conquered heroes,”—the victors of a hundred battles—to hopeless defeat and inglorious death. Not to speak of the military *prestige* of each, the fate of Continental Europe, and especially of la belle France, was quivering in the balance on that eventful morn. O, the pageantry of the dawn! when grey morning displayed “the thin red lines” of Albion, the plaided and kilted chieftains of the north, the German legion, the Brunswickers, Belgians, Hollanders and Hanoverians, on the heights of Mont St. Jean; and the chivalry of France—the “invincibles” of Napoleon—in battle’s magnificent array, on the gentle swellings of the farm of Waterloo. The neighing of ten thousand steeds, the strains of martial music, the waving of regimental banners, the glitter of bristling bayonets, and the sharp ringing word of command, as battalion after battalion and squadron after squadron fell into line, can never be forgotten by the surviving veterans of this mortal strife. A fine morning on the sixth of June, 1857, we paid a visit to the battle-field. Brussels, at this time, was in political commotion, and we were glad for a time to breathe the fresh country air, and at the same time satisfy our desire to see the spot, where one of our kinsmen had fallen. Two young Englishmen ran a very comfortable stage from the city to the field every morning during the summer months. Sergt. Mundy (since deceased), who fought with the 13th lancers at the battle, was our guide. On the way, young girls, the children of the cottagers, whose humble dwellings stood thickly by the wayside, threw bouquets of wild flowers into the chaise, and in return begged for money. All the inhabitants of this beautiful and well-cultivated country are particularly distinguished by the fair hair and blue eyes of the Flemish race. As we approached Waterloo, to the left still stood a part of the forest of Soignies. The woods on the right have been cleared up; but a few stumps still remain, reminding one of a Canadian clearing. With what palpitating hearts did gay officers ride along this road before daylight and debouch upon the field, many of whom were dressed in ball-room attire, and fresh from the ball of the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels, where through the long night “there was sound of revelry;” till, in the midst of music and dancing, burst the spurred and mud-covered courier, whispering to Wellington with bated breath, “the foe! they come, they come!” Many of those parted never to meet again, and “few parted where many met.” To the front, coming almost heretofore resistless as an avalanche, was the hero of Marengo, Lodi and Austerlitz—the victor of Blucher, and expectant conqueror of that “Iron Duke” who never lost a gun, and who hurled back from Spain and Portugal the tide of French invasion, upon the heights of Torres Vedras. Little did the man of destiny think on that June morning that, ere the time of vespers, his marshalled hosts would be fleeing in wild dismay, a disordered rabble, along the Paris road, followed by the once vanquished heroes of Prussia, and in frantic tones crying out *saure qui peut*. The sun of Napoleon’s glory set that day in blood,



never to rise again. We felt as we drew near the sacred spot—hallowed by a consecration of blood—that we were about to tread on holy ground. In boyhood we had heard the survivors of that day sing of “the immortal Wellington” in the wildest ecstasy. We had seen the one armed or one legged veteran tremble with excitement as, with flashing eyes and dilated chest, he told of deeds of valour, of hair-breadth escapes, and of the ebbing and flowing fortunes of the day. When at school we had read of its glories and its horrors, and trembled while we read, and now our fondest wish was to be realized, and we were about to view the Golgotha and the aceldama of heroes. We enter the field. It is covered with a luxuriant crop of barley to our left, and to the right are oats and wheat. With a solitary exception, there are no hedges nor stone walls to obstruct the view. The grassy margins of the fields are covered with red poppies, as if mother earth refused voluntarily to bring forth aught but appropriate symbols from the ashes of the plain. Foot-paths intersect one another over the country and through the standing grain, evidently left thus for the accommodation of tourists. The farms of Waterloo, Mont Jean and la belle Alliance, are composed of two ridges of well-cultivated land. A small ravine intervenes. When the two armies had taken their respective positions, the allies occupied the south western, and the French the north-eastern, swell of land. A small rivulet and a genile depression of about six hundred yards in width, separated the combatants. The first object of interest which we noticed was the chateau de Hougoumont—the extreme right of Wellington’s position—which had been taken and retaken several times during the day. It is a sort of castellated farm-house, surrounded by a thick stone wall about sixteen feet in height. There is a court-yard inside, in the centre of which is a deep well, in and around which the dead and dying, friends and foes, were piled three and four deep. There is no outlet towards the British position—a grave oversight, and the consequence was that whoever conquered for the time put every one of their foes to death, whether Highlanders, Guards, or Chasseurs. Two heavy oak doors, facing the French, guard the entrance. The cannon-ball indentations are still to be seen on the walls, and the gates are patched where these unwelcome visitors tore their way through into the enclosure. The gates were forced open at a critical period of the battle; but a strong Highland officer slew the front opponents and shut them in the faces of the astonished French soldiers. There being no ingress to the westward, reinforcements had to be pushed in at these gates in the face of the enemy. This position had to be held at all hazards. The famous orchard of Hougoumont lies to the north of the farm-house, and contains about four acres of ground. The fruit trees still bear traces of wounds and scars by cannon shot. The brick wall still surrounds the orchard, with loop-holes still unfilled; and immediately above these embrasures bricks have been taken out to allow room for the timbers of a temporary scaffolding, upon which were placed sharpshooters to fire over the walls, *a la barbette*. Great gaps are still in the wall, through which cannon balls had torn their way. Near the centre of the British position, on the spot where Wellington stood, and where once a tree grew,

has been erected a mound over a hundred feet in height. It is sugar-loaf in shape, and composed of earth handsomely sodded over, and having stone steps from the base to the truncated apex. On the summit has been built a pedestal of solid masonry about ten feet in height, which is surmounted by a *lion* of metal, said to be made from the cannon of the discomfited foe. The lion overlooks the French position, and his right paw rests upon a globe. The whole is very suggestive of British power and supremacy. From this elevation a panoramic view of the whole scene of conflict is stretched before the eye. To the north lies the Paris and Brussels turnpike: to the rear of Wellington's position runs another road at right angles to the former, along which any weak point could be reinforced. There is a deep cut where these roads intersect, from which the guards sprang when the Duke gave the welcome command, "guards, up and at them!" and so graphically described by Victor Hugo in "*Les Miserables*" as the scene of plunder and murder by Therardier on the eve of the battle. Two other monuments are the only ones on the field, both near the Paris road: the one erected by the mother and sisters of aid-de-camp Gordon, sent to urge on Blucher, but who was killed on this spot without fulfilling his mission; and the other was erected by Germany, in memory of the German legion that was almost annihilated near where this colossal stone memento stands. The field of conflict extended about two miles; and far beyond it can yet be seen an opening in the forest, through which the Duke cast longing eyes. The day was waning, and his troops were fast melting away. All day he had stood on the defensive, waiting for help. Dozens of times had his troops to form squares, to resist cavalry; dozens of times had artillery-men to seek shelter in these phalanxes, and leave their guns for a time among the French. Times without number had the Cuirassiers rode up to the serried lines endeavouring to force an entrance, but all in vain. Yet were the lines becoming fearfully thin. The gallant 42nd were almost torn to pieces, and were once entirely surrounded, until the Greys, coming to the rescue, and shouting "*Scotland forever*," trampled into the dust the enemy and saved a remnant of them. The Colonel asked from Wellington a temporary respite, but the characteristic reply was, "I and you and every man must stand our ground." The brave Colonel said "enough, my lord," and rode to the head of his devoted band, who ever after this did prodigies of valour. All had wrought wonders, and all had shown Saxon and Teutonic stubbornness, so as to extort from Bonaparte the remark that "he had beaten the British often that day, but *they did not know it*." The sun was setting, and Napoleon was wondering what had become of Grouchy, and Wellington was straining his eyes in hope of seeing the Prussian banners. At last the French reserves are ordered to the front. The Imperial Guard, that never surrendered, are formed into two immense columns for the final attack. They are told that all depends upon them, and with the shouts of *vive l'Empereur*, they are lead by Napoleon down the slopes and are hurled impetuously into the bowels of a volcano,

" Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volle'd and thundered;"

but as frost-work disappears before the April sun, so did those brave men dissolve from the ranks in this harvest of death. On all sides they were harrassed yet, often reforming, they returned to the charge lead by the gallant Ney and the dauntless Rielle; but as the ocean waves dash impotently against the giant rocks, so did this magnificent legion storm in hellish rage in front of those to whom were entrusted the honour of old England. Jerome Bonaparte who lead six thousand men against Hougoumont and left 1,400 of them in the orchard, was ordered to come to the rescue of the guards, but before his column was put in motion, the cry was heard in all parts of the field, "The Guards recoil," and simultaneously, with this paralyzing cry, came the news that Blucher was at hand. During this eventful hour the British commander had his heart rung by the fearful slaughter and no succour at hand. Night would be a boon to his wearied army. "Would God it were night or Blucher," he said to the remnant of his staff. The words were scarcely uttered ere the booming of cannon reverberated over the forest of Soignies, telling of succour or defeat. Both embattled hosts heard it. The strife ceased for a moment, for the decisive hour had come. Far to the left could be heard the multitudinous voices of men and, piercing the smoke of battle, came British cheers. Division after division took up the gladsome shout. The Prussians were rushing to the rescue and Waterloo was won. "It was a famous victory." A fugitive Emperor was terror-stricken on the way to Paris while behind him, on the gory plain, were the Imperial Guards, with tens of thousands of their companions in arms, stark corpses or mutilated masses of quivering and living flesh on the ensanguined plain. As we stood on the tumulus the whole scene seemed to be enacted over again, and the ghostly legions of armed men came up before our mind's eye as if it were yesterday, and the muffled tread of spectral squadrons could almost still be heard where "the angel of death spread his wings on the blast."

Had Bonaparte conquered, Europe would have been under the heel of a military despot, partitioned, to some extent, it had been already, to his relatives and friends with himself, the Emperor autocrat of Christendom. This was his day-dream and the goal of his ambition, until his right arm hung nerveless by his side at Waterloo. England was victorious and the enthralled nations of Europe were set free. Let panegyrists of the Abbott school exalt the Corsican to the rank of a military demi-god; but to us, standing on this battle-field, his character stood forth as a heartless, bloody, and ambitious adventurer, whose inmost nature was filled with the Napoleonic "idea" of vain and empty glory. He filled France with a mania for conquest. Every victory fed the morbid appetite to satiety for a time, but only in a short time to seek again more bloody sacrifices to satisfy its omnivorous maw; every defeat, such as that of Moscow, only wounded the Gallic pride, and stimulated it to seek other fields of conquest. The descendants of the heroes of Poitiers, Cressy and Agincourt were styled the sons of "perfidious Albion," and vengeance was on their lips and rancour in their hearts at Waterloo. Although Napoleon III. (the Sphinx of France), in his "life of Cæsar," styles Cæsar, Charlemagne and

Napoleon I. the only three guiding stars of history, yet *he* has not thought it prudent to follow their example, and challenge the world in arms. Herein he displays sagacity for which posterity will give him credit. To fight for freedom is truly glorious; but how often do nations draw the sword wantonly, through a pure love of conquest; then

“ O war, what art thou?  
 After the brightest conquests, what remains  
 Of all thy glories? For the vanquished chains;  
 But for the proud victor—what?”

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## THE CONVENT PORTER.

By CARROLL RYAN, Ottawa.

He was an ancient, bearded man  
 Beneath the archway seated,  
 Who through the summer, lone and long,  
 His Rosary repeated.  
 He rang the bell for matin pray'rs;—  
 At noontide for the reapers,  
 And, when the evening shadows fell,  
 He rang it for the keepers,  
 And, sometimes, too, he tolled a knell  
 For everlasting sleepers.

From day to day he said his beads,  
 Beneath the archway staying;  
 The sun, arising, found him there,  
 And, setting, left him praying.  
 On him would little hands attend,  
 And little footfalls pattered  
 Around him; where the fig-trees bend  
 Were purple treasures scattered;  
 The whisp'ring cypress was his friend,  
 For him the ivy chattered.

But seldom at that convent gate  
 A traveller dismounted;  
 The outer world of love and hate  
 Passed by it unaccounted.  
 Monotonous, and quaint, and calm,  
 The pray'rful seasons glided,  
 The vesper hymn and morning psalm  
 These days alone divided,  
 That by the dial, near the Palm,  
 Were left but undecided.

So years went by until one day  
 The night cloud, westward rolling,  
 Came round the Friar's old retreat  
 Without the vesper tolling.  
 The birds still sang on ivy sprays,  
 The children still were playing,  
 The old man, as in former days,  
 Seemed Rosaries still saying;  
 But Death had found his quiet ways  
 And took the old man praying.

## THE HEROINE OF VERCHERES.

By J. M. LEMOINE, Author of "Maple Leaves."

The early times of Canada teem with incidents most romantic: feats of endurance—of cool bravery—Christian heroism in its loftiest phases; acts of savage treachery of the darkest dye—deeds of blood and revenge most appalling—adventurous escapes by forest, land and flood; which would furnish the frame-work for fifty most fascinating romances. On reviewing which, one can readily enter into the meaning of one of our late Governors, the Earl of Elgin, who, in one of his dispatches to the Home Government, in speaking of the primitive days of the colony, describes them as "the heroic times of Canada." The expression was as eloquent as it was truthful. The era is not far distant when the beauties of Canadian history will be as familiar to our youth as they are comparatively unknown at the present time. D'Iberville, M<sup>lle</sup> de Vercherès, Latour, Dollard des Ormeaux, Lambert Close, will yet, we opine, receive from the magic wand of a Canadian Walter Scott a halo of glory as bright as that which, in the eyes of Scotia's sons, surrounds a Flora McIvor, a Jeannie Deans, a Claverhouse, or a Rob Roy.

Let us for the present peer in that bright past, and present to the reader's view a youthful figure, which graced one of the proudest epochs of Canadian history—the era of de Frontenac.

It will be remembered that the Marquis of Tracy in 1663 was escorted to Canada by one of the *crack* French corps of the day—the regiment of Carignan. Four companies (some 600 men) were shortly after disbanded in New France: the officers and privates were induced, by land grants and provisions, horses, and other marks of royal favour, to marry and settle in the new world. One of the officers, M. de Vercherès, obtained in 1672, on the St. Lawrence, where now stands the parish of Vercherès, a land grant of one league in depth by one league in length. The following year his domain received the accession of *Ile à la Prune* and *Ile Longue*, which he had connected by another grant of league in length. There, did the French officer build his dwelling, a kind of fort, in accordance with the custom of the day, to protect him against the attacks of the Iroquois. "These forts," says Charlevoix, "were merely extensive enclosures, surrounded by palisades and redoubts. The church and the house of the *seigneur* were within the enclosure, which was sufficiently large to admit, on an emergency, the women, children, and the farm cattle. One or two sentries mounted guard day and night, and with small field pieces, kept in check the skulking enemy, warning the settlers to prepare, and hasten to the rescue. These precautions were sufficient to prevent attack,"—not in all cases, however, as we shall soon see.

Taking advantage of the absence of M. de Vercherès, the Iroquois drew stealthily round the fort, and set to climbing over the palisades;

on hearing which, Marie Magdalenie Vercherès, the youthful daughter of the laird of Vercherès, seized a gun and fired it off. Alarmed, the marauders slunk away; but, finding they were not pursued, they soon returned and spent two days, hopelessly wandering round the fort without daring to enter, as, ever and anon, a bullet would strike them down at each attempt they made to escalate the wall. What increased their surprise, they could detect inside no living creature except a woman; but this female was so intrepid, so active, so ubiquitous, that she seemed to be everywhere at once. She never ceased to use her unerring fire-arms until the enemy had entirely disappeared. The dauntless defender of fort Vercherès was M<sup>lle</sup> de Vercherès: the brave deed was done in 1690.

Two years subsequently, the Iroquois, having returned in larger force, had chosen the moment when the settlers were engaged in the fields with their duties of husbandry to pounce on them, bind them with ropes, and secure them. M<sup>lle</sup> Vercherès, then aged nearly fourteen, was sauntering on the banks of the river. Noticing one of the savages aiming at her, she eluded his murderous intent by rushing towards the fort at the top of her speed; but, for swiftness of foot, the savage was a match for her, notwithstanding that terror added wings to her flight, and with tomahawk upraised he gradually closed on her as they were nearing the fort. Another bound, however, and she would be beyond his grip, when she felt the kerchief which covered her throat seized from behind. It is then all up with our resolute child;—but quick as thought, and while the exulting savage raises his hand for the fatal blow, the young heroine tears asunder the knot which retained her garment, and bounding like a gazelle within the fort, closes it instanter on her relentless pursuer, who retains as an only trophy the French girl's kerchief.

TO ARMS! TO ARMS! instantly resounds within the fort; and without paying any attention to the groans of the women, who see from the fort their husbands carried away prisoners, she rushed to the bastion where stood the sentry, seizes a musket and a soldier's hat, and causes a great clatter of guns to be made, so as to make believe that the place is well defended by soldiers. She next loads a small field piece, and not having at hand a wad, uses a towel for that purpose, and fires off the piece on the enemy. This unexpected assault inspired terror to the Indians, who saw their warriors, one after the other, struck down. Armed and disguised, and having but one soldier with her, she never ceased firing. Presently the alarm reached the neighbourhood of Montreal, when an intrepid officer, the Chevalier de Crisasi, brother of the Marquis de Crisasi, then Governor of Three Rivers, rushed to Vercherès at the head of a chosen band of men; but the savages had made good their retreat with their prisoners. After a three days' pursuit, the Chevalier found them with their captives securely entrenched in a wood on the borders of Lake Champlain. The French officer prepared for action, and after a most bloody encounter the redskins were utterly routed—all cut to pieces, except those who escaped; *but the prisoners were released.* The whole of New France resounded with the fame of M<sup>lle</sup> Vercherès' courage, and she was awarded the name

of the "Heroine of Vercherès," a title which posterity has ratified.

Another rare instance of courage on her part crowned her exploits, and was also the means of settling her in life. A French commander, M. de Lanaudière de la Perade, was pursuing the Iroquois in the neighbourhood, some historians say, of the river Richelieu, others say of the river St. Anne, when there sprang unexpectedly out of the underbrush myriads of these implacable enemies, who rushed on M. de la Perade unawares. He was just on the point of falling a victim in this ambushade, when M'lle de Vercherès, seizing a musket and heading some resolute men, rushed on the enemy, and succeeded in rescuing the brave officer. She had indeed made a conquest, or rather became the conquest of M. de la Perade, whose life she had thus saved. Henceforward, the heroine of Vercherès shall be known by the name of Madame de la Lanaudière de la Perade, her husband a wealthy seigneur. Some years later the fame of her daring acts reached the French king, Louis XIV., who instructed the Marquis of Beauharnais, the Governor of Canada, to obtain from herself a written report of her brilliant deeds. Her statement concludes with most noble sentiments, denoting not only a lofty soul, but expressed in such dignified and courteous language as effectually won the admiration of the great monarch.

Madame de la Perade, neè Vercherès, died on the 7th of August, 1737, at St. Anne de la Perade, near Montreal.

She is the ancestor of the present seigneur of L'Industrie, near Montreal, the Hon. Gaspard de Lanaudière, whose ancestors, for two centuries, shone either in the senate or on the battle-fields of Canada.

M'lle Vercherès' career exhibits another instance of the sentiments which inspired the first settlers of Canadian soil, and by her birth, life and death gives the lie direct to the wholesale slanders, with which travellers like Baron Lahontan have attempted to brand the pioneers of New France.

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FLORES NIMIUM BREVES.

---

*On finding in a book some withered rose-leaves.*

---

BY W. P. D.

---

Poor faded leaves! with what strange power ye bear  
 Me back to sunny days, and round me spread  
 A mystic charm, calling to life the dead,  
 Waking long-buried thoughts, till all the air  
 Is thick with odorous memories, and fair  
 The rosy scene, as when her gentle hand,  
 Who leaning o'er my shoulder lightly scanned  
 The page I read, strewed the sweet petals there!  
 Then soft tones bade me trace each silky vein  
 Running through gauzy pink:—All brown and dry,  
 No beauty here a stranger might descry:  
 Nor tender voice nor touch comes now again;  
 Yet for my dreaming sense and misty eye  
 Perfume and loveliness your shrivelled forms retain.

## CHARLES HEAVYSEGE AND THE NEW EDITION OF "SAUL."\*

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

FIRST on the list of the tuneful few who have contributed to our yet scanty stock of poetic literature, stands Mr. Charles Heavysege, author of "Saul," a drama, "Count Filippo," a drama, "Jephthah's Daughter," a poem in blank verse, "Sonnets," and a few occasional poems; all bearing the stamp of the author's genius, and written in a style altogether peculiar to himself. Like the great Hebrew hero of his greatest drama, Mr. Heavysege stands, intellectually, a full head and shoulders above all others of the poetic race in the Dominion of Canada. He is not at all Canadian, however, in his choice of subjects. So far as that goes he might as well write and reside in Britain as here. But he is now a Canadian, though not "to the manor born," and Canada claims him as a man of genius, who has already reflected no little honour on the present, as he will reflect on the future, of his adopted land. He is, the writer believes, an Englishman by birth; but, as true genius is cosmopolitan, Mr. Heavysege belongs, not to Canada alone, but to the world: as much as Tennyson or Longfellow, as Carlyle or Emerson, he is indeed a "citizen of the world." For some years he "hid his light under a bushel" in Montreal, unnoticed amidst the din and business excitement of that great commercial city; known only to the few as the author of an unsuccessful poem in the style of Milton. There was great and commendable ambition, however, in this attempt, and Mr. Heavysege gained some worldly wisdom, if little fame and less profit, by so daring a literary venture. He afterwards published a small, unbound, unpretending volume of "Sonnets," about fifty in number, written in every conceivable measure, but abounding in great thoughts and genuine poetry, and proving him to possess within himself an unworked mine of mental power and richness, great versatility, and extreme facility in poetic composition. The sonnets are cast more in the Miltonic than the Shakspearean mould; but the effect is apparent throughout, of the author's close study of and evident familiarity with the style and writings of both these great original minds, which had done so much towards moulding and perfecting his own. The opening sonnet is well chosen and finely wrought out:—

"Why should I die, and leave the ethereal night,  
 Moon-lit, star-spent; this canopy of blue  
 Blotted for ever from my cancelled sight,  
 Its lofty grandeur, and its peerless hue?  
 Why should I die, and leave the glorious day  
 Sun-bathed, and flaming in the boundless sky!  
 Why should some mourner to the living say:  
 'His ear is stopped, and ever closed his eye?'  
 Tell me, O Sadness! speak, and tell me why!  
 Ever to sleep, and hear no more the sound

\* "Saul," a drama, 3rd edition, by Chas. Heavysege. Boston—Fields, Osgood & Co.



Of rival nations marching to their goal;  
 To be condemned beneath the stolid ground,  
 To rest unconscious while new ages roll:  
 Oh! art thou mocked not? tell me, tell me, soul!"

The sonnet on "Annihilation" has a grand, solemn, and majestic roll, like the strong billow of some mighty sea:—

"Up from the deep Annihilation came,  
 And shook the shore of nature with his frame.  
 Vulcan, nor Polyphernus of one eye,  
 For size or strength could with the monster vie;  
 Who, landed, all around his eye-balls rolled,  
 While dripped the ooze from limbs of mighty mould.  
 But who the bard that shall in song express  
 (For he was clad) the more than Anarch's dress?  
 All round about him hanging were decays,  
 And ever-dropping remnants of the past;  
 But how shall I describe my great amaze  
 When down the abyss I saw him coolly cast,  
 Slowly but constantly, some lofty name  
 Men thought secure in bright, eternal fame?"

A perfect leviathan of a sonnet this. Many of his lines flash with the finest intellect, and more with a resistless, concentrated force: some are eminently grand, like an eruption of Vesuvius, as those in the nineteenth sonnet referring to the line of Milton, "to be weak is to be miserable," a dogma which he will not concede wholly to the author of "Paradise Lost," but supposes it to have been flung from the Arch-fiend's boiling breast in a moment of intense desolation and despair:—

"As might a red, tremendous bolt of fire  
 Expelled from Etna upward to the sky,  
 Hang there a meteor never to expire;  
 So shall that exclamation never die,  
 While there are souls ambitious:"

others are strikingly beautiful, or full of home truths that go directly to the heart, as in sonnet ten:—

"No angel fully knows that he is blessed;  
 No miser knows the value of his gold:  
 The devils only know what heaven possessed;  
 And ruined spendthrifts their estate of old."

Sonnets thirty and thirty-three, written on contemplation of a starry night, and sonnets thirty-five, thirty-eight and forty-two, contain great and stirring thoughts; and sonnet forty-one is super-excellent—one in a thousand, in fact. The sonnets bear the unmistakable impress of that genius which Mr. Heavysege has since displayed, not alone in "Saul," his great work, and by which he will be best known to posterity, but in "Count Filippo" and "Jephthah's Daughter," both of which abound in passages of admirable poetry.

The drama of "Saul," a new and beautiful edition of which has been issued by the Boston house of Fields, Osgood & Co., and which is an immense work, equal to three of Shakspeare's plays, was at last

instrumental in bringing the author fairly and publicly into notice. When the first edition appeared, so strangely unequal was the work, Canadian readers solemnly shook their heads; the critical were fairly nonplussed by its unevenness, and passed it by almost in utter silence. Still it lived through this worse than Siberian winter of coldness, general indifference and occasional assault, until the *North British Review*—thanks to that brilliant and keen-sighted American thinker and idealist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, who received the rare volume in England—pointed out the fact, and made it patent to the world, that the sun of a great dramatic poet, a resident of Canada, had just risen above the horizon, and was wending slowly but surely up to the zenith of certain popularity and fame. "Saul" soon came out in a corrected and improved form, with all the honours of a second edition. Even then, certain parts of this drama were provokingly hard to read, and the author had no small amount of literary labour in store for him, before he could make it worthy of his genius. But the third and latest (the American) edition shows the great work well-nigh complete.

In this new edition more action has been imparted to the drama; whole scenes and sentences have been transposed, or omitted, or rewritten; there is a better choice of words in almost every instance where corrections were necessary, hundreds of which may be noted by comparing it with the second edition of 1859; many gaps in the dialogue have been filled up; while, on the other hand, scores of the best passages come to us untouched—fine, glowing, familiar lines and images which had fixed themselves in the memory, and which, it is a pleasure to know have been left as originally written.

The author adheres strictly to the biblical history of "Saul," and the drama begins at the time when the stately shepherd and future king goes to seek the strayed asses of his father;

"But a diadem  
Has found instead of finding them,"

as Zepho informs the demons who have met upon "the Hill of God," whither Saul and a company of prophets are hastening to implore Jehovah for deliverance from the enemies of Israel. In addition to Saul, Jonathan, Abner, Samuel and other prophets, David, and the members of the families of Saul and David, there are certain spirits, good and bad, who perform a most important part in the progress of events, and the consummation of the tragic end of the king of Israel. Saul's evil spirit, Malzah, and his guardian angel, Zoe, are of these; the former of which, Malzah, is said by a writer in the *North British Review* to be "depicted with an imaginative veracity which we do not exaggerate in saying has not been equalled in our language by any but the creator of *Caliban* and *Ariel*." The story, then, without these additions, is familiar to most readers, and it only becomes necessary to give such quotations as will lead to prove the high character of the work, as well as to "illustrate the oddity, subtlety and originality of the writer's language;" simply premising, in regard to Malzah, that he is "a living character, as true to supernature as Hamlet or Falstaff are to nature; and by this continuation, as it were, of humanity into

new circumstances and another world, we are taught to look upon humanity itself from a fresh point of view, and we seem to obtain new and startling impressions of the awful character of the influences by which we are beset." The critical reader will readily perceive how closely, and to what great advantage, the author has studied the works of the great dramatist, as well as the "book of books,"—the Bible.

Saul, after having been anointed king by Samuel, has returned to his home in Gibeah, where he is occupied, as formerly, as a herdsman. Chafing under this restraint, and tortured by the strivings of ambition within him, he says:—

" I am like

A taper that is left to burn to waste  
 Within an empty house. Why do I stay?  
 Others could tend these herds as well as I,  
 And haply better; for my thoughts are far  
 From meads and kine, and all the servile round  
 Of household duties, same from year to year;  
 Alike far from the rural dull routine  
 And traffic of the town, when I repair  
 To exchange my herds and corn for silver shekels.  
 \* \* \* \* \* The steer  
 Puts forth his horns when his due months arrive,  
 And pushes with them though they be but tender;  
 The blade starts from the clod in spring; the leaf  
 On the high bough sits in its pride of green;  
 The blossom, punctual to its season, comes,  
 Milk-white and ruddy; and the perfect fruit  
 Appears with autumn; nor the snow doth fail  
 The hoary winter. Doth the snake not shed  
 Its slough?—the fledgling leave its natal nest?  
 Twice what I once was now I feel to be!  
 Down, proud imagination! silence keep,  
 Thou rash impatience! And yet, Samuel said,  
 'Now God is with thee, act as thou seest fit.'  
 What should I do! Deem this less zeal than pride,  
 And here in all tranquility abide."

He is soon, however, called to more stirring scenes. Nahash, king of Ammon, has besieged Jabesh-Gilead, which, if not relieved, is to be surrendered in seven days, and that, too, on the condition that he is to put out the right eye of every man within the place. This is enough to arouse from its slumbers the warlike spirit of Saul, who vows and implores:—

" Hear me, O God! Jehovah, hear thy servant!  
 So be it done to me and unto all  
 To me belonging, yea, and tenfold more—  
 If more can be by living man endured—  
 If I shall fail to drive this monster back.  
 Ye shapes of wrath, avenging cherubim,  
 Ye scourges from the presence of the Lord,  
 Ye dark, destroying angels that forth fly  
 To do heaven's judgments, turn your course towards him."

His message to the besieged is:—

" Go tell the men of Jabesh-Gilead  
 To fear not that foul Whelp of Twilight, Nahash:  
 They shall have aid."

He takes leave of his old home and his herdsman's occupation in these words:—

“ No further words ; let deeds  
Come next. Now, herds and flocks, a last adieu ;  
Men henceforth are my flock, my pasture Canaan :  
I will forthwith to Bezek, and there raise  
My standard ; then woe be to them who follow  
Not Saul and Samuel.”

In the next scene Saul is standing upon an eminence near Bezek, where his trusty Hebrews have gathered. He sees nothing but battle array where'er he turns his eyes ; “ the ground is hidden with men,” so numerous are the forces at his disposal ; “ the heights appear like roused ant-hills, and the valleys swarm with moving life.” He is urged by messengers, who arrive in hot haste, to push on with all despatch to Jabesh-Gilead. One of them implores on leaving, “ O Saul, do not fail us !” to which he replies :—

“ Fail ye ! No :  
Let the morn fail to break ; I will not break  
My word. Haste, or I'm there before you. Fail !  
Let the morn fail the East ; I'll not fail you :  
But, swift and silent as the streaming wind,  
Unseen, approach, then, gathering up my force  
At dawning, sweep on Ammon, as Night's blast  
Sweeps down from Carmel on the murky sea.  
Our march is through the darkness.”

Saul is pacing restlessly to and fro in the vicinity of Jabesh-Gilead, time dawn, and the army awaiting impatiently for the battle. He soliloquizes :—

“ The day breaks calmly, howsoe'er it end ;  
And nature shows no great consent with man,  
Curtailing not the slumber of the clouds,  
Nor rising with the clarion of the wind  
To blow his signals.”

He overhears the foe hastily arousing his slumbering legions, and after giving directions to Abner, that great captain of the Israelitish host, “ prompt let us be, and not more prompt than fell,” he buckles on his armour, and soon the memorable battle is at its height. The descriptions that follow are remarkably fine, and abound with true poetry. The Hebrews have gained the field, “ no two of the pale foe are left together ;” and Saul, having sheathed his sword, delivers himself of that spirited apostrophe beginning, “ But let us sheathe these trenchant ministers.” Jonathan observes, seeing Saul rapt and silent, that the Ammonites who but yesterday scoffed secure, to-day are destroyed, when Saul says :—

“ Like waving ears  
Of lusty corn, upright we are to-day ;  
To-morrow are laid low by the fell sickle  
Of something unforeseen.”

“ Who tower in triumph grovel in defeat.  
See how the birds are gathering to the feast !  
Thus death feeds life, that is the prey of death.  
Yonder behold the stealthy fox comes forth,

Like a camp-follower, to rob the dead !  
 And, lo ! the unclean kite draws nearer, as  
 The vanguard of the volant scavengers."

It is not until after this battle has been fought that Saul is crowned by Samuel, and the people are jubilant over the great event, following so closely as it did the recent flush of victory. But soon the difficulties incident to the "uneasy head" that "wears a crown" began to assail the king, and his quarrels with the priests begin. Impending dangers from without continue to assail the nation; Jonathan has made that noted but rather premature assault on the garrison of the Philistines at Geba, which compels Saul to go forth in battle array against them :

"Philistia, Philistia again !  
 Philistia comes surging like her sea,  
 Now lashed to fury by the gale from Geba.  
 'To Gilgal, unto Gilgal !' is the cry :  
 The king is gone, and with him the three thousand,"

says a Hebrew, to which another replies :—

"And we along the echo-answering hills  
 Beheld the beacons blazing in the night ;  
 Fire answering to fire as sound to sound,  
 As though to match the replicated peals ;  
 Till o'er the whole horizon's sleepy round  
 Awoke the wondering eyelids of the dark.  
 The king is prompt."

Samuel has promised to join the host at Gilgal, and Saul, while waiting for him, stands near Mickmash in the full presence of the foe, and admires the "splendid soldiery" arrayed against him :—

"How like a camp  
 Of bright, descending angels they appear,  
 As thus the sun illumes their brazen mail,  
 And silver-sembling arms of glittering steel !  
 They are tall fellows : chariots, too, I see,  
 That fly on wheels as angels on swift wings."

Jehoiadab, the jealous priest who is with him, finds fault with the recent brilliant dash at Geba as being premature, for "the God-appointed time had not arrived," when Saul suddenly returns to the Hebrew camp at Gilgal, anxious to begin the battle, and chafing like a reined charger at the continued absence of the prophet. Meanwhile, several days elapse, and Samuel comes not; the army becomes faint of heart, and the camp has to be surrounded with trusty sentinels to prevent desertion. In this plight Saul threatens :—

"He who retreats from the Philistines' eyes  
 Now runs directly into death's black jaws ;  
 None can escape. I have the camp surrounded  
 With those who will not spare : if more chose flight,  
 Let them dig downwards for it to the grave."

To the boy, his armour-bearer, he remarks encouragingly :—

"All patriots are angels after death ;

The soul that in its country's cause has staked  
And lost its sum of future days can never  
Visit Gehema or darkle down perdition,"

Having impatiently waited for seven days, but in vain, for the arrival of Samuel, Saul determined to offer up the sacrifice himself, when his good angel, Zoe, leaves him, saying:—

" O blinding hastiness! he will not listen  
While I dissuade him from impiety:  
I will not see the deed."

The sacrifice finished, Samuel appears on the scene, upbraids Saul, and tells him that his posterity shall never wear a crown, but that the sceptre should pass to another, one

" Chosen of God, and after his own heart,  
To be the Captain of Israel."

Having given the king this uncomfoting assurance, Samuel leaves him, when Saul, filled with anger against the aged prophet, breaks forth into a lengthy rhapsody, full of bitterness at the thought of his having waited so long for Samuel; full of fond arguments tending to exonerate himself from blame; of intense mortification for the loss of a large portion of his army by desertion; and for having lowered himself in the eyes of the Philistines by so long delaying to give them battle. His picked three thousand have dwindled down to six hundred men—"a poor six hundred." In this extremity Gloriel, an angel, instructs Zaph—

" Zaph, ruler of the band that haunt the earth  
To compass Satan's maice,"—

to tempt the garrison of the Philistines at a certain hour of the day, "and so infatuate them that each man shall take his fellow for an enemy." At the appointed time Jonathan and his armour-bearer are moved to ascend the heights of Michmash, when all at once the earth trembles, and all becomes "confusion worse confounded" in the Philistine camp. A Hebrew sentinel who observes the tumult, speaks:—

" What sound do I hear, as if the earth on sudden  
Roared like the ocean, and the clang of arms  
Coming from Michmash? \* \* \* \* \*  
Behold the whole Philistine garrison  
Come tumbling like a torrent on the field.  
What meaneth this? Arms glance along like lightnings;  
Helmets and shields, and heads and bodies bare,  
Dance in confusion. 'Tis a fearful fray!  
See how they charge each other, and, in rage,  
Sweep slaughtering like a whirlpool round and round;  
And ever and anon some gashed head sinks,  
Drowned in the bloody eddy. Louder grows  
The noise; earth trembles till the deep-jarred ground  
Rumbles as if 'twere one enormous grave,  
Wherein some overwhelmed, awakened corpse,  
Resurgent, groaned in horror. Horror reigns;  
The darkened world at its expiry seems,  
And the death rattle in the earth's pent throat

Mingles with battle's burden. Can it be,  
 At this great note of nature, our oppressors  
 Deem we have come upon them as at Geba?  
 No; 'tis themselves who thus themselves assail;  
 And, like a lion that has leaped the fold,  
 And ravens on the flock with flaming eyes,  
 Strange madness, making mutual massacre,  
 Sends through the gloom the play of glittering steel.  
 The steel is fiercelier plied; they wield their blades  
 As labouring smiths upon the anvil wield  
 The time-observing hammers, and like them  
 Beat out harsh rhythms with augmenting rage."

The Hebrews at once begin the pursuit, which is continued until evening. The following is one of Saul's officers' weird description of the night:—

" Witchcraft now seems to hang  
 Between the horns o' the moon, whose low light fails  
 To fill the darksome chamber of the night,  
 That now appears, to my imagination,  
 Upgiven to magic and the spells profane  
 Of sorcerers, and hags whose bodies bend  
 Crone-crookéd as yon moon, from evil years  
 Spent nightly gazing, in the gloomy glass  
 Of potent caldrons, for the summoned face  
 Of their familiar demon."

The description is continued in a very fine strain by Saul, who afterwards resolves to build here his first altar to the Lord, to propitiate him,

" That so  
 He may continue this prosperity,  
 That, like a copious, unexpected shower  
 After long drought, makes green my heart, long serc,  
 And withoring 'neath misgivings."

The reader of this drama, open it where he pleases, and at random, cannot fail to observe the great wealth of imagery with which it abounds, as well as its strong, common-sense argument and sound logic. Here and there traits of the finest humour crop out; not that kind of humour which one is disposed to laugh at, but rather to admire for its quaintness and good sense.

The demons at parting, at the close of the third act, ask whither they shall wend their way:

" Where winds low fret  
 Soft music from Gencsaret;  
 Or sit where, ever bald, abides  
 Gray Carmel, listening to the tides;  
 Or rest on hoary Hermon high,  
 Stood shining, shield-like, in the sky;  
 Else swift to grander, gloomier one,  
 The solemn, cedared Lebanon."

Saul, having humbled Moab, Ammon, Edom, the kings of Zobah and the Philistines, is ordered by Samuel to "go and smite Amalek," to which terrible campaign and its consequent results the entire fourth

act is devoted. A demon says, reflectingly looking at the mangled corpse of Agag:—

“ Now evermore at death

The spirit lingers near the mortal clay.”

The king has returned home to Gibeah, whither his evil genius, Malzah, and his protecting angel, Zoe, have followed him. The sparing of Agag has brought upon his head the anger of the Lord, and Zoe is compelled to leave him:

“ 'Tis ended here,

And I unto the issue bow.

On Saul himself be all the blame.

\* \* \* \* \*

His fault was found in his own heart:

Faith lacking, all his works fell short.

\* \* \* \* \*

I loved him when to me first given;

But I'll forget him now, and fly

Again unto my seat in heaven.”

And now Malzah begins to take possession of Saul. A new and very exquisite scene is added to the fifth act—the first and opening scene—where an angel is sent down to commission Samuel to repair to Bethlehem for the purpose of anointing David. The angel having fulfilled the mission, prepares to return to heaven, uttering the following beautiful pæan, which reads like the song of the rapt and ecstatic spirit of some beatified saint, passing from its mortal tenement up “the blue ethereal sky” to its future home. The lines are exceedingly sweet and musical, and filled with a rare and delicious rapture that, even while we read, sets the weary spirit free from the thralldom of its cumbersome clay:—

“ Swiftly let me now return

To my shining seat on high;

Lo! the breaking light is born,

Lo! the day-dawn I descri;—

Up the opening track of morn

Let me like the lightning fly:—

Up the hollow darkness borne,

Up the hollow of the sky;—

Let me, who for heaven yearn,

Through the melting shadows hie;—

Where the stars, of lustre shorn,

In the light of morning die;—

I who ever starlike burn,

I who ever heavenward turn,

Let me soon to heaven draw nigh;—

There, with wings my visage shading,

'Midst effulgence never fading,

'Holy! holy! holy!' cry.”

Saul becomes dejected, and roams his palace ever musing, and with melancholy air:—

“ My heart now never beats up heavenward.

Once was I as a bird that took slight soars;

Now, never mounts my soul above the ground.

I have no God-ward movings now: no God

Now, from his genial seat of light remote,

Sends down on me a ray.”



Meanwhile Samuel arrives at the scene of his mission, and David, having been anointed, returns to tend his flocks, while his brethren proceed in due time to the wars, leaving him at his unpretending post amongst his flocks at Bethlehem. Previous to the anointing, and while the hind is searching for the sons of Jesse, the voice of an angel takes up the burden of the search after David in certain rare stanzas, not to be found in previous editions of this drama, and beginning,—

“Over field and over brook,”—page 129.

Nearly the entire remainder of act five is given up to spiritual influences, during which Zaph, chief of the evil spirits, compels Malzah to enter Saul and begin the terrible work which he has been selected to perform. A great part of these scenes is original, and many fine passages and stray lines will be found to ponder over and admire. The spirits seem to be all more or less in the philosophical vein. The “universe-exploring spirit,” Widewing, thus finely details a recent flight, in language as richly quaint as it is highly poetic :

“O'er the earth, and up the air,  
 Passing regions cool and fair,  
 I have voyaged; beyond the bounds  
 Of our customary rounds.  
 Even soared to heaven's gate,  
 Even on heaven's threshold sate;  
 Sang thereon a plaintive ditty,  
 Many an angel moved to pity;—  
 Many an angel whom I knew,  
 Moved to pity;—till a few  
 Sudden rose, and thence in ire  
 Drove me with empyreal fire;—  
 Drove me down the starred abyss,  
 Lashed with lightnings down to this;—  
 Stricken thence and spiteful spurned,  
 All the way I, waxing, burned;—  
 Burned alike with fire and shame,  
 Wrapped in wreaths of forky flame,  
 Comet-like I hither came.”

These spirit revels take place near Gibeah. After the evanishing, a Hebrew hesitatingly enters :—

“'Tis said  
 That, at the dayspring, dark and evil spirits  
 Break up their nightly meetings, where they dance  
 To parodies of strains they learned in heaven.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 All night the air's their feoff and foul domain;  
 But at the dawn they flee, and holy angels,  
 Opening the gates o' the East, as now they're doing,  
 Guard the awakening world. Yet then, 'tis said,  
 Apollyon's self, or some one of his creatures,  
 Like a shy reveller's seen stealing homewards;  
 Now in the likeness of a rook, and now  
 Low scudding o'er the twilit common, as  
 A gray and silent owlet; and at times  
 In the disguise of a grim-footpad's met,  
 Hastening from out of yon dark Gibeah :—  
 Let me now haste, for, to my startled sense,  
 There seemed the powers of darkness hastening hence.”

Gems of a high order of poetry are to be met with on every page. Many of these it is provoking to be compelled to pass by, and quotations cannot be given to the extent which either the writer or the appreciative reader could desire. Malzah's imprecations on the angel, Zelehtha, "the hurricane-sender," as he calls her, who hurls him to the earth for the purpose of compelling him to enter upon his appointed task (which he is disposed to shirk, if it were possible), are in the author's best vein, and occupy several pages. There are some terrible scenes enacted by Saul while under the evil influence; and they are amongst the best in the drama. He says to the demon:—

" Ah, shake me thing; shake me again,  
Like an old thorn i' the blast."

The universe appears to him as one wide field, "on which to spend my rancour." His grief

" Must burn within me, or o'erflow  
In tragic deeds, or those foul blasphemies  
Which, from my soul's ooze, are uplifted by  
My horrid agitation."

He laments to the queen that,

" To have the soul swallowed up of its own self,  
Like ocean by its own devouring sands,  
Or the clear sun high in the firmament,  
Thence downward sucked and quenched in a volcano,—  
O, no stout-hearted courage can brave that!

\* \* \* \* \*

The king's most lawless subject is himself.  
His thoughts of late have strangely scorned his rule.  
They are as shifting winds that scorn the sun."

To the doctor he complains scornfully:—

" Skin-deep  
Is deep with you: you only prick the flesh,  
When you should probe the overwhelmed heart,  
And lance the horny wounds of old despair.  
Away; Death is worth all the doctors."

The physician recommends music, and "the stripling David" is brought to court, and by the magic of his harp soothes the demon, until Saul implores:—

" Still more, still more: I feel the demon move  
Amidst the gloomy branches of my breast,  
As moves a bird that buries itself deeper  
Within its nest at stirring of the storm."

The meeting of Saul and the queen (Ahinoam) after his first recovery, is not less affecting than poetical:—

SAUL.—" Kiss me, dear wife, though I am smeared and foul."

AHINOAM.—" O no, thou art not foul to me; no more  
Than is the tiger, with his brindling stripes  
Foul to his mate, or leopard with his spots,  
Or than the kingly lion to his love,  
When, with dishevelled and still-lifted mane,

He stalks back from the chase into his den."

SAUL.—"More fair than in thy fairest flush of youth,  
Now in thy ripened womanhood that bears  
To me such duteous harvest!"

Saul promises her to keep "the shepherd boy" at court, so that his wondrous skill may continue to banish the demon. Malzah is now free for awhile, and determined to enjoy his liberty, philosophically; he will sit in the sky, "and laugh at mortals and at care;" his

" Motley fancies spin  
Like cobwebs on the yellow air;  
Laugh bright with joy, or dusky grin  
In changeful mood of seance there.  
The yellow air! the yellow air!  
He's great who's happy anywhere."

The remainder of his soliloquy is admirably sketched, and the last scene of the first part of "Saul" closes with his exit. Before leaving, however, he makes this excuse for his retreat from the king, where he had "unwound himself at sound from off Saul's heart," where he lay coiled, serpent-like:—

" To be the vassals and the slaves of music  
Is weakness that afflicts all heaven-born spirits.  
But touch whom with the murmur of a lute,  
Or swell and fill whom from the harmonious lyre,  
And man may lead them wheresoe'er he wills;  
And stare to see the nude demoniac  
Sit clothed and void of frenzy."

But the second opens with a very amusing conversation between two members of the royal household, Jokiel and Jared, from which we learn that David is now fully established at the palace, where he has become the wonder and the idol of all hearts, ranging from the fat kitchen wench up to the ladies of the court. The harpings of the future royal psalmist have, for the present, completely banished Malzah from the heart and mind of Saul, in whose ear "the bee of battle hums" once more, for "Philistia's forth again," and the Hebrew army must needs go out to meet "these martial traders of the shore." Zaph, finding that Malzah has utterly fled from Saul, sends Zepho in search of "that most erratic spirit." The passage (page 176) in which Zaph points out the various hiding places where Saul's tormentor may probably be found, is one of the finest in the drama. There are men of one song—one poem—whose names have become immortal. If Mr. Heavysege had written nothing but this one beautiful and exceedingly happy passage, it would have been sufficient to stamp him as a poet of no mean capacity. It seems strange to compare any mortal with Shakspeare; but this particular scene is eminently Shakspearean. David has again returned to Bethlehem, and is tending his father's flocks, his brothers having gone to the war. He has been commissioned by his father to carry them provisions to the Hebrew camp, overlooking the valley of Elah, after having in vain endeavoured to obtain his father's permission to join the army. When he arrives there he

finds the army inactive, and Goliath bellowing forth his daily challenge to the Jewish host, to send some one of its great captains to contend with him in a hand-to-hand contest, the issue of which is to decide the day. David at length obtains permission to accept the challenge. The scenes descriptive of the event are drawn in the writer's happiest style; and the various descriptions of Goliath, put into the mouth of several Hebrew soldiers, are equally good:—

“ He's seated on the ground; and as a tawney  
Lion just waked, and weltering in night's dew,  
Shines in the morning's beam, so he in noon's.  
He is so tall he'd reach thee from a tree,  
And stronger he than a rhinoceros;  
Nor looks the hyena or the wolf more cruel.  
He surely must have been begot in blood,—  
Some ever-angry tigress suckled him;  
So fierce and fiery is his gaze.”

A soldier describes David as

“ A Bethlehem boy,  
A crazy lad who goes to him to be killed.”

And really it does seem that the stripling is walking into the open jaws of angry death; but he marches on the great enemy, with his poor sling, and his five smooth stones picked from the running brook, “in the name of Him who is the Lord of Hosts,” and knowing that Goliath “cannot crush him whom the Lord upholds,” notwithstanding Saul's prediction:—

“ He with his spear, so like a weaver's beam,  
Would stop the dancing shuttle of thy life.”

“ David has soon brought the monster to the earth;” the army shouts with might and main; and a soldier (one of a group) says:—

“ Let us assist them, and upsend a blast  
*That, from this earth reverberating driven,  
Shall waken whirlwinds on the fields of heaven.*”

The Hebrews attack the army of the Philistines, and stay not their hands until “the foe exists no more except in Ekron,” where he has sought refuge from the storm of battle. David has brought to Saul the head of the giant. Saul moralises:

“ The dross of life, men's vices and their failings,  
Should from our memories be let slip away,  
As drops the damaged fruit from off the bough  
Ere comes the autumn. It were wise, nay, just,  
To strike with men a balance; to forgive,  
If not forget, their evil for their good's sake.”

Jonathan admires David, and expresses his admiration in these terms:

“ Fair was the morning star, as late I saw him  
Shining ere daybreak o'er a verdant hill;  
And fair the eve's star, as I lately saw her,  
At twilight beaming on the Dead Sea shore;

But nor the morn star, as I lately saw him,  
 Ere daybreak shining c'er a verdant hill,  
 Nor evening's, as at twilight I beheld her,  
 All lonely shining o'er the Dead Sea shore,  
 Please<sup>d</sup> me as thou dost now. \* \* \* Thou,  
 By this most glorious and successful duel,  
 Art suddenly become a point of fire,—  
 Art suddenly become the fulgent boss  
 And shining centre of our kingdom's shield;  
 On which this victory's new risen splendour  
 Hath gathered and upcupped itself, as if  
 An ocean were condensed there to a drop,  
 Outshining diamonds."

The prince takes David to his bosom, and now begins that brotherly friendship and affection for which the twain were noted. The Hebrew army returns homeward, and on the way Saul is incensed at the damsels coming out to meet them, and singing the song in the drama, of which the chorus is:—

"Saul he has his thousands slain,  
 But David has his thousands ten."

Malzah, at the beginning of the third act (second part), is sitting, at night, on the Alps, when something prompts him to repair to Saul. He goes, and is followed by the angel Zelehtha, who sees him flit across the seas that lead eastward to Canaan. Zelehtha's soliloquy (page 234) is extremely beautiful. The following lines, with which it closes, are finely Miltonic:—

"Lo, where yon demon, with increasing speed,  
 Makes his dim way across the night-hung flood,  
 Due to the Hebrew king, with onward heed,  
 Like to a hound that snuffs the scent of blood.  
 I'll follow him."

Saul is now again beset with the demon, "a new demon," as he himself thinks, and his greatest wrath and hatred go out against David, the saviour of his life and of his army. He says:—

"I deemed that I again was snugly housed;  
 When from the wilderness there comes a blast,  
 That casts my cabin of assurance down,  
 And leaves me in the tempest."

Even against his better judgment he attempts the life of David, and in one of his ruminations says:

"David, young roc, start from thy form, and flee  
 Out of the dangerous thicket of my thoughts."

Seeing that he cannot accomplish the destruction of David by his own hand (which he has attempted), Saul lays the snare of offering the young Hebrew his daughter Michael, whom David loves, providing he but bring him "an hundred foreskins of the Philistines;" but when David returns with "the bloody dowry, doubled," Saul's secret enmity towards him knows no bounds. Many fine passages might be quoted

from this portion of the drama ; but choice sentences fall so thick and fast upon the reader, that to quote more than a mere moiety of them would require more space than a periodical can afford. The loves of Jonathan and David are happily rendered, as are those of Davi' and Michael ; both brother and sister uniting to save the minstrel from the anger and vengeance of the king. David has again been victorious over the Philistines ; but each of his succeeding triumphs only tends to incense Saul against him, until he is compelled to flee. The various campaigns made by Saul to encompass and entrap his wary son-in-law, are the occasions of a good deal of very fine description in Mr. Heavy-sege's best style. Saul admits that there must be some power standing "between his purpose and its crowning." David, he says, is

" Elusive as the wandering wind,  
Or shadow grasped by the infolding fist,  
That, opening, finds 'tis empty."

Saul, learning that David has twice spared his life, at length tells him that he "has killed his malice," and swears that he will not molest him more. The consummation of the drama draws to a close, and Saul admits to Abner :

" I feel that I at last am come unto  
The crisis and the pivot of my fortunes.  
Long lost amongst dark mounts and crags, at length  
I stand upon a pointed pinnacle,  
From which I shall ascend into the sky,  
Or topple to the abyss."

This is shortly before Saul seeks out the witch of Endor, and disturbs the quiet of the shade of the dead Samuel, contrary to the advice of Abner. But he meets with no consolation there, and returns to the camp, certain that the next impending battle with the enemy will seal his fate and that of his sons, giving the throne to David and his lineage. Even so it comes to pass ; and at the close of the engagement, which has been fearfully disastrous to the Hebrews, the Philistine cavalry sweep across the scene and carry off the corpse of Saul, who has fallen by his own hand, rather than be taken prisoner by the enemy.

The spiritual element of this drama is handled with remarkable ease. The author is as much at home when tracking some errant spirit through the realms of space, as he is on his native earth, wreaking vengeance through the Hebrew host on their mortal enemies of Amalek and Philistia. These spirit scenes vary from downright playfulness, malevolence and mischief, to a grandeur as solemn as the occasion which calls it forth. His spirits criticise, backbite and scandalize one another just as freely and with as much gusto as we mortals do at times ; evil spirits threaten the good spirits in loud and empty bombast and blatant ire ; but when brought face to face with and made to feel and admit the higher influence of a superior, are prone to fawn and crawl and cringe, and are as sycophantic as if they were really human, and the meanest of poor humanity at that. Gloriel is Chief of the celestial spirits, as Zaph is chief of the evil brood ; Zephlo is Zaph's messenger ; Zoe is

Saul's guardian angel, as Malzah, "the evil spirit from the Lord," is his evil genius and tormentor; Zelahtha is the controller of Malzah, and Peyona, an evil spirit, of course, is Malzah's consort. A very naughty pair they are, these latter twain. Demons laugh at the choruses of the prophets; they criticise events while Saul's first sacrifice is being offered; they follow the Amalekitish ghosts to Acheron, sport and jest around the mutilated remains of Agag, and follow the royal shade to hell as soon as they can thread their way through the crowd of ghostly voyagers, let loose on the late bloody battle field, for (a demon is speaking)

"The road thereto is yet encumbered  
With the descending spectres of the killed.  
'Tis said they choke hell's gates, and stretch from thence  
Out like a tongue upon the silent gulf;  
Wherein our spirits—like terrestrial ships  
That are detained by foul winds in an offing—  
Linger perforce, and feel broad gusts of sighs,  
'That swing them on the dark and billowless waste,  
O'er which come sounds more dismal than the boom,  
At midnight, of the salt-flood's foaming surf,—  
Even dead Amalek's moan and lamentation."

They talk sagely and tritely of human affairs—of times beyond the deluge—and have a distinct recollection of "the sweet girls of Cain, grand-daughters of first Eve;" they travel swiftly from one holy mountain to another, and across wide wastes of sea and desert, and revel in lone wildernesses, as well as among the busy haunts of men; soar to heaven's gate, and have business in Tartarus; and all in the most natural way. The better spirits perform their better functions with the same ease and freedom; and over them all the author has thrown a life and an existence which may be said to be essentially of his own devising and creating.

In this rapid sketch of the drama of "Saul," this mere skimming of its rich surface, many passages of great beauty, force, quaintness and general excellence have been culled, leaving hundreds of others interspersed through the four hundred and thirty-six precious pages, flung and strewn right and left, and scattered about "thick as autumnal leaves that show the brooks in vallebrosa." These and very many other passages in which the peculiar humour of the author is made manifest, must be sought for by the reader of this really great work. The colloquy, for instance, between Jokiel and Jared; the loves of Malzah and Peyona; the remarks of certain Hebrews at pages 64, 65 and 66; several scenes between the spirits; the comments of the watching Hebrews while David is going forth to meet Goliath: and many others. Two more selections must suffice; the first is a song of Malzah's:

"There was a devil, and his name was I;  
From out Profundus he did cry;  
He changed his note as he changed his coat,  
And his coat was of a varying dye;  
It had many a hue: in hell 'twas blue,  
'Twas green i' the sea, and white i' the sky  
O, do not ask me, ask me why

'Twas green i' the sea, and white i' the sky.  
 Why from Profundus he did cry.  
 Suffice that he wailed with a chirruping note;  
 And quaintly cut was his motley coat."

The other is spoken by Zaph to Zepho, about the time that Malzah is set free, and is a capital piece of woodland description :

" Zepho, the sun's descended beam  
 Hath laid his rod on the ocean stream;  
 And this o'erhanging wood-top nods  
 Like golden helms of drowsy gods.  
 Methinks that now I'll stretch for rest;  
 With eyelids sloping toward the west;  
 That through their half transparencies,  
 The rosy radiance passed and strained,  
 Of mote and vapour duly drained,  
 I may believe, in hollow bliss,  
 My rest in the empyrean is."

Mr. Heavysege's leading characteristics are great originality, versatility and force; a boundless wealth of homely but true and natural simile, imagery and comparison; a quiet command of humour, powerful imagination and rare invention; skill in the delineation of character; with a copiousness of language which is frequently too much for him. His style is rare and unique, and it is necessary to become familiarized with it to appreciate it to the full. Not only in "Saul" are all these traits strikingly manifest, but in "Jephthah's Daughter" and in "Count Filippo" as well; and, as has been shown, also in the "sonnets." Whether he flings off a poem or a drama, in all appear the marked character and impress of his mind; the peculiar idiosyncrasy of his genius. His poetry is at all times rich in thought, and even overburdened at others with a wealth of beauty and sublimity. He is clear, concise and logical, and exceedingly happy in emitting great white-hot truths and phrases, many of which will yet rise to the dignity of household words. For instance :

" Like waving ears  
 Of lusty corn, upright we are to-day;  
 To-morrow are laid low by the fell sickle  
 Of something unforeseen."

" 'Tis cowardly  
 Thus to desert me slowly by degrees,  
 Like breath from off a mirror."

" Why should slow age  
 Chain the swift wheels of manhood?"

" What art thou,  
 That I should fear to blister thee with words?"

" There is no restriction on the Almighty,  
 To work by many or to work by few."

" But who can see the end  
 Of many a fine beginning?"



“ Surely there is a blight within the ear,  
Denying me a harvest.”

“ ’Tis always day  
To those to whom Jehovah lights the way.”

“ Music  
Moves but that portion of us which is good.”

“ The flower which even death  
Cannot unscent, the all-transcending rose.”

“ Or where the brook runs o’er the stones, and smoothes  
Their green locks with its current’s crystal comb.”

ABNER.—“ Jehovah’s ways are dark.”  
SAUL.—“ If they be just I care not.”

“ Some weak, luckless wretches ever seem  
Flying before the hounds of circumstance  
Adown the windy gullies of this life.”

“ Now let me curb my anger,  
Lest it should gallop with me off the field.”

“ He’s hot within, though at the surface cooled.”

“ This grave of silence gives a ghost of sound.”

“ Let it call thee  
Back to thyself, like trumpet to the field.”

“ While others aim, his thoughts in deeds are shot.”

“ Now am I filled with malice to the crown,  
’Till I’ve no room for pity.”

“ For thou wouldst harness him the untamed winds,  
And yoke them to the chariot of the night,  
For his escape.”

“ A foe is but a foe,  
Whether he be before us or behind us.”

“ The devil’s found much sooner than the Lord  
By those who dare to seek him.”

The aim of the present writer has been chiefly to draw the attention of the too-apatetic Canadian people, ever painfully lukewarm in all matters pertaining to true poetry, to the existence of a new and carefully revised edition of this great drama; to cull only its beauties and rare thoughts, which it has become necessary for some kind hand to do. It has been to him a labour of love, as well as an act of duty. Let us hope that it will assist somewhat in having the work placed in the hands and libraries of many thousands with loving hearts and wise heads in the New Dominion, and insure for it just such “a Highland welcome” as it is entitled to, and that high place in general estimation which it has long held in the opinion of the discerning few.

## COLOUR AS APPLIED TO LADIES' DRESS.

PART 3.—BY J. W. G.

RUSKIN justly observes "that it is the duty of every woman to be pretty, to be accomplished, and to cook well." By the first part of this sentence, if we understand it rightly, proper attention should be given to the dress; for we think the duty of being pretty or looking well includes that of dressing well: and we do not altogether agree with the maxim often quoted, "beauty unadorned is adorned the most." A lovely woman may enhance her beauty by becoming accessories; and a plain woman may make herself more charming by skilfully adorning her person.

Moralists and philosophers may rail against beauty—they may endeavour to prove it a perishable flower. In vain do they exhaust all the depths of argument to prove the worthlessness of this gift of nature. They may justly blame those who are rendered vain by the possession of it, for every well-regulated mind dislikes vanity; but there is a wide difference between being vain of a thing, and being happy that we are in possession of it. Besides, no woman can claim any merit to herself for it. It is a gift from heaven; and the responsibility rests with herself in receiving it in a becoming spirit. It is a duty she owes to herself and society to render herself as pleasing as possible. Any woman can clothe herself, but it is not everyone who can dress well; yet every woman is under an obligation to do so.

The duty of dressing well should not be confined to appearance in the street. Its chief characteristic should be neatness and adaptability both at home and abroad: and depend upon it, that it gives pleasure to the eyes of most men to see a lady becomingly dressed. Few men will enquire, or even give themselves a moment's thought, concerning the cost of your dress. It is sufficient to them it is well fitting—shewing to advantage a graceful form, and that the colours are becoming. In general, ladies fall into the error that, because men do not talk much about the dress of the fair sex, they are not interested in it. We can safely assert that this is a mistake. Men are quick to observe, even if they do not give expression to their thoughts.

In the following passage, in a translation of an original document from Sahagans "History of New Spain," an Aztec mother, in giving advice to her daughter, says:—"Take care that your garments are such as are decent and proper; and observe that you do not adorn yourself with much finery, since this is a mark of vanity and folly. As little becoming is it that your dress should be mean, dirty or ragged. Let your clothes be becoming and neat, that you may neither appear fantastic nor mean."

It is not necessary to multiply authorities to prove the fact that it is essential to pay a proper regard to dress: it speaks daily for itself.

Some will tell you that "dress has nothing to do in making any one—that it does not impart knowledge." We admit there is a great deal of truth in the saying; yet, you must allow that it often enables a man to make a use of it. Again, what are its influences on the young?—has it nothing to do in forming their associates? Dress them meanly, and their companions in the same sphere of life shun them. Say what you will, the fact still remains, that a becoming dress does help either man or woman. If any doubt the truth of this assertion, let them dress themselves meanly or fantastically and they will soon learn the truth by experience. How do we know a lady or gentleman but, in a great measure, by their surroundings. This method of judging will sometimes play us false; yet, it is generally adopted: for, we argue, education begets refinement, leads to the cultivation of our tastes, creates a love of the beautiful, and stimulates a desire to possess it. Hence we endeavour to surround ourselves with it.

Let us, before we begin to point out a few of the fallacies in regard to the beauty of form in the human body, (somewhat prevalent at the present day,) enquire, if but slightly, into the question of beauty. We will not attempt to follow it through its various ramifications; for philosophers have perplexed themselves and others with the question, "what is beauty?" just as the sceptics of old did with the query, "what is truth." It is sufficient for our present purpose to know that it exists. We will leave its speculative mysteries in the hands of the metaphysicians, to whom the investigation of beauty may furnish an exciting and intellectual exercise. Let them follow it through the pleasant mazes of its misty atmosphere. Mankind, in general, search after it according to the bias of their minds; some pleased with the physical, and others not satisfied with the purely physical, but wish it combined with the moral and intellectual. The question arises, where is true beauty to be found? The answer is easily given. If we look around on God's visible world, everywhere on its surface is beauty written by His omnipotent hand. He has left its impress on all created matter: from a state of disorder, He has created order. In short, the works of God, and the laws which govern them, are the true source whence springs all beauty. For if we study nature, what do we perceive?—everywhere, adaptability of the object for the purposes for which it was created, governed by laws, and those laws preserving harmony. This constitutes the first great element of all beauty. It is true that if we look at particular objects, some will appear more pleasing than others; for instance, what pleasurable emotions are called up by mere physical beauty. It is the innate power of this beauty, even in the animal and vegetable world, which calls up these emotions, and makes us show a predilection for one object over another. Association also carries with it a great influence on our estimate of beauty, and is the cause of such diversities of opinion in regard to it; and it has been well observed that "form is the first and great element of beauty: colour is only accessory." And in no other of God's glorious works has he bestowed more beauty than on the female form. The lines of the perfect human body are the most beautiful in their graceful curvatures that nature produces, and female loveliness is the most

fascinating type of humanity. In it we have the highest development of form and colour, as united in beauty. There is no hue in either the animal or vegetable kingdom that can rival the sense-captivating loveliness of tender, delicate, white and warm red, subdued and blended by the nicest gradations of pearly grey tints, with which the charms of woman glow. Nor has the Creator confined it to physical beauty, but has imparted to it the power of cultivating a moral beauty; and when these two are blended together, its power is irresistible, and, like light from the sun, it elevates and purifies all things on which it rests. But the human form is constantly changing. What we admire in infants are their pure, innocent, healthful, happy looks, combined with the delicate softness and colour of skin: in youth, speed, agility, vivacity, and the incipient marks of muscular power; in manhood, strength of bodily frame, capability of endurance, a fitness to fulfil the ends and purposes of life. The complexion varies as much as the form, and the tender, delicate hues of infancy would not become the youth, and still less the man.

The knowledge by which we arrive at a more or less correct feeling of beauty, we call taste. It is the result of the cultivation of the imagination, guided by reason. In its primary state it is the result of feeling: and, when not guided by reason and proper principles, it is apt to seek out the striking and sensational; but when properly cultivated, it delights in bringing itself in harmony with the spiritual truths of nature. In our educational system, we pay no regard to a proper and correct æsthetic culture: so little attention is given to it, that the great and universal language of beauty is scarcely understood, or, if understood at all, but imperfectly. Now, few among our young ladies understand the proportions of the human form, a study of the utmost importance to them, not only in a point of beauty, but of happiness and health; and we think that if good lectures were delivered by competent ladies to lady classes, it could not fail to be productive of good results. It is a better subject, and one more in harmony with woman's nature, than politics or "woman's rights." Such things should be left for the strong, stern nature of man; for, notwithstanding the arguments used, (we admit that woman is fully the equal of man, and more than his equal in some things,) they differ more in their moral nature than they do in their physical, and no where have we seen this better expressed than in the following:

“ Man is strong—woman is beautiful;  
 Man is daring and confident—woman is diffident and unassuming;  
 Man is great in action—woman in suffering;  
 Man shines abroad—woman at home;  
 Man talks to convince—woman to persuade and please;  
 Man has a rugged heart—woman a soft and tender one;  
 Man prevents misery—woman relieves it;  
 Man has science—woman taste;  
 Man has judgment—woman sensibility;  
 Man is a being of justice—woman of mercy.”

Many fallacies are entertained by a large portion of mankind with regard to the human form. We know that it varies materially in dif

ferent parts of the globe. The short and squat figure of the Laplander presents a striking contrast with the tall and muscular form of the Caffre or Patagonian. But, by the consent of ages, the standard of beauty established by the Greeks, and to be found in the classic works of that great people which remain to us, has been adopted; for, in these works there is all that can realize ideal beauty to our mind: and, from analysis and measurement of the finest Greek statues, we find that when they wished to represent grace and youth, the proportions used were less than eight heads, but more than seven and a half.

Women, in general, are shorter than men, and the proportional width of each differ. The neck of the woman is a trifle longer and more upright; the shoulders not so square, and much narrower across; the hips much wider; the lower limbs larger; the hands and feet smaller, and the muscles not so marked; consequently the lines which form the *contour* of the body flow much more gently and smoothly into each other than in man, imparting grace, beauty and softness.

Now, would it not strike you as absurd, and perhaps provoke laughter, if you saw a young lady pluck a lily from its stem, and attempt to beautify it by adding some bright pigment to its delicate and pure colour? Yet this is no more absurd than trying to alter your shape to suit some ridiculous notion you may have formed of an ideal beauty. How careful we should be in our criticism of what we are pleased to term the fashionable follies of other nations; for, if we ask the question of ourselves, have we no follies among us?—do we not depart from the true standard of beauty and seek distinction in deformity? The tattooing of the New Zealander, the filing and dyeing the teeth black by the Malays, the bits of stone stuffed through a hole in the cheek of the Esquimaux, the crushing of the feet of the Chinese women till all graceful motion in walking is lost, are no greater absurdities than the infatuation of those Europeans and Americans who compress the waist until the ribs are distorted, and the functions of the vital organs are irreparably disordered.

The Venus di Medici is universally admitted to be the standard model of a perfect female figure. It has stood the test of criticism for ages: and there is no compression of the waist; but in all its lines there is a flowing grace which is the admiration of all beholders, standing as a monument of Grecian art, and shewing to what a high state of perfection the Greeks carried ideal beauty. The best cure for an advocate of tight lacing would be to go into a student's dissecting-room, and see the horrible deformity it causes in the skeleton. We are pleased to see this pernicious practice becoming distasteful, and hope it will soon be discontinued altogether. It is a fallacy, and the sooner it is discarded the better, not only in regard to beauty, but health and happiness.

There is another fallacy held by many, that a very small hand and foot are requisite to beauty; and we constantly meet men and women with distorted feet, caused by wearing small boots or shoes. Small hands or feet are certainly very pretty, but they should be in strict proportion to the rest of the body; and they cease to be beautiful, no matter how small they are, if distorted.

We have no inclination to enter into a description of some of the fashionable follies of the day which are springing into a brief existence. Democratic America is not the place to start a fashion; and we have full faith in the stern good sense of American ladies to think that they will ever adopt such a costume—one in which there is no beauty, but deformity, to recommend it. The human form was made for nobler purposes; and the aim of every lady should be to dress in such a manner that she will display its beauties to the best advantage, by dressing in a proper and becoming style.

There is such a restless surging to and fro in the dress of the present day, that we cannot help thinking we are on the eve of a complete revolution. Fashions change so rapidly that it is impossible for a person of limited means to keep pace with them. It does not matter to some individuals how unbecoming it may be to them: let it be fashionable, and they immediately adopt it without consideration. Our eyes are sometimes greeted with strange fancies. We have seen a small woman with a large head make it still larger by an immense chignon; and a short woman all flounces, making herself appear much shorter; and hats that are pretty to the young, round face, adopted by persons on whose face time has left its strong impress. Again, large plaid dress patterns are worn by others, which form a moving mass of bright colours and broken lines, at variance with all graceful motions of the body, not a spot on which the eye can rest and find repose. In this last particular, we think ladies too often err.

The eye soon tires of motion when exercised to excess, and notwithstanding the sublime grandeur of Niagara Falls, it would cease to please, and the eye would turn from it in quest of some quiet spot on which to rest, and like the harmonious contrast of two colours, the beauty of motion is brought in harmony by repose. Apply this law to dress and we soon learn the value of repose. If the dress is figured the shawl or cape should be plain, or if figured, then the dress should be the reverse; by this means the eye is not fatigued but rests upon it with pleasure, the contrary creates confusion. The long sweeping train that trails regardless of dirt, however becoming and graceful it may be in the drawing-room, is certainly out of place in the street, and we can assure the ladies, that if anything pleases the opposite sex, it is a neat and clean appearance about the feet, and certainly the short walking dresses recommend themselves for two reasons—convenience and cleanliness.

To the correct understanding of dressing well, two things are essential, first, a knowledge of the beauty of form of the human body, and secondly, the harmony of colour, and as you perfect yourself in these your taste will improve and instinctively you will avoid all eccentricities of that many-faced monster—fashion, appreciating only what is conducive to beauty of the human form and cease to admire the strong glare of inharmonious colour. The dress, as we observed before, should be a secondary consideration, for the body was not made for dress but dress for the body. Give it your study in a proper spirit—not one of vanity which leads to extravagance: let chasteness and simplicity be your motto. It is better to err in this than in gaudiness.

And at the same time neglect not your mind but store it with all useful knowledge such as will fit you for all the duties of life and make you a pleasant and an agreeable companion, for it is, as Ruskin observes, "your duty to be accomplished," and the influence of woman on the hard rugged nature of man is full of power for good or evil. Woman may dress gaily, be favoured by nature with a pretty face, yet wanting mind, she is but a walking statue. On the other hand, when we meet with a woman not gifted with beauty but possessed of a mind stored full of valuable acquirements, we are pleased with her society and cease to feel that she is not handsome; the beauty of intellect supplies the deficiency; but when some favoured child of nature combines in herself physical, intellectual, and moral beauty, then may she be justly considered as the masterpiece of creation.

Let none foolishly say that it is useless to educate woman. We would have them so educated that if man wishes to retain his boasted superiority he will be forced to make more strenuous efforts to maintain it. There is too much in this world of the saying "that will do"; too much show for appearances sake, and too many "finish their education" when in fact it can scarcely be said to have been begun. They should ever bear in mind the maxim:

"Painful and slow to noble acts we rise  
And long, long labours wait the glorious prize."

In no field of study are pleasanter paths to be found, or subject better adapted to woman's nature than the study of the beautiful. When guided by reason and religion it leads to life and virtue, but if we seek it out to minister to our sensual pleasures only, it leads to the opposite—sin and death.

The Creator has given to us a two-fold nature, spiritual and material, and for the proper development of the human race it is essential that both should be equally cultivated. If we disobey a moral or physical law we are punished; and the first great law of nature is to take care of the body, supplying it with healthful food. Destroy the physical powers and the intellectual faculties droop: and according to the division of labour, it is so arranged that the preparing or cooking of food devolves on woman, making it requisite for her to know how to "cook well;" and, with Ruskin, to this conclusion we must come, "that it is the duty of every woman to be pretty, to be accomplished, and to cook well."

The economy of the human frame and the means of preserving it in health and beauty, should form a part in the education of every young lady. She should be educated to avoid all absurd and pernicious fashions calculated to destroy health, for without health there can be no true beauty; and we look forward hopefully to the time when an art education will be extended to all ranks; when good taste will dictate our fashions in dress as well as other things, when a knowledge of the beautiful will be added to the useful, for how true is the saying:

"Each pleasing art gives softness to the mind  
And by our studies are our lives refined."

## LITERARY NOTICES.

Miss McIVER, of Ottawa, has in press a volume of poems, which is to appear in a few weeks. It will be bound in cloth, contain 200 pages, and sell for about \$2.00. Carroll Ryan, one of "our own" poets, in a letter to us, says of Miss McIVER's coming book: "I can say that it will be chaste and gentle, with an occasional display of high feeling and imagination. Her translations are especially fine."

## THE MAGAZINES.

The high standard of the ATLANTIC is still kept up by its enterprising publishers, Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. The March number is unusually rich.

We have no hesitation in saying that OUR YOUNG FOLKS is the best juvenile magazine that has ever been issued in America. It has on its staff the ablest writers in prose and verse, the finest artists, and the most successful engravers: the combination of talent employed is therefore great. Mr. Aldrich's "Story of a bad boy" is the chief attraction, and, like Sir W. Baker's story, it will be read by boys from "eight years to eighty," who will derive from its perusal pleasure, profit and amusement. Any of our readers can have the first four numbers of *Our Young Folks* FREE, by addressing Fields, Osgood & Co, Boston.


EVERY SATURDAY.—"He knew he was right," Mr. Trollope's story, is pronounced by critics, who ought to know, to be the story of the year. Mr. Dickens' "Samples" are as good as ever, and some of them are written in the great author's happiest vein. There is no falling off in other respects of the merits of this weekly. Same pub'rs.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE.—The new series of "Old Put," which in days gone by was such a power in the land, excels the old. The proprietors spare no pains to satisfy their patrons. Their bill of fare comprises the very best the market affords. G. P. Putnam & Son, New York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—Berthold Auerbach's "Country-house on the Rhine," translated from the German for LITTELL, is a grand work, and has many delighted readers in the Dominion. The other contents of this publication comprise selections from the cream of foreign and domestic literature. Littell & Gay, Boston.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—A gentleman of high literary ability and taste, while sitting in our office the other day, picked up a copy of the *Journal* that was lying on our table, and forthwith commenced to eulogize it. "I have taken this magazine," said he, "ever since it was first published, and can unhesitatingly testify to its extraordinary merits. Its biographies are always clever, and the estimates of character formed invariably turn out to be correct. I can recommend it, and am pleased to see that you take it." "Amen," say we, Fowler & Wells, New York.

HARPER'S BAZAR.—Although only in its second volume, the BAZAR is the leading fashion paper of America. This high position is due, mainly, to the untiring enterprise of its publishers, the Mess. Harper.

 Reviews and other notices crowded out this issue.